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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

WOMAN'S VANITY.

Though she is old, she thinks she's young—
And yet there's no insanity:
What can it be deludes her thus?
'Tis only a woman's vanity.

She wears gay clothes, both pink and blue—
O weakness of humanity!
And then she tips her cap awry,
Which shows a woman's vanity.

What's more she thinks she's quite a "blac,"
Although there's much inanity;
How can she think herself a wit?
Go ask a woman's vanity.

But, ladies, though her fault we see,
Let's treat her with urbanity;
For more or less we all have got
A spice of woman's vanity.

A FALSE POSITION.

What an extraordinary number of peculiar people there are in the world; and what remarkable ideas some of them cherish! And among these peculiar notions there is none which seem to me more peculiar than that held by some very good people, to the effect that if they once say they will, or will not do a thing, it is evidence of strength of character and right principle, to hold to that determination, no matter how unwise or mistaken, foolish or unnecessary, such persistence may be. They seem to be able to comprehend no distinction between firmness, which is ever founded on and guided by reason, and obstinacy, which is in effect saying "I won't because I won't." When the wrong or folly of a course is pointed out, instead of frankly admitting themselves in error, they defend the old position by the to them convincing argument "I said I would not." I wish to cite a case in point, as illustrating my exact meaning: A lady became affronted at a clergyman of this city, for no matter at all concerning her, (indeed I am sure she had never even spoken to him) but because of some difference of opinion between him and the pastor of "her church." No one would cavil at her right to uphold the cause of a friend, but when she declared she would never enter the church presided over by this obnoxious divine, nor attend any meeting at which he presided, she carried her championship to the point of absurdity. Occasion came when he was to preside over a meeting of unusual interest, which she much desired to attend. But she stayed away for this reason, given in her own words, "I said I'd never go where Mr. Blank preached or presided, and so won't." Well, the meeting reached a

successful termination without her; beyond a doubt the dignified chairman was unaware alike of her absence and her displeasure; the only one who suffered deprivation was herself. If there had been a principle at stake, even if her presence had been a tacit endorsement of the offender, there would have been some show of reason in her act; as it was, she only won pity for her folly and obstinacy.

There is a certain strength and resoluteness of purpose which makes us constant to our ideals, and faithful in execution; and which is bent toward the doing of that which is right, which is a tower of safety in a person's life. And there is a dogged persistence which is no evidence of strength of character, but is born of one of our most ignoble passions, revenge. When two women fall out and take the essentially feminine revenge of vowing that they will never speak to each other again, as I am sorry to say they sometimes do, when the heat of passion is over, and the cause of offence looked at calmly and discriminatingly, which, think you, is the nobler woman of the two; she who takes the initiative and breaks the ice by a cheery greeting, or she who sullenly turns away in silence and justifies herself by saying "I said I would not speak to her, and I won't?"

To take a broader and more comprehensive view of the subject, it seems to be considered, in many instances, evidence of weakness or of ulterior design to abandon an opinion once deliberately formed and expressed, for another radically dissimilar. "You don't think as you used to," is a charge not infrequently made, and usually in the way of reproach. It is generally fatal to a politician to change from one party to another; if he comes up for office he finds he has dug his political grave, and is buried under a snowstorm of ballots. Religiously, a man is considered unstable if he leaves one body of Christians for another. Stability of character is very desirable; it is only the vacant mind that is open to every impression. And yet it seems to me that to alter a cherished belief, after due investigation, exercising our power of discriminating between right and wrong, is not only our noblest right, but an absolute duty. To cling to an old opinion against our better judgment, because we once believed and advocated it, is evidence of weakness rather than strength. It proves us cowards, in that we dare not admit we have been wrong.

We ought to outgrow many of our opinions as we do our garments. With the varied experiences of life and the wisdom which should come with increasing years, our mental growth and the development of intelligence, can it be expected that we shall hold to the crude beliefs and prejudices formed through ignorance of truth, which summed our knowledge in earlier years? Ought we not rather to grow far beyond them in our vigor of thought and grace of opportunity? I do not mean that we shall be "blown about by every wind of doctrine," as unstable as the yielding sand that takes the impress of every passing foot, to lose it as readily; but rather that when we learn that truth, though stable as the eternal hills, like them presents many aspects, we are not to be afraid or ashamed to receive the new ideas, test them, and take them into our hearts when they have borne the fullest investigation, and been found pure and true, or even nearer to our standard than the old.

In life we often meet men, and more especially women, who are examples of what might be called interrupted development. There were possibilities about them which have not been realized. Many a boy and girl who gave bright promise in early life, have never attained mediocrity in mature years. They stopped growing. There was neither outward influence nor inward impulse to push them forward. They have held to their old ideas, admitting no new light. They accept what is, and harden to its mould, making no endeavor for what might be. Life ought to grow wider and wider with age, like the circles which ripple depths disturbed, widening as they go. Growth ought to be happiness; growth *is* happiness; but there can be no growth without new knowledge.

Prejudice is generally the result and accompaniment of ignorance. "When a man can't neither read nor write he's apt to be extr'or'nary positive," William Clark Russell makes one of his characters say. When we refuse credence, or even consideration, to new thoughts because the old ones are "good enough," ignorance often makes us "extr'or'nary positive." When Science asserted and proved the antiquity of the earth, and that it whirled through space ages before the Mosaic account of its creation, Religion was up in arms. Now, both go hand in hand, and each proves the eternal truth of the other. And so it is that we *must* change our opinions as new light dawns on the world.

BEATRIX.

DIVORCE, AND WHY?

The subject of divorce is at present attracting a good deal of attention through the press, and many changes are being rung on the topic. Many causes for its conceded prevalence are assigned; such as ill advised, hasty and youthful marriages, it even being asserted that the calculation that a divorce is obtainable if parties tire of their marriage contract, is complacently considered by parties entering into that holy estate. Another lays the blame on the laxity of the laws; another on the rascality of lawyers; while some, more audacious, claim that the ermine of the judiciary is sullied by collusion with the various legal lights and their hapless clients.

"Extreme cruelty" has come to be one of the best abused causes of alleged ground for divorce, and in common with the advanced position taken by women in other matters, is as often used by the male as the female plaintiff.

There is certainly no good reason why this showing should not be made. One sample specimen of this extreme cruelty is offered, where a woman threatened to leave her husband because he took the money she had earned to pay for his drinks, and then came home and "give her a batin'," to work off his surplus enthusiasm and electricity.

This case of "extreme cruelty" must be apparent to the most stupid intellect. How could he make a living or get even the necessities of life—whisky and tobacco—if his wife carried out her threat of leaving him? But he became convinced she meant it, and forthwith he laid in with a limb of the law to bring suit for divorce. "For, ye see, if Oi get the bill, folks 'll blame *her* and Oi kin soon git anither wan, an she'll be too glad to get rid of me to kick."

High placed ambition and a brilliant scheme, but "nothing succeeds like success." But after all, is it not a good thing that divorce is easy? In the case cited, the inhuman wife would never have thought of that way of escape from her victim, and should she,—forgetting the lessons of experience—soon unite her fate with another no better, or perhaps worse than the first, what escape has she from her own blunder but the protecting *egis* of divorce?

What matters it if this disruption of the family tie makes children worse than orphaned; the ranks of crime, folly and poverty must be filled up—for such sometimes die—or the world would grow too good and the millenium dawn.

The rumseller says "If I don't sell rum to this fellow, he'll buy it of the other fellow, and I might just as well have it as Jones;" and acts of others say: "There must be paupers, rogues and thieves, and my children might as well be supported by the public in some of these positions, as those of any one else."

Of course, the wealthy are of the same blood as the poor, if they do not concede the truism, and high-toned divorces often furnish lessons for the "School for Scandal," where money will bind up

broken hearts, cover sullied reputations, and brighten the blighted prospects of the innocent sufferers; but, unhappily the disease seems most prevalent among the classes that need most to pull "hard and all together" to make progress in the world's march. The argument is frequently heard that prohibitory laws make free whisky. I wonder if that logic is good enough to try in this matter; if all marriage contracts would be kept intact if divorce was absolutely free. "Mankind can be persuaded" says one, "but will not be driven." If this is literally true, I fear men share in the alleged contrariness of women.

But as man was made a little lower than the angels, and women are angels, "minus the wings," and as the natural law of nature is to improve by the law of evolution, we may hope that these things that at times challenge our faith in the perfect working together of all things for good, will slowly but surely disappear, and that human throats will cease to crave, and human hands cease to manufacture "fire water;" that men and women will respect and keep the marriage vow, living together in unity; and that lawyers, finding their occupation gone, will, with a corrupt judiciary, reform and becoming respectable and respected citizens, take place in that grand post-historic time, when whisky will not exist, and extreme cruelty and divorce will not be known.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

THE MARITAL PARTNERSHIP.

When Beatrix turned her pivot gun, (it must be a pivot for it will turn in all directions) toward the article on "Widows," I know she meant to take good aim, and hit. She did, but I was not mortally wounded; but as "discretion is the better part of valor," I decided to retreat and wait for reinforcements. They soon came, A. L. L. and Aaron's Wife, and very efficient they proved to be. Then Beatrix, in "Money Making for Women" advances the very ideas I believe in. When men are educated to deal justly with their wives, treating them as equal partners in the business of farm and home, then we shall hear no more of the injustice of the law, or women asking how they shall earn money that they may not be dependent upon their husbands' generosity.

When a man has a partner in business, does he consider himself so very generous because he allows his partner his share of the profits? Does he ask, or expect him to give, an account of the manner in which he spends what is his own? If they wish to improve or enlarge their business, do they not both work together with that end in view?

What partner can a man have who will equal his wife? No one else will prove so unselfish or devoted to his interests. Then why should a man talk of supporting his wife. She is not supported; she honestly earns her living, and the money she uses is not a gift, but her very own.

I had no idea of condemning the Probate Court, as I think under existing laws

it is necessary, and even if the law was quite to my idea of equity, I should still consider it necessary, for the benefit of minors who are left orphans, and of incompetent persons.

When women no longer look for ways and means to earn money rather than ask their husbands for it, then we may expect the wife to be considered something more than a dependent upon her husband's estate, and have more than the use of one-third if she is so unfortunate as to be left a widow.

Many women are doing something to earn money, such as plain sewing, dress-making, gardening, raising flowers, or small fruits. This is commendable if they have time aside from household duties and the care of a family, but I seldom find a farmer's wife who has time to do any of those things for money. If the farmer's wife does her own sewing and dressmaking, gathers and cocks the garden vegetables, picks and cans or preserves the small fruits, I think she has saved what many others spend, thus earning. If she cultivates flowers for the love of beauty or for recreation from other duties, perhaps she saves cheerfulness and a love of refinement, which to her is gold; and is not a cheerful wife, and a refined, beautiful home circle of incalculable worth to the husband?

Wives and mothers, do not for a moment think you are dependent upon your husbands, but work cheerfully at your home duties and take according to your income. Rest assured your husband will respect you more for showing a little independence.

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TECUMSEH.

EQUAL RIGHTS.

For some time I have contemplated a call on the Household, at least since the discussion of a woman's rights commenced; and now please let me introduce myself as an advocate of the elective franchise being extended to women. The day has gone by, in this land of ours at least, when woman's talents are considered inferior to man's, then why, when we consider the principle involved, should she be denied a voice in the laws of her country as well as her husband, father or brother?

Having taught school for some time, I have had an excellent opportunity of studying the intellectual and moral nature of the two sexes; and never, in any school in which I have taught, have I noticed the greater intelligence in the boys; but the girls generally stand first every time.

When we consider which has the greater influence for good, generally speaking, I mean, the father or the mother, we do not hesitate to say the mother; but how often is that sweet and tender instruction counteracted by the wickedness and profanity of the father. In my mind's eye, where I can find one man who is temperate, who keeps sacred the name of his Maker, in fact, is a good, moral father, I can pick out twenty mothers. Then, if it is the mother who exerts the greater influence for good in

her own household, why could she not, if she had the opportunity, exert the same influence in the government, and thereby extend the talents with which she is endowed?

I hope you will give me a kindly welcome, and not consider me a grouty little antagonist, for I have only spoken my honest convictions.

I have lately exchanged my girlhood for wifehood, and find the suggestions, etc., in the Household very valuable. I notice some familiar names occasionally, and perhaps they will recognize me.

EDITH GRAY.

NORTH BRANCH.

A WONDERING WOMAN'S QUESTIONS.

Why is it, now that there are so many different societies and schemes for the "elevation of women;" so many plans to add some of the "poetry of life" to the exceedingly prosy "prose" that constitutes the greater share of the life of the average housewife and mother, that some one doesn't hit on some way that is really practical? It is like the offering of a Tantalus cup to be told that we must "read more," take walks in the beautiful fields and woods, ride in spring time to commune with nature in her gentlest moods, &c., &c. Who, I wonder, would keep the house in order and set forth three times each day good meals for "ye lord of the manor" and his hungry help, the guests within the gates, and the little children, whose care and clothes are an ever-recurring problem, never wholly solved? Yes, those ladies who never had a child to care for, or those whose families have grown up and gone from their care so long ago that they have entirely forgotten what they used to have to do, will now tell us to take the time for reading and social duties; to let the house work go undone, or at least, a part of it, and use the time to dress a little better and care more for ourselves, our health, and appearance generally. But woe betide the busy woman who attempts to follow such advice, for these are the first to say, "She is a dreadful slack housekeeper; if I were in her place I'd get up an hour earlier in the morning and clean up my house and dooryard a little." Perhaps one, a shade more practical, may say—employ help for these many duties. That might do perhaps except for the reason that help in the house is so scarce that it is hardly to be had at any price, especially in the farm house; and with wheat at 65 or 70 cents per bushel, and hired men to pay at \$18 or \$20 a month, the margin will not cover a great deal of help for the wife, even if help could be found. And then these same ones who know it all, would wonder "what in the world she wants of a hired girl! they never had one when they were young and lived on a farm." And right here is another wonder, that help in the farm house should be so scarce! Surely sewing girls in the dress-making shops, "salesladies" in the stores, would-be-teachers hunting for schools, were never so plenty, and they are will-

ing to take wages that barely cover the cost of board and clothes; but nobody will be a hired girl if they can possibly help it. Why? Because there is a class in cities and towns, not respected because they are not worthy of respect, whose character and education both forbid association with intelligent people. Is that any valid reason it should be considered a disgrace for an intelligent girl, or woman whose help can be spared at home to assist a neighbor, or stranger if she chooses, in her house work, and receive in return a fair remuneration for her services, and at the same time retain her own self-respect and the respect of all who know her? Not one, perhaps, of all the girls one counts among their acquaintances, who elevate their noses so high at the idea of their working in anybody's kitchen, who will not marry almost the first man who asks them, and "do housework for a living" all the days of their life, or until a divorce court sets them free, (which now-a-days is the fashionable ending,) and never dream it is any disgrace to enter so thoughtlessly and carelessly a state where angels might be excused for treading lightly in these days of delusion.

The Household enters many homes, and greets a host of thinkers upon many subjects. Will some one explain some of these "Why's?" Until then I will have to remain

I WONDER.

PAW PAW.

UNFINISHED WORK.

In the history of human life and love there is always a beginning before the beginning. Somewhere in the interwoven mystery of existence we break in and live out our brief day of labor, love, and heart-ache, then slip upon a calm in the fevered strife, our tired hands are folded, and others take up our unfinished tasks. Slow and deep-working is the preparation for life's partings; slow grows the majestic pattern held by our uncertain hands. We look back and smile through our tears because of the tender helpfulness shining through the plan wrought out with aching hearts.

There are few homes without a "vacant chair," few homes without a voice calling gently from the Beyond, and it is best so. Have you entered a home-circle where, after years of life together, the first change has been wrought; that change by which life's shell is cast aside, and a dear one arisen to the spirit life? Is it a white-haired father who is at rest, or a mother's gentle hands folded over the still heart? Ah! no, for the father gazes upon the white face with a grief and longing which find no outward expression, and it is the mother's breaking heart that cries as she kisses the forehead and clasps the cold hands, "My darling, I cannot warm them!" The peaceful face is fair and young; the rich dark hair curls carelessly about the brow, yet there is a terrible silence there. The sweet flowers blushing against the white face tell no secret of the still heart. You pity the sisters that stand by the loved form. Yet some strength seems thrown about them like a garment, bringing calm

and the sweet assurance of the young sister's presence. Would you tell them she does not know of their love and grief? Is then the spiritual world at some infinite distance from our own?

What is this bit of crumpled paper at your feet? Open it. Ah, it is the swift message telling of the absent one's sickness, and here is another all crushed by a sister's hand as the cup of darkness was held to her trembling lips. It is sweet to soothe the last pain, to catch the last word of love, to watch the gentle breathing till the dear one falls asleep, to hold the failing hands, but this was granted to one only of all who loved the absent one. Is not love, like life, immortal? No farewell word or touch, life gone out in a day, and is this all?

* * * * *

The white-winged storm sweeps by. The cold is cruel. The drifted track is untrodden, yet we expect a guest to-night. We have made the little preparations which were always pleasing to our sister. You think she cannot come? or that she is so glad and happy in the Better Land she will not care to see us? You say she would be sorrowful if she knew our troubles and grief. I can answer all your questionings, all my doubts, by one word eternal as the heavens,—love. The love which binds our severed lives unites our hearts in hope and peace. Death is the entrance into light. We are glad for our dear one, though our tearful eyes peer through shadows for the path o'er which she left us.

Heaven seems, to me, to do, to be, achieve, conquer, love. Will not our Father, who has blessed the eternal life with love, send his angels to minister to the sorrow laden?

Life may be perfect in short measures, yet as I held the dear cold hands, which seemed so young and strong to lay aside life's work, I questioned if the immortal life had not been more complete could she have lived longer here. She had but turned a few pages in life's great book, ere she wearied and fell asleep, to wake on the shining side of the shadow-gates. Her purified life will be to us a heavenly story, full of glad surprises, coming chapter by chapter. Love is the eternal builder, the foundation of that "City of God," for which we all look. The casket of clay seems to fade from our clinging love, while we wait for her spiritual approach. Her love grows clearer to our hearts as we are uplifted to that spiritual plane upon which she meets us. And think you not she feels heaven grow brighter as she knows our tender love for her, and sees all the shadows of misunderstanding lifted from the pathway? Truly earth is part of Heaven. There is no limit to the "Kingdom of Realities."

To-day we have unpacked her trunk. She will love to have us say of her little belongings, "This is Mary's." Here is her work box. This is her lace-work. It is unfinished. These plants are hers but other hands will tend them now. Here are some little paintings. How she loved the beautiful in art and nature! One of these is but half finished. She had

said, "I will finish it some other day." Yes, but the unfinished labors are renewed with swifter, unwearied hands and clearer brain. A richer development awaits her, and the determination and high aim which characterized her will still aid her unfoldment in the after life. All the beauty and delicacy for which she longed are no longer imprisoned by mortal conditions. Freedom is the highest law, progression the grandest aim.

STRONG-MINDED GIRL.

LESLIE.

THE NATIONAL TABLE.

Mention made in the Household of some of the floral decorations at a recent White House dinner, reminded me of a letter received about a year ago, wherein a friend gave a description of the President's table set for "company," and as we all help pay for those things, perhaps some of our readers may like to read about them, and may add the query "Did not the seven wine glasses so muddle the brains of the grand moguls, that the beauty of the flowers was wasted, and while some blushed, others paled with fear at the flushed faces about them?" My friend writes:

"The President gave a dinner to the Justices of the Supreme Court one evening, and the gardener, whom we know, told us to come down and he would get us in to see the table before the dinner began. We went, and when we got there the President was in the dining room superintending things. We, with a lot of other common people, stood back in one of the halls waiting for him to go, and as he passed us he said to some one with him, 'Who are all these?' I thought that sounded more like a *hateful woman* than the President of the great United States. In spite of this little bit of sarcasm we staid and saw the table, and it was just lovely. I think there were fifty plates laid, and on each was a card with the name of the one who was to sit there, and at each lady's plate was a lovely bouquet of about a half dozen roses tied with long satin ribbons; each gentleman was given a single rose with a geranium leaf. There were seven different wine glasses at each plate. In the centre of the table was a large mirror, and on that was placed the principal floral pieces, a large Temple of Justice about three feet high and six feet long, and two open parasols made entirely of lilies of the valley and their leaves; they were the loveliest, daintiest things that I ever saw; then there were baskets of flowers and pots of flowers, flowers in every conceivable place."

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

AN exchange says wax flowers can be cleaned by putting them under a stream of water.

It is not policy to buy drugget to cover a carpet to save it. It is a better plan to put plenty of papers or the best of carpet lining under it, as the wear comes from grinding in the floor.

THE mica in the coal stove often gets smoky, and prevents the cheerful glow of the fire from illuminating the room; it also makes the stove unsightly. Take it out and wash in vinegar diluted with a little water. If the smoke does not come off readily, let it soak awhile.

AN economical housekeeper who does not like to have her nice comfortable get ragged and dirty by use in the sleigh or wagon in place of buffalo robes, makes a covering for the purpose out of the best parts of old coats and trousers, lining them with the unworn parts of worn out overalls, using for batting any old quilt which is too worn to be of any service. She does not make them as large as bed-quilts; and every summer rips them apart, washes and re-makes them ready for the winter. She makes cushions for the wagon seats in the same way.

THE softest and finest all-wool flannels may be washed an indefinite number of times without becoming yellow, or shrinking in the least, if the following method is pursued: Dissolve a small quantity of good soap in hot water. Add sufficient cold water to form as much suds as desired. Put the flannels in the cold suds, and let them soak several hours, and unless they are very much soiled they can be cleansed perfectly with very little of the rubbing which fulls and shrinks them. Rinse in cold water, softened with a little borax. Do not rub any soap on the flannels, but if they are very much soiled change the suds in which they are soaked two or three times. It is best to iron flannels before they are quite dry. Borax softens and whitens them; blueing renders them harsh and unsightly. If the washing water to be used is at all hard, dissolve and add a little borax, but never put in any blueing.

MRS. J. W. P., who has furnished so many excellent recipes for this department, would like a *good, tested* recipe for charlotte russe.

SOME little time ago a lady complained that the candy she made after a Household recipe did not "taffy," and asked the reason. It should have been mentioned in the article on candy-making that confectioners' sugar is always to be used. Perhaps this is the reason for the failure. A young lady of this city says the chocolate creams made by the Household recipe are "better than Sanders' best."

The Household Editor has seen nothing which seems to fill that condition described as a "long felt want" so well as "Babyhood," a new magazine devoted to matters pertaining to the care of infants and young children. To the young and inexperienced mother, anxious to do everything possible for the welfare of the little life entrusted to her, and who realizes that future health and life itself depend upon the care given in infancy, the magazine will prove invaluable. There are articles on hygiene in the nursery, infant foods, sanitation, infants' clothing, etc., plain and practical in their nature. It is especially a periodical for mothers, and promises to help bring about better understanding of the needs of young children. L. M. Gale, M. D., is medical editor, and Marion Harland, well known through her contributions to domestic science, has charge of the nursery department. Price, \$1.50 per annum; monthly. Address Babyhood Magazine, 18 Spruce St., New York City.

Useful Recipes.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Make a custard of the yolks of three eggs, one tablespoonful corn-starch, one cup sugar, one pint sweet milk. While this custard is boiling, peel and slice five oranges and put them into a pudding-dish with sugar sprinkled over each layer; when the custard is done, and while hot pour it over the oranges. Make a meringue of the whites of the eggs, and two tablespoonfuls even, not heaping full, of sugar.

ORANGE SHORTCAKE.—Prepare a shortcake as for strawberry or other fruit shortcake. Have ready seven large oranges with rind, seeds and white skin removed. Slice them very thin and place between the layers of shortcake. Sift white sugar over the slices.

ORANGE CUSTARD.—This is a dainty and delicious dish, to be served in cups. The juice of ten large oranges, the yolks of ten eggs, a heaping teacupful of powdered sugar, and one pint of cream; put the sugar and orange juice together in a porcelain-lined saucepan, and set it on the stove; stir it constantly until it bubbles, then skim it, and set it where it will cool; beat the yolks of the eggs very light and add them to the orange and sugar, then stir in the cream; let this cook very slowly until it is of the desired thickness, then pour it into cups. The whites of the eggs should be beaten very diligently, and a teacupful of powdered sugar be beaten with them; put a large spoonful of this on the top of each cup.

TO COOK TURNIPS.—Chop them fine; then put in just enough water to boil them tender. Season with salt, pepper, butter and vinegar. Serve hot.

AUNT NELL.

PLAINWELL.

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