

baker from off his shoulders and hanging him upon a tree. How I did long for some of my mother's bread! My husband had been used to baker's bread and so did not seem to dislike it so much as I did; but I saw no way out of my trouble. I had tried many times to raise bread, but had not succeeded in making any fit to appear on the table. I was wise enough to keep on hand a supply of baker's bread in the meantime. My husband got the bread when he took a load of grain to town, which was twice a week. What would I have done if he had not been hauling grain? It was twelve miles to town, so it would have been too far to go on purpose for the bread.

I had a little better success in making sour-milk biscuits, but somehow I never could hit on the proper amount of soda required. Sometimes they were yellow enough to be taken for gold, but oftener they had the appearance of having been hardened and compacted in a cheese press. At first I tried to work the cold biscuit into puddings, but their peculiar solid nature frustrated all such attempts to economize. But then, when the case was perfectly hopeless, I still had one resort left. Back of our house a few rods was a sort of gully or creek, and in its muddy water I buried my biscuits out of sight, as I thought, for ever.

Inexperienced girls should never commence housekeeping without a convenient ditch at hand. Alas! alas! my

am sure if you had some one to give you a few pointers about the best method, you would get along famously. Why don't you ask Mrs. Smith about it?"

"You forget, Will, how mortifying it is to go to anyone for help in this matter. Indeed, I am ashamed to expose my ignorance by consulting anyone. I give all our visitors baker's bread, and they, having it only when they come to see us like it. I do wish you had married a housekeeper, and I had stayed in the store," I said pettishly.

"Oh, I am not finding fault with you—far from it. I am sure you will overcome this difficulty in time."

"In time, if ever," I responded, most ungraciously. "I hope there will be no breadmaking in heaven."

He looked at me in surprise. My manner and speech were something new, and he saw I was in too reckless a mood to reason with, and so went out to the field to see how the crops were looking after the rain. After he was gone I sat down to think. I felt so miserable and unhappy. I knew I had spoken so ungenerously to him whose unwearied forbearance and kindness amid all inconveniences caused by my lack of knowledge had so often excited my gratitude. Ah, so much misery over the inability to make a loaf of good bread. A sudden resolve inspired me, and without waiting to clear away the breakfast things I started off to Mrs. Smith's. I was going to learn to make



Brud homesteaded in the Lashburn district and made the 160 acres yield him a good living—luck was with him, however—a rich relative died and left him a fortune. He did not pull up stakes and leave for the city, but improved the town of his adoption and continues to live on his homestead with added acres.

troubles did not end here! We had a flock of geese and goslings which in time found their way to "my ditch." The biscuits having been so long in soak had a resurrection, and I remember watching those poor things as they vainly tried to divide them with their strong bills.

One day Will's cousin happened to be riding through our part of the country, and so made it a point to call on us. It was long after dinner time, but from his talk I took the hint that he had not had anything to eat since leaving Brandon, which I knew was many miles away. I was alone, my husband being away with a load of wheat. How thankful I was that I had learned to warm over potatoes, and get a fairly good meal with the help of baker's bread and some fruit I had brought from home with me. He must have been hungry, for when he got to the end of his journey he told his mother, he left nothing on the table but the dishes and a slice of bread cut like a "stepmother's piece," and that Will's wife was "a wee bit of a thing, no good for a farm, but that our house was spotlessly clean," and I took that as something in my favor, anyway.

"My dear," said my husband one day after breakfast, "don't you think you could learn to make bread?"

"I do not think I can ever make bread," I replied. "I have tried and tried, until I am altogether discouraged."

"Remember King Bruce of Scotland and the spider, try again," he said, with a grin. "You have learned to cook so many things in so short a time, that I

bread, no matter what it cost me or how long it took me to learn. It was two miles across the open prairie, and as I had never been out alone before the fear of wolves, sandhill cranes and things I had heard of lent wings to my feet, as it were, and I went those two miles in a short time. Mrs. Smith was very much surprised to see me coming at such an early hour, and out of breath.

"Is anything wrong," she called when I was some yards from the house.

"Oh, no," I replied, "I am just having a walk." I was soon seated, and after talking about the weather, the wheat, etc., for a few minutes, I confessed my ignorance and asked her to tell me the mysteries of bread making.

"Why, there is no trouble at all," said she, "if you have good yeast cake."

"But I have tried yeast cake, and the bread soured."

"Well, then, you have let it set too long before baking it. When it gets light enough you must put it into loaves and then let it set a little while longer, and then bake it in a good oven, not too hot."

Dear Mrs. Smith; she had no idea how ignorant I was of what a good oven meant. She made me a cup of tea, which she said I would feel the need of after my walk. Such delicious bread she had—just like the bread my mother made. I made a firm resolve I would make bread like that if it took me a whole year to learn how. When I was leaving she gave me a bottle with about a quart of her own homemade yeast in it, and told me she liked it better than any yeast cake.



## On Irish Stew

### Irish Stew.

Put in a stewpan twelve peeled potatoes, sliced the thickness of a penny, four large onions, sliced—a layer of each—with salt and pepper to taste. By successive layers half fill your pan. Then take four chops of neck of mutton, the scrag end. Lay these on the potatoes and onions and fill up with additional layers of potatoes, onions, etc., as before. In 1½ pints of water boil 1½ ozs. of Edwards' White Vegetable Soup for 30 minutes, add it to the contents of the stewpan, and simmer all together gently for two hours.

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