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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee;
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath the thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers folding yours so tight;
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day.
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine, till it slips away;
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss the elbow from your tired knee,
The restless curly head from off your breast,
The lisping tongue that chattered constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again,
If the white feet into the grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the foot-prints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could ever find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor,
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But oh! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown—
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

WOMAN'S TRUEST RIGHTS.

"The condition of the women of the present day seems to bear no little resemblance to that of the unfortunate hens in the basket of the poulterer—restless, crowded and uncomfortable; evincing ever and anon by a faint, uneasy chirping, a desire for wider bounds, and occasionally risking strangulation by a spasmodic effort, which only forces the aspiring head through a mesh in the netting, occasions a great cackling among the sisterhood, and earns a rap on the pate from the hard-hearted owner." Woman's Rights! It brings to the mind of the reader a whole host of Amazons in helmets and plate armor, ready to do battle for the right (or wrong) and to drink the blood of the slain. Some women say there will be two great objects gained by their voting—they can buy, barter, sell, or hold property, equally with their husbands, and stop the manufacture of liquor, and also the selling of the same. Drunkenness

will be banished from the land, and peace and happiness reign. They are thoroughly imbued with the idea that their vocation is to command, not to persuade, to claim as a right, rather than ask as a boon, anything beyond the "meat, clothes and fire," they share with the opposite sex. Protest against the idea that whatever is, in human institutions, is right, they dispute the doctrine that the "chivalry" of man is sufficient protection for the interests of woman, when the latter is in such a relation as to be dependant. Woman's mission is a "hackneyed" term, and implies nothing but picking up the crumbs after her liege lord and master has been served. I have been reading a number of articles upon this subject, and it simmers down to just this, that husbands, as a class, do not allow their wives to carry the pocket-book. I do not know whether it is owing to total depravity, or a lack of moral courage, perhaps I do not know what my rights are, but dissension and unhappiness over the pocket-book, have never come to our house yet. In fact, I gave my husband a Russia leather pocket-book with a ten dollar bill in it for a Christmas present. I find that the worst troubles we have in this life are imaginary ones. When we were married we decided that there should be a mutual interest. Some married women show so little sense in money matters; while knowing of a payment to be made on a mortgage, hired men and girls to be paid, and necessary family expenses to be met, they will be cross and sulky because they cannot have a certain amount for their own spending. When I was living in New York I had for a neighbor a woman who thought she was so far superior to her "better-half" that she ought to manage the financial affairs, and was indignant because she could not vote. It was during the war, and butter was selling at forty-five cents per pound. She began harping about a black silk dress, and her husband told her to pack two jars for her own use, and the rest she could sell and buy the dress. She filled the jars two-thirds full with lard, finished to the top with butter, and bought her dress at three and one-half dollars per yard. Her husband had to buy butter all winter. Would not she make a good member of Congress, or candidate for the Presidency? There is no use in talking, you cannot trust a woman one inch further than a man. Take women as a class, there is full as much ignorance as among men. One-half of the men do not know what franchise

means. One lady said her man John could vote, but she could not; but supposing she should go to the stable and say, "John, will you exercise the franchise?" he would reply, "Yes, ma'am, but which horse may he be?" There is too much ignorance about this voting business. It is bad enough as it is, we do not want it any worse. So many labor under the delusion that they have a field of labor off somewhere. It is a good idea to look around our own home, and do our duty to our own family.

As far as the matter of women being left out in the cold when the husband dies, having nothing but the use of a pailtry one-third for their maintenance, is concerned, in this immediate neighborhood there are two instances where men came into the country in an early day, bought their lands of the government, cleared off the timber, and, with their wives, worked hard and earned a nice property. These men both left wills in which the whole property was left, unreservedly, to their wives, to do with as they pleased. In one case there are two sons and one grand-daughter; in the other, seven children. It is a wise man who sets his house in order, and I certainly think that if all the wives in the land would talk earnestly and rationally with their husbands in regard to the matter, they would make a disposition of their property, and we should not hear so much about the "injustice of law," etc. I have yet to be convinced that woman can raise her standard of true worth or excellence by voting. It may be my perception is dull, that I am lacking in common sense, but I certainly think it is just as well "to let well enough alone."

EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

FEMININE INFERIORITY.

What a fortunate thing it is, friends of the Household, that none of those who so graphically portray the faults and failings of the sterner sex, happen to be cursed with a husband of that sort themselves. I notice that each one in writing on this subject takes pains to let us know that it is some other woman's husband from whose shortcomings she deduces her theory of man's general inferiority. Now I would like to speak in behalf of our husbands and brothers, and must protest that I cannot agree with those who look upon woman as a poor, long suffering creature, and upon man as a brute

specially designed to wound her tender sensibilities and make her life a burden generally. I can, of course, judge only from those with whom I am brought in contact. But as far as my observation goes, (and it has been extended beyond myself,) I do believe that men are intellectually our superiors. Their minds are broader and command a wider outlook. This cannot be wholly owing to the fact that men's lives as a rule are passed in the world, and women's in the home, though I own this has something to do with it. I do not believe, if women were put in the same positions as men, that their minds or intellects would acquire the power of men's.

Please remember I am speaking of each as a class—exceptions prove rules. For one thing, a woman is too much influenced by her affections and prejudices to ever be entirely just. Again, exactness seems to be foreign to her. We say sometimes "A woman will jump to a right conclusion, where a man must reason his way to it." Well, which proves the stronger intellect? If a man can work out a problem by reasoning, is not he safer to be right every time than is a woman in her quicker but not logical deduction? Reasoning if correct cannot fail, but a jump may land one anywhere. If intuition, even in women, were infallible it would be a different thing. But we all know it is not. In almost any school where boys and girls are educated together, the girls will distance the boys for a while; because girls' minds are quicker and more facile. But what the slower brain of the boy has acquired, it will retain, and as his knowledge has come by diligent use of all his powers, these powers will strengthen and increase. So when the girl's education is over, his is just begun; and as she sinks down satisfied with the brilliant honors of a triumphant graduation, he, probably leaving school with fewer honors, is best supplied with the necessary implements to shape and perfect his powers of mind and intellect, which are his arms to battle with the world withal. She is "finished" and forever rests upon her laurels. He is beginning, and will wear his laurels later. Which is the best earned wreath?

I trust no one will think that I am decrying my own sex. Far be it from me! There is no nobler mission upon earth than that to woman given. Let her seek for it. I trow she will not find it at the ballot box. All honor be hers! But honor cannot be obtained by grasping for it. It must be spontaneous, else it is no honor. Let her make of herself the noblest woman that God has given her the power to become, and she will cease to clamor for her rights. Her life may be as grand and beautiful as she will make it. There are no limits set but by herself. Man's work is to provide a home for his loved ones. Hers it is to say what that homeshall be. It will be what she makes it. Can she have a higher aim than to make it the abode of love, charity, intelligence and all gracious qualities? Let her rule man if she will, but let her

use her own weapons, not his. And her best weapons are not warlike.

KALAMAZOO.

PRUDENCE.

A PLEASANT LETTER.

The ever welcome Household came to-day, and when I saw it, I thought as I often had before, that I would sit down and write before another day had gone, and here is the result of my thinking.

Beatrix in her talk about dooryards expresses my sentiments. There is nothing around a farm that gives a better index to the character of the inmates of the house and home than the dooryard. But it is with that as it is with the bay-windows and piazzas; we have to be governed by circumstances. A portion of the farm may be across the road from the house, and necessitate the drawing of loads across the dooryard to the barn, as well as turning stock the same way. In that case I should have the house wear an apron, and preserve at least a part of the yard in front of the house from stock and straw. Of course city people are not troubled in this way, and it is pleasing to note the neatness of their grounds.

Flowers always brighten and improve any and every place. I have a Japan Quince that is nearly four years old. It is very thrifty but has never blossomed. We also have the Weigelas, Hydrangeas, Altheas, Roses, Honeysuckles, and I think Forsythia.

Shall I tell you how I made a work basket? I took seine twine and crocheted a mat the size of the bottom of a two quart basin and then crocheted to fit the sides of the basin. This made a good shaped basket. I then starched it in stiff flour starch and dried it over the basin, then varnished it with two coats of shellac varnish. Some old white silk colored with cardinal diamond dyes, made a good lining for this cheap and pretty work basket. I followed the directions given in the Household for making boxes, covering the top with pink satin and black velvet embroidered with light blue, the sides with black velvet, and lining with blue silesia.

A pretty lambrequin is made by taking a strip of satin or felt, and cutting the lower edge in points. Then take diamonds of velvet and put the upper half of the diamond in between the points of the satin, and finish the lower one with a tassel. I made one of scarlet satin and black velvet.

These are too late for Christmas, but may come handy some other time.

NORELL.

FRIEND.

FARMERS' WIDOWS.

The remarks of "Old School Teacher" on the wife's right in property that has been the result of mutual labor, are, to my mind, pertinent and well timed. There is a manifest injustice in the way the law deals with the surviving partner. The average mother has proved as capable as the average father to manage, economize and keep property, as well as

to rear and provide for children, when left by the death of partners to do the work of both.

While both are living it is well that the unit of the family should be represented by the husband as the head, but when he is taken away, there is no reason in mental, moral, or social ethics, why the wife should not be entitled to the place made vacant by death, with vested right of full ownership; untrammelled by outside jurisdiction of any kind. If it be claimed that she is less able than man to earn property, then the more need that she have the more generous allowance, and the more reasonable that the children, when their majority is reached, should depend on themselves and leave the property to their mother's use.

If husband and wife counsel together in regard to business so that she understands it in full detail, when necessity comes to sharpen her wits, she will manage with a surprising capability.

Of course, if a widow has a farm to manage, with no son old enough to take the lead, it will be more expensive to run it, but I think the widowed husband with no grown up daughter, will find a similar and perhaps more embarrassing experience.

The plea that a woman will again marry, and the property be wasted, so that the children will be defrauded, is senseless unless affirmed on the other side, and the husband be debarred from enjoyment of property in the same ratio. If the claims of children are paramount to those of a mother in property, the same logic should apply to the father. A father's toil for his children during their helpless years, ranks low beside that of the mother in her ceaseless, sleepless watchfulness and never-ending care and toil.

On the other hand, the law does injustice to the husband in cases where, anxious to make his wife secure, he places large portions in her name, and her sudden death, intestate, makes the children—or in case of none—her relatives, possessors of property to which he is morally entitled. She can sell, devise or alienate any property held in her own name, while she has a large jurisdiction over whatever he holds.

Then in the matter of property left by will: What an anomaly would it seem if a wife should will her property to her husband while he remained her widower, or perhaps still farther restrict his right to the use of it during such time.

Our property laws are somewhat chaotic, yet with a strong tendency toward clemency to woman; indeed, the very cases where they operate to her disadvantage have arisen from the chivalrous feeling of men toward her. In their great desire to protect her, they have exaggerated her weakness and incapacity, and invoking the law's protection, have hampered her freedom of action, and really wasted in court fees and legal delays, much that she sorely needs for her own and children's comfort.

This view is confined to cases where property is accumulated by mutual labor

there is room for improved legislation in cases where one or the other was possessed of property at the time of marriage, that should remedy much great injustice that now prevails.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

SUNDAY VISITORS.

When reading Honor Glint's account of an unmannerly child and Sunday visitors, I thought she was sorely tried and more than was necessary. Of the disagreeable child I will say nothing, as I am very seldom annoyed by ill-mannered children, and if they visit me I comfort myself with the thought "I am not responsible for their training." She says, with truth, that in the country one can never tell when one may have company. Farmers do not expect as many formal callers as people living in town, as they live farther apart, and it is not quite as pleasant walking on country roads to make calls as upon sidewalks, particularly if you have a number to make; for this reason farmers have more company to spend an afternoon and stay to tea; or often friends live five or ten miles away and they come unannounced to spend the day. This practice we do not wish changed, as we are society-loving people and are glad to welcome our friends at our homes. If they come to spend the day we are glad to see them, and spend as much time visiting with them as is possible, even if work is pressing, or it is butchering day; but I think there should be a limit to all things, even to welcoming friends. I think Sunday should be a day of rest, and safe from the intrusion of visitors. If I have unexpected visitors every day from Monday to Saturday, I can rise Sunday morning knowing that day will pass without company to entertain or get meals for. If we have friends from a distance who come to visit us and spend Sunday, they are always welcome, as I expect they enjoy attending divine service and the quiet of the day as much as our family. This class of visitors is very different from that which makes a practice of going Sunday to visit acquaintances.

I can not understand how people will be so tired they cannot go to church, and their horses have been hard at work all the week and they are too tired to be driven to church; yet, about church time they will dress up themselves and get the children ready, be it one or five, polite or ill-mannered; the horses are harnessed and hitched to the buggy and they drive from two to eight or ten miles to spend the day visiting. When they return at night I wonder if they are rested, or the friends they spent the day with?

I find it is very easy to make friends understand you do not wish to receive visits Sunday, and of course when they understand this they do not expect you to make any. Many make the excuse they have no other time; perhaps a "poor excuse is better than none," but I find by watching the matter that it is nearly always a "poor" one.

Leaving the visiting question, I wish Honor Glint and Beatrix would start on a missionary tour among the farmers, and

follow their articles upon "door-yards" by a personal appeal to nine-tenths of the men who own farms. I think they might make quite a lengthy visit (perhaps extending over Sunday) at the home of

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TECUMSEH.

AUNT NELL ON COFFEE MAKING AND OTHER SUBJECTS.

I have long wanted to say something in regard to making good coffee, as I seldom have any away from home that suits me; it is either weak and flat, or strong and muddy, so I will venture for Mercy's sake to tell how I make coffee.

Buy it in the berry and brown and grind it yourself. To brown coffee nicely, it should be put in a hot oven, and stirred often that it may be of an even color. It will be done when the kernels will crack readily; try them by biting one; keep in a can, or some covered dish. Grind the coffee just before it is needed for use. A teacupful is sufficient to make a medium sized coffee-pot full, mix the ground coffee with an egg, nothing else will do as well) put it in the coffee-pot, pour on a small quantity of cold water, or cold coffee if you have it, then fill about half full of hot water, and let it boil not over five minutes; then fill your coffee-pot with boiling hot water, and let stand two or three minutes; and if it does not pour out clear as amber, and with a delicious flavor, then I am mistaken. Java coffee is supposed to be the best, but I fail to see difference only in price. We pay from 15 to 18 cents for what I think is called the Rio. Try your coffee without milk or cream, using granulated sugar.

Though rather late in the day I will tell Topsy how many squares to knit for her counterpane: Twelve in length and ten in width, (calling four leaves one square) with a border to go around the edge. I would use No. 10 or No. 12 cotton, with coarse needles, to make it quite loose, else it will be too heavy to wash. It looks like a long job, but it can be done; with patience and perseverance we can carry water in a sieve.

To Aunt Bessie I would say never put your jelly in the cellar, as I found out by experience that it keeps above ground much better. Seal with paper and keep in a dry cool place.

I think if Angeline will look over the Household she will find recipes for ginger cake, or molasses cake, that are good.

AUNT NELL.

PLAINWELL.

A VISION

Last evening being wearied with visiting at a mansion lately built, I sat down to rest and think a little. Without the slightest effort on my part I was back in the room where I spent the day, a pleasant room, rather destitute of books and pictures. Strangely enough, there was posted on one of the doors a notice which had escaped my attention all day. It read in this wise:

"This room is not to be entered by children, or unexpected company, espec-

ially children. All the rooms in this house thou mayest freely enter, but the room which is in the northeast corner thou mayst not enter. Thou shalt not open the door lest flies enter with thee; thou shalt not open the blinds, lest the sun fade the carpets; nor the windows, lest the dust settle upon the curtains, and the air disturb the moths; and above all things thou shalt not build a fire, lest the chimney be damp and therefore smoke."

Now I wondered much at this, and being very curious, I had the audacity to open the door and enter. I stood in a beautiful parlor, richly furnished, but I shivered with cold. A handsome table stood in the center of the room draped with a richly embroidered scarf, on which lay some elegant volumes in morocco and gold, but I noticed when I stepped up to examine them they seemed to bristle up with a very "touch me not" air. The carpet was covered with flowers as lovely as ever were designed by man, but I was disappointed upon looking at the fine bay window to find none designed by God. Still shivering, I thought of leaving, when some folding doors arrested my attention. I gently opened one. Ah! here was a pretty bedroom; surely one might find rest here, and warmth, too, the bed looked soft, it must be warm—and I was so cold. I could but stand and admire and wish myself in it; and those lovely cherubs embroidered upon the sheet and pillow shams with outstretched wings wishing pleasant dreams, who could resist the temptation to undress and get right into such a bed as that, especially one so cold as I? And leaning over, I was just about to remove the shams when I heard a muffled cough; looking up I saw in the glass on the dressing-case a sight which made my heart almost cease its beating, and I stood as one petrified. I could do nothing but stare at the glass, for directly behind me stood Grim Death with outstretched arms as if ready to clasp me in his embrace, while ever and anon he would wave one long arm in the air, whether as an invitation to enter the bed, or as a kindly hint to leave, I cannot tell, for by a tremendous effort on my part, I gained the power of motion and fled from the room, shutting the door so forcibly that I awoke, and "behold, it was only a dream."

MRS. W. J. G.

HOWELL.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

So many of the readers of the Household complain of the "lord of the pocket-book," and each has about the same opinion of women's dependance upon the generosity of her husband as regards money matters. Every wife knows that she is inferior to her hired girl in this respect, for she, at least, has the privilege of buying what she pleases without the accompanying "Remember it is hard times," "Can't you get along with less?" "Isn't there any change coming back?" &c., which quotations may be multiplied indefinitely. We all know and feel the wrong of all this, but how are we to help ourselves?

I would like to hear some suggestions

from the Editor and others in regard to "woman's work." Is there not some way a woman may work, that her work may be computed—at least partly—in dollars and cents?

REALITY.

NAPOLEON.

CORROBORATIVE OPINIONS.

I think the gift-giving *fashion* should be a thing of the past, and only those gifts made which are prompted by the heart. Gifts which are made without expectation of a return are of the right kind, and such ought not to be valued in dollars and cents. A lover ought to know how expensive a ring he can afford to buy his lady love, and if she demurs it is best to stop there. If she cares more for the worth of the ring than for the love which bestows it, marriage will be a serious matter to both. Happiness depends on the choice of wife or husband, and as a rule both try to show off to the best advantage. It is after marriage the test comes, and then is the time when each should try hardest to please.

AIRY FAIRY.

PONTIAC.

"AUNT NELL," of Plainwell, desires a recipe for making corn or Indian meal bread; not that stirred up with sour milk, but a raised bread.

We must again remind our readers of our rule to require names of our contributors; and request them to write on but one side of the paper.

Mrs. W. H. D., of Chelsea, wishes "Aunt Nell" would give the Household a pattern of a raised stem and bud or a small leaf, to form one of the squares in her "Raised Leaf" counterpane pattern, given in the Household of Dec. 2nd.

SEEMS as if the ladies who wanted recipes for fried cakes and ginger cake would have to live on those delicacies the remainder of the winter if they test the many formulas forwarded. Give us a change now, please; but please also note how quickly a response comes to any want expressed in our little paper. Some recipes forwarded us have not appeared under the names of the senders, because others had already furnished exactly the same.

MINNIE M., of White Lake, asks whether in weaving a hair switch to be braided, it is better to have one long stem or three to be fastened in one. We would advise the three stems as making the braid more even and smooth. One long stem is apt to make one strand of the braid too large and stiff. Besides, if three stems are used they need not be so long or so large, an advantage in braiding. If the switch was to be worn as a twist or coil, we should prefer the one long stem.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE, the catalogue issued by the well known seed firm of James Vick's Sons, is at hand, the first of the annual shower of such literature. Always at the head of its class, standing there by virtue of its clear print, excel-

lent paper and handsome and profuse illustrations, it this year appears in an improved form, still more attractive and beautiful. The Guide is a necessity to all who grow flowers, and even those who do not own even a window garden may take pleasure in looking it over. There is danger, however, that it will cause an attack of "floricultural fever," which must be treated on the homeopathic principle of *similia similibus curantur*.

A VERY cheap, inodorous, and efficacious disinfectant, recommended by the physician in charge of a London hospital, and which our housekeepers will find valuable to destroy bad odors anywhere, as well as desirable for use in contagious diseases, is made as follows: Take half a drachm of nitrate of lead, dissolved in a pint or more of boiling water, and dissolve two drachms of common salt in a pail or bucket of water. Pour the two solutions together, and allow the sediment to subside. The clear, supernatant fluid will be a saturated solution of chloride of lead. A cloth dipped in this solution and hung up in a room will sweeten the atmosphere instantly, and it will also have a similar effect on sinks, etc. This is worth remembering.

Mrs. F. M. G., of Traverse City, writes she has tried the "cotton batting canning process," and had excellent success so far as her experiment extended. She says: "My canning was all done except pears and grapes, so I experimented with these. I prepared the fruit in the usual manner, using glass wax-sealing cans. I put some of the fruit in the cans boiling hot, and let some cool before putting in. I placed a piece of paper in the tin cover, put it on the can, then two layers of the cotton batting firmly tied. The fruit is as good in color and flavor as the day it was put up, and shows no signs of moulding. If tomatoes and jam will keep in this way, it seems probable everything else will. I like the idea of tying paper over the outside to keep off the dust." In our correspondent's experiments the cotton batting evidently took the place of the sealing with wax, in perfectly excluding the air. The "batting process," as detailed by its originator, consists in putting the cooked fruit in an open dish, like a bowl, cup, jar, laying a piece of white paper cut to fit, on top of the fruit, and then tying over it one or two layers of cotton batting, using no other cover. Who has tried it in this fashion? It will evidently enable us to use imperfect cans with safety, but will it prove reliable when used as advocated by its inventor, or discoverer? At the winter meeting of the Western Iowa Horticultural Society, fruit put up in this fashion last September was on exhibition, and was commended by those present for its good quality and flavor. We recommend a test of the method next season.

Contributed Recipes.

SOFT GINGER CAKE.—Beat together one cup molasses, one cup sour cream (or sour milk with a tablespoonful of butter,) one teaspoon-

ful each of salt and ginger; add flour enough to make a thick batter. Last of all add one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little hot water. Stir till well mixed, and bake in a moderate oven.

BAKING POWDER GINGER CAKE.—Use the same proportions of molasses, butter and spice named above. Add one egg. Beat well, then add a cup of cold water or sweet milk. Stir a teaspoonful of good baking powder into the flour, stir as little as possible to mix the flour; bake in a quick oven.

Mrs. F. M. G.

TRAVERSE CITY.

MOLASSES CAKE.—One-half cup sugar; half cup of molasses; two tablespoonfuls butter; one egg; one cup boiling water, in which dissolve one teaspoonful of soda; flour to make a good batter. Salt and ginger to suit taste.

AIRY FAIRY.

PONTIAC.

PIE CRUST.—Take one cup lard, one cup water, one teaspoonful salt. Mix the lard through the flour before adding the water; do not knead only just enough to roll smooth. Always use the lard soft enough to mix easily, (never melted) with cold water.

AUNT NELL.

PLAINWELL.

ICE CREAM WITHOUT EGGS.—One quart of milk; two-thirds pint of cream; two cups sugar; two tablespoonfuls corn-starch; one tablespoonful of lemon extract. Put the milk in a bright tin dish and set in a kettle of boiling water; when scalding hot stir in the corn-starch, which has been wet with a little cold milk; add sugar and boil ten minutes; when cool add the cream which has been whipped to stiff froth, flavor, stir well and freeze. This is much more delicious than when made with eggs.

Mrs. G. S. C.

WESSINGTON, D. T.

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