

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, MARCH 10, 1885.

THE HOUSEHOLD—Supplement.

HOW EASY IT IS.

How easy it is to spoil a day!

The thoughtless word of a cherished friend,
The selfish act of a child at play,
The strength of a will that will not bend,
The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,
The smile that is full of bitter things,
They all can tarnish its golden glow,
And take the grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a day

By the force of a thought we did not check;
Little by little we mould the clay,
And little flaws may the vessels wreck;
The careless waste of a white-winged hour,
That held the blessings we long had sought,
The sudden failure of wealth or power,
And, lo! the day is with ill inwrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life—

And many are spoiled ere well begun—
In home-light darkened by sin and strife,
Or downward course of a cherished one;
By toil that robs the form of its grace,
And undermines till health gives way;
By the peevish temper, the frowning face,
The hopes that go, and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain;
Some good should come as the hours go by,
Some tangled maze may be made more plain,
Some lowered glance may be raised on high.
And life is too short to spoil like this;
If only a prelude it may be sweet,
Let us bind together its threads of bliss,
And nourish the flowers around our feet.

—Watchman.

THE CHILDLESS HOME.

From my point of view the childless home is sadly incomplete. You may surround the home with all the gifts of fortune; fill it with the fruits of intellect; and yet if children are not there the very essence of home is wanting. A home without children is never attuned to those fine harmonies one hears where childish fingers strike the strings. Mere sentiment aside, there is something inexpressibly beautiful in the sight of a mother whose arms enfold her babe; her every attitude expresses a kind of transfiguration. The Madonna and the Child are, after all, neither more nor less than the same sentiment expressed on canvas. One is the mysterious and wonderful work of the Infinite; the other a product of human skill, they emphasize the impassable gulf between nature and art.

Only Shakespeare could have put upon a mother's lips the words "I know what 'tis to lose the tender babe God gave me;" after that I may well despair of finding words at all fraught with the meaning of those emotions that stir my soul when I contemplate the touching spectacle of the

mother abandoning herself to the tender allurements of her child, the blossom of her heart, the inspiration of her holiest joys, the crown of her dearest hope. How much such a sight endears his home to the man who comprehends its true significance; and what personal sacrifice will he not gladly make to fortify that home against the ills that beset all earthly careers. There is in childhood something that appeals to man's better nature, with more eloquent pleading than any other condition of human life. I have known the voice of a child to soften the most obstinate and calloused nature. I read not long ago how a baby's kiss conquered the heart of a sullen convict, upon whom manacles, starvation and the dungeon had been repeatedly tried in vain. The world is rich in example of the power of children over men grown gray in vice; and few of us have not seen some sad estrangement healed by their gentle influence.

I wish I might coin some words of wisdom with special reference to the relation between parents and children. I see clearly enough that home is the school in which the young are to receive impetus, which shall project them into the world's rushing tide for well or ill doing. It is not to be disputed that as their homes are so shall the children be when they are grown, but how to learn the part of wisdom, is something that requires a larger knowledge of life than I possess. If some mother were to ask me how to train a child, and demand of me an answer on my conscience, I doubt whether I should not evade the issue; possibly I might say that a good beginning would be to first train ourselves. The mother who is alive to her responsibility will worship Truth as the principal deity of home. The child who grows up in reverence for the truth may be trusted; it will always be to him the shield and buckle on which a thousand vices will patter as harmless as the rain. The mother who is betrayed into deceiving her child is guilty of fatal weakness. Children are wonderfully quick to detect insincerity; and they remember a promise, however carelessly or lightly given, long after we have forgotten it. It seems to me that truthfulness should be the more solid corner stone, the foundation on which we are to build the superstructure of our children's future lives. Truth is elemental; it enters largely into the character and achievements of all who are truly great or truly good; it attracts to itself that which is ex-

cellent and good everywhere; and in the course of years the truthful man or woman will have become a center of public confidence and honor.

If mothers could only fully realize the great responsibility resting on them in regard to the children's future welfare, I think we would spend more time with them while young. How often I have heard the aged man speak with great reverence of the prayer learned at his mother's knee! When his memory of all else fails, he will still retain the early teaching of that sainted mother. If children could only be made to realize that their childhood days are their happiest; they know not what trouble and sorrow await them in the future. How thankful we ought to be that our children are well formed and intelligent, and that at nightfall we can gather our little ones around us and know that they are safe.

We who have lost none of our children know nothing of the aching void in the bereaved mother's heart; there is no memory so sacred as that of the lost child. She keeps in her heart every word and act of the lost one, and when she finds some broken toy, or laid-away garment, how quickly the little form springs up in her mind. If she is able to say in all sincerity of heart, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be His name," and can feel that her loved one is cradled in the arms of a loving Saviour, who can care for it better than she, her burden is lightened, her tears are dried.

MRS. WHALING.

HORTON.

HOW WOMEN CAN EARN MONEY.

I see in the Household inquiries how women can have money that they can call their own. I would say to the parents who have girls about to be married; and especially to the father; when your girl is married give her something that she can call her own. If she will live on a farm, give her some cattle, sheep or swine, that she can keep her eyes on, and that will soon begin to bring in returns. Tell her to keep the money for herself, and know what she does with it, and pretty soon the husband will smilingly say, "Can't you lend me a little money to-day, to pay one of the men," and she will be able to say, "why, yes," and so every thing will move much more smoothly. Usually parents think that giving housekeeping things is enough, but I say NO, in the largest kind of type, for the articles wear out, and then one has noth-

ing to show they had help. Paper lam-brequins are nice; but not very nourishing. My father gave to the girls the same things he did the boys.

I know and pity many women who are almost afraid to ask for money, and when they do ask, the reply is, "What did you do with that dollar I gave you last fall?" Men forget they have taken the girls from good homes, where the mother did so much for them. My idea is a woman has the right to say she wants money, and a right to have it, too. There is a great deal in beginning right when you are first married. Make good use of the money, and do not go beyond your means; also bring up your children to know what money is worth; that it takes one hundred cents to make a dollar every time, and that some one has had to work for it. When my oldest girl was a child, she had a bank, and any money that was given her to put in it, she would never use for other purposes, but put it right in, and she has it at interest now. I give her money so she will not have to ask every time she wants a postage stamp. I think farmers ought to give their girls a pig, or calf, and when they are sold give them the money. I know one girl who had a nice heifer calf given to her, and she kept it till it grew up, and sold it for fifty dollars; and kept the calf, and that is two years old now. Another girl was told if she would feed the pigs corn at noon, she might have one of them; she never forgot them, and when they were sold she had the money, and put it out at interest. Just give the girls a chance, and they will do something for themselves.

And to the women I want to say, don't ever make another fine shirt; you can get splendid ones for seventy-five cents, unlaundried, that will fit, and look nicer than you can make. Let the men buy their overalls and jackets ready made; don't think because you have a sewing machine you must kill yourself with it. I hear so many men say women are cross. The proper name is overworked; men do not, and never will know what it is to do all the work a woman *must* do, and still be ready to jump at the words "Where's my best hat and coat, I am going to the lodge." What a wonderful place that lodge must be I think they meet about four times a week; but if they don't belong to a lodge, they have got to see a man down town. Never stop to talk about women's rights, but take them.

JOHN'S WIFE.

PARMA.

POULTRY RAISING FOR WOMEN.

After reading the article on "Money Making for Women" in the Household of February 17th, I thought best to "take my pen and write quickly." The farmer's wife in preparing food for her large family, finds it very convenient to have plenty of fresh eggs and fowls for the table. It is small business for the "men folks" to look after the hens; so, if cared for at all, the women must attend to them. I will therefore tell what I am doing in a small way, hoping I may be able to benefit

others. I know that the Household is "instructive, interesting and a help to women."

The poultry business for the farmer's wife can only be a "side issue," as Beatrix has truly said. I became interested in the business, as I did in fruit growing and gardening, because I needed the out-door exercise for my health. I really enjoy them all. My only incentive at first was to provide my table with luxuries; but I have found a margin of profit besides.

My poultry have the run of the farm, or in other words, are not confined during the summer months; but have a comfortable house, all their own, to go to for the night and nesting. Of course some will seek every available place around the barns for making nests, taking up much of the housewife's time in searching for them. She is the only one who will attend to it thoroughly, however.

My chickens, hatched each year, number from one hundred and fifty to three hundred. Of these there will be more or less cockerels, which mature in six or eight weeks, and can be culled for broilers for the table, and the surplus sold at good prices. The pullets are kept for winter layers. The year old hens are all disposed of in the fall. Thoroughbred cockerels are purchased at this time to mate with the pullets. This I deem very necessary to health and vigor.

As soon as snow comes my fowls are shut in their winter quarters, and fed regularly; having the run of the yard on pleasant days. I feed them myself, and also prepare the food, which consists of three warm meals these cold days, when the mercury is at zero and below. The morning meal is corn and oat meal, mixed and scalded in skimmed milk, if milk is plenty. I also use all liquors left after boiling meats and vegetables for this warm mess. I occasionally give them boiled potatoes, hot, mashed with meal, for a change. I also have a pail handy in the kitchen to catch all the scraps, apple and potato parings, coffee grounds, table scraps, &c. These are well hashed in the pail, and if too sloppy I add buckwheat bran. I give this as second course to the morning meal. This answers in part for the green food they must have.

At noon, in cold weather, warm whole grain, wheat and oats, or wheat alone, and scatter upon the straw litter, for them to scratch for. Exercise they must have for health. This straw is removed and fresh supplied every few days. The men give me a feed of grated roots from the root-cutter when I call for it; also a boiler full of clover heads, found in the fodder bins; these I steam and give warm. The birds know what to do with it. This, some claim, will give more eggs and of better quality.

The evening meal consists of corn in the ear, roasted in the oven, fed hot, broken for them to pick off themselves. I do not feed much corn unless roasted. For *entrees* they have burnt bones, charcoal, plaster, or mortar, crushed oyster shells, together with fresh meat two or three times a week. Warm water three times per day, with clean drinking ves-

sels. Dust boxes are replenished often. Now all this means business, at eight, twelve and five o'clock daily. Regularity bears a prominent part in success; "eternal vigilance" is success in any occupation.

My choice of breeds is the Plymouth Rock. I have kept none but these. I cannot give you an accurate record of what my fowls have done. I know I have provided liberally for home use, saying nothing about eggs given away to the sick, church festivals, and for setting, not "exchanged," but gratis, to encourage others to keep superior birds.

The fowls sold last season netted me thirty dollars; the eggs sold brought me forty dollars. All but one brood of chicks came off after the first of June. The pullets began to lay Dec. 18th. One coop of twenty-eight pullets averaged twenty eggs per day through January. I have the record of eggs up to date, February 21, 1885—one hundred and seven dozen. These were sold for cash, from 23 to 24 cents per dozen.

My son became interested in the business last summer. We have built a new hen house and added a new branch to our industry, raising thoroughbred stock to sell. We invested \$13 for one setting of eggs and a cockerel; getting the best to be had of this breed, registered stock. Our six pullets, hatched in August, have already given us seven dozen eggs since the second week in January. We have several orders for eggs for hatching. Our efforts for the coming year will be to find the best market for our eggs and poultry, hoping to realize a good per cent on money invested. One young lady, a farmer's wife, living near, who came to see the poultry and speak for eggs, told me she realized \$109 for eggs and poultry last year. Our department of thoroughbred stock must be somewhat attractive, as I notice the "gude mon" takes his sheep visitors in to show them this new branch of farm industry.

MRS. E. T.

PAVILION, N. Y.

THE COST OF A CARPET.

In a late number of the Household, A. H. J. begins an article upon the cost of rag carpets by saying: "Rag carpets pay just because they do." That sentence, considered as an affirmative assertion, contains some very reasonable logic.

When so many talk and write discouragingly upon the subject, no wonder the young and inexperienced housekeeper, viewing her uncarpeted floor, and thinking of a short purse whose sparse contents are needed for several urgent purposes, deems it a dubious undertaking to attempt a project involving a useless expenditure of time and money. If one possesses natural aptitude for acquiring a knowledge of fancy cookery, fancy work or any other of the tasks we set ourselves so willingly to master, we may also become, by time and practice, proficient in the art of coloring. I lately assisted in making a rag carpet that is considered a very pretty one, and at the same time a well-warped and durably colored carpet.

Nearly all the material had to be colored except some gray woolen cloth used. After testing to our entire satisfaction, the Diamond dyes, we dyed red and also black with them. The other colors were all made by the use of the usual chemicals, excepting only the green. That we made by dipping the rags already dyed blue into a decoction of yellow oak bark (inexpensive, because easily procured) and setting the dye by the addition of alum.

As each one will value their time according to their own mind, I will give only the actual money outlay upon a carpet of thirty-three yards: Dyes, \$1 65; colored warp, \$3 08; weaving, \$4 95; total, \$9 68. Thus we secured a strong, nice carpet, not too good for the daily contact with rough boys' boots, at the moderate, even low cost of twenty-nine and one-third cents per yard.

The careful housewife does not wish to see her comforts soiled along the end placed at the head of the bed, while the rest remains like new. Take a half yard wide strip of calico, fold it half on the under and half on the upper side, run it on so it can easily be removed, washed and returned to its place.

A. L.

MANCHESTER, Mich.

RAG CARPETS.

Last fall, while this subject was under discussion, I often thought I would say a few words, and if it is not too late, will do so now.

One writer expressed herself as "decidedly anti-rag." I think most farmers' wives would be of the same opinion if they could; and if the ability to choose between ingrain and rag carpets was theirs, would no doubt choose the former. But viewing the situation from my standpoint, this is not the privilege of the average farmer's wife. She has instead to choose between rag carpets and bare floors. And most of us who have tried both, prefer the latter, notwithstanding the hard and disagreeable work connected with the manufacture of rag carpets. If the grown up daughters are at home, receiving their maintenance from the proceeds of the farm, I see no objection to their taking hold of this work with a will, and helping to work up their worn out clothing into neat and comfortable carpets. And is it not a good plan, when selecting prints for the family wear, to choose those of reliable color, which when they have done duty as dresses, will do for carpet rags without having to be colored? The thought that the worn-out prints, gingham and flannels will make nice bright stripes in our next year's carpet, ought in itself to be an inducement to careful washing, and no doubt is, many times. Who that has ever dyed the fancy colors for a carpet has not been partially compensated for her trouble in noting the wonderful effect of combining the various dye stuffs.

To those of you who can cover your floors with sale carpets I would say, don't discourage us poor sisters who cannot, but instead send us words of encouragement.

Tell us the most improved methods of cutting, sewing and coloring rags. I wonder if the Household sisters generally sew carpet rags on the sewing machine. I think it a great saving of time. In sewing prints that are brighter on the right side, I take pains to sew them all right side out and wind them double. After they have been in a ball for a short time they will stay folded, while being wound on the shuttle and woven. Although it is a little more work to wind them, it is less work than to dye them.

L. H. N.

HUDSON.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMIES.

Yes, we can send our switch to the hair store to be dyed; and if we want anything else done there is a place provided where the labor will be performed for money; but my view of one object of this exchange of ideas and experiences is that we may learn from each other ways to save money. By the numerous appeals from farmers' wives for advice and help to enable them to earn a little spending money, I should judge that their purses were anything but plethoric. There are things we all wish to possess which cannot possibly be fashioned by our own hands, and if we learn to do things that can be done at home we save just so much for those other desirables. And again hired work is not always satisfactory. Some time since I had a switch dyed where such work was a specialty. It very soon lost its color. I then treated it according to the method I described several weeks ago, and it has given perfect satisfaction. It is not a difficult thing to do, requiring only close attention, and we know that "eternal vigilance is the price of success" in all undertakings, both great and small. And now I will tell you how I make sewing machine oil that is as good as that for which I can pay twenty five cents per bottle: Take sweet oil, or any good clean oil, mix with it one-third its bulk of kerosene, put in a tin dish, and place upon the stove until it smokes; when cool it is fit for use.

I know it to be the custom in many families to throw to the pigs or hens dry bits of bread and cake. If I have pieces of cake of any size which get dry, I steam them, make a boiled custard and pour over, thus making what serves a very good purpose as pudding. Cake crumbs, bits of bread, and fried cakes, can be soaked in milk, and an egg or two added and baked, forming another palatable dish; and by the way, a very good custard can be made with water instead of milk by using an extra egg; even custard pies made with water are not to be despised. There are some lovers of pancakes with whom the conventional buckwheat does not agree; to such I would say try graham flour, treating in all respects as you would the buckwheat. And here is another place for bread crusts; soak them very soft and put in your pancake batter. Very light, nice cakes are made when there is a goodly supply of soaked bread within.

PAW PAW.

MERTIE.

HORTICULTURE FOR WOMEN.

"Providence helps those who help themselves" and this world too holds many people who will encourage honest endeavor; so we women may take heart in trying to turn an honest penny, while our lords pocket the dollars. If I were to make a business of the raising of small fruits for profit, I would make a specialty of currants and raspberries, as requiring less labor and care in their cultivation than any others, while there is just as ready a market for them, and less probability of a decline in price from a superabundance than with other fruit. We have raised them for our own use many years, but have always a surplus to sell, so I can judge by my own experience; and I think there will always be ready sale for fruit of any kind while fruit driers and canning factories abound, and farmers will not raise more than apples or a clump of pie plant for home use. There are none of us but like to do that work best for which we have taste, and when we have a burden of household duties to tax our first and best energies it looks rather discouraging to attempt a side track, but our American vim will take us through many difficulties.

The past two seasons I offered seeds of sweet and medicinal herbs, and was surprised at the great number of orders I received for them, many from the Southern States; in fact I have a very good trade in that quarter in plants and seeds of all kinds. Many of the sweet herbs are beautiful as plants for the garden, and refreshingly fragrant. I always like a few for the background in the garden, as I remember seeing them in gardens in my childhood, when I delighted in the odors of sweet clover and marjoram. I am glad to know of M. B. C.'s venture in herb raising, and have no doubt of her increasing success. I have read of fortunes being made in that one way.

I will send mixed seed of all the varieties I have for ten cents per packet; six for 25 cents and thirteen for 50 cents. I have anise, balm, caraway, dill, hyssop, lavender, rosemary, sage (English broad-leaved) summer savory, sweet basil, sweet fennel, sweet marjoram, thyme (English broad-leaved), wormwood, and sweet clover; and also offer a great variety of perennials, annuals, climbers and spring bulbs.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON, Box 297.

WITHOUT EGGS.

"We have only one in the store, and I don't think that is good for anything," was the clerk's reply to my inquiry for eggs yesterday; and as I knew it was of no use to argue with a hen while the thermometer ranged at zero, and the snow remained so deep, I began my baking this morning in an *egg-pensive* frame of mind. The success, however, rather surprised me, and cheered me to tell the Household, in hope that some one in similar trouble, "seeing may take heart again." A piece of butter was added to the pumpkin for

pies, and the mixture made thicker than usual. For cookies I took a cup of very rich sour cream, a cup of sugar, soda and nutmeg, baked in greased tins, and really they are better than any I ever made, but are not going to last long. My cake I made of a cup of sugar, one of sweet milk, used baking powder, baked in layers, with lemon jelly between; and think it will pass "that bourne" from which none or very little cake returns. The mixture for both this and the cookies was thoroughly beaten.

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

THIS WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

I have thought many times I would take up the long neglected pen, and say a few words in the Household, which finds its way to my home every week, and unless something very urgent requires attention I sit right down and read it through. Yes, ladies, I do, even though I should be a little late about the sweeping and dusting. I bid "Madam Gossip" say what she pleases; I am going to read the Household, and I am benefitted in more ways than one. I get a little rest which every tired mother knows is needful, besides the treasures which I glean from its pages, not only in the well tried recipes, which I have tested and found reliable, but the experience of my sisters in their homes.

Some have given us the bright, sunny side of farm life, and others have given the opposite, but to-day as I was reading the article in the last Household signed B., I felt I wanted an introduction right away, that I might tell the author how true a picture had been drawn of humanity. I believe this world is very much what we make it. If we are disposed to pass through it, choosing only the darker side, we shall find enough of lowering clouds, enough of all that is bitter to dampen our mirth, and cause us to murmur that this is a cold and unfriendly world. If on the other hand we look only on the bright side, we shall escape the many thorns and briars which we must otherwise encounter, and pass through with as much ease as though our path was strewn with thornless roses.

Whenever I hear individuals (as a rule) finding fault with their neighbors, I always feel like saying as did the old Quaker "Thee'll find just such neighbors wherever thee goes."

In regard to hired help I would say, let us often (in our minds) change places with them, and then as we take our own back again, follow closely the golden rule.

NORVELL.

AUNT JENNIE.

FOR THE GIRLS.

We saw the other day one of the cheap round clocks which are now so common transformed into quite a pretty article of furniture. In the lower-right hand corner of a cigar box a hole was cut just the size of the clock-face. The box was covered neatly with wine colored plush, the opening in the plush was

cut smaller than the hole in the box, then snipped with the scissors till it could be turned back on the wrong side, where it was glued to the inside of the box. The clock was then fastened in the box, its face appearing through the aperture. A spray of ribbon embroidery on the upper left hand corner, a hand painted sprig, or a ribbon bow is an ornamental addition. In this instance a rosette bow of pale pink ribbon was added. A very necessary bit of furnishing was thus simply and prettily transformed into an ornament for a small bracket shelf, also covered with plush and furnished with a bit of fancy fringe.

MRS. W. C., of Midland, thinks E. M. P.'s "P. O. Goodwood" must be translated "plenty of good wood," and compliments her husband by saying she has always an ample supply of this necessity. She speaks a good word for the knitted counterpanes, and will send directions to any who desire to make one.

A LADY, writing from Flint, sends us a recipe for Hop Bitters, but forgets to tell us whether she has used this preparation, and can personally vouch for its merit; and also forgets to give her name. It is a "cast iron" rule of every reputable newspaper to publish no communication, of whatever nature, unless accompanied by the name of the contributor. Names are never published except by permission, but must be given.

THE light tints of tan color are popular in gloves for evening wear, and the darker shades are suitable for street wear with any dress not too pronounced. Gloves may or may not match the dress, but are generally dark and unobtrusive for outdoor wear. To keep the hands from perspiring wash them in water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. This will be a help, but probably not a sure cure for one who perspires freely. Cashmere and silk gloves are much worn, and those who find it difficult to wear kid will find an advantage in using them for all occasions where more dressy gloves are not indispensable.

A LADY who modestly desires her name withheld writes us of the success of her money-making schemes the past year, saying that her sixty hens returned \$35 in money. The great quantity of eggs and fowls used at home kept down the grand total; she had also to fight the cholera. Her little boys aided her in managing the garden, and the receipts, over and above home consumption, were \$63. She could do better, she is sure, had she a warm house for the poultry, and the variety of food they need. We would be glad to know the means she employed to check chicken cholera, and also a description of the symptoms noticed.

AMONG the women's work at the New Orleans Exposition, in the exhibit from Nebraska, is a dainty little panel labeled "Nebraska cotton," where a lover of the beautiful has shown artistic ability in

deftly arranging and combining very simple materials. Upon a blue plush panel is fastened a graceful spray of milk-weed. Its seed pods have been opened and their silken contents shaken out into fluffy pompons. A bow of ribbon of the same pale, brownish yellow color as the leaves and dainty balls makes an effective finish. The graceful outlines of the spray, the feathery lightness of the balls, and the harmony of color between them and the background seem to be the simple elements which are combined to make a very pleasing and unique decoration.

Useful Recipes.

CODFISH.—Pare your potatoes, and lay the codfish, nicely skinned, on top of them. Boil and serve with a simple gravy of flour and water well cooked, seasoned, and heavily buttered. For breakfast "pick up" finely what is left, and, in the morning, heat over in just water enough to moisten it, butter and pepper it well, and spread like sandwiches on thin slices of bread made into egg-toast. Moisten your slices of bread in cold water, then dip in beaten egg and milk, and lay on a nicely buttered frying-pan over a quick fire; turn bread quickly, spread on your fish, and serve hot.

OATMEAL MUFFINS.—One cup oatmeal, one and a half pints flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two of baking powder, one tablespoonful of lard, two eggs, one pint of milk. Sift together meal, flour, salt and baking powder; rub the lard in cold; and then add beaten eggs and milk.

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