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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHT.

"I am so weary of my home!" she cried,
"And of its endless tasks, so mean and small;
I love to mingle with the world outside,
To drink from life's full cup; the drops that fall
From beakers others clasp, tho' gladly quaffed,
Slake not my thirst, my hand must hold the
draught."

She feels a little hand slip into hers,
And little fingers clinging to her gown,
And in her heart a tender memory stirs
Of violet lids by early death shut down;
And as she lifts the little hinderer up,
"I drink," she cried, "at least from love's full cup
"Forgive, dear Lord, forgive the foolish speech
For love is all; without it life is naught;
Let me but have the blessings in my reach,
And I will never more complain of aught;
Life's cup may hold for woman what it will—
Without love's wine she will be thirsty still."

THE DOORYARD.

I am glad to see Honor Glint is stirring up the farming community about their unsightly door-yards. The subject will bear agitation. I do not care how handsome a house a man may live in, unless it is surrounded by a neat lawn and shaded by trees and shrubs, it is like a beautiful gem in a pinchbeck setting, it loses in intrinsic beauty. There can be no comparison, to my mind, between the fine mansion set in a wilderness of weeds, treeless and bleak, and a cottage-vine-clad and tree-embowered. One represents money, and the other taste. And trees and grass are the two things even the poorest farmer can have for a little trouble, and both will grow as thrifly for him as for his millionaire neighbor. Farmers are too neglectful of such things, they are always waiting to do the thing *en prince*; when they build the new house they will set out the trees and beautify the place. It seldom seems to occur to them that they can plant the proposed site with trees, which will be "aye growin'." That was a wise and thoughtful man who, several years before he was able to build a house to suit him, selected the most slightly spot on the farm for its location, graded it, decided how far from the road the house should stand, and estimated the size, then set his maples and evergreens. When he was ready to build, his house rose among well-established trees, and he had only to clear away the debris of building, and seed his lawn to "get to living right away," as he said. Last summer I was visiting friends in an anterior city, and was taken for a ride in

to the country one lovely August morning. We drove about eight miles, through a good farming district, where large barns, trim fences and good roads indicated agricultural prosperity, yet in that eight miles we passed just three farm houses which had flowers and shrubs and tidy grass plot in front. There is no horticultural society in that county, but there is need of one, for the influence of such societies is not alone in the interest of fruit-growing, but extends to the beautifying of home. It is only by educating farmers to appreciate the beautiful we can hope to incite them to action. So long as a man will only work for what will bring him a money return, so long the pigs will root under the front windows and the gate swing on one hinge. Yet there is always this argument to appeal to the money-making instinct: a trim, tidy, attractive house and grounds give a higher market value to a farm than the same house, minus the beauty of grass and trees, Beauty has a market value. But always there will be the men to whom flowers are but weeds, and who, if they get three square meals per diem, do not care where they are eaten. There is something pathetic, to me, in a little bed of common flowers striving to grow in a neglected yard, in the earth-filled box sowed with portulacca, or the flaunting marigolds and poppies one sees as spots of color in a desert of weeds and tangled grass. I am sorry for the woman in that home, for I am sure there is in her heart a love of beauty and color, struggling to find expression, starved almost into extinction, yet kept alive by these humblest of Flora's children. I am sure that if she had her way, that "wilderness would blossom as the rose."

I do not like to see the dooryard fenced in just the width of the house, as if it were a sort of apron worn by the dwelling, but I believe farmers are often deterred from improvements because of the too liberal allowance made for a yard. If the space is planted to trees and shrubs only a lawn mower can be used on it, and to a man accustomed to "cut a wide swath" it looks like fooling away time and perspiration to shove a hand mower. The grass may get cut a couple of times in a season with a scythe, or he may turn in the calves or the sheep to eat it off, but this is fatal to flowers and shrubs, for a sheep will gnaw the bark off an ornamental tree, or browse on a choice shrub, when it would not deign to touch the tenderest grass dew ever sparkled upon,

it is the "total depravity of the critter." City lawns are well tended because they are generally small; if farmers would be less ambitious as to area, and more generous with care and labor, we should see more beautiful yards in the country.

At the winter meeting of the State Horticultural Society, held at Ann Arbor the first of the month, I was much interested in the talk about flowering shrubs for the lawn. Messrs. Saunders and Beadle, of Ontario, gave some brief hints as to varieties. As one of the most beautiful shrubs for lawn planting, Mr. Saunders mentioned *Forsythia*, a fine yellow flowering shrub; also *Spirea prunifolia*, *S. Thunbergia*, *S. Reedsii*, *Daphne cneorum*, whose lovely blossoms have a spicy odor like that of the carnation, and the *Weigela*, of which he said the old *rosea* was as satisfactory as any. Mr. Beadle mentioned the Japan Quince as making a very pretty low hedge where it was desirable to divide one part of the garden from another. The *Deutzia* is a fine shrub but rather a tender one; of *D. gracilis* he said a plant could be taken up late in the fall, stored in the cellar till about the holidays, then brought to light and heat, when it would blossom abundantly. He also spoke of *Prunus triloba*, pink and pretty, resembling the double flowering almond. Mr. W. C. Barry, of Rochester, N. Y., also talked on this subject, but as time and the cars wait for no woman, I was obliged to leave before he had fairly embarked upon his subject. I did, however, hear him endorse all that had been said in favor of the *Forsythia*. And I am sure that in the discussion which followed somebody must have said a good word for *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora*, a hardy and showy shrub, whose bloom, though coming later in the season than others named above, is very persistent. Like the snowball, its blossoms are at first a pale green, which gradually changes to clear white, and then into a deep dull pinkish-red. Some of these shrubs are very beautiful in their autumn garb; *Spirea prunifolia* becomes a deep crimson; *Spirea Thunbergia* has very graceful, fern-like foliage which turns a delicate rose pink. The fruit of the Japan Quince renews its beauty later, while the smoke tree, *Rhus cotinus*, is very showy because of its misty purplish gray, feathery fruit stalks.

And about planting: How often we see everything planted in straight lines, and every tree and shrub nodding at its counterpart on the other side of the walk;

and it is quite as common to see a lawn cut up by single shrubs dotted closely over its surface. This is all wrong. A sweep of level greensward has a dignity and beauty peculiar to itself. Leave a clear space in front and mass the shrubbery at the sides if the lawn is small; this increases the apparent size. When shrubs are planted singly and conspicuously the temptation is very great not to break the sod more than is "absolutely necessary," that is, more than a circle a foot in diameter, to which the roots of the plant are by a pleasing fiction supposed to be kind enough to confine themselves. Actually, the strong growing grass roots seek out and appropriate the nutriment of the soil, and we wonder why our half-starved shrub does not thrive and blossom as we desire. A little mound of "chip dirt," or stable litter heaped about the stem of a plant is very like bandaging a crutch to cure a sprain. If the lawn is large and the house stands far back, of course a different method of planting should be employed. I would not plant *anything* in straight lines, unless intended for a hedge. The Campus at the Ann Arbor University is handsome, but the view from the front and city side is far less imposing than it would be were the trees less regularly planted. The Campus at the Agricultural College is exceptionally fine by reason of its magnificent forest trees which have been most fortunately preserved.

There is no excuse for the farmer who neglects the beautifying of his home. The days he goes to town on small occasion, as Honor Glinz suggests, if applied to the work of embellishing his grounds, would be amply sufficient, and the result ought to yield him a purer enjoyment than whittling soft pine and spinning yarns at that "school for scandal," the village grocery.

BEATRIX.

MAN'S MISSION IN THE HOME.

"Women should live at home, mind the children, and make it comfortable and pleasant for their husbands." This has been decided as being woman's sphere and woman's mission. Now I beg leave to ask has any one found out what man's sphere and man's mission is? Does he owe no duty to home and family; has he nothing to do in the home circle to make it attractive, so that his wife and children will like to stay at home, and not be gadding about? Let us give imagination free scope and improvise a case. The evenings are long now, we have to light up at half past four, the men have lots of chores to do, and so supper must necessarily be at six or half past. After that meal is over the women folks must wash the dishes, if there is a baby that must be undressed and rocked to sleep, the work is hurried as much as possible, so as to get set down and visit with husband, who has possibly been working in the woods, or hauling wood. After bolting down his supper, three mouthfuls at once, too hungry to take a very active part in the conversation, as soon as he has filled up he pushes back from the

table, and it is an exceptional case if he does not indulge in a smoke; he then lies back in the big rocker and snoozes, grunts out an answer once in a while, and finally starts for bed, where dozing merges into such sound slumber that the merry laugh and gay sallies of the rest of the family fail to rouse him. What good does it do for a wife to crimp her hair, wear pretty dresses and post up on politics, wheat market, the "corner" on corn in Chicago, or lard in New York, debates in Congress, or "Chinese Gordon?" If I had such a husband I know I should resort to fancy work; everything in the house should be trimmed with table scarfs and tidies in the composition of which I had soothed my lacerated feelings.

Such a man never fixes up. He slouches around in torn and dirty overalls, unshaven face and uncombed hair, thinking no doubt that "Love throws such a halo around the dear one's name" that these shortcomings are completely lost in the halo. Now do not labor under such a delusion, for we expect more of our husband than we did of our lover. While we love, we can yet see our husband's failings. Now this man's premises look very much as he does, the fences are down, cattle and sheep pasture in the front yard and garden, and finally wander out in the road, barn doors are off the hinges, no pump in his cistern or swill barrel at the back door. My word for it he does not take the MICHIGAN FARMER, for in all the families where it is taken the husband is neat and tidy in his personal appearance, has a well stocked farm and good barn and fences, stays at home evenings and helps entertain the family, is as lover-like to his wife, as in the days when he went courting, for he knows that "Tis love that makes the world go round." The wife alone cannot succeed without the aid and assistance of her husband. The heart must love; it was made to love.

"The heart, like the tendril accustomed to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish
alone,
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing,
It can twine with itself, and make closely its
own."

Men must of necessity go out in the world more than women; their business brings them in contact with all classes of society, and after the worry of the day is over, we would naturally suppose that they would turn toward home gladly. How much is expressed in that word home. John Howard Payne has immortalized it. Home is where the heart is; where the heart is there is the treasure; in the home nest is man's treasure, and there methinks is man's mission as well as woman's. When the labor of the day is over, and the night comes on, how pleasant to light the lamp, replenish the fire and draw the curtains, a world of cares shut out, a world of love shut in, the father and mother and children all happy in each other.

Society has its charms, but I would not break the home circle to enjoy it. One writer tells us that we have three duties that we owe, one to ourselves, one to the public, and one to our God. I think we could with propriety add, one to our

family. There is not a child but looks to his father for an example. See the little boy who has gotten his first pants and pockets, see the little hands thrust into the pockets, and how he tries to walk just like papa, puts on the same swing and motion. Fathers, be on your guard, there are sharp eyes watching you, sharp ears listening.

"Thou must be true thyself
If thou the world would teach."

If you use profane language before them do not be shocked if you hear the same some day—it would never do to punish him, for "papa said so." The youth of to-day are the children of yesterday; let your example shine bright before them, and do not shirk your duty in the home circle, remembering always that your manners and conversation will go out into the world with your children, for good or for evil.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK,

[The poetry which Evangeline sends us with the above, and which is *apropos* to the concluding paragraph, was published in the FARMER several months ago. —Ed.]

TIME VS. INCLINATION.

I have been wanting for a long time to say something in reply to Brunefille, who says "Marriage subordinates to itself woman's every talent, thought and project," and doubts "whether marriage offers any prospect of development except in the qualities of wife and mother." These are broad assertions. There are wives and mothers whose hands are busy all day with household cares, with "leads in the kitchen and hearts in the nursery" —and so, also, are there wives and mothers with the same number of cares and duties, who have time to keep posted in the literature of the day, and to beautify home with flowers and fancy work. I think no woman with a mind will allow herself to become a mere household drudge. I have never met the woman yet, whose mind was wholly absorbed in household duties, who really when the facts are known would care to be otherwise situated. I do not mean they were not intelligent and, in their way smart; but a woman with a decided taste for reading, or a talent for art in any form, will find the time to improve it, more or less.

Only a few days ago a farmer's wife said to me, "I don't have any time for fancy work, or to cultivate flowers, or to keep my own dress in the present style. I can't get time to make over my dresses and modernize them. This silk is just as I made it five years ago. We only take two papers, I can find no time to read them." We had both been dressmakers before marriage, and always made our own dresses. Our cases are very similar, each has a family of four, each does her own work, sewing included. In our family we have five weekly papers, and in winter get a book every week from a circulating library, which I manage to read, also cultivate a few house plants in winter, and some garden flowers in summer, and

do quite a little fancy work. She could find time for nothing of the sort, and looked dowdyish, almost slovenly, altogether out of style; and could talk of absolutely nothing but housekeeping affairs.

Where is the difference? Has marriage so completely changed her? No. I happen to know that before she was married she did no more reading nor fancy work than she does now. She thinks she would like to, and seeing my home decorations, and hearing me talk of what I had read, really made her wish she could if she had the time. It is not the want of time, but want of real inclination. If she had the taste, she'd make the time, and the will would make the way. It is not that she is a wife and mother. The girl who loves reading or music, or fancy work, or flowers, will love it just as much when a married woman, and will find or make the time to improve and enjoy them. M. E. M. H.

LAPPEER.

CHRISTMAS IN THE CITY.

All the day before Christmas the snow softly sifted down, making excellent traveling for Santa Claus and his reindeer team over the housetops. All day crowds of people, busy, important, smiling, bundle-laden, hurried through the streets and thronged the stores, dodging each other, running over the inevitable small boy, and being in turn run over by the delivery wagons driven with impetuous haste by lads distributing Christmas dinners, while the merry jingle of myriad sleighbells filled the air. All day mysterious packages were hurried to the post and express offices, or flew by special messenger across the town. In the markets the Christmas turkey, cords of him, implored with outstretched claws "come buy me," and Dives selected the fattest and plumpest and had it "sent up" with oysters and cranberries, while Lazarus chose the skinniest of the store and carried home his own dinner. Christmas trees that were to be, swept through the streets as if Birnam wood were on its way to Dunsinane; now a stately, symmetrical evergreen, fit to stand in lofty parlors, now a tiny one to grace an humble home, and be laden more heavily with loving wishes than with gifts. Real English holly, with its brilliant berries and glossy leaves, and yards upon yards of ground pine were to be bought "for a consideration," and prices reminded us that "Christmas comes but once a year." From the florists came baskets of rare flowers, costly indeed at this season; creamy callas and great white-throated lilies for church altars; white hyacinths, violets, clove-scented carnations, pale pink roses and trails of smilax, till one wondered if indeed the time could be December, in presence of all this tropical luxuriance of beauty and fragrance.

Child faces were bright with delight at the gorgeous shop windows. Scantly clad little ones gazed with wide eyes at the great tree in the Bazar window, laden with glittering baubles, a beautiful vision of joys beyond their reach. In

another shop-window Santa Claus himself, venerable as to flowing beard, but with a very youthful bloom as to complexion, as if his warm heart had kept him young in spite of Time's wantonness with his whiskers, had opened his pack, and stood bowing politely, if stiffly, to the crowd outside. "What does he say when he bows his head?" was asked a little lassie whose blue eyes gravely regarded him. "Says he'll call round and see us Christmas morning." The child-faith in the story of Santa Claus, his wonderful sleigh that can carry toys for all the children in all the world, and his reindeer steeds that spring to the housetops and never tire, is beautiful and dear.

And as the day waned into Christmas Eve, and the electric towers shone out all over the city, the crowds increased till it was a wonder how merchants could serve their customers.

"In happy homes we saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright,"

and through misty lace the passer-by caught glimpses of trees all alight with tiny candles, of flower-trimmed parlors, and ladies in bright dresses and children wild with delight, singing Christmas carols. How many hungry, shivering, friendless ones saw such glimpses of plenty, and turned away to a fireless hearth and an empty cupboard, God knoweth; how many others looked enviously in, coveting not what wealth gave, but home happiness and love, and all love's tenderness, and went away heavy-hearted even on Christmas Eve, only He knoweth. BEATRIX.

ABOUT BOYS.

My boys begin to ask if I am going to have Christmas. They say they want to come home and have a good time. They always expect to come either Christmas or New Year's. One girl and four boys come with happy hearts to help me eat my Christmas dinner. What shall I get, and how shall I cook it, is my query. What can I get that will taste as good as grandma's? for they think what she makes is all right; she is now eighty-two, and makes lovely bread.

How I love to have my children come to me! There is nothing in the house too good for them. It makes me feel young again to hear their merry voices, and to see the child-like feeling existing between them. I love boys; I wish I had four more. Some say they are glad they have no boys, they are so rough and noisy. Why, bless you, they are no more noisy than girls, if you educate them right. Teach them when they come into the house to clean their feet, and step on to the carpet quietly, and to put their things into the place for them, so there will be order in the house. Let each one have his chores to do from childhood up; never allow them to contend or quarrel in your presence, and they will grow up to love one another, and help each other willingly and cheerfully. If they play a little too hard in the house, tell them pleasantly to stop, or go out and run around the house. Furnish them books and papers and play-

things, apples and nuts, and anything that will tend to develop their minds and strengthen their bodies, and that will make them feel that home is the best place in the world. And when night comes, gather them around the family altar, and as they kneel, ask God to bless them and to help you lead them in the right way, that they may grow up honest and truthful in all things. It does me good to visit where there is a family of lively children. It seems as though their parents had something to live and work for. I think those who have no boys nor girls to share their home and make things lively ought to adopt some.

I have little to say about girls, as I have raised but one, and she was our first welcome visitor. She was a great help in keeping the boys quiet, and was, and always will be, a pet among them; what she said and did was law to them, and they loved to please her. I have given her up to make another home happy, hoping she will ever prove faithful to her husband and Christ.

Our children have all gone to labor and make homes for themselves except a boy twelve years old. We are trying not to spoil him by too much humoring, and hope he will be a joy and comfort to us in future days. He says he means to be farmer. MRS. E.

HORTON.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

I will enter the circle a few minutes this evening to reply to some of the questions appearing in the last Household, hoping that many others will do the same, thereby giving us all an opportunity to benefit by each other's experience.

To Aunt Bessie I would say that if I were the friend in question, while I would not wish to visit her at any time which would cause any inconvenience, I should think far more of a quiet chat than a groaning tea table. I believe we shall be wiser when we spend more time in social pleasures and less in the compounding of the indigestible pie and dyspeptic cake.

Jelly and marmalade can be kept from moulding by covering when cold with about a quarter of an inch of granulated sugar, or a little melted paraffine.

I would recommend to Angeline the use of soft water, to which salt and carbolic acid have been added in the proportion of one even tablespoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of acid to the quart, for catarrh. It can be used by pouring it into the hand and by a strong breath drawing it into the nose; or procure any good nasal syringe. The solution should be used twice a day, and always warm. This is a prescription of an eminent physician, but nothing will affect a cure very rapidly in this climate, one must have perseverance and be very careful about taking cold.

A faded switch can be darkened by steeping a spoonful of any kind of tea, straining, and adding a small lump of copperas. When this is dissolved place the switch in the liquid for a very short time, rinse in soap suds, then clear water.

If when dry it is not sufficiently dark, it can be returned to the dye for a short time, but the great danger usually is of getting it too dark. The switch must be perfectly free from oil, which can be assured by first boiling in soap suds, then place in the dye as directed. MERTIE.

PAW PAW.

TO THE SUNNY SOUTH.

For the benefit of those of our readers who are intending to visit the New Orleans Exposition, we give a few additional items of information, gleaned from various sources, which may prove of interest or value. March and April are the best months in which to visit New Orleans; roses and orange blossoms, and mocking birds, and soft airs and sunshine are prevalent, and the city is seen at its best. But in these months light overcoats and wraps are needed for evenings. The weather in December, January and February is variable, with rain and dampness. The thermometer gets down to the forties and, contrary to our ideas of a Southern climate, furs are not infrequently worn during portions of these months.

Mr. B. T. Walshe, of New Orleans, is chief of a Bureau of Information, whose business it is to answer all interrogatories in respect to hotel or boarding house accommodations. Lists of hotels, boarding and lodgings, and private families who will open their houses during the Exposition are on file, with rates, so that all information can be furnished quickly and accurately. It might be well to address Mr. Walshe, in care of the World's Exposition, for such information.

THE COUNTERPANE QUESTION

I regret to see so much interest manifested in the knitted counterpane business by the members of the Household. Unless time hangs very heavily on one's hands, I do not believe in spending it in manufacturing an article, which, when finished, is not as good as one you can buy out and out for the same money. I have had some experience with knitted counterpanes; I have never seen one yet which did not cost as much as a Marseilles spread before it was finished. They are heavy and unwieldy, not particularly handsome, and "a terror" on wash days, regular "woman killers." Unless carefully knitted, the squares kept exactly of the same size, the spread is "on the bias" when finished. I echo Punch's famous advice to those about to marry, "Don't," for the benefit of those who are hesitating about undertaking a counterpane.

BRUNEFILLE.

DETROIT.

COFFEE MAKING.

Will some of the ladies who have good success in making first-best coffee, state in the Household their process in making it? What are the best brands to buy? Should it be boiled for a considerable time, or only allowed to reach a boiling heat, and then simmer for a short or long period of time? If the ground coffee is put into the coffee-heater, and then cold

or hot water poured upon it, will it settle it and secure excellent coffee in their judgment, or is an egg indispensable? I have fastidious lovers of that drink to please, and as yet have not given the satisfaction I desire. MERCY.

FARMER'S CREEK.

SCRAPS.

A. H. J. wants to know how I am going to eliminate the flies from my oxygen, when I take tea in my ideal vine-hung piazza. My experience has proved that flies, at least a majority of them, are the callers who come in the back way, attracted thither by the slops thrown out, the odors of cooking and the frequent pig-pail. I did not particularize, but when my "castle in Spain" materializes, you can wager a ginger cookie that the only piazza on the premises will not open out of the kitchen. If I cannot have but one, that one will be far enough from the cooking centre so that flies won't be numerous enough to hurt, and where I can forget the existence of a kitchen on occasion. There are a good many country back yards that would not be particularly appetizing scenery for a tea-table. I shall have a table on that piazza, perhaps only a pine one, and when I "take a notion" to take tea there, I shall load a tray with the necessary dishes and eatables, and two or three trips will "set" the table, and as many more clear it. I often wonder why it is that so few of our farmers' houses are planned for verandas and bay windows, and other adjuncts that are so charming both indoors and out. It is not always want of money, for many a wealthy farmer would make his house beautiful if he only knew how. But he plans it after somebody's "fine house" in the next town perhaps, and thinks the piazzas and pretty windows "all nonsense," till he sees how bare the great rectangle really is. Then he paints it a glaring white, with the greenest of green blinds, and would be mad as a March hare if he was told how ugly, architecturally and artistically, it really is. The soft greys, browns and olive greens now so popular, are the most beautiful of colors for a country home, blending with the hues of the landscape in the changing seasons with charming effect.

OFTEN an enterprising woman wishes to hang a lace curtain or a portiere, but cannot find either pole or bracket at the local cabinet shop. In such a case there are great possibilities in a broomstick, or an old rake handle. Gilded with gold paint, ebonized, or simply varnished, either may be made to answer the purpose, and may be ornamented by nailing a pine cone or a bunch of acorns on the ends. For brackets, harness hooks can be bought at a hardware store and gilded with the convenient gold paint.

THE motto of the Household Editor shall be "*Nil desperandum*," while she receives such evidence of interest in the Household as is shown by a lady of Pulaski, who says that though she is sixty

years old, does all the work in the house on a farm of two hundred acres, and has never written for the papers before, she is yet sufficiently interested to take up an unaccustomed pen, and tell us what she knows of butter-making. She says: "I want to say just one word about that premium butter. In my opinion the great secret is in not using any water. I think if our butter-makers would do as Mrs. McClary does, and use sweet milk to wash the butter with and not use water about it at all, they would see a vast deal of difference in the keeping qualities. There is nothing in butter that needs washing; the buttermilk can all be worked out. There is not one in fifty among our butter-makers who does not wash their butter, and in my opinion this is one cause of the quantity of poor butter we hear of. My husband takes the FARMER and we find a great many good things in it."

Contributed Recipes.

GINGER CAKE.—One cup molasses, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, three cups of flour, one cup of milk. Soda and ginger. MERTIE.

PAW PAW,

FRIED CAKES.—One cup sugar, one cup sweet milk; two eggs; two tablespoonfuls melted butter; three level teaspoonfuls baking powder; spices to suit the taste. Farmer's Daughter will find this "the boss" recipe. Roll almost as thin as cookies, and fry till done on one side before turning.

FOR BLEACHING COTTON.—One-quarter pound chloride of lime to twelve yards cotton. Boil the cotton in soap suds; then rinse in soft water. Dissolve the lime and strain; then put into enough warm, soft water to cover, and put in the cotton, leaving it in thirty minutes; then rinse again. I have used this for years, and know it does not hurt the cloth. M. E. M. A.

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