

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, FEBRUARY 24, 1885.

THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

PATIENT WITH THE LIVING.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor,
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing,
What tender ruth shall we have gained
Alas, by simply dying?

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover.
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep-hill path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living;
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience—e'en when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamour;
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living.

MONEY MAKING FOR WOMEN.

The culture of small fruits affords scope for a woman's energies in money-making. The consumption of such products is annually increasing, keeping pace with their abundance and cheapness. The time will perhaps come when every farmer will give a part of his attention to providing palatable food for the family table, instead of bending all his strength to the pursuit of the "almighty dollar" to be returned to him from fat stock and grain crops. Until that time, seemingly as remote as the millenium, people will go without or buy their berries and garden vegetables. We have glowing narratives regarding the returns from small fruit culture; it is a characteristic trait of humanity to be willing to make much of its successes and drop the mantle of oblivion over its failures. But the business is, after all, fairly remunerative, exceptionally so under favorable circumstances. The profits from small plots of some fruit especially adapted to the soil and locality, to which high culture could be given by virtue of its small area, might not make one rich, but would yet return a fair equivalent for labor, which otherwise would have no money value. I think the

trouble with us, as a sex, is that we want big profits and smooth sailing; we think because we work hard we ought to be well paid; we get discouraged too easily. There are few communities where too much fruit is grown. Most of our large growers ship directly to the large markets and the home market is almost bare of fine fruit. This is a woman's opportunity. If she sees and catches it she is a lucky woman. There is no fruit which responds so generously to care and cultivation as the currant, and what housekeeper does not know it to be one of the most delicious of fruits for jellies, jams and spiced fruit? Yet where can the residents of our country villages buy a bushel of currants in the open market? A dozen quince trees, which might find plenty of room to grow on the waste land around the barns and out-buildings, would yield a little spending money which would come so easily we would hardly realize its source. Strawberries and raspberries require more attention during the berry season, but "they pay." Information as to varieties, culture, etc., is to be gained from the columns of the FARMER. Try your wings in a short flight at first, till you see what you can do, and then you may venture more. An objection to fruit-raising will be offered by some willing ones, who will find themselves without means to market the product, even if they were successful in raising it. If several neighbors were engaged in the business, a small boy might be hired to deliver the fruit; or the grocer's wagon might call in the early morning for the fruit gathered the previous afternoon. Where this is impracticable, might not one's neighbors prove consumers? One could afford to sell at low prices where there was no expense in marketing. "Appetite grows by what it feeds on;" to "to work up a market," I think I would be pressing in my invitations to tea, or send a little pail of berries as an inducement for them to come again with ducats in their pockets. In some communities it might be thought "mean" to take pay for a few quarts of berries, or early peas, or Lima beans, but why? No one applies epithets to the grocer because he accepts a nickel for a bar of soap, nor expects a merchant to give away spools of thread because he has plenty of them.

But if the means of marketing berries are not at hand, the ambitious woman can put up her fruit in cans, make jellies, jams and marmalades, and work up a market in her nearest town. Once she has given people to understand that her

goods are of good quality, uniform, and to be obtained regularly at any given place, the rest is easy. Good things don't go begging in this world. We buy millions of cans of fruit and vegetables yearly, the "tinned goods" of commerce. Yet fruits put up in glass, outside a canning factory, are better and safer. The jellies of commerce are frauds, made of gelatine, glue, and kindred substances, with "fruit flavors" composed purely of chemicals. "Cheap and nasty," one cannot help saying of them. A consignment of nice quart cans, just as put up for home consumption, of fresh fruit and sugar, instead of glucose and market refuse, ought to sell well at remunerative prices. A grocer will sell such fruit on commission, or it may be placed among one's town friends. Once prove the article you sell to be good and reliable, and the demand will increase annually. A lady in this city has built up a good business in this line, putting up canned and spiced fruits, jellies, marmalades, jams, pickles, and preserves for ladies who spend the fruit season out of town, and yet wish their preserve closets well lined. In this work, as in everything else, it is "no good" to get impatient and give up, declaring the scheme a failure, because success does not attend the first effort. All such ideas must be "worked up," as men—merchants, lawyers, doctors, breeders—"work up" a trade. They do not step at once into a full fledged and successful business; not "by a large majority."

Floriculture is a branch of horticulture which affords an opportunity for women. Several ladies are doing quite a nice little business in seeds and plants in this State, among whom I may mention our well-known correspondent, Mrs. M. A. Fuller, of Fenton, whose courage and persistence have earned her success.

Now that almost every home has its window filled with plants, or its little bed of blossoms in the garden, the demand is better. Many—most, in fact—of our seedsmen have their seeds grown for them by others, people in the country, sometimes a thousand miles away, who take a single variety of flower or vegetable seed, and grow as large a quantity of seed as is desired, warranting it pure and true to name. How well the business pays I am not informed.

M. B. C., of Hudson, suggested the raising of savory herbs, and mentioned her returns from a quarter of an acre as \$50, which I am sure all of us will agree

was by no means the most unprofitable quarter acre on the farm. To the list she gave might be added those sold by druggists, as smartweed, pennyroyal, thoroughwort, wormwood, etc. These are usually sold in small compressed packages, and the man who packs them would be the best buyer, probably. Just at present the seeds of figwort (*Scrophularia nodosa*) have a commercial value, since it is a valuable honey plant, and many beekeepers are sowing it for bee pasturage. Patent medicine makers sometimes hire the herbs and roots used in their peculiar preparations grown for them. It is my private opinion, however, that in the manufacture of these alleged medicines, "a little goes a good ways," and the demand is not likely to be extensive. It might be mentioned that one Michigan man sold \$108 worth of sage last year, and another raised 250 bushels of pop-corn. Silk culture is receiving a faint boom again by certain parties who probably have an axe to grind; but I can only say, as has been said before in these columns, that it seems a more laborious and uncertain business than any I have mentioned; and that the parties who have eggs to sell at \$5 per ounce, and the propagators of Russian mulberry trees, are the ones who make money, rather than those who toil hard to raise the cocoons, for which they can find no market.

We will be glad to have these few hints on a subject of so much interest to many of our readers, supplemented by any suggestions from others who are informed of ways in which women may earn money.

BEATRIX.

GROWING OLD.

"Time wears slippers of list; and his tread is noiseless. The days come softly dawning one after another; they creep in at the window; their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips as they pant for it; their music is sweet to the ears that listen to it; until, before we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citadel, and Time has taken us for its own." There is one trying crisis in life which we are obliged to feel—we women I mean—that we are growing old, that we have lived one-half of the years allotted to us—that we have climbed to the summit of the hill, the next step is decadence. We take a good square look in the mirror; the cheek is no longer rounded, rosy with youth, the eyes are not as bright, there is the least draw-down to the corners of the mouth, a few gray hairs, and there is no mistake about the mass of little fine wrinkles about the eyes, and one or two quite distinct lines across the forehead. Then comes the settled conviction that it will never be a young face again. To be sure there is a feeling of sadness, there is almost a spasm of the heart; it is as if some dead face, long since laid away, had suddenly appeared to us, as if some memory, not forgotten but buried from sight, had softly, silently, unveiled itself, confronted us from out the past. This feeling of regret soon passes, and then arises the question how to grow old gracefully and worthily. These change

come in daily life just as spring merges into summer, summer into autumn and autumn into winter; each change possesses an especial beauty and fitness.

There is a wonderful beauty in growing old, although few women believe it; there is often complete atonement for loss of form and color in ripened intellect and softened temper. When two friends have, from force of circumstances, been separated for years and again meet, how common the expression "Why, Time has touched you kindly, you have not changed, you look and act just as you used to." Now this is morally impossible; this body of ours is supposed to change every seven years, and our spiritual self goes through perpetual change and renewal. We cannot remain stationary, we must advance or retrograde. Let us take an unmarried lady, for instance, who has passed the meridian between youth and old age. Of course the society of honorable, well informed gentlemen is quite as agreeable and pleasant as ever; her conversation may be as brilliant and witty, her influence pure and true, but her listener will prefer bright eyes to intellectual conversation, and the satisfaction of his heart to improvement of mind. "It is reckoned among the compensations of time, that we suffer less as we grow older; that pain, like joy, becomes dulled by repetition, or by the callousness that comes with years. In one sense this is true. If there is no joy like the joy of youth; the rapture of a first love; the thrill of a first ambition, God's great mercy has also granted that there is no anguish like youth's pain, so total, so helpless, blotting out earth and heaven, falling down upon the whole being like a stone. This never comes in after life, because the sufferer, if he or she has lived to any purpose at all, has learned that God never meant any human being to be crushed under any calamity, like a blind worm under a stone." It is pleasant in declining years to have children and husband to lean upon; it is then our home possesses the most attractiveness, but to a woman who is all alone, the close of life will be more or less solitary. "Yet there is a solitude which old age feels to be as natural or satisfying as that rest which seems such an irksomeness to youth, but which gradually grows into the best blessing of our lives; and there is another solitude so full of fancy and hope, that it is like Jacob's sleep in the wilderness, at the foot of the ladder of angels. The extreme loneliness, which appears so far off, sad, may prove to be but as the quiet, dreamy hour, 'between the lights' when the day's work is done, and we lean back, closing our eyes, to think it all over, before we finally go to rest, or to look forward with faith and hope into the coming morning. A life in which the best has been made of all the materials granted to it, and through which the hand of the Great Designer can be plainly traced, whether its web be dark or bright, whether its pattern be clean or clouded, is not a life to be pitied; for it is a completed life. It has fulfilled its appointed course, and returns to the Giver of all

breath, pure as he gave it. Nor will He forget it when He maketh up His jewels." I have read that old age is sleep, and not decay, that what we call second childhood is but a history of the intervening years. When the second childhood is true and genial, the work of regeneration approaches its consummation; and the light of heaven is reflected from silver hairs, as if one stood nearer to paradise, and caught reflection of the resurrection glories. The whole record of our life is laid up within us. The years leave their *debris* successively upon the spiritual nature, till it seems buried and lost beneath the layers. On the old man's memory every period seems to have obliterated a former one; but the life which he has lived can no more be lost to him or destroyed, than the rock strata can be destroyed by being buried under layers of sand. If we see moroseness or peevishness in an old person, we may know it is the natural disposition no longer hedged in and kept in decency by the intellect, but coming forth without disguise. It is seldom that the affections are calloused; every other faculty may be complete in the chrysalis, but this will be shown as long as life remains. To grow in age is to come into everlasting youth. To become old in years, is to put on to the freshness of perpetual prime.

EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

A WELCOME NEW-COMER.

It is a pleasant thing for me to say, that from the hundreds of agricultural papers I see every week, I choose to read first the MICHIGAN FARMER, in whose columns I have found so many excellent hints on the problem of living.

Country born, my heart is in full sympathy with the women who live in quiet farm houses, far away from the din of a great city. This is why I come to ask a place in the clean pages of the Household. It is a luxury to send my mind across the country, from home to home, by means of these messages I find here. Coming as most of them do, from the hands of busy housekeepers, I readily appreciate the undercurrent of feeling that prompts writing under difficulties, and I long to pour out the burden of my woes and ask for counsel about living on "nothing a year" in dirtier dirt than most of you have ever dreamed that a respectable woman could live. How some of you would weep and tear your hair perhaps, and wear yourself out scrubbing, and wish yourself back in the sweet clean country. If I am welcome I will some time give you some of my experiences in brewing and stewing, and working all day in an office and housekeeping at night with a gasoline stove, which by the way is one of the most charming inventions I have ever used. Every family, both large and small, ought to have one.

In reply to Brunefille of last week, we have a patent coffee pot with a detachable muslin sack instead of a seive, and like it very much, although I have a leaning to egg for the flavor, and I think I can make

first class coffee in the old way. The brands of coffee named by this lady are the best, though we use Laguyra, which is very good for variety and costs only 25 cents per pound.

DAFFODILLY.

CINCINNATI, Ohio.

[Our new correspondent is assured of a hearty welcome, and we shall be pleased to hear of the housekeeping exploits of a "business woman." Undoubtedly her experiences will prove interesting and valuable to other housekeepers.—Ed.]

SCRAP BOOKS.

A well arranged scrap-book is quite a valuable addition to the library. One is thus able to preserve and have at hand much literary matter that would be otherwise lost, or as good as lost because not to be got at without much trouble. Classification and judicious selection are the two great requisites. Poetry, scientific, biographical, historic, and miscellaneous clippings should be arranged under their appropriate heads, to be referred to in a moment on occasion. Now we have so many illustrated papers, pictures of noted men and women may be added, taking care to select those of good artistic value. The likenesses of eminent men in such papers as the *N. Y. Graphic*, *Harper's Bazar* and *Weekly*, and a few others, are worthy of preservation. We may never see these great men, but we gain a little idea of them from such representation—and are sometimes most wofully disappointed when we see how very ordinary-looking some of them are. The Mark Twain patent scrap-books, though rather expensive, are most convenient, as the pages are already gummed and there is no daubing of paste. If you have not a scrap-book make one; and do not be afraid to "put your mind" to the selection and arrangement of the items. A scrap-book is a good index of character, an indication of literary taste, a measure of culture, and its neatness and order a hint at the possession of similar virtues in other respects.

HINTS FOR THE GIRLS, BY ONE OF THEM.

I wonder if that little girl has used up all her peacock's feathers? If there are any left I will tell her how to make a fan. Buy one of the round Japanese paper fans, with a polished handle; beginning at the edge, sew or glue the eyes, or tips of the plumes, on in rows till both sides are covered thick and firmly; then in the centre where the work leaves off, draw two pieces of ribbon in such a way that there will be a bow on each side, short and full; then, or rather at first, gild the handle with gold powder which can be bought for ten cents at any place where artists' materials are kept.

If she has one of the old-fashioned looking glasses that our grandmothers used to own, with a wide wooden frame, she can make it look like a gorgeous modern one by painting the frame with the same gold or bronze powder. It will look as well as a brass frame, and can be re-painted when it begins to look worn.

If she can paint at all, she can make it more "stunning" by painting hollyhocks or any kind of striking flowers on each side; but if she does this she cannot gild it, but must paint it black or stain it, if the frame is worn to need it. If the painting is brought on to the glass it will make it still more fashionable.

Can some one tell me what to do to make my hands not perspire? I spoil my gloves the first time they are worn in any weather, and in evening colors it is of course serious. And furthermore, what gloves are now fashionable that can be made to do for sober times and dress? Something that will go with all dresses that harmonize in color.

And lastly, I want some skeletonized leaves. I can't make them but do want some. Has any one got them to spare? Every one need not speak at once, because times are hard here, and I can do without them, I suppose. I thought maybe Honor Glint might be in that line of trade.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.

HOWELL.

SCRAPS.

I WONDER how many parents of the children who are attending school this winter have visited the schools since the term began. I venture the assertion not one-tenth of them have given any attention to this important duty. Parents seem to think they have fulfilled their sole obligation when they send the children away with well-filled dinner pails at nine in the morning. Even those who profess themselves, and really are, alive to the value of a good, efficient school, content themselves with the reports the children bring home, and never darken the school-house doors from year's end to year's end. A father who would not trust a hired man to train a young colt without his personal supervision, nor to feed his sheep and cattle without keeping a watchful eye upon the meal chest—a mother who counts the silver spoons daily and carefully scrutinizes the hired girl's domestic performances, will yet commit the care of their young children to a stranger, a person of whom they know absolutely nothing, whose only recommendation is a paper certifying a certain educational proficiency and a "negative affirmation" as to character, for a term of months, satisfied all is well if there is no open disturbance. For seven hours daily these plastic minds are entrusted to a stranger's training, and no concern is felt concerning the outcome, nor the manner in which the educational work is conducted. Is this prudent? Is it right? If evil comes of the neglect who shall bear the onus of blame? Who but the parents, who so failed in guardianship. Shame on the selfishness that takes more care for the feeding of stock or the care of household belongings than for the welfare of immortal souls. Visit the schools, not on "declamation day" or the triumphant "last day," but while the usual school work is in progress; not once a term, but frequently. By your presence in the schoolroom you encourage the teacher by proving your interest in his work, and

incite him to more earnest endeavor, and also stimulate the children by showing them that you regard their advancement as worthy your attention. You gain a just idea of the teacher's influence and ability; the very interest you show represses insubordination and strengthens rightful authority. The teacher, parents and pupils should form a triumvirate having a common interest; but there can be no community of interest where one party holds itself aloof and shirks its responsibilities. Visit your schools frequently, then, to see that your children are profiting by them.

PRUDENCE seems to believe woman's intellect inferior to man's, and points out how far she fails to equal him in some particulars. There is always an injustice done when two dissimilar things are compared. Mentality differs in the sexes; all admit it. Difference, however, by no means proves inferiority. Mental qualities are largely the result of education, surroundings, and often heredity. Remember how long woman as a class has allowed man to do her thinking for her, accepting his deductions and conclusions as correct because his is the dominant sex. Why, even in "merry England," no longer ago than 1862, a wife was sold by her husband in the market place of Sheffield, standing there with the halter, emblem of her subjection and servitude, about her neck. In the parallel Prudence draws between the two as regards the matter of education, I would suggest that social conditions, not the shallowness of the feminine intellect, are in fault. Girls have been taught for centuries to make marriage the end and aim of their lives. When they leave school they do so with the thought that wifehood is the next step. Their very education is to that end; they are taught accomplishments while their brothers are taught business principles. The boy is educated with the idea that the real business of life opens before him when he turns his back upon the school. Education is a means to an end to both; to the girl it means marriage; to the boy, a stepping-stone to his life-work. A faulty system, I grant you; false to the core, hurtful in its outcome. But don't let us blame the girl for what years of custom have made her. And let us be thankful that the times and customs are changing, and that with truer education women are proving themselves not inferior if yet dissimilar in intellectual power. I might multiply instances where women have proved what they can do under a training which develops their possibilities, but will only say that the consulting entomologist of the Royal Agricultural Society of England is a woman, and that a lady of our own State, Mrs. Lou Reed Stowell, of Ann Arbor University, has just enjoyed the very honorable distinction of being elected Fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society of London, the third woman admitted to this select body of scientists. A lady was last year elected Fellow of the New York Academy of Sciences, an honor never before conferred on woman; the same lady was also given a

secretaryship in the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the first time a woman has held office in that body. Still another of these inferior intellects obtained the degree of Doctor of Science at the University of London, in mental and moral philosophy, the most severe test of philosophical scholarship in England. We must remember, in all such discussions, that it is but within the memory of the present generation that schools and colleges have opened their doors to women, or that they have enjoyed to any extent the educational and industrial privileges of the other sex.

THERE are people who are always complaining of their treatment by the world. They complain of its injustice, of the neglect of friends, the ingratitude of those on whom they have conferred benefits, the selfishness of society. Yet there is nothing truer than that man meets in the world, himself. The spirit he takes into the world is the spirit with which it receives him. If we propose to walk through life with our elbows out, we will get many a sharp knock and sturdy blow in the ribs; whereas if we meet our associates with friendliness and good will, with regard for their rights and privileges, not forgetting their sensitiveness, the sharp corners will be softly cushioned. Courtesy disarms resentment. Suspicion and fault-finding and jealousy beget their kind. There is no noble life which is not lived above the level of the discontent and uncharitableness which fills our intercourse with each other. Society will not seek us unless we possess qualities which it admires and to which it gives homage. It will not seek out the dull, the melancholy, the friendless; it has no kinship with such. If we would be social favorites we must cultivate social qualities, friendliness, responsiveness, geniality; we must be bright and quick, with nimble tongue and rapid thought. In short, we must not expect to receive, but to give. And those who look for appreciation of favors vouchsafed, are reminded that gratitude is an Alpine flower, which blossoms only in the loftiest altitudes. B.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

WHITE flakes in butter during the winter are a great cause of annoyance to the butter-maker. A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* believes they are composed of flakes of dry cream, which cannot be softened, but which may be prevented. As such preventive he recommends the following: Two hours after the milk is strained, cover the pan with another pan; but the covering need not be perfectly air-tight. Let the milk stand from 36 to 48 hours, according to the warmth of the room; but not any longer. All the cream will have risen then and will be soft. Keep the cream jar covered with a cloth.

PROF. L. B. ARNOLD does not regard koumiss, a fermented drink made of milk, as equal in nutrition to sweet milk.

In the process of making, the milk is soured till vinous fermentation sets in, and the milk sugar is converted into alcohol. Its excessive fermentation injures the nutritive properties of the milk, and it is only to be recommended for use because of the alcohol in it. Let us not deeply lament that we cannot furnish this "valuable medicinal agent" to our sick ones.

You can cover an old rocking chair or an easy chair that needs a new dress, with brown canton flannel, putting a stripe of pretty, gay cretonne down the back and across the cushion. A narrow band of black velvet, featherstitched with gay silk, should cover the seam.

GLUE that will not harden in the bottle, but will remain liquid till wanted for use, can be made by using whiskey to dissolve the glue instead of water. Put the glue and whiskey in a bottle, cork tight, and in three or four days it will be ready for use, without the application of heat.

AN excellent furniture polish is made of ten cents worth of beeswax placed in a tin cup and melted in a hot oven. Into this pour two ounces of turpentine, and let it stand to cool. Apply it briskly to the furniture with a woolen rag, and give it a finishing rub with an old silk handkerchief. This polish is almost equal to a coat of varnish.

LETTERS from "Old School-Teacher" and "Edith Grey" were received "just in time to be too late" for this issue.

By an unfortunate oversight the name of the lady who furnished the recipes for corn bread in our last issue, was omitted in "making up" the paper. We are happy to give "Sister Mary," of Milford, credit for her good works.

WHAT has become of all our Household correspondents? There has been a most unusual and most lamentable dearth of letters for this department for the last two weeks. Mollie Moonshine, El See, May, Mrs. Fuller, Honor Glint, C., Daisy, our virtues in the guise of Prudence, Patience and Mercy; our "old standbys," A. L. L., A. H. J., and E. L. Nye, and numbers of others, literally "too numerous to mention," are remembered by the Household Editor, who desires to hear from them, all, right speedily. L. B. P., also, will be charged with having broken her promises of amendment in the matter of contributing, unless we hear from her soon.

Useful Recipes.

A NEW WAY TO FRY OYSTERS.—Select good sized oysters, drain them and drop into vinegar flavored with celery. Let them stay in the vinegar until they are slightly sour, then take them out and put them to drain. Cut a thin slice of breakfast bacon into bits and fry it until it curls up, then pour in the oysters, season and stir slightly. Toast small squares of bread very brown, dip in hot water, lay in a hot platter, sprinkle a pinch of salt over each, and pour the oysters on top. Use but a small

quantity of bacon, as enough liquor stews out of the oysters to prevent sticking to the pan, and too much bacon flavor is not desirable. To flavor vinegar with celery the stalks which are insufficiently blanched, are as good as any. Cut in small pieces, crush, and put in a jar filled with vinegar to use when needed.

FRIED POTATOES.—Cut cold boiled potatoes into slices half an inch thick, handling carefully so as not to break. Fry in pork drippings or butter till brown, turning to brown both sides. Season with pepper and salt. They are very nice served hot with no further dressing. To make a gravy for them have ready a pint of milk into which a teaspoonful of flour has been smoothly mixed. Pour a little water into the pan to cook off the browned butter, add the milk and stir till it begins to thicken, then pour over the potatoes.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Make a sponge cake of three eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately; one heaping cup of sugar; one scant cup flour, in which one teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt have been sifted; quarter of a cup of boiling water. Bake in a large pan. Line the mould with this cake. Fill with whipped cream, made by whipping one pint of rich cream to a froth, adding one cup of sugar and the beaten whites of three eggs. Flavor with vanilla. Or, fill with Bavarian cream, made as follows: Whip on pint of cream to a stiff froth. Boil a pint of milk with a teaspoonful of sugar, and add a teaspoonful of vanilla. Soak half a box of gelatine one hour in half a cup of warm water and add to the milk. Add the beaten yolks of four eggs, and take from the fire instantly. When cold and just beginning to thicken, stir in the whipped cream.

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