

THE ENTERPRISE.

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FOR THE
Farmer, Business Man and Family Circle
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are invited to attend. By order of
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Evening, at 7 o'clock, in the
Fourth Tuesday Evening of each month,
at 7 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall,
Main Street. Members of the Degree are
invited to attend.FALLS ENCAMPMENT, No. 4,
I. O. O. F., meets at Odd Fellows' Hall on
the First and Third Tuesday of each month.
Particulars in good standing are
invited to attend.MULTNOMAH LODGE, No. 1,
I. O. O. F., holds its regular commu-
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Fourth Tuesday Evening of each month,
at 7 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall,
Main Street. Brethren in good standing
are invited to attend. By order of
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Perfumes, Cosmetics and
Toilets, Shampoos, Hair
Brushes, Razors, Safety
Razors, and all the latest
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An assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and
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are warranted to be as represented.
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quality
OF LAGER BEER.
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Orders solicited and promptly filled.

Smile Whenever You Can.

When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown;
Since life is off perplexing,
"This time," the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely,
As "this" when'er you can.Why should you dread to morrow,
And thus "pull" to-day?
For when you sorrow trouble,
You always have to pay.
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached—
Don't cry "the bridge before you
Until the bridge is reached.You might be spared much sighing,
If you would keep in mind
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined.
There must be something wanting,
And though you roll in wealth,
You may miss from your basket
That precious jewel—health.And though you're strong and sturdy,
You may have an empty purse,
(An earth has many trials
Which I consider worse);
But whether joy or sorrow,
Fill up your mortal span,
'Till you make your pathway brighter
To smile when'er you can.The Foundation of Two Old Myths.
BY ALINE WINSLOW.Stop, Bright-eyes! Don't skip my
story, because foundation is a dull-looking
word, and you do not know what
myth means. I want to tell you some-
thing wonderful and true. We'll look in
"Webster" and find out about "myth."A myth is a fabulous or imaginary
statement—a tale of some extraordinary
personage or country.For example, Baron Munchausen's
stories and Gulliver's adventures among
the giants of Brobdingnag and the little
people of Lilliput, are all myths.The old story of a race of pigmies in
Central Africa, who every year waged
war with the cranes, has been
supposed to be equally fabulous; but re-
cent travelers in Africa tell us that there
actually is in Central Africa a tribe of
little people about four feet high. They
have large heads, slender necks and
bodies. The lower jaw and chin protrude,
giving the face an ape-like expression
not at all handsome.They are very agile; even the old men
will dance in a wonderful way for a long
time, and they are noted for their fights
with wild elephants. All the tribes of the
interior hunt the elephant, but these
dwarfs are the most successful. The skin
of the elephant is so thick on his back
and sides that it takes a long time to
destroy him with their weapons, but these
little men dart underneath the elephant
and round him in the belly, and then
get out of the way of the maddened
creature in safety.Schweinfurth tells about being sur-
rounded one morning by a troop of im-
pudent boys as he supposed, who danced
about him with strange grimaces and
looked at him with their darts and ar-
rows; then retreated as suddenly as they
had appeared. He found out afterward
that he had really been in danger, for
these pigmies were not boys, but full-
grown men, warriors well trained to
fight.He did not succeed in penetrating into
their country, but the king gave him one
little man who was his companion for
months, and of whom he took great care,
hoping to bring him home with him. He
killed himself, however, by over-eating,
a fault of which it was impossible to cure
him.Du Chailly has written a book about
this dwarf nation, and others have seen
and written about them; so we must ac-
knowledge that Herodotus and other an-
cient travelers had some foundation for
their stories.You've heard some of the old Greek
and Roman myths; perhaps you've read
of "Hawthorne's tangled tales" how
Cadmus sowed the dragon's teeth and
reaped a harvest of armed men; and of
the cruise of the Argonauts in quest of
the golden apples of the Hesperides.You've heard of Scylla and Charybdis.
Do you remember how the Sirens, the
half-mermaids, who sang so sweetly
that all who heard them forget their
homes and were allured to destruction?
Wise Ulysses made all his men stop their
ears with cotton, and caused himself to
be bound first to the mast, when they
sailed by; so he heard the song and es-
caped destruction.Modern science has found a founda-
tion for these old stories of the Sirens in
the musical sound produced by certain
fishes.You thought fishes were mute? Few
people know that some sorts can sing,
though Aristotle wrote about it centuries
ago.Lately, scientific men have been mak-
ing extensive observations, and have
discovered that out of the more than three
thousand species that exist, fifty-two are
now known to produce sounds. Some of
these make grunting, or grating, or hum-
ming noises, but some utter very sweet
sounds.Fishermen told Sir J. E. Tendent, late
Governor of Ceylon, that certain
sounds resembling the faint, sweet notes
of an Aeolian harp proceeded from the
bottom of a neighboring lake; that both
they and their fathers were familiar with
these sounds made by two species of shell
fish. They call the "singing shells."So Sir J. E. Tendent took a boat and went
out on the lake, one moonlight night,
and thus describes the sound he heard:
"They came up from the water like the
gentle thrills of a musical cord, or the
faint vibrations of a wine-glass when its
rim is rubbed by a moistened finger. It
was not one sustained note, but a multi-
tude of tiny sounds, each clear and dis-
tinct in itself; the sweetest treble
mingled with the lowest bass. On ap-
proaching the ear, the sound of the
boat, the vibration was greatly increasedin volume." The sounds varied consid-
erably at different points, and they did
not hear them all parts of the lake.
Did you ever rub the edge of a thin gob-
let round and round, after dipping your
finger in water? If not, ask your mother
to let you try it some time after dinner,
that you may know how fishes' music
sounds.A party of five intelligent persons
heard music in the harbor of Bombay,
described as "like the protracted boom-
ing of a distant bell, the dying cadence
of an Aeolian harp, the note of a pitch-
pipe or tuning fork, or any other long-
drawn-out musical note." The first that
was said to produce these sounds closely
resembled in size and shape the fresh-
water perch. The sounds rose from the
surface of the water all around the boat.Singing fish seem to me almost as
wonderful as mermaids, but I assure you
on the authority of M. Dufosse, an emi-
nent French naturalist, that this fish-
story is a true story.—Work and Play.

A Curious Trial in India.

A correspondent of the London Times,
telegraphing from Calcutta, says:
A special High Court Bench, consist-
ing of the Chief Justice and two Puisne
Judges, will sit to-morrow to hear an ap-
peal in the case of the Rajah of Pooree.
The Advocate General, on behalf of the
Government, will support the conviction.
No case since the famous Baroda trial
has excited so much interest. The Rajah
is the hereditary guardian of the Temple
of Juggernaut, his special duty in that
capacity being to sweep the space in
front of the throne when the god leaves
the temple for the Juggernaut car. He
is also the secular head of the Hindu re-
ligion in Orissa, and is worshipped by the
Ooryah people as the visible incarnation
of Vishnu, being regarded as the lineal
descendant of the old Hindu
Kings of Orissa, whose dominions are
now divided into three parts, the Rajah
to Godavary. The murdered man, a
Hindu ascetic of great sanctity, enjoyed
a special reputation for curing diseases.
The salient facts of the case, as given in
the judgment of the District Court, are
shortly these: The victim of the murder
was discovered by the police in front of
the Lion Gate of the Juggernaut Temple,
covered with burns and other marks of
indescribable torture. He lived fifteen
days in agony. His statement was that
two servants of the Rajah had come to
his house and told him that their master
wanted him. He was accordingly con-
ducted into the gymnasium of the palace,
where the Rajah, with ten or twelve ser-
vants, was present. He was then thrown
down and overpowered, and after being
tortured for three hours he was thrust
through a small back door. After crawl-
ing some distance he was eventually dis-
covered by the police. The motive for
the crime is a mystery. The murdered
man was unconscious of having offended
the Rajah, but stated that his master
Ranee had consulted him regarding the
state of the Rajah's mind, and he had
given directions for his cure. He had
only once visited the palace. It was
possible that the Rajah was induced to
murder him by the Commissioner of Pooree,
Dowager Ranee in the work of incanta-
tion against him, or that there was some
intrigue between them. The trial, which
lasted a considerable time, created a pro-
found sensation in Orissa, in consequence
of the special sanctity both of the ac-
cused and the murdered man. The As-
sessors were for acquitting the Rajah,
but the Judge convicted him, though en-
couraged enough he sentenced him only to
transportation for life.

Cheerful Women.

In marrying, men should seek happy
women. They must be cheerful, bright,
when they marry for beauty, or for tal-
ent, or for style. The sweetest wives are
those who possess the magic secret of
being happy under any and all circum-
stances. Rich or poor, high or low, it
makes no difference. The bright, happy
woman, who is full of life, with almost an in-
extinguishable fountain bubbles up just as musically in
their hearts. Nothing ever goes wrong
with them—no trouble is too serious for
them to "make the best of it." Was ever
the stream of calamity so dark and deep
that the sunlight of a happy wife did not
cross its turbid tides would not wake
an answering gleam? Why, then, joyous
tempered people don't know half the
good they do. No matter how cross and
crabbed you feel, no matter how the
fatigue of meditation, on "sufficing dis-
pensations," and your stomach with med-
icines, pills and tonics; just set one of
those cheerful little women talking to you,
and we are not afraid to wager anything
she can cheer you. The long-drawn woe
about the mouth will relax; the cloud of
settled gloom will vanish, nobody knows
where, and the first thing you know you
will be laughing! Ah, what a blessing
are these happy women! How often their
little hands guide the ponderous
wheel of life, with almost an invisible
touch! How we look forward through
the weary day to their fireside smiles!
No one knows, no one ever will know
until the day of judgment reveals, how
much we owe to these helpful, hopeful,
uncomplaining, happy women.One of the most valuable Indian
relics we have ever seen was brought
into our office to-day. It was a combina-
tion pipe and tomahawk. The handle
and pipe-stem is made of sugar-tree
wood. Apparently machine turned.
The mouth-piece, however, has been re-
moved. The handle is embellished with
silver hands fastened to it with faultless
regularity. On the pole of the tomahawk
is carved to be observed a silver
emblem, not unlike the shield of the
United States. This strange object was
purchased in the garden of O. D. Mont-
gomery, near Shackle Island, Sumner
county. The spot was cleared about the
year 1800. When found, this peculiar
piece of mechanism was wrapped in raw-
hide covered with an elegant compound.—Nashville Banner.In the moral as in the physical world,
the violent is never the lasting; the tree
forced to unnatural luxuriance of bloom
bears it and dies.

Relics of Washington.

The House Committee on Appropria-
tions has under consideration the expedi-
ency of purchasing a great number of
relics of General Washington which are
now, and have been ever since the death
of that great man, in the possession of
the Lewis family, of Virginia. This
family is one of the oldest in the State,
and its members are the immediate re-
latives of General Washington. In common
with nearly all the prominent families of
what is known as the "Northern Neck
of Virginia," where it resides, the Lewis
family was much reduced in wealth and
prosperity by the devastations of the war
and the abolition of slavery, so that the
preservation of these relics in the family
can no longer be the easy matter it once
was.The examination of these relics and the
questions of their purchase have been in-
trusted to the Commissioner of Patents,
and that gentleman made his report on
the 6th of May to the Secretary of the In-
terior. In the recapitulation of the relics
occur the following:"Mirror" chairs, one on which the
General sat a few minutes before his
death.One double brass candlestick, by which
the farwell address was written.

Silver candlesticks.

One field-glass; spy-glass used in the
Revolution.One ledger kept monthly by General
Washington.Knives, forks, one plated cake-baker.
Portrait of Washington.The robe in which he was christened.
Silver-plated lamps; thirty-six pieces
of chinaware.One guitar, presented to Mr. Law-
rence Washington by his friend Admiral
Vernon, and by Lawrence left to his
brother the General.Several surveys made by the General
himself.One engraving, presented by General Wash-
ington to Miss Nellie Curtis.Miniature portraits of the General and
Mrs. Washington, on wood, painted by
Trumbull.One shaving-glass in frame, with
drawings of the General on it, but not
engraved, presented by her to General Wash-
ington.The Commissioner says that these ar-
ticles have been in possession of the Lewis
family since the death of General Wash-
ington; that they are all in an excellent
state of preservation, and that there can
be no doubt whatever of the genuineness
of every article. The half-length portrait
of General Washington is of life-size, clear
and well-preserved. It is a matter of
fact that the portrait of the General ex-
hibited at the Centennial Exposition, and
the record of all of Washington's
private transactions for more than twenty
years. Most of the record is in his
own handwriting, and is given, as men-
tured, including even his losses and
gains at cards, he set down with the
most scrupulous exactness. The articles
of household use are in their original con-
dition, and illustrate the style of living
of the first President of the United States.
The whole collection is far superior to
that now in the possession of the Govern-
ment. The total number of articles is
more than ninety. Added to those in the
possession of the Government they would
form the largest and best collection of
the relics of Washington that could now
be made.The family is reluctant to part with
these relics, but is impelled by the con-
sideration that inevitably in a few years,
the relics of the family, the articles of
furniture, will be scattered, and perhaps a
great number in course of time lost or
destroyed. The family feels that every
citizen will be glad to have these relics
made public property and accessible to
all. Every citizen will be glad to have
the relics of the first President of the
United States, and the Commissioner says
that the Commissioner is not in a posi-
tion to be excessive. In his judg-
ment the relics could be sold for that
amount, and perhaps more, to private
persons. This statement and recommen-
dation of the Commissioner of Patents
aided by the natural feeling of veneration
cherished by all Americans for the name
and services of Washington, will probably
lead Congress to make the necessary ap-
propriation to put these relics beyond the
reach of hostile loss, or of transfer to a
foreign museum.—N. Y. Tribune.Let those who are curious in coinage
numismatology is the learned name
of that particular weakness—collar
twenty-cent pieces, if they can, and lock
them up securely in their cabinets. What
twenty-cent pieces will bring twenty
cents, hence, at auction, by private
treaty, who can tell? Fabulous sums,
perhaps, for no more of them are to be
coined, the bill to that effect having
passed both Houses. So they lapse into
the category of curiosities, and the pocket-
pieces which knew them will know them
no more forever. They will be scarce as
Hebrew shillings or Massachusetts pine
tree shillings, or any of the old colonial
coppers. They have never been much
admired by a money-spending public
because of the facility with which they
might be taken in change for quarters.
So they go into banishment and desue-
tude, and as they disappear, we remem-
ber, not altogether affectionately, divers
discarded coins and tokens which have
gone before them.—N. Y. Tribune.A CAT STORY.—A friend of ours tells
the following cat story, and vouches
for its truthfulness: Coming into the
house one day Mr. K. remarked to his wife,
"I have found Daisy's kittens.""Well," she returned, "I am glad, for
they must all be drowned."On going to get the kittens no trace of
them could be found. A few days after-
wards, remembering that the cat was in
the room during the conversation, Mr. K.
looked up and said: "Daisy, if you will
bring me your kittens I will not let her
drown one of them." The cat immediately
left the room, and coming back with a
kitten in her mouth laid it at his feet
with evident faith in his word. "Now,
where are the others," he asked, and
she went and came until the four were on
the rug at his feet.

BREAD-MAKING.

Within a few years, unbolting wheat or
Graham flour has become quite popular
throughout the country, and deservedly
so, on account of its pleasant flavor, as
well as its well-known superiority in re-
gard to healthfulness. For mush, gema,
griddle cakes or soda muffins, there is
nothing superior to it if rightly cooked,
—considering it little better than bran or
cattle feed—that they will make no use
of it. It should always be kept perfectly
clean, so as to require no sifting, for the
most beneficial properties are supposed
to lie in the hull, and in whatever form it
is cooked, it should be mixed thinner than
if fine flour were used, else it will be
dry and the result will be a failure.Graham bread is made similar to white
bread, with the exception of sweetening
it with molasses, and mixing quite
soft—so soft that it is very difficult to
mould, and is usually baked without
moulds. Probably the art of food has been
more improved in quality, since the in-
roduction of stoves, than corn and rye
bread. The old-fashioned brown bread,
which was mixed hard enough to stay in
a round heap on the bottom of the brick
oven, and of once staple article in every
household, would now find few ad-
mirers, except, perhaps, an occasional el-
derly person who whimsically believes
that food cooked in the old-fashioned
way would taste as good to them now, as
it did in the growing, romping days of
their childhood.In order to induce the present genera-
tion (which appreciates too well the lux-
ury of light and tender fine flour cook-
ing), to patronize coarse bread very lib-
erally, it must be made as appetizing as
possible, without affecting its healthful-
ness; it must be moist, light, a trifle
sweet, and baked with as tender a crust
as possible. Brown bread, mixed thick
enough to make a rounded, heaped up
mass, and baked in a tin, or six hours,
is usually so dry and hard that it is any-
thing but tempting, after twenty-four
hours old.For some years past, we have mixed
ours thin enough to require no smoothing
out after pouring into the baking tin,
and the result is usually fine. Our ex-
perience has been that, the thinner it
can be mixed without falling, the lighter
and more moist it will be when baked.
Whether this rule holds good when yeast
is used, I am unable to say, as I have had
no experience with that kind, but can see
no reason why it should not. Although
some may consider either yeast or sour
milk necessary to make good brown
bread, I think, should they try the fol-
lowing method, that they would be well
satisfied with the result.Sift three-fourths of a quart each of rye
and Indian meal together, add three-
fourths of a cup of molasses, and one
teaspoonful of soda nicely dissolved;
mix with warm water as thin as it will
be made. Every thing can be given, as men-
tured, so much in quantity, the course re-
quiring to be mixed much thinner than
that which is fine. Bake two or two and
one-half hours in a hot oven—not too
enough to burn it, but sufficiently hot to
bake it nicely. In that course of time, if
kept closely covered while baking, the
crust will be much more tender, and con-
sequently, better relished by the majority
of people.TO CLEAN THE HAIR.—Ammonia
should not be used on the hair; it injures
the gloss and softness, causing the hair
to become harsh and dry. The best way
to cleanse the hair and keep the scalp
healthy is to beat up a fresh egg and rub
it well into the hair, or if more conven-
ient, rub it into the hair without beating.
Rub the egg in until a lather is formed;
occasionally wet the hands in warm wa-
ter, softened with borax; by the time a
lather is formed the scalp is clean; then
rinse the hair all out in a basin of warm
water, containing a tablespoonful of pow-
dered borax; after that rinse in one clear,
warm water.SCOTCH CAKE.—One pound brown
sugar, one pound flour, one-half pound
butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful cinnam-
on; roll very thin and bake.SUE'S CAKE.—One cup of butter, two
of sugar, three of flour (heaping), and
four eggs. Sift one tablespoonful of
cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful
of soda in the flour.CRAB-APPLE SWEET CIDER.—Heat a
pint of vinegar and a pound of sugar,
mace, and cloves together, and pour over
the crab-apples for six mornings. Plums,
cherries, and peaches make delightful
pickles.TO USE UP COLD MEATS.—Prepare
your meat as for hash; fill a deep dish
with boiled macaroni; on top of that
place the hash; cover it with tomatoes,
over which sprinkle bread crumbs, with
a little butter; bake until nicely browned.BUTTERMILK MUFFINS.—One quart but-
termilk, two eggs, butter the size of an
egg, two flat spoonfuls soda mixed in a
little water, or one spoonful saleratus,
two teaspoonfuls salt, flour to make a
thick batter. Bake in rings in a quick
oven.CHEMPETS.—Three cupfuls raised
dough, work into it one-half cupful soft
butter, three eggs, and mix suffi-
cient to make a stiff batter; turn into
battered pans and let it remain fifteen
minutes before baking; bake one-half an
hour.BEEF TEA.—One pound lean beef,
chopped fine; put in clean vessel with
cold water, and add a little salt, and four
drops of muriatic acid; stand on back of
range one hour; then simmer two hours;
strain and add four cloves and one tea-
spoonful salt.TO ABSORB THE BAD AIR.—In cases of
small-pox, scarlet fever, or other fever,
onions sliced and kept in the room will
absorb the bad air; the fever will soon
disappear; they must be changed very
often.DYSPEPSIA.—A simple and effectual
remedy for dyspepsia is to abstain from
drinking immediately before and during
meals, and for an hour afterward. Also
use no milk in either tea or coffee.

Bread-Making.

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roduction of stoves, than corn and rye
bread. The old-fashioned brown bread,
which was mixed hard enough to stay in
a round heap on the bottom of the brick
oven, and of once staple article in every
household, would now find few ad-
mirers, except, perhaps, an occasional el-
derly person who whimsically believes
that food cooked in the old-fashioned
way would taste as good to them now, as
it did in the growing, romping days of
their childhood.In order to induce the present genera-
tion (which appreciates too well the lux-
ury of light and tender fine flour cook-
ing), to patronize coarse bread very lib-
erally, it must be made as appetizing as
possible, without affecting its healthful-
ness; it must be moist, light, a trifle
sweet, and baked with as tender a crust
as possible. Brown bread, mixed thick
enough to make a rounded, heaped up
mass, and baked in a tin, or six hours,
is usually so dry and hard that it is any-
thing but tempting, after twenty-four
hours old.For some years past, we have mixed
ours thin enough to require no smoothing
out after pouring into the baking tin,
and the result is usually fine. Our ex-
perience has been that, the thinner it
can be mixed without falling, the lighter
and more moist it will be when baked.
Whether this rule holds good when yeast
is used, I am unable to say, as I have had
no experience with that kind, but can see
no reason why it should not. Although
some may consider either yeast or sour
milk necessary to make good brown
bread, I think, should they try the fol-
lowing method, that they would be well
satisfied with the result.Sift three-fourths of a quart each of rye
and Indian meal together, add three-
fourths of a cup of molasses, and one
teaspoonful of soda nicely dissolved;
mix with warm water as thin as it will
be made. Every thing can be given, as men-
tured, so much in quantity, the course re-
quiring to be mixed much thinner than
that which is fine. Bake two or two and
one-half hours in a hot oven—not too
enough to burn it, but sufficiently hot to
bake it nicely. In that course of time, if
kept closely covered while baking, the
crust will be much more tender, and con-
sequently, better relished by the majority
of people.In order to induce the present genera-
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