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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE STEADFAST LIFE.

By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee take no heed,
And if men hate thee have no care;
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give,
Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair,

Keep thou thy soul sworn steadfast oath,
And to thy heart be true thy heart;
What thy soul teaches learn to know,
And play out thine appointed part;
And thou shalt reap as thou shalt sow,
Nor helped nor hindered in thy growth,
To thy full stature thou shalt grow.

—Pakenham Beatty.

MONEY MAKING FOR WOMEN.

Reality, our correspondent from Napoleon, asks how a woman shall "avoid dependance upon her husband's generosity in money matters," and in what way a woman's work may be computed, at least partly, in dollars and cents. In the first place, I deprecate the idea that a man is "generous" when he supports his family. There is no *generosity* about it. It is a plain *duty*, a duty he assumes when he marries, and he has no more business to consider himself "generous" because he shares the profits of the farm with his wife, than he has to call the man who pays him for a load of wheat "generous" for giving him the market price for it. There is no justice nor sense of right in a man's heart when he puts into his own pocket the proceeds of the farm crops, and expends the surplus in aids to carry on his work, or deposits it in the bank, while his wife never has a dollar for which she must not account to him. Marriage is a partnership, and one partner has no right to put the profits of the business into his pocket, to the exclusion of the other party, nor yet to dictate how the other shall spend her share. The wife earns and is entitled to a reasonable proportion of the husband's income—it should not be *his* but "*ours*"—and what one is *entitled* to should be given without hesitation, reluctance or grumbling. No farm can be profitably carried on without woman's aid and assistance. The idea that marriage obliges a woman to work for her husband's interest and profit and also earn her own spending money, is a gross perversion of the relationship; it is a relic of barbarous days when woman was not wife, but slave. Is it nothing, think you, to leave parents and friends, to give up a happy, care-free home, to work and economize for a hus-

band's sake, to go down into the valley of Suffering, and stand within sight of the portals of Death, to bear children and rear and train them, for a husband's sake? Shall one who gives so much, so freely and uncomplainingly, be grudged a few dollars of her own earnings, compelled to ask like a beggar and be perhaps refused like one, expected to render an account of pins and postage, tape and darning-needles? I tell you it takes all a woman's love, all her conscientiousness, all her courage in duty to God and man, to keep her steadfast in faith and honor and love to a husband who has so little respect for her, and gives so little of love and honor in return. If indeed self-sacrifice—what we are willing to surrender or bear for another—is the measure of love, some marriage partnerships are terribly one-sided, since all the self-surrender is on the woman's part.

I assert that no wife ought to feel, or be made to feel by her husband, that she is *dependent* upon him. As cold-blooded and philosophical a man as John Stuart Mill does not hesitate to affirm, with all the strength of logic, that the marital arrangement by which the husband earns and the wife administers, is an equable division of labor. Division of the results, therefore, is not generous, simply just. And mothers ought to train their sons to a proper understanding of this thought, that they may justly appreciate the worth of the toil of the wives they will one day marry, and not look upon them as upper servants to whom they are not obliged to pay wages.

But while a wife ought to feel that her work in home making and house-keeping entitles her to a full share in her husband's income, and to that generous legal provision made for her by which she heirs a third of his personal property and a life interest in a third of his real estate, she may often desire to help her husband to remove a debt, to pay for a home, to make some improvement; and have the ability and disposition to earn if she had but the way to do so. If a wife wishes to so aid her husband in his projects, it is generous and commendable on her part, if the will and the way and the strength are there. It is for love's sake, and brings a unity of interest and feeling grateful to both. Then let the husband plan to carry out the wife's pet schemes, and the two shall grow nearer and dearer to each other, instead of drifting apart with the years. The man who recognizes his wife's rights in their mutual earnings,

makes her happy by never compelling her to ask him for what it is his business to give unasked, and who makes her his confidant, gains a helper who is of more service to him than any other in the world, an aid the unjust, selfish man never knows, never can know. And I am glad to believe that most husbands feel the truth of this, and are both just and generous, giving what a true wife values as much as a recognition of her rights, words of love and commendation, the meed of praise for work well done.

But I have reached the limit of my space, and have not helped Reality to scheme how she shall put her labor into money. I will try to give a few hints in that direction next week.

BEATRIX.

COFFEE AND TEA MAKING.

Among all the talk on coffee-making, I have not heard anything about patent coffee pots. Perhaps, like some other "new-fangled notions," they are set down as "no good" without a trial, through that quality of our humanity which leads us to distrust new and untested ideas. City housekeepers find them convenient, as no eggs are needed. A friend of mine who is quite a connoisseur on coffee, uses a patent coffee-pot and prefers it to any other way of making. Inside the coffee-pot is a cylinder provided with a cup or collar on top, a place to hold the ground coffee, and a fine sieve at the bottom of the cylinder. The coffee is put in, boiling water turned on, which percolates through the ground coffee, escaping through the sieve, which strains it so that no "settling" is necessary, the whole process taking from five to ten minutes, according to quantity. This, I am told, is the French way of making coffee, the *café au lait* of the French restaurants. Nor need the most economical housekeeper steep the refuse grounds, thinking she can detect waste by this method, for the boiling water in its downward passage will have extracted the full strength of the coffee.

Perhaps it is a "notion," but it always seems as if coffee settled with an egg is richer in flavor than without. And I should consider it doubtful economy to add warmed-over coffee from a previous meal to the fresh made. If your economical instincts will not allow you to throw away a cup of cold coffee, warm it over by itself, but do not spoil the "whole brewin'" with it. Tastes differ in coffee as in other viands. I have known some

"awful slop," in my estimation, called "real good coffee" by others. No chicory or cheap Rio for me, but a mixture of two-thirds Java and one-third Mocha, bought in the berry and roasted at home, with hot milk and three lumps (big ones, please) of cut loaf sugar, will fill my soul with gratitude. Did you ever notice how much better coffee tastes served in a China cup than in a nicked one so thick you can hardly get your lips over the edge of it? I have. Pretty dishes and neat and nice table linen are great appetizers.

Tea is a beverage as much abused as coffee. To be first-class, it should be made in a clean metal or earthen tea pot, not one set aside at the last meal with lukewarm tea and the tea-grounds still in it, but one which was washed, scalded and dried with the other dishes. Warm the tea pot, put in a spoonful of tea for each person "and one for the tea-pot," and turn on the water *the moment it boils*. This is important; water that has boiled or is just going to boil, or that has been boiling for five minutes, will not do; it should just boil as it is used. Why? Because water at the boiling point is necessary to extract the strength of the tea, and water that has boiled has all the air boiled out of it. If you think there is no difference, try it. Boil water five or ten minutes, let it cool so you can drink it; then take a drink of some that has just touched the boiling point. Never boil tea no matter what the brand. Let it stand where it will keep just below the boiling point. Tea should not be made till just before every one is ready to sit down to the table. The essential oils which give the delicate flavor and aroma are dissipated in the steam, and the unpleasant tannic acid is extracted; in "steeping to get the strength" you only get tannic acid. From five to ten minutes is long enough, the latter time for English breakfast tea, which will stand a longer period of digest.

And while we are talking about tea and coffee, let me say don't drink too much of either. Coffee is injurious to those of a bilious temperament, so much so that physicians often forbid it. Too much tea, is bad for the nerves and the digestion. The practice of some women who keep the teapot on the stove in order to take a cup two or three times between meals, is a very bad one. The tea refreshes and rests for a few moments, but the effect soon passes off, to be followed by a corresponding reaction. Such might be appropriately called "tea drunkards." The tannic acid which blackens and corrodes the inside of the long used teapot, exerts as deleterious an effect upon the delicate lining membrane of the stomach. Therefore take the Yorkshireman's advice, and "dra' it mild."

Whenever I see a mother putting her teacup to her baby's lips, or serving her little children with a cup of the Chinese herb, I want to say "Don't." Pure milk and pure water are the best drinks for children. Many unwise mothers give their five and seven year old children as strong tea and coffee as they drink them-

selves, only adding a little more milk. The effect upon nerves and digestion is ruinous. A physician of Waterbury, Conn., relates an instance where tea killed a five year old child. It died of dyspepsia and nervous exhaustion, induced by the tea its mother had given it. If country mothers knew the pains city women take to secure pure and healthy milk for their children, they would prize more highly the rich beverage yielded by "cows knee keep in clover," which never knew brewers' grains or glucose meal as food. A glass of hot milk is not a bad substitute for tea or coffee at breakfast for either child or grown person, and is much more healthy, especially for those who have little appetite for the morning meal. Chocolate, too, though rarely seen on farmers' tables, is an excellent drink for at breakfast. Miss Corson says tea ought not to be taken at breakfast, as it retards the assimilation of food at a time when immediate refreshment is needed.

BRUNEFILLE.

DETROIT.

ECONOMICAL FURNISHING.

"A Farmer's Girl" writes to the Household for advice in the matter of furnishing a bedroom cheaply and prettily. She says: "I want to ask a school friend to make me a visit this summer, but we have no room we can give up to her. There is a room upstairs which we have used as a store-room which mother says I can have, but it is entirely unfurnished, no carpet nor bedstead, and the walls are rough finished. It is about twelve feet square, with two windows with pleasant outlook, and would be nice if I could furnish it. I have only a little money to spare for it, and I want it to be pretty, for my friend lives in good style and I do not want her to think farmers never have anything decent. Can you give me a little information as to what to do about furnishing it?"

With time and patience, and a little money, we think you can manage so you will not be ashamed of your handiwork as an amateur furnisher. The walls and wood work will first demand your attention. The more novel and unique your furnishing, the more charming the result. Do not paper your walls, but sweep them down, to get off the dust and loose bits of plaster. Cut a figure, a star, clover leaf, Maltese cross, or any fancy shape, out of stiff pasteboard, and with this stencil go over your side walls, painting the figure with a mixture of white lead and carriage varnish, which will make a sticky composition. On this, before it is dry, throw sifted white sand, which will adhere and outline the figure. Dust off the loose sand, and paint the wall, figures and all, a very light tint of the color you have chosen for the furnishing, blue, for instance. Paint a deep blue band at the top, like the border of a papered wall. If you choose pink as the color, the border will be handsome in dark ruby or cardinal. Stain the floor and varnish it; or if it is laid in narrow matched strips, you can paint it in two

colors, blue and grey, or blue or wood brown, for instance.

A bedstead and springs will cost hard cash, but if you are near a furniture factory, or even near a large furniture store, you can perhaps obtain a bedstead—or a whole set, if that indefinite amount of money is sufficient,—before it is finished off, and paint it yourself. If you are artist enough to paint a trailing spray of wild roses or apple blossoms across the headboard, after having given the wood a coating of paint, you need not envy anybody's black walnut. If you cannot do this, try to paint it tastefully in two colors, or two shades of your chosen color, having the greater part of the lighter shade. If you cannot get the unfinished furniture, you will have to try the "handy woman's make-shift," packing boxes converted into dressing case and wash stand. How to do this has been so often told that we do not think it necessary to repeat directions. But instead of using tarleton and paper cambric for covering, as generally recommended, but which somehow suggests the Goddess of Liberty in a Fourth of July procession, be sensible and get a cheap lawn, or even a pretty print, white, with a tiny figure, which can be freshened when soiled. You can dress out this improvised furniture with whatever bravery of toilet mats, splashes, pincushions, etc., you please. Half a flour barrel head nailed to the wall and decked with a seine twine lambrequin, gives a pretty and convenient bracket, and so prosaic a thing as a soap or starch box can be converted into a tasteful cabinet or bookshelf. If you must buy a looking-glass, get a straight one, if it is not larger than a pie plate. There's nothing so depressing to a pretty girl engaged in getting herself up "regardless of expense," as to look in the glass only to see her face as much distorted as if she were viewing it on the brilliant surface of a new tin pan. If you cannot buy a full toilet set, call on your nearest tinner and buy a large block tin basin, as near washbowl size and shape as you can find, also a tin water carrier. You'll be laughed at, perhaps, but after you have painted both a dainty cream white with bands of blue, or a spray of flowers in just the right place, it will be your turn to laugh. There are plenty of fancy mugs and trays which will answer for soap dish, etc.

Drape your windows with cheese cloth at six cents per yard. If you choose, these can be made very pretty, almost as handsome as the Madras draperies, by embroidering autumn leaves in various shades of green, red, yellow and brown on them, scattering the leaves irregularly over the length. Done in Kensington stitch the work grows fast under nimble fingers, and if crewels are used the expense is not great. Or threads may be pulled for a border of drawn work; or a ribbon run through the threads; or an edge of coarse lace be added. For plain shades inside these—next the glass, heavy unbleached cotton is better than paper or cheap shades of any kind.

Try to make a rug of some kind to spread at the side of the bed, and another

for the dressing case. What are called chenille rugs are much in favor among home-made articles of this kind. They are made entirely of worsted rags, about as wide as carpet rags, and frayed as much as possible in cutting and handling. Run a stout thread through the center, drawing up each length about half; string them along hap-hazard, then have the weaver weave them for you, not beating up quite as much as for a carpet. If the weaver will take pains to make the frayed edges show as much as possible, she can add a good deal to the appearance of the rug. The fabric should look "fuzzy," which is supposed to indicate the resemblance to chenille. An ottoman or two, of home manufacture, which may also do duty as a shoe box and receptacle for stockings, etc., will fitly furnish forth the room, which being small requires less of furniture.

This method of furnishing takes more time, ingenuity and patience than to order and pay for what is necessary. Yet very pretty and satisfactory results may be obtained, if taste and patience unite in the work. And, if your friend comes to see you, receives a cordial welcome, and has a "real good time," as town girls almost always do in the country, depend upon it she will not count the cost of your furnishing, or remember it otherwise than as dainty and appropriate.

HOUSE-KEEPING VS. HOME-MAKING.

In studying how to make home beautiful we must not forget, first of all, there must be a home; and that in a true home the household and not the house is of primary importance. A great many entertain the mistaken idea that a structure of brick, wood or stone, decorated and embellished with all that is elegant in art, filled with furniture and bric-a-brac, surrounded with cultivated grounds, is a home. We have all seen careful housekeepers whose first and last thought was to keep their domains with absolute neatness, and whose domestic law was of Median and Persian inflexibility. There was a place for everything and everything in its place. Overshoes must be left here, slippers must be put there; the front stair carpet must be trodden only by the visitor's foot; the front door latch must never be lifted by the children's hands; curtains must be drawn close to keep the carpets from fading; and autumn fires remain unlighted, lest ashes fly. These were housekeepers, not home-makers. The virtue of carefulness is a housewife's glory; but when carried to an excess, becomes a woman's shame, leading her to imagine that meat is more than life, raiment more than body, and house than man. Of the virtuous woman, we read first, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness;" then that "she looketh well to the ways of the household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." After which it follows naturally that "her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her." But when the devi-

of neatness enters into a woman, he defies comfort, and banishes the angel of peace from the house. And yet comfort, important though its place may be in the home economy, is not to be the first aim. A wise critic says, "Every house should have in it that which tells of strength, and seems to favor self-sacrifice, simplicity, self control. Nothing is finer in a house than a kind of subtle, ubiquitous spirit, which asserts the superiority of the household, and tells you that they fear neither hunger nor cold, toil or danger, and do not bow down night and morning to the vulgar divinity, Comfort." Not the house we live in, but the life we live in it, is that on which the real beauty of home depends. In the House-Beautiful, not Mr. Cook's nor Mr. Allen's, but the incomparable House-Beautiful which Bunyan has described for us, even there the boy Matthew fell sick, from tampering with the fruit of Beelzebub's garden. Compared with this soundness of inner life in the house, these questions of outer adornment, of taste, or expediency, or expense, are unimportant matters, since no home can be truly beautiful that is tarnished by an unworthy life within its walls.

In the refined paganism of these days there seems to be a mania for magnifying the house we live in, and the highest religion of many a family is simply to make their home beautiful and attractive. This is commendable in a certain way, and to a certain extent, but a higher religion would teach us to make the homes of the poor comfortable also, for Christ tells us "The poor ye have with you always." We buy a great deal with our money that only clutters up the house, and instead of adding a home-look, gives it the appearance of a bazar. The chairs are dressed up with tidies, the tables with scarfs, the corners filled with card-receivers and wall pockets, the pillows shammed with "Sleep, Gentle Sleep," "Good Night" and "Rock a Bye Baby," all showing great proficiency with the needle—a thorough knowledge of Kensington stitch and etching; showing also numberless days frittered away over—nothing. A Webster's Unabridged in a convenient corner, an Encyclopedia, books of travel and interest, games and newspapers, will benefit all the members of the household, and it is astonishing how the children will become conversant with the current topics of the day. Whittier tells us "Life is hard and colorless without an atmosphere." We are not mere machines. Life is hard and colorless indeed, if the mind is filled constantly with tasks to be performed; the mind tires sooner I think than the body, that is the way we become fretful and cross. Nature will rebel when over-tasked; the eye wants a little, and quite a little of beauty, to vary the plain and prosaic. While we have seen that too immaculate cleanliness is not favorable to home comfort and attractiveness, there is another demon—slovenliness—who conspires to make all miserable. Wise, indeed, is the woman who possesses discrimination, and avoiding either extreme, strikes the happy medium. The woman

who has mastered the science of house-keeping in all its details, scaled the heights and compassed the possibilities, has shown as much strategy and skill as ever general did in army tactics; but unless she possesses the tact to combine house-keeping and home-making, she has made a shipwreck of home. We who have chosen our lot as wife and mother must not blind our eyes to the fact that although our shoulders are weak, much depends upon us; we are the prime factor, the balance wheel in the household, and it is for us to make an Eden of our home, so that husband and children will turn toward it gladly, eagerly, not merely as place to sleep and eat in, but as the dearest spot on earth. I have my ideal home; it is possible to exist anywhere within four bare walls; but it is a home where love fans the flame on the hearthstone; such a love as God gave Adam and Eve in Paradise, a love that rises above bickering and quarreling; the wishes of one are anticipated by the other. "Joy is duty, love is law," and while it permeates every fibre, and envelops the loved with a rose-hued halo, it does not hide the proclivities for sin, but because of its great abundance, can forgive. Our earthly home is but a type of our heavenly one; only we drop the load of care which seems sometimes so like a burden, and leave the shadows far behind us. Life can not be perfect without shadows. "We must have the discipline of winter here, to have eternal summer there." EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

MINT AND CUMMIN.

If Reality does not consider her work properly compensated in dollars and cents, why does she not try gardening? If she will try I think she will find it health-giving, pleasant work; and also remunerative. I do not mean to try raising celery, potatoes, turnips or beets, they require too much labor. But an old fashioned garden of herbs does not require so much attention. Have the ground plowed in autumn, and in April sow the seeds in rows, about 12 inches apart. It is hoed lightly when the first weeds begin to germinate, and is very easily kept clean if taken in time. The plants are thinned and bear transplanting well. In September cut out every alternate row, and that allows the rest more room. I can get children to tie up the bunches; and there is a good demand for thyme, sage, savory and marjoram as long as the fowl season is in. Then if your stock is not all marketed it will keep well. The other herbs, such as lavender, anise, basil and rue, are not in such good demand, though I generally manage to dispose of them without trouble. Now I hear you ask what was the profit; ours was fifty dollars from a quarter of an acre; of course not all the money we needed during the year, but it was sufficient for postage stamps. Now I have given you my mode of gathering pin money, can not some one furnish me with some better ideas? M. B. C.

HUDSON.

WASHING BLACK CALICO.

A correspondent asks how to wash black calico so it will not fade. In the first place, when you buy black calico select a piece that is well stamped, by which is meant that the wrong side of the calico shall be pretty black, as if the dye had "struck through" the goods. Such print will not fade so badly as that which seems to have the color all on the right side. This rule holds in buying any printed black cotton goods. Dissolve an ounce of sugar of lead in a pailful of water; put the dress in this and let it stand half an hour—it will do no harm if it stands a little longer. Then wash, using very little or no soap. Either use potato starch or no starch at all; rinse the last time in water made *very blue* with indigo, hang in the shade and iron on the wrong side. The calico will fade some, in spite of everything, but will look better washed in this way than in the usual fashion.

CURE FOR CORNS.

My husband takes the *FARMER*, so I count myself a member of the Household family. I am now in my seventieth year and never wrote one word for a paper; but seeing the question, "What is good for corns?" I thought I would tell you what cured mine. Let me tell you a little how bad my feet were: the balls and under side of my toes were very sore, and there were corns on nearly every joint of my toes; they were very painful. The remedies I tried were too numerous to mention, and of no real use.

One year ago last fall I had a large pair of shoes bought, fours in length and fours in width; had the heels taken off so that they were very low; then got a pair of cork soles and laid them in the shoes. I have worn these shoes nearly ever since, and my corns are perfectly well.

SALLY S. RANDALL.

CHARLOTTE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

We are told by an experienced butter-maker that crocks of butter to be kept for several months should never be placed upon the cellar bottom. This causes two degrees of temperature in the crock, which will be at the expense of the quality of the butter near the top. The crocks will keep their contents far better if placed at least a foot from the cellar bottom upon a bench and a thick woolen cloth thrown over them.

WHEN roasting a chicken or small fowl there is danger of the legs and wings browning or becoming too hard to be eaten. To avoid this take strips of cloth, dip them into a little melted lard, or even just rub them over with lard, and wind them around the legs. Remove them in time to allow the chicken to brown delicately.

If you would have your rice, tapioca and sage puddings come to your table at their best estate, remember it is necessary to bake them very slowly, in a slow

oven. It is not necessary to use so many eggs when these farinaceous foods are given plenty of time to soften slowly under heat. Most rice puddings are made in less than an hour. Cook the rice slowly for two hours, then bake the rice custard slowly for another hour. If rice is used without previous cooking, let it bake for three hours in a gentle oven.

ONE of our correspondents told us how to make a crocheted work-basket. Perhaps all do not know that quite unique paper racks can be made in the same way. Crochet the back and front pieces separately, starch them very stiff, and let them dry under a heavy weight, or iron them dry, varnish and put together, running narrow ribbons through the open work, and tying a pretty bow on the front.

A LADY correspondent of the *Husband-man* says she tried several kinds of lye and potash in the manufacture of soap, but found none which suited her, till she tried Lewis's 98 per cent lye, made by the Pennsylvania Salt manufacturing company, which she recommends, saying: "Every can will make ten pounds of excellent hard soap in twenty minutes without boiling, if the directions which come with each can are followed. So a half dozen cans of the lye were bought, and as many as were needed used to make the drippings into beautiful white, hard soap, and a can which was left is kept standing near the sink to be used in softening water, whenever hard water has to be used, as a very small quantity is sufficient for this purpose. The hard soap keeps the clothes from the weekly wash much whiter than does soft soap, and they require less rubbing—so that although the soft soap is sometimes missed when there is something very greasy to be cleansed, the excellent hard soap takes its place very well, and in many places is much to be preferred."

MERTIE, of Paw Paw, thinks it quite likely that Mrs. J. H. K., of Ceresco, will sacrifice curl to color unless she rolls her frizzes over something before putting them in the dye. She recommends rolling them up (as if to make them curl if they were straight) over bits of black or brown cambric, and then color. This is her personal experience. The Household Editor would say that the best way to manage a faded hair switch is to take it to a hair store and have it colored there. It will be made to match any desired color, will be soft and natural in texture, free from any odor of dye, and only cost fifty cents. It is worth more than that to fuss with it at home, and much more if the home dyeing is not satisfactory.

Useful Recipes.

HONEY CAKE.—A Cincinnati bakery is famous for its honey cakes, which are sent to many of our large cities as delicacies. We give the recipe, which though for a larger quantity than most people would desire to make at one time, can be cut down by taking a half or quarter of the ingredients: Fifteen pounds dark honey, 15 eggs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounces baking soda, two ounces hartshorn, two pounds almonds

chopped fine, two pounds citron, four ounces cinnamon, two ounces cloves, two ounces mace, 18 pounds flour. Let the honey come almost to the boiling point, then cool off again and add the ingredients. Cut out and bake. The cakes are iced afterward with sugar and whites of eggs.

BOUILLON.—This clear soup, which is a very fashionable refreshment, being served at nearly all social entertainments, and which is drunk from small cups, is made as follows: Chop two pounds of lean beef as fine as for hash; put in a quart of cold water in a closely covered saucepan and let it simmer three or four hours. Then strain off the fluid part, and when cool add the beaten white of an egg. Set it over the fire and stir till it begins to boil, skimming till it is clear: then strain through a cloth and season with salt.

RAILROAD BOILED HAM.—For a ham of 11 pounds weight take three coffee cups of cider and enough boiling water to cover the ham. Put the kettle where the contents can simmer steadily for five hours, or till the bones are quite loose. Then set the kettle off till the next day, and in the morning lift the ham from the water, take off the skin, and if the fat is very thick, shave some of it off smoothly. Put the ham in a slow oven for three-quarters of an hour. Just before taking it out put half a cup of cider and a cup of brown sugar in a small frying-pan and cook till the cider nearly boils away and the sugar burns to a very dark brown. Spread this caramel frosting half an inch thick all over the top of the hot ham; it will harden at once into a beautiful polished crust. The ham must not be cut till it is entirely cold.

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