

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JULY 15, 1884.

## THE HOUSEHOLD—Supplement.

### OUR HIRED GIRL.

By bard inspired our hired girl  
Has never yet been sung;  
I might say she is old in years—  
But in the business, young.

The accent on her ready lip  
A foreign birth reveals;  
With sharp replies she's very quick,  
But very slow with meals.

And while her voice is very strong,  
Of strength her tea's bereft;  
She says she knows just what is right  
And throws out what is left.

She has not learned a single thing  
Since she has been with us;  
And don't know how to make a cake,  
But she can make a fuss.

Her art has something of a range,  
No doubt her mother's had;  
She has two ways of making pies—  
One good, the other bad.

Her face is always very red,  
Her hands are very rough;  
Her toilet's always done too much,  
Her biscuit not enough.

She has the most peculiar ways,  
And daily she gets more;  
She breaks no habit that she has,  
But dishes by the score.

She always likes to go to church,  
Although not so devout;  
A hurry she is never in,  
And half the time she's out.

To find her match I am quite sure  
You'd have to travel far;  
And most of all she bakes is burnt—  
Her fingers never are.

And when her epitaph is made  
These words you will scan o'er,  
"She was a cook who worked for hire  
And knew no kitchen lore."

### THOUGHTLESS MISCHIEF.

What A. H. J. says in the Household of June 24th, respecting the mischief done by the idle words—which she ascribes to want of thought on the part of those who have really no malice in heart—that fill childish hearts with jealousy of the "new baby," or wound sensitive natures by suggesting that they are less loved because of the new comers, is very true. As I read her words I thought they would apply as well in the case of the stepmother, who comes into her new home with a heartfelt wish to be a true friend, and so far as she may, a second mother to the bereaved little ones, and a sincere desire to win their love and confidence. Generally she finds "the neighbors" or the family relatives have been before her, and turned the children's hearts against her, imbuing them with the idea that

their father in marrying again has wronged them, that the new wife is an interloper, and that it is their duty to make it as uncomfortable as possible for her. That those children who are old enough to have appreciated their own mother's loving kindness should feel hurt at finding another has supplanted her in their father's heart and is about to take her place in their home, is perfectly natural. The new mother would find it hard to overcome this prejudice at best, but to find she must fight the consequences of uncalled for sympathy and injudicious or malicious remarks from "friends of the family" is discouraging to the woman who, in her love for the father of these motherless little ones, feels her heart soften with love and tenderness to them because they are his. It may take months or years to overcome the prejudice thus engendered; "for want of thought," often, quite as often out of misdirected pity. Of course there are women who are unkind to step-children, who regard them as incumbrances, and slight and snub them. But I am inclined to believe that the cruel and abusive stepmother is more frequently found in fiction than elsewhere, for in real life I find many, both men and women, who testify to the care and tenderness they received from step-parents, and more than one has said "I never knew the difference, nor could I see that my stepmother made any difference between me and her own children." And indeed, the woman who loves the man she means to marry as she ought to love him, should be, through that love, gentle and kind to all who are dependent upon him. She knows beforehand what the conditions of her life must be if she marries a widower with children, and unless she is prepared to accept them, with whatever of discomfort or unpleasantness may come to her through them, she had far better decline to accept both the man and the responsibilities. And the least "the neighbors" can do is to give her a chance to prove herself worthy or unworthy, before they sow the seeds of insubordination and jealousy, or say "She isn't your mother; you need not mind her!"

And mischief is often wrought "for want of thought" in another equally trying relationship, that of mother-in-law and daughter-in-law. Without doubt it is better for "young folks" to begin their married life by themselves, with no one to witness mistakes, or their little "tiffs" and makings up as they adjust themselves to their new relationship. But the mother-

in-law is often only too ready to look with jealous and suspicious eye upon the new daughter and listen to the mischief-makers whom, like the poor, we have always with us; and the daughter-in-law, in the arrogance of youth thinks her own ways best, and considers her husband's mother as a keen-eyed critic, watching her with unkind eyes, ready to make capital of her shortcomings. Here, too, if two families must live together, the daughter-in-law has usually the option of refusing to "accept the situation" while the mother-in-law has not. The former knows whether she must "live with the old folks" or not, and should let the question of whether she can get on peaceably or not enter into her consideration of the son's proposal. Of ten if outsiders would not meddle, the young woman and the old would get on amiably. It always seems to me as if their natural love for the man who is son of one and husband of the other should be a bond to unite the hearts of the two women. Instead, too often, the mother is jealous of the wife, and the wife of the mother, and the son is drawn into injustice to one or the other; how often, for "want of thought!"

BEATRIX.

DETROIT, July 8th.

### THOSE HIRED MEN.

Members of the Household, I wonder if you will want to hear from me to-night, or if you will put your hands over your ears and say, "Put her out. We want no such grumbler in this enlightened, refined Household family." I am out of humor with mankind generally and womankind particularly. You know Beatrix says it is just as easy to train boys as girls, and then gives "one reason" why boys do not grow up as good as girls. (I gave heed to her reason, but am not fully convinced yet). If we mothers have got to bear all the cursing, I am devoutly thankful there is a blessing occasionally sprinkled in, and when a mother, no, a son, is found like the one E. L. Nye writes of, I am glad he, they, are remembered, that weary and discouraged women may take heart. If it is as easy to train boys as girls why are not the great army of hired men taught to be half way civilized? I have been a housekeeper nearly twenty years, and always on the farm, and of necessity have had a good many men around and to do for. We have had a few who were neat and mannerly and like enlightened people,



but the majority have been "boorish," to say the least.

You will say "Why do you keep such help?" They are, many of them, good to work, and that is what the farmers want, and it makes little difference to them if the hired men are unmannerly, or slovenly in their appearance. I think it is quite apt to spoil one's appetite to have the men come in without coat or suspenders, giving the pants a hitch as they enter the dining-room, smelling strongly of barnyard or horse-stable, sit down without coat, in dirty shirt-sleeves, and when potatoes or other vegetables are passed literally piling their plates as though they thought "now or never."

When I arrange my table nicely for company, with nice white tablecloth, napkins to match, china dishes, glassware and silver, with a pretty bouquet, and take a final survey, thinking "it looks nicely," I confess that the poetry turns to the dullest prose when "those hired men" come in. I do not always call them, but sometimes my husband says, "We are in a hurry, and the men must eat now," and they are called. I have mildly suggested that they put on a coat, but it is generally too warm, or they say, "If I am not good enough as I am I can go without." Not long ago I took tea with a friend, and when she called to tea her husband politely asked one of the men to take off his boots and leave them outside, for he had been drawing manure; he was at once angry, refused, and went without his supper, rather than do a reasonable thing.

Now, ladies, can you tell me how to manage? If you can I wish you would, but let it be practical, not a fine theory on paper.

I wonder if the mothers of the hired men are the ones to blame for all this trouble, worry and impatience of farmers' wives. If they are then you will see why I am out of humor with womankind to-night; but I guess the hired men are like Topsy, "they growed."

I will have something pleasanter to say to the members next time, and I think you will all be interested, for it will not be grumbling. But to-morrow is the Fourth, and the men are going to celebrate, and I say hurrah!

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.  
TECOMSEH, July 3rd.

### THEORIES FOR PRACTICE.

Dear ladies, I find some of you seem, by your reference to the excellence of my ideas *on paper*, and your requests for "practical" views, to hint that I am too theoretical in my notions. This morning I took up my file of the Household, and carefully reviewed what has been printed above my signature, especially endeavoring to detect the "theories" which are too impracticable for farmers' wives and families to accept. And, frankly, I fail to find them, and will be glad if some of you will point them out to me. It is possible that in believing children should be trained in youth in ways of right thinking and doing, I may be "theoretical,"

yet I offer you no rigid rules for guidance; I only beseech you to win your children's love and confidence for your own sake and theirs, for, as Jean Ingelow puts it:

"Though they be good and humble, we should  
mind  
How they are reared, or some will go astray  
And shame their mother."

And if a mother is not responsible for the training of her children, will you tell me who is? On whose shoulders can she shift her own individual accountability? I have never said, nor do I believe, that a mother is always in fault because her son or daughter turns out ill. We all know there are no two human natures exactly alike in all God's world; that what answers to guide and control one will have no effect upon another; that characteristics inherited from grandparents or great-grandparents will crop out in the baby of to-day, and that these ancestral traits mingle with those inherited from father and mother. All these conditions go to make the mother's task a difficult one, one requiring infinite patience, tact, and study of the dispositions of her children. And with her best endeavor she cannot be *sure* of the results. I am no strict martinet, who would repress childish spirits by a discipline calculated only to incite insubordination and make them restive; and yet there can be no well-brought up children nor well-regulated family without discipline, the discipline of love, tempered with firmness.

When I see scores of children getting a street education, swearing like little pirates, using such obscene language as makes you shudder at its vileness, lingering at the doors of saloons, and at last entering boldly, and these not the sons of uneducated or unrefined people, but belonging to parents of culture and respectability, though unwatched and untended, how can I help bringing my "theories" before you? When I see, as I saw only the other morning, a mother strike her daughter and push her headlong into the hall, exclaiming "Get into the house, you lying little devil!" can I help wishing to "theorize" a little on the virtues of self-control and womanliness? And when a weeping mother says, as the mother of poor Mary Burch, drowned while out rowing on the Detroit River only ten days ago, in company with two young men whom she had met for the first time at that fatal Sunday saturnalia at Sandwich, said in her anguish, "If God would only give me back my poor girl, I should see that she was at home more," is it not a practical illustration of the truth of my theory, that girls should not be left to go where they will and with whom they will, but, held in the loving bondage of a mother's making, be taught to give her confidence and truthfulness?

A theory "on paper," too "fine spun for every day use," is yet valuable if it awakens thought and leads us to investigate its truth or falseness. Many accepted truths were theories once, now confirmed by study, research, or the evolution of facts. You may think "Beatrix need not preach; my children are well brought up," or "Her theories

do not fit my case, therefore they are naught," yet I am egotist enough to hope that my words, weak as they are, may stir some neglectful mother's heart, and lead her to see that to provide food and clothing is only a small part of a real mother's duty toward the young immortals who are growing up about her.

BEATRIX.

### NOTES FROM NEW YORK.

I see by the Household of June 24th. that Aunt Nell is inquiring after Mollie Moonshize. I answer, "Here she is in 'York State.'" Not exactly summer resorting, but paying a visit to my childhood's home, the home of other days long since gone by, never to come again. During the preparations for my journey I did not forget the Household, only neglected doing my part towards contributing to its already interesting columns.

To-day I visited an old school friend, and as we talked over the past and compared it with the present, related to each other the various experiences we have had during the past few years, since we parted, spoke solemnly of those who have passed from earth, and joyfully of the hopes we have for the future, many varied emotions filled my heart. I felt as do all who after many years of absence, visit again the old familiar scenes of childhood days, but to find that time with its never ceasing hand of decay and blight has been at work, and left little of that which was. Of oldtime friends, as has been said,

"All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead."

Indeed, even as I write, the solemn sound of the tolling bell tells us that the hour has arrived for the burial of one we knew in former years as an earnest, hardworking woman, striving to rear her children aright, denying herself for their sakes.

I will briefly mention my journey hither. Leaving Detroit at 11 o'clock P. M., on G. T. R. R. via Port Huron and Sarnia, we arrived at Suspension bridge at 9 o'clock A. M. on the following day, just too late to connect with the R. W. & O. R. W., to proceed to my destination. I therefore was obliged to wait five hours, having, by the means, ample time to see many objects of interest. Having visited the Falls many times before, I confined my rambles to Suspension bridge, and its many attractions. The new Cantilever bridge particularly attracted my notice, and it was with wonder and amazement that I looked upon this most marvelous piece of engineering skill and workmanship in this, our land of wonders. Truly, it is a magnificent structure, yet looks light and slender beside the ponderous-looking old Suspension bridge.

At 2 o'clock P. M., with my little boy, I again boarded the train, bound for Hamlin. The scenery from the Falls to Lewiston is most grand and beautiful. From the car window on one side, can be seen an almost perpendicular, rocky bank rising to a dizzy height above the track, it being



laid or built upon a narrow ledge at least two hundred feet above the river. It is a dangerous looking place, and one can hardly repress a shudder as he looks down upon the rushing, roaring Niagara so far below, and thinks how a little carelessness might result in a horrible disaster at this point. Further on the river widens, and the banks become quite level. Here and there a lovely little village nestled among green trees, peeps out, telling the weary traveler of life and labor, other than that which he sees on the swiftly moving train, which steams along, bearing him from place to place. Now and then after passing Lewiston, can be caught glimpses of the blue waters of Lake Ontario, shining brightly in the sunlight. On, on we go! engine puffing, bell ringing, whistle blowing, until we reached the scene of the terrible Carlyon disaster of last year. Through the kindness of the conductor, who explained the particulars as we passed, and described the heartrending sight of the dead, mangled bodies, as they lay side by side on the grass in the brightness of the following morning, aided by a sight of a remnant of the wreck, I was almost able to picture in my mind, as if I had been an eye-witness, the horrible scene of blood and disaster.

MOLLIE MOONSHINE.

HAMLIN, Monroe Co., N. Y., July 8th.

#### ABOUT LAMBREQUINS.

If the lady who recently asked for information about making a lambrequin wishes to drape a mantle-shelf, she will find a mantle-scarf newer and more stylish than a lambrequin. These scarfs cover the shelf and have long ends, making them like a table scarf, only longer. One of these, of myrtle green felt, embroidered in white and gold,—daisies with golden hearts—was furnished with a green and gold fringe, which finished the ends, and, what was a "new departure," was also continued across the shelf, falling just over the edge. The ends only were embroidered.

If only a lambrequin for a bracket shelf is needed, crazy patchwork is pretty. It should be finished with a fancy fringe, such as can be bought for \$1, or \$1.25 per yard. The shelf itself is first covered with velveteen, and the drapery secured by fancy headed tacks to the shelf. A band of furniture gimp conceals the joining. Or a strip of narrow velvet ribbon, featherstitched with bright silks, can be used instead of the gimp, which is not always to be obtained.

A friend of mine has just completed a very pretty lambrequin for a shelf about two feet long. It is of crimson felt, about eight inches deep, with a four inch band of crimson plush at the bottom, and finished with a fringe. The shelf is covered with the felt, and the lambrequin fastened on with brass nails. The shape most preferred is straight; it is not fashionable to cut the edges of lambrequins in points, scallops or battlements, either for brackets or windows. A felt lambrequin with rows of velvet ribbon

featherstitched through the centre with gay silks would be very pretty; and if fringe was unobtainable in colors to suit, loops of the ribbon could be placed almost quite together along the edge, for a finish. Some lambrequins are ornamented with fancy balls, set on at intervals; these are more expensive.

To those who would like to make some little article of the silk patchwork so popular at present, but think they have not the pretty colored silks necessary, I would say, make it of your pieces of black silk and ribbon. The irregular bits, with joining seams outlined by the various fancy stitches in gay colored embroidery silk, make very pretty fancy articles, such as sofa pillows, table spreads and scarfs and chair backs. One of the prettiest silk quilts exhibited at the State Fair last fall was made entirely of black pieces. The larger pieces may be embroidered in satin stitch or Kensington, or any other style preferred, and the effect is as rich and handsome as that produced by the use of colored pieces.

DETROIT.

B.

#### MORE "GREENS."

I want to say a few words for the Household. I like it, I think it a useful and instructive little paper. I will try and answer the greens question for John's Wife. I first thought when I read her request that it was too late for greens for this season, as we use cowslips and dandelions early in the spring. But the beets need thinning out, and now is just the time to do it. Take the beet tops, roots and all if they are not too large; after looking them over carefully wash them thoroughly, take a small piece of pork, enough to season the greens, and let it boil an hour and then put in the greens and boil another hour, you can boil the potatoes with this if you wish. Another way, and this may be the way John's mother used to cook them: Boil the greens in water with a little salt until done, and then put them in a colander and drain all the water from them, have ready some fried meat fat hot in the fryingpan, or you may take part butter, and put in this two tablespoonsful of flour, and let it brown a little; put the greens in this and cook about fifteen minutes, stirring it so as to get it well mixed.

To cook asparagus, take it when it is from three to six inches high; cut it up in small pieces and cook in water with a little salt three-quarters of an hour; drain off the water and season as you would green peas, with butter and sweet cream.

I will give a method of canning corn, which I have tried and know is good: To every six quarts of corn take one ounce of tartaric acid, dissolved in boiling water; cut the corn from the cob, and put in sufficient water to cook, put the acid in while the corn is cooking; when done, I can it in my glass fruit cans. To prepare for the table pour off the sour water and save it; put in enough fresh water to cook the corn; for every quart of

the corn add one small teaspoonful of soda, and let it stand a few minutes before cooking; while cooking put in a teaspoonful of sugar; if the corn turns yellow there is too much soda; pour back some of the sour water until it turns white again; when nearly done season with salt, cream and butter same as fresh corn.

I wonder if we will have as many ways to make butter, as we did to make bread. I know somebody will differ with me, although I am not ashamed of my butter, so here goes my way. First, the cows should have good pasture, pure water, and this hot weather they should not be in the sun all day, they should have some shade. The milk should be strained while warm and set in a cool place about 60 degrees temperature. The air should be pure, but the wind should not blow directly on the milk; skim just as it begins to sour. Some people do not take good care of their cream. I have a tin cream pail with a cover which holds twelve quarts; it is higher than a milk pail, and just as large at the bottom as at the top, just as fast as I skim I put the cream in this tall pail and keep it covered, and the night before I churn I put this pail in a deep spring of water, which is 53 deg., which makes it cold enough if I add the morning cream. I churn moderately, it takes about thirty minutes; I use a crank churn. I draw off the buttermilk, leaving the butter in the churn, and let it drain thoroughly. I do not use any water. My butter is hard and firm in this hot weather. I work my butter just as little as possible and get out the buttermilk. I salt one ounce to the pound, put it in a crock and cover. I never leave my butter exposed to the air; the next day, rework and pack. Mrs. R. D. P.

BROOKLYN, July 5th.

#### MORE GREENS FOR JOHN'S WIFE.

I would like to tell "John's Wife" how "his mother" cooked greens, as I think I know how she did it. In the first place we will take it for granted that the greens are gathered and washed properly, then take a piece of pork, salt, of course, of regulation size, not too large, nor yet too small, but of course the size must be governed by the amount of greens to be seasoned; this must be boiled until nearly done before putting the greens in, which should be about an hour before you wish to serve. Just before dropping them into the kettle scald a few moments in clear water to take away that "green taste," and if "John" does not say "those greens taste like mother's used to" it will be because his taste has changed, you may be sure. If there is any one thing that is worse than another to make a young housekeeper feel uncomfortable it is to have "her John" say: "How I do wish you could make things taste as good as mother used to." I have been right there myself, and can sympathize with all young housekeepers in that respect.

In looking over the butter question I find the *modus operandi* of X. Y. Z. coin



sides with mine in every particular; so I naturally come to the conclusion that there is one member of the Household besides myself who makes good butter.

HILLSDALE, July 8th.

HOPE.

#### AUNT NELL'S VIEWS.

I want to tell John's Wife what I know about greens. First on the list we consider young beets, cooked tops and all of course; the next best is "pusley," (don't laugh), it is easily gathered and cleaned and much resembles beets. Mustard, pigweed, red-root and dandelion are all good; I cook only the two first named.

Take a piece of salt pork, well streaked with lean, and boil an hour or more according to the size; then put in the greens, well washed and drained, and boil another hour; turn off the water as dry as possible and serve with good vinegar.

If John says they do not taste like his mother's, tell him: No. But then they are not his mother's greens.

Asparagus may be cooked just like peas. (See Household June 24). Take the stalks when young and tender and cut in inch pieces. Crackers may be used in the place of toast. But it is too late now, you will have to wait until another spring. Cook string beans in the same way, only boil longer than peas.

Beatrix says, "Come with your pet economies;" mine is the saving of fire and fuel. We farmers grow our own wood, but yet it costs from 40 to 50 cents for cutting; why not be saving of wood as well as flour in the barrel? I do not mean go around suffering with cold feet and hands to save fuel; but these warm days use just enough wood and no more. When the baking is done, or the dinner is ready, have the fire as near out as possible; not the last thing on sitting down to dinner put in three or four sticks to heat the dish-water.

AUNT NELL.

PLAINWELL, July 5th.

#### A WASHING MACHINE.

It is now ten o'clock, and having my washing out and mopping done, I thought I would write and tell you what a help the Burch washer is to me. I have a family of four to wash for, and my health is poor. When Monday morning comes with a large wash to do, I should give up in despair, were it not for my washer. It washes cleaner than I could possibly with the board. You who live on a farm know how dirty and heavy men's every day shirts are to wash. I put two in my machine at a time, first rubbing them over with good soft soap, and can wash them quicker and better than I could one on the board.

When I make soap I allow two pounds of sal soda and one pound of borax to a barrel of soap. It whitens and aids in washing.

MRS. EDWARDS.

HORTON, Mich.

GREENS for "John's Wife" have been cooked in ways enough to satisfy the most exacting of men. No more recipes for the preparation of this delicacy will be published. Give us something else.

#### GETTING RID OF THE ANTS.

If Mrs. Edwards will get ten cents worth of yellow insect powder at the drug store, and scatter it around where the ants trouble her, she can get rid of them. I was troubled with three kinds of ants for several years. I tried everything I could think of, but they staid with me. Finely a gentleman told me the powder was good and I tried it, and found it was just the thing. I did not see an ant in my house last summer, and have not seen one this summer. Do not be discouraged if they come back after you think they are gone, but give them another dose, and they will go for good after a while.

NAPOLEON, July 8th.

FARMER'S WIFE.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To clean a wringer after using for colored clothes: Rub with a soft cloth saturated in paraffine oil. This will remove all color from the rollers, leaving them as white as new.

To keep your butter fresh and firm, says an exchange, set over it a clean, new flower-pot, washed thoroughly first. The butter will be as hard as if it had been on ice. If milk is kept in an earthen can it will keep sweet far longer than if in tin.

SCORCHES may be removed from linen by spreading over them the following mixture: Juice pressed from two onions, half an ounce of white soap, two ounces of fuller's earth, and half a pint of vinegar; mix and boil well. Let it get cold before using.

WHERE matches have been carelessly struck upon paint, other marks are sure to follow. If the spot is rubbed with a flannel cloth saturated with liquid vaseline, it will be impossible to ignite a match there again, and people may try as much as they please, and cannot injure the paint. The vaseline soon causes the existing marks to disappear, especially upon dark paint.

If you have a piano, it is as important to keep the inside well dusted as the outside. This is best done with a feather duster—one with long flexible feathers, which by proper working can be made to pass through the strings on the board. A still better way is to pass a soft cloth under the strings, with a thin strip of whalebone or other flexible material. No sharp instrument should be used for this purpose. In doing this, all undue pressure on the strings should be avoided, as this would put the piano out of tune. It is well to clean the inside of a piano just before having it tuned, as tuners object to do this, it being no part of their business. In dusting be careful not to scratch the sounding board. An ordinary feather duster can be used for the iron frame, tuning pins, etc. A bellows may be used with advantage when the dust is not too thick. A piano may be kept free from dust by using the bellows once a week.


It seems to the Editor of the Household that it is rather "cheeky," to say the least, in certain parties who are neither contributors nor subscribers, to send us letters advertising wares they have for sale, and expecting free insertion in the Household, on the plea of aiding our readers in certain lines of fancy work materials for which they state they have for sale. We are always ready to publish letters which are of interest and value to our patrons, but do not propose to "boom" anybody's business, unless we know them to be reliable. We have also received several letters from those who desire to exchange various articles with others of our ranks. We do not deem it expedient to publish them, as many times such exchanges lead to dissatisfaction, and possibly fraud. People's ideas of values differ so greatly that some one is certain to declare she has "been cheated."

THE Household Editor requests that the ladies will send in such recipes for pickles, jams, catsups and spiced fruits as will be timely during the "preserving season." Preference is given to those which have been tested, and found satisfactory.

#### Useful Recipes.

JELLY OF UNRIPE GRAPES.—Jelly made from unripe grapes, just before they change from green to purple, is very delicate. Wash the grapes after picking them from the stems, in several waters, then put them in a porcelain kettle, wash them before putting them on the stove, as then you will not need to put any water with them, and of course the less water, the less time it will take to boil the juice. Put the grapes when sufficiently cooked in a bag made of firm flannel, and let the juice drain out without squeezing if possible.

LEMON BUTTER.—Lemon butter for filling tarts is made of one cup of white sugar, three eggs, butter the size of half an egg, the juice and rind of one large lemon. Put this, after beating it well, into a bright basin and set into a can of water. Stir it constantly until it is thick. Small cakes are nice if split and put together with this jelly. It is also very nice as a filling for a layer cake.

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