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THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

IRONING SHIRTS

"Ironing my husband's shirts," said she,
With a motion of easy grace,
As over the linen the metal flew,
While the love-light swept her face.

Little she thought how those simple words
Stirred within me the loves of old,
How the pain shot through me to think of them
So long in their graves so cold

That bosom so white, that earnest care
That never a crease or seam
Should mar the linen to her so fair,
Was to me like an old-time dream.

Ah! many's the time in days gone by,
As with weary hands I strove,
I wished there were not so many to call
For a wife's or mother's love.

And often I said, as the sun sank low,
"Oh, I'm glad my work is done;
So many, so many!" Alas, poor hands,
They have now not even one.

Ah, wives, be patient, and, mothers, be strong,
For the toil that comes to-day;
'Tis easier far for the heart to bear
Than to have them far away!

—Woman's Journal.

COMMON CONVERSATION.

The thoughtful Strong-Minded Girl of the FARMER recently propounded the conundrum, "Why is it that so few thoughts uttered in our hearing are worthy of repetition? Can it be that the great mass of humanity has no interest in higher themes than those entering into its daily converse?"

An undercurrent of dissatisfaction with present conversational standards pervades the letter alluded to. The young mind, reaching out after truth, is not satisfied with the conversational husks offered on the social altar, but would fain find ripe thought and sound ideas among the chaff. The desire is laudable. Society is valuable according to its helpfulness, for we are influenced, far more than our pride in our individuality likes to admit, by our associates. If these are frivolous and without mental poise, one of two things must follow; we must raise them to our standard, or descend to theirs.

Certainly we must classify a considerable portion of what passes as conversation as "words, words, nothing but words." To another part we may apply Tallyrand's definition of language, "the medium by which we conceal thought." And in the residue we find all grades of quality and quantity, according to the mental calibre and intellectual attainments of the talkers. Not all profound

thinkers are good talkers, nor is a good writer necessarily a brilliant conversationalist. Indeed it is often the case that a man whose wit scintillates from a pen-point, is poky and dull in conversation. He is less at home in society than in his study. There is a story told of a young lady, a great admirer of a noted author, who was transported to the seventh heaven of blissful expectation on being invited to meet him at dinner, and who bored her friends to death by her rhapsodies concerning the intellectual treat she anticipated. Returning home dull and depressed, she was asked if the star did not appear. "Oh yes! he was there." "Well, what did he say?" "He said it was a very hot night!"

Possibly one reason why we have so little "conversation," in the best meaning of the word, nowadays, is because there so few who are good listeners. Every one wishes to be heard. I am not sure that Dean Swift, Madame Recamier, Madame d' Stael, could gain a hearing in this century. Some irreverent individual would break in as these gifted ones were leading up to some carefully deliberated sentiment which should yet appear impromptu, and turn the train of thought to another issue. Young America would abbreviate the conversations as he has curtailed the Chesterfieldian bow and courtesy to the hasty gesture of the hand toward the hat, and the slight inclination of the head.

Most people are too desirous to talk of themselves, especially those who lead quiet lives. Their little world seems to revolve about them as a centre; they do not look beyond the horizon of their own desires and ambitions. Their own wants and wishes are more to them than the rise and fall of dynasties. This is a natural result of the life they lead, and to those in sympathy with them not unpleasant. But among strangers they must perforce become dumb, or continue their personalities, often I fear to the weariness of their auditors. Much mischief would be avoided if we could learn to talk of things, not people. Much would be gained if we could let the little things of life, essential though they be, slip past us without rehearsing them. To endeavor to entertain by repeating the small matters which concern us only, is unprofitable. To take an interest in our friends' welfare, to sympathize with them in misfortune or prosperity, is only a friend's part, but we need to beware that the friendly interest does not de-

generate into impertinent curiosity, and our conversation become merely gossip.

It is a great gift to be able to strike a topic of interest to one's listeners, to enter into conversation readily and easily with strangers, and bridge those "awful pauses" which frequently occur in social assemblages. It is natural to some, acquired by others. There is less of conversational ability required than tact, and a quick wit and a ready command of language. I would by no means belittle the small-talk of society, the conversational small change which passes among chance acquaintances on the street and in the parlor. Like the dimes and nickels of our currency it does service where more valuable coin is unnecessary. Any one of us is better for a pleasant greeting, a five minutes' chat with a friend, even if there is nothing said that we remember at the end of another five minutes. Among all the people of diverse opinions, each more or less opinionated and prejudiced, we must have some neutral ground on which we can safely meet, and this we find in the common topics of the day, requiring neither brilliancy nor profundity. Only the man with a hobby, the one-idea individual whom we call a "crank," insists on choosing his subject and airing his views upon it on all occasions.

It is not to every one we can open our hearts and disclose our secret thoughts, our dearest desires, our noblest aims and ambitions. Nor is it desirable that we should do so. Many would fail to understand us. It is only to those between whose hearts and ours exists that mysterious bond which "makes two souls akin," we can lay bare the "holy of holies," our deepest, tenderest feelings. To open our hearts to every chance comer or casual acquaintance is to invite ridicule and contempt. The depths are not to be stirred by every idle hand. And there are many who find it hard to speak of matters which lie nearest the heart, those things that move us most deeply, to even the closest and most intimate friends. There may be understanding and sympathy without speech. Often it is to our best friend we say the least; with that one we may dare silence, and find perfect companionship without words. There is something inexpressibly sacred and holy in the opening of one human heart to another; only the tried and true may enter there. To those among whom we dwell, living our own inner life as if they were not, we give our talk of unimpor-

tant matters, our social small-change, which serves its purpose, since it bridges the Valley of Silence and brings us near, but not together; to our tested friends we open our heart-doors and entertain them royally.

BEATRIX.

SEPTEMBER DAYS.

These delicious, dreamy days when there is such a drowsy hum in the air, it seems as if Nature were wooing us to repose. It is positively wicked to work; these are just the days to be at the seashore, or among the mountains. "But then we women cannot choose our lot; much must be borne which it is hard to bear; much given away which it were sweet to keep." So I expect we shall occupy our time manipulating dough and making catsups, filling in the intervals mending overalls and tending baby; but in the afternoons, when all these thousand things are finished, and we sit down in a cool and pleasant sitting room, and read Owen Meredith or Jean Ingelow and the Chautauquan, we can dream and weave beautiful fancies that will keep the heart young, and we need not grow cross and fretful. A great many times when I am alone I let my thoughts wander back to my childhood home; I seem to see the old familiar places and favorite nooks where we children played. There was a creek that ran zigzag through our farm; in some places the banks were three or four feet high, then again it ran nearly level with the ground; on either bank there grew quantities of spotted lilies and swamp pinks. About a quarter of a mile back was a place we called "the Tamaracks," and here the happiest hours of my life were passed. There were four of us: Emilie, George, Ettie and I, and if there was any fun, or real, solid comfort to be had we found it. We would wade out among the sweet flags after birds' eggs, perfectly happy at the distress of the blackbirds who came cawing around our heads. It was there that we carried the large, ripe watermelons and red cheeked peaches, and as we lay on the grass under the shade, we wove fanciful futures. George was going to be a military man; he should be a cadet at West Point, and in time be a general. Emilie was going to be an authoress. Ettie was not just certain, but rather thought she would marry a widower with ten children, and I wanted plenty of money, flowers and books, and some one to take care of me, that was all. Adjoining the grove was a meadow skirted on three sides with woods, and here in early summer time we loved to wander. Was ever sky so blue, or buttercups so golden, "a million, million drops of gold among the green." I must not forget the orchard, where the trees stood so thick the branches nearly touched, covered in the spring-time with blossoms, in the fall bending to the ground laden with fruit; the well in the corner of the yard, where the water seemed the coldest we ever drank; the flower garden, the pride of our heart, and the row of big locusts in front. The dear kind parents who made our home so

pleasant, and "life one long, bright summer day" for many years have slept that long unbroken sleep, on the sunny slope in the graveyard a little way from the old home, which has passed into the hands of strangers; and the members of the happy band who hung up stockings in the fireplace Christmas Eve, and found them filled to overflowing in the morning, have gone different ways in life, and never meet. Oh, these pictures from memory come to me sometimes, as the young moon will press through a rift in the clouds, for life to me has not been all sunshine, "into each life some rain must fall." "They are poor who have lost nothing; they are poorer far who losing, have forgotten; they most poor of all, who lose or wish they might forget. For life is one, or in its warp or woof there runs a thread of gold that glitters fair, and sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet. Where there are sombre colors, it is true that we have wept; but oh, this thread of gold, we would not have it tarnished. Let us turn oft and look back upon the wondrous web, and when it shineth, sometimes, we shall know that memory is possession."

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

AROUND THE GARDEN.

It is not yet too late to sow pansies, and the bed may be covered with leaves when the ground begins to freeze; then as the weather becomes more severe put on a covering of brush or a cold frame, until mild weather in the spring. Such plants, re-set in the spring after the cold storms are over, will make good early blossoms, and the flowers will be larger than from those exhausted by fall blooming. If seed is sown in spring it should be done early, a rich, deep, mellow soil, with plenty of water and partial shade, is what the pansy delights in. It is a good plan, and one recommended by all florists, to sow seed of perennials and hardy annuals in autumn, even as late as the last of October; a litter of leaves over the bed when winter sets in, is all the protection that is necessary, and after they are well up and the gardening well begun, transplant them. Do not sow seed too thickly. As some of our FARMER friends seem to be very fond of greens, I would recommend them to sow a generous bed of spinach, which if not quite like mother's or eaten with the voracious appetite of boyhood, and which in fact makes the difference in the relish of edibles then and now, will be found excellent, and will save the wife the trial of hunting greens in field and garden.

After I endorse all that has been said in favor of washing butter, I will tell my Holly neighbor that I covered my butter crocks with a plate formerly, but lately with a smooth flat stone, of which we find an abundance on our farm. I have pieces very little heavier than stoneware plates, and if not beautiful are still excellent covers for large crocks.

A few words of explanation about offering unnamed plants. If you examine a catalogue you will see every variation of shade or form of the same plant has

a different name given it, especially coleus, geraniums and fuchsias, and those are the names I proposed not to follow out, as we were handling so great a variety, every one of which had been selected for its own peculiar beauty. Scented or fancy leaved, dark or light geraniums are easily distinguished if not in bloom, but most of the flowering ones are now, and you may choose any color or marking in colors, and get just what you choose. I have nice plants of lantana, ruellia, lochia, browallia, abutilon, ivy, rose and balm geranium, and almost everything for baskets, six plants for 50 cents, or 13 for \$1; larger plants and two extra by express, at purchaser's expense; seeds of perennials, choice varieties, including pansy, 16 packages, \$1.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON.

CANDY RECIPES WANTED.

We have had very much useful information on the bread and butter question, and now may we have some recipes for making candy? It might be suggestive to some mothers in regard to their government, as a more pleasing way of getting the right management of a noisy lot of children, if the latter knew that candy day was not far off, providing their correct deportment warranted it; besides doing away with that which is in many cases injurious to the little ones.

In cooking tomatoes and other fruit in the cans, how much time should be allowed to each kind? Should the water boil rapidly or not around the cans? I would so much like to be able to get them just right.

MARY A. WILLIAMS.

PONTIAC.

WASHING MACHINE.

A lady wished to know what washer I used. It is the Burtch washing machine, and can be bought for six dollars. I have used the one I have five years this fall, and can recommend it to all as a good machine. I take good care of it, always keep it under shelter, and near my cistern pump. When I get ready to wash I pull it around, put two pails of water in it, and it is ready for business.

If I have a large, dirty wash I sometimes rub the clothes in the tub so as to get the dirty suds out before boiling; or rub them through two waters in the machine. As I said before, I always use soft soap with borax and sal-soda in it. I allow one pound of borax and two pounds of sal-soda to a pound of soap. It is a great help in removing the dirt and in bleaching. If the men knew how hard it was to rub their dirty clothes on the board they would surely get a washer. I have had two, and when this one is gone I shall get another. I would rather do with fewer clothes than things necessary for making my work easy.

I will tell young housekeepers how I manage my work on Monday. I never go to washing until I get my dishes washed and house in order; then if company comes I am not confused, but can sit down and have a little rest as well as a pleasant chat, and then proceed with

my washing, feeling happy that after my clothes are out I can sit down in peace, and read the papers an hour or so before dinner time. I find there is nothing gained in leaving one's dishes to dry, taking much longer to wash than when done as they should be. I always sweep before washing my stove, then I can dust and wash my stove and all is clean. If I feel tired I let my mopping go until Tuesday. I sprinkle my clothes Tuesday night, and iron Wednesday. This is the way I manage to get along without a girl.

HORTON.

MRS EDWARDS.

PRESERVING FRUITS.

Miss Jane Ferguson contributes to the *Farmer's Advocate* some tested recipes for putting up fruit, which we copy: White sugar is always used, no water only when absolutely necessary, as given in recipes. The utmost attention is given the fruit when in process of preparation, and it is kept in a dark cupboard in the cellar.

BLUE PLUMS CANNED.

To every pound of fruit allow one-half pound of sugar, stir until the sugar is dissolved, then allow it to boil for half an hour, or until the fruit looks well scalded. Have your self-sealing cans ready, fill up at once and secure.

PEARS CANNED.

Take large ripe pears, peel and quarter, boil till tender in just enough water to cover them, then to every pound of fruit allow one quarter pound of white sugar; boil the syrup until rather thick, place the quarters back into the syrup, boil for a minute, and place at once in self-sealing jars.

QUINCE PRESERVES.

Pare and quarter fine ripe quinces, put the cores and parings into enough water to cover them, boil until quite soft, strain, then put in the quarters of quince and boil till tender, take them out, weigh, and for every pound of quinces add one pound of sugar, put the sugar and water together and boil until it begins to thicken, then add the quarters of quince and boil until it looks clear but does not break; take them out with a skimmer and place in pots, pour the syrup over, which should be a pink color and should form quite a firm jelly around them.

EGG PLUMS PRESERVED.

Pour boiling water over large yellow plums to remove the skins, placing them on a large dish; to every pound of fruit add one pound of sugar, make a syrup with just enough water to dissolve the sugar, and boil until it begins to thicken, put in the plums, boil until they are tender, but do not break them, remove them carefully with a skimmer back to the dish to drain, boil the syrup still longer until it gets thick again, put the plums in again, and then pour into your jelly pots. The syrup should be a thick color and form a jelly.

PEACHES CANNED.

Pour boiling water over large free-stone peaches, remove the skins and divide in

half, remove the stone. To every pound of fruit add one-quarter pound of white sugar, place in a preserving kettle and allow them to boil just twenty minutes. Have your self sealing jars ready in hot water, fill up, wipe the tops dry and fasten down at once. Done in this way peaches are delicious, and retain all their fresh flavor, and can be eaten with cream like fresh fruit.

WORDS FROM A NEW COMER.

In looking over the Household, (which I often do) I can't help thinking there is a great deal more truth than poetry in what Maybelle has written under "Give the Kind Words Now." It is too often the case, but I hope she may never realize the truthfulness of what she has written.

I think our homes are what we make them, and that being the case, how very necessary it is that both husband and wife should work together with that aim in view. One alone can make a home very miserable, but it takes the two to make it a happy one. I dare not stay too long, as this is my first visit, but perhaps I'll come again with some more recipes if these prove satisfactory.

HALLIE.

SCRAPS.

DOES everybody know that the leaves of the sumac, when colored either by frost, or the gradual decay that often comes before, are more beautifully and brilliantly tinted than even those of the much sought maple? My most beautiful autumnal bouquet was composed principally of these leaves, which adhere tolerably well to their stems while drying if carefully handled, a few maple and sassafras leaves, and grasses very slightly crystallized with alum. The leaves were painted over with thick carriage varnish, so thick that it took a day or more to dry, but they kept their shape and color remarkably well. A correspondent once asked how to arrange dried and crystallized grasses prettily. To fill the vase with sand, and into this insert the stems of the grasses, gives a lighter and more graceful effect than to crowd them in a bunch. The prettiest sprays can be placed "where they will do the most good." Crystallized grasses are, to my notion, handsomest when a few pretty sprays are arranged on a panel covered with black, blue or cardinal velvet. A piece of pasteboard, doubled, covered with the velvet, which may be velveteen—the back faced with cambric, and with a cambric covered piece sewed at top of the back as a support, is a very good background for the delicate crystals. Secure the stems under a bow of ribbon.

THOSE who read the story in last week's *FARMER*, of the ambitious woman who to "save" worked herself nearly into the grave during the building of the new house, will not fail to note that the immediate cause of the final and nearly fatal illness was the sleeping in the damp and unaired sheets of the sacred best bedroom at her friend's house. I have

known several instances in real life where serious attacks of sickness have followed those unfortunates who were assigned to a room where the bed had been made up several weeks and left unaired. It seems the plain duty of every hostess either to make up her spare bed as it is needed, or rob it of its sheets and blankets long enough to air and dry them thoroughly before a fire, before putting a guest in the room. Some good housekeepers never make up a seldom used bed except as it is to be used, but tuck the counterpane over the mattress, and put on the sheet and pillow shams, that the room may not look *en deshabille*, and bring bedding from the closet to make it up. This is a good plan. Even if a fire can be made in a guest-room, the bed-clothing should be spread out before it and the bed remade after airing and before occupancy. This may be extra work, but a woman with a conscience worth mentioning will not weigh her trouble by the side of her guest's comfort, let alone the risk of having a serious or perhaps fatal illness traced to sleeping in damp sheets at her house.

E. L. Nye's "Tale of a Carpet" provoked a smile and memories of similar tribulations some years ago. Whatever may be said against rag carpets, and the economy of making them, the fact remains that a neat, whole rag carpet is about as suitable and substantial a covering for a country dining-room floor as we can find, especially if it is to be used by many persons, and those who are careless about tracking in dirt. If it is desired that carpet shall be a certain width after it comes from the loom, it is necessary to instruct the weaver to "lay" it an inch, possibly two inches, wider in the loom than it is to be when woven. A carpet "laid" thirty-six inches in the loom will measure but thirty-four and a half or thirty-five inches when ready for the floor, owing to shrinkage. Much vexation of spirit is saved by remembering this. Also in having a carpet woven in widths, with a strip of warp woven in for a hem when cut, it is necessary to allow considerable for shrinkage. These two facts I learned to my sorrow by experience somewhat akin to E. L.'s. B.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

MRS. EDWARDS, of Horton, contributes the following hints:

If you want to seal up imperfect cans, stir a little flour with cold water, spread on paper, and cover your can and it will cook and make it air-tight. I have sealed oyster cans or any thing I wanted to, and they keep nicely. Set them where the mice cannot eat the paste.

To the lady who inquired about rugs, I would say I have made several kinds, and like my braided ones the best. I made four last winter. You can use rags that are not suitable for carpet rags. Grey mixed with black is pretty, or red and white with black is pretty. I begin the center with a piece half a yard long; hold

the corners a little full; this makes a nice shape.

ALL pickles should be made in a porcelain-lined kettle, or (better still), one of the light, durable granite or agate ware which are superseding the old-fashioned ones. A silver or wooden fork or spoon is necessary. Be sure that the vinegar is genuine, as upon that one point the success of the work depends more than any other. Mixed spices may be obtained now at the places where such things are sold, and are very convenient. Be careful not to use too much salt, as that kills the vinegar.

A PRETTY stand for umbrellas and canes may be made out of the frame of an old umbrella. Remove the cover and partly open the umbrella, securing it in the desired position by a few tacks. Cover with thick silver paper, pasting it to fit in a sort of cornucopia. Then make a lining of oilcloth, white or light brown. Bind the edges with braid. A bordering of fancy paper may be used, entirely covering the braid if preferred. Ornament the stick with a bow of ribbon. This is pretty, convenient and useful in the hall.

To free canaries and other cage birds from the insects which infest them, the following method is recommended by one who has successfully practised it for years: Every night just at dusk the cage or aviary is covered over with a white cloth. During the night the parasites will crawl from off the birds on to the cloth where they may be seen running about when the cloth is removed at day-break. The insects may be killed by putting the cloth into boiling water. A repetition of the process will soon clear away the pests without injuring the birds. Insect powders will no doubt kill parasites but the birds as well.

THE secret of cooking meat so as to retain the juice, is to turn it frequently. Meat can be cooked in a hot griddle or frying pan to be almost as excellent as if broiled, by heating the pan, putting in a bit of butter to prevent the meat from sticking, and turn it almost as soon as you have laid it in the pan. To sear the surface quickly is to imprison the juices. Never salt meat till almost or quite done; salt extracts the juices. The nicest thing to use in broiling meat is the common wire bread-toaster. The meat is firmly held in the wires, and the long handle enables it to be turned without trouble.

In one's rides around the country it is by no means unusual to see the "rain-water barrel" at the corner of the house, indicating by its presence the absence of a cistern. It is a shame to any man, when a cistern costs so little and is so great a convenience, not to provide one for his wife's use. But in spite of this there are many women who are obliged to "do the best they can," under an unfulfilled promise of better days and a cistern to come. These will be glad to know how a *Western Rural* correspondent keeps

her rain-water barrel clean: "Take a piece of coarse thin cotton considerably larger than the top of the barrel, make a wide shirr all around it, and fill with lead, pebbles, or something heavy. Now spread it over the top of the barrel and fasten so it will be very slack on top and not prevent the rain from running in; it will make a very useful protection and keep the water very clean and pure."

HEREAFTER those of our correspondents who offer exchanges of fancy work patterns, must give their names and address, that those who desire to avail themselves of the offer may communicate directly with the parties who have the patterns. Ladies who thus desire to exchange patterns or directions for fancy work may make their desire known, but the Household Editor will not assume the responsibility of conducting an "exchange business."

Contributed Recipes.

PRESERVED WATERMELONS.—Remove the seeds and the tenderest part of the core; pare and cut in pieces; pile on a plate and steam briskly until tender. Prepare a syrup, using a third less sugar than you have melon after steaming, drain the melon before putting into the syrup, and to every five pounds add a sliced lemon, or add extract of lemon when dipping into jars or cans. Boil about fifteen minutes, after putting the melon into the syrup, and skim well. M. A. F.

FENTON.

PICKLED CABBAGE.—Chop your cabbage fine before putting it in your stone jar; sprinkle salt enough to make it right to cook; then pack in your jar, pressing it down firmly with your hand. Let it stand two or three days in your pantry; then prepare your vinegar as follows: Take vinegar enough to cover the cabbage, sweeten with one pound of sugar to one pint of vinegar, spice to suit the taste, only be sure to put in a good lot of peppers; boil fifteen minutes, then pour on the cabbage while hot; turn off and boil three mornings; then put down cellar, and cover tight. It will keep until April. MRS. EDWARDS.

HORTON.

THE lady who asked for a recipe for frosting which should be soft inside and hard on the outside, probably desired to know how to make boiled frosting, which is made as follows:

FROSTING FOR CAKE.—To one pound of granulated sugar put two wineglasses of water, let it stand until well saturated, put in a kettle over a slow fire and let it simmer until a thick syrup, stirring it all the while. Have ready the whites of two eggs well beaten. Pour out the syrup and let it cool enough not to cook the eggs, then beat in the eggs and beat until cool. Be particular not to let the sugar get too cool. Season to taste with lemon. This will ice a large cake, and thin as it is put on.

CRAB APPLE PRESERVES AND PICKLES.—The red Siberian crab is the best for this purpose. Pick out those that are nearly perfect, leaving the stems on, and put them into a preserve-kettle with enough warm water to cover them. Heat this to boiling, slowly, and simmer until the skins break. Drain and skim them; then, with a penknife, extract the cores through the blossom ends; or leave them with the cores in, only they will not keep as long. Weigh them; allow a pound and a quarter of sugar and a

teacupful of water to every pound of fruit. Boil the water and sugar together until the scum ceases to rise; put in the fruit, cover the kettle, and simmer until the apples are clear red and tender. Take out with a skimmer: spread upon dishes to cool and harden; add to the syrup the juice of one lemon to three lbs. of fruit, and boil until clear and thick. Fill your jars three-quarters full of the apples, pour the syrup in; when cool, tie up. Then they can be pickled whole by steaming until tender, but not too soft; then pour over them spiced vinegar sweetened to taste.

SEA FOAM PIE.—Line a pie plate with a rich paste and bake. Put two cups of sweet milk to heat, when near boiling, thicken with the yolks of two eggs, one-half cup sugar, two even tablespoonfuls corn starch and a little milk thoroughly beaten together; flavor with lemon and put it in the crust, and bake. Beat the whites of the eggs with two tablespoonfuls of sugar for frosting; spread over the pie; sprinkle over the top granulated sugar and nutmeg; put back in the oven to brown slightly.

FRENCH PICKLES.—One peck green tomatoes, six large onions, both chopped fine; add one cup of salt and let stand over night; then drain; then let boil fifteen minutes in one quart of vinegar and two quarts of water; drain again. Add two quarts vinegar, two pounds brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls mustard seed, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice, ground mustard and ginger; one teaspoonful cayenne pepper. Stir all together thoroughly, and boil one-half hour. Put up in cans.

LEMON EXTRACT.—One pint of alcohol, two lemons, sliced, one ounce of lemon oil. Let stand tightly covered two days; then strain and it is ready for use. HALLIE.

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