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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

PATIENCE.

My mind was ruffled with small cares to-day,
And I said pettish words, and did not keep
Long suffering patience well; and now how deep
My trouble for this sin! In vain I weep
For foolish words I never can unsay.

Yet I shall learn at last; though I neglect,
Day after day, to seek my help from Thee.
Oh, aid me, that I always recollect
This gentle heartedness; and, oh, correct
Whatever else of sin thou seest in me?
—Henry Septimus Sutton.

THE QUESTION OF AMUSEMENTS.

Several members of our little coterie have requested my views upon the subject of amusements for the young, some specifying one form of recreation and some another. While I do not hesitate to record opinions which have been deliberately and thoughtfully formed, and have the courage of my honest convictions, I am well aware that mothers in many homes will read my words, and accept or reject my conclusions. For that reason, and because in this, as in all I write for our little paper, I am most anxious to uphold the side of right and truth and exert a beneficial influence in the sacred realm of home, I have given this subject more than usual thought, looking at it from more than one standpoint; for we must realize that Truth, though steadfast and unchangeable, yet presents many aspects. I am not so old I have forgotten I was once young and fond of pleasure; nor so young that I am blind to the evils of amusements through the fascinations they exert upon the inexperienced. I consider amusements a necessity to physical and mental well-being. What is more natural to a child than play? And when the simple amusements of youth are outgrown and labor and study make inroads upon physical and mental strength, it is nature's cure to *re-create* wasted energies by rest and recreation. We cannot put "old heads on young shoulders;" I would not if I could. And if children do not find their homes in sympathy with their desire for recreation, they will find it elsewhere, perhaps where it may not be free from impure and demoralizing influences. We may dam the course of a stream till it lies placid and unrippled, but desires natural to human nature, and cherished in our hearts, are apt to break out under the removal of restraint, as the stream resumes its course, but with the impetuosity of a

torrent, when its barriers are broken down.

It seems to me that the true distinction to make is not against amusements in themselves, but rather against their abuse and their surroundings. Amusements which are perfectly innocent when pursued in moderation at home or in proper society; which are pleasant relaxations, not harmful, but helpful in that they cultivate social graces, if carried to excess become dissipation which demoralize physical and mental strength; or highways to evil through association with the corrupt and vicious, to the injury of reputations and morals. It is the associations and the excess that make the evil. Churches and colleges and Christian associations realize this when they add billiard rooms to their gymnasiums and reading rooms; they provide the amusement, and render it harmless,—nay, more, beneficial—by the associations.

How far the Christian can consistently enter into the world's amusements has always been a mooted point. I believe it a question totally outside of churches, to be settled between God and every man's conscience. What is a snare and a temptation to one may be none whatever to another. Because I am weak I have no right to say another must be weak also; because my courage is high against one temptation, I dare not say others may not fall by it. Possibly because most churches are permitting this liberty of individual conscience, instead of insisting upon a decalogue of their own making, is the reason that, as "Fidus Achates" asserts in another column, there is so little difference, outwardly, between Christians and "world's people." The quoted injunction "Be not conformed to the world" might be offset by another: "Make to yourself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness." The "world" to which Christ would not have His disciples conform, was a very different world from the world of the 19th century. It was a pagan world; its amusements brutal, sensuous, debasing—feasts of shameless debauchery, chariot races where the victor won his laurel amid the groans of his dying or maimed competitors, the bloody battles of the arena between beasts and gladiators hardly more human than the beasts. But the world was not Christianized and civilized by the withdrawal of Christians from all companionship with it, but because they lived in it, of it, with it, and each "kept his conscience." And I think Mr. Moody,

the evangelist, carried this idea of an individual liberty of conscience when he made that famous answer to the convert who asked if she could, consistently with her new profession, attend the theatre with her husband: "Give Christ the first place, and I care not who takes the second."

And then comes the further question, since amusements *may* lead to evil, even to the final destruction of soul and body, is it not best to avoid them entirely, shun them as temptations of the "destroyer of souls?" Perhaps we might say yes to this, were it not for the countless thousands who pursue such amusements moderately and harmlessly, giving the lie to the inference that because some go down into sin through them, all who indulge must or will; and but for the further fact that many who are carefully kept from them, when left to themselves indulge to an extent which effectually does away with the theory that restrictions restrain; or in other words, that to deny a child a coveted pleasure robs him of the desire for it, or the inclination to take it when he can get it. When a young person is taught that an amusement is wicked which he sees others pursuing without loss of respect or prestige or influence in the community, he is apt to question *why* what is so wrong for him is so harmless to another, and an explanation is extremely difficult, not to say unsatisfactory. When he gets the opportunity, he will try its effect upon himself; and when the false standard of conscience is blunted, the danger is a rush to the opposite extreme. Moreover, there is in every amusement a certain fascination which charms by its novelty till use dulls it. While that fascination is strongest, danger is greatest; desire is apt to lead too far, perhaps into improper company; but when "the craze," that is, the novelty, is over, the amusement is far less dangerous. Now is at not wisest to let this keen delight be satisfied under the eyes of parents, so that when the lad goes into the world, these temptations he will inevitably encounter are robbed of half their charm? Would it not be best to let the children have their games, their "progressive euchre"—which really is not so "awfully awful"—and their little dances, at home, under parental control as to companions and restrictions as to hours? When "society news" kindly informs the world that the Bishop's daughters attended a little dancing party in somebody's parlors, because there's a

dance at Arbeiter Hall next night nobody infers they were there, or thought of going, or ever will go. And it does not follow that because respectable farmers' sons and daughters meet in suitable places to indulge in amusements suited to their years, we shall find them in the haunts of vice thereafter, unless led by a taste or tendency which would take them there anyway.

We do not refuse to teach a child to read because there are bad books printed; nor when we see him absorbed in some volume, judge from his interest he must be reading something Anthony Comstock would be glad to get his hands on. No child ever learned to walk alone by always clinging to its mother's hand; no young person was ever made strong by being carefully kept from temptation. The idea ought to be, seems to me, less to hedge about by arbitrary restrictions than to cultivate self reliance, the power to discriminate between good and evil, and individual power of judgment, so that it may play its part in the enjoyment of pleasures as in life's other relations. A great many very good people, unhappily, can see no difference between the *use* and the *abuse* of a thing; perhaps I should rather say they are so blinded by prejudice that they *will not* see a distinction.

Just at present, roller skating is the great "craze." No one will pretend to say there is anything wrong or sinful in the act of skating itself; what we must look at are the surroundings, the associations. Dr. Talmage, in a recent sermon on skating rinks, in which he took for his text "The noise of the wheels over against them," [Ezekiel III. 13.] says:

"It is the best thing or the worst, as you make it. Some of these rinks have already been the means of helping invalids, and invigoration of the feeble, and innocent pleasure to thousands of young, middle-aged and old. Some have broken up families, set surgeons to work at perilous operations, created life-long ailments, and are responsible for eternal misfortunes."

A Presbyterian minister in New York City runs a skating rink, which is next door to his church. Rev. A. T. Pierson, of the same denomination, denounces the rink in no measured terms.

For my own part, I have more serious objections against skating rinks—not skating, please note—than against any other of the usual amusements engaged in by young people. My reasons are as follows: Skating cannot be carried on at home or in small or select companies. Resort must be had to the public rinks, which are a rendezvous for people of all classes. I assume the managers will undertake to close the doors, so far as their knowledge goes, against people who are notoriously disreputable or immoral; more they cannot do, no matter how well intentioned. Young people are thrown into contact with persons whom they would not otherwise meet; and as has been demonstrated scores of times by *denouements* which have appeared in print, and scandals sedulously suppressed for the sake of the families of those involved, form improper and undesirable

acquaintances, which end in clandestine meetings, intrigues and sometimes ruin. The etiquette of the skating rink is that of the public ballroom. Open at all hours of the day, it tempts to truancy, to falsehood, and false excuses to parents and teachers. A teacher in one of our city schools says the proximity of a rink has a decidedly demoralizing tendency, shown in inattention and truancy. Another great evil is immoderate indulgence. Unrestrained by any authority whatever, the young people skate all the "music" and the pauses too, till a degree of fatigue results which if caused by *work* would rouse a domestic rebellion. Unlike dancing, there is no pause for rest, no change of figure; the same muscles are continuously exercised in the same way. No skater will own the exercise requires exertion; "it is just as easy," they say, yet I hear them tell of clothing wet through with perspiration, and have watched them wipe away telltale traces while I sat, a spectator, just comfortable in heavy outdoor wraps. I hear them complain of aching muscles and being "lame all over," after an afternoon at the rink, the result of long continued exercise and, possibly, leaving the building while warm and fatigued. Taking the evidence of the girls themselves when in artless *naviete* they "give themselves away" by telling what "lots of boys" they get acquainted with, and how they meet them afterward on the Avenue, etc., I am convinced one feather-headed creature told the truth when she said "The rink is the splendorous place to flirt you ever saw!" And I agree with Talmage that "flirtation is damnation;" or if not "damnation" it is destructive to studious habits, good sense, and all that sweet innocence and ingenuousness which is the charm of youth.

I have written of the skating rink as I see its workings in this city. In smaller towns its evils might not be so apparent. I believe it a greater source of danger to girls than boys; yet the boys would not care for it if the girls were not there. I believe the rinks might be made as harmless as any amusement, if parents would not allow so great license to the young people, permit them to go every day, or twice a day, knowing absolutely nothing of the acquaintances they make. Nowadays, most social gatherings look like orphan asylums out for an evening, owing to the unanimity with which parents banish themselves from young society. When the "old folks" get over some of their prejudices and do not allow the young to monopolize all amusements, recreation will be more moderately indulged in, and both young and old correspondingly benefited. BEATRIX.

A CORRESPONDENT OF *Vick's Magazine* says the cheapest and best way of drying fruit is to lay it on lengths of cheese cloth, suspended in a frame out of doors, in full sun, with white mosquito netting over to keep off shreds and insects. This allows the air to reach both sides of the fruit at once, and when you want to turn it, the whole can be swung over on another cloth, leaving the first ready for a new batch.

TO NEW ORLEANS.

St. Patrick's day, 1885, will always be a red letter day for us, as it marked our departure for the "Sunny South," and a visit to the great exposition. Leaving Detroit, we were whirled rapidly southwards; changing cars at Toledo we passed on to Wapakoneta, but soon after leaving that point the cars stopped, and reversing their course we were soon back, and found our engine had left us. Enquiry elicited the fact that a freight train below us had run out of water, and was thus disabled; that our engine had gone to their assistance, brought them to the station, and then we moved forward. A jolly crowd enlivened the time; the night ride was not at all dreary. Wapakoneta keeps alive the euphonious appellation of an Indian chief who once roamed through these happy hunting grounds.

Arriving at Cincinnati about 7 A. M. we drove directly to the wharf and went on board the steamboat Paris C. Brown, where quarters had been previously engaged, and where we were accommodated with breakfast. As the boat did not leave until evening, we devoted the day to sight seeing. Taking a street car, we started for a visit to the famed zoological gardens. After riding awhile we were invited to change cars, and by the aid of a dummy engine, our car was rapidly drawn up an inclined plane, and we soon found ourselves on a level with the highest house tops. The view of the city below was very fine, but "sick a gittin' up stairs," or rather up hill, was a new experience to us. Again changing cars, we rode a mile or two further to the gardens. There are five of these inclined planes to connect the valley with the hills about the city, which is built in a valley, irregular in form, surrounded with high but broken hills, where suburban residences of the most elegant character abound, the whole forming a picturesque and charming scene.

The gardens comprise a large area, and with their immense numbers of beasts, birds and reptiles are very interesting, and well repay a visit, but a person needs considerable time to get a satisfactory idea of their contents. My impressions of Cincinnati sum up as follows: The streets are rough and dirty, full of business, but terribly mixed, millinery, hardware, dry goods, harness, crockery, ship stores and notions, being in heterogeneous juxtaposition. Teams of mules predominate, four being generally harnessed together; the driver rides the near wheel horse, and drives with one line and a big whip. If the team is of two, they are driven "tandem." Street car drivers are very good natured, they send no one to hades for getting on the track ahead. Floating docks are made necessary from the frequent floods and low water. They look strange to our eyes, and strange to our ears is the phrase "I reckon."

At 5 o'clock we pull out and float down the Ohio, which is here bordered on both sides with high broken bluffs, now facing

the stream, then retreating in curious forms, crowned with beautiful homes, cabins with their little fields, or more pretentious cottages with well tilled farms; pretty villages nestle in nooks, and busy towns spread themselves along the river front, and climb the heights back. Again, long reaches of the river show primitive banks, with here and there a slide for "shooting" wood or lumber, and barges laden with coal, lumber, etc., are moored all along the shore, or made up in tows, are pushing their way along. Most of the steamers are stern wheelers, and with a tow of perhaps twenty barges massed in front of them, look like a hen with an enormous brood of chickens leading the way. All tows lead, instead of following the steamer. On the Indiana shore was pointed out a little red house that marked the point of high water last year; 71 feet on Feb. 14, 1884, stands the record, the highest ever known.

Our boat, the steamer *Paris C. Brown*, Captain Young, has 22 officers, 20 cabin crew, and 35 roustabouts. We have about 90 passengers, perhaps half of them ladies. Several of the officers have their families on board. They are all very pleasant people, the little ones are well trained, sweet and pretty. The passengers, largely middle-aged or elderly people, are genial and friendly, the young ones full of music, and as there is a piano and string band on board they improve golden opportunities.

On the 19th we reached Louisville, Ky., a city of 130,000 inhabitants. There is a fine railroad bridge at this point, connecting with Jeffersonville, Ind., opposite. We left here at 1 P. M., and at 3 o'clock passed into the Louisville and Portland canal, a government work around the falls of the Ohio. This is a fine canal, three miles long. There are three locks at its lower end. At certain stages of the water, boats pass over the falls, but the canal is generally used.

Below the falls rocky banks predominate, and my idea of an "Old Kentucky Home" is realized all along the shore, in tumble down cabins, with outside chimneys; very picturesque they may be, but not at all comfortable such cold weather. There is talk that a collision was imminent last night, through a misapprehension of signals, but it was happily averted.

At 10 o'clock on Sunday divine service was held by the Rev. Mr. Joyce, who gave a very impressive sermon, suitable to the occasion, which gave pleasure to all. Stopped at Henderson, Ky., and other points during the day. Shawneetown, famous for the terrible sufferings of its people by the great floods of '83 and '84, was one of these points. Ruined buildings still stand, silent witnesses of that time of terror. Snow fell thickly all day. Reached Cairo at 12 o'clock, and remained there until 7 P. M. Monday, during which time an immense amount of freight was taken on board, and we left laden flat to the water. At 7 o'clock we entered the mighty Mississippi, and started southward on its turbid waters.

Cairo is located on the Ohio river, near its confluence with the Mississippi, on a low, sandy plain. It is a great shipping point, but is very disappointing in appearance. They claim 9,000 inhabitants, but it does not give the impression of half that number. There is one fine hotel, the Halliday House, and that is the only building of any pretension to be seen. Both banks of the river are low, level bottoms, and the home of the Arkansas Traveller, "whose roof let in the sunshine and the rain" is numerous. Dead timber all along shows the effect of overflow; the banks are primitive forest, a little town now and then, or a passing steamer, makes a little sensation and breaks the monotony.

One of our passengers had the ill luck to have her valise changed, and instead of her own dainty wearing apparel, on opening the sachel somebody's dirty shirts greeted her vision. Another misfortune came to her later. Her husband occupied the upper berth of the state-room, and it gave way with a crash, coming down, with the sleeper, on the lady below, cutting and bruising her face, and frightening her into a chill. People have settled down into homelike ways. A party from Cincinnati have organized a reading club, others have games to while away time, numbers have their work, the young people frequent the deck and pilot house, and one youthful couple have earned the soubriquet of "spoons."

On the 24th we sighted old Fort Pillow, where 3,000 colored troops were massacred by command of Gen. Chalmers. Great interest was shown by all, each wishing to see this historic spot. Saw men plowing, though snow is still seen on the river banks. Later we passed marks of the government survey of last year, and at 5 o'clock we reached Memphis, Tenn., and with an hour's leave of absence went on shore. We found Memphis a nice clean town, with fine buildings, a large park with beautiful trees, including the magnolia, the first we have seen. The hard winter has injured them somewhat, but their shining waxen green leaves are beautiful. The fountain is lovely, and the many tame animals, deer, squirrels, etc., are a great attraction. But time was up, we hastened on board, when lo! as we pulled out a hallo was heard, and seven of our passengers were seen on shore, with anxious faces, making frantic gestures. Impatient of delay though he was, the good captain again sought shore, and took the fugitives on board.

(To be continued.)

PREPARING WOOL FOR QUILTS.

Will some one inform me through the Household how to prepare wool for quilts? Can it be prepared for use at home, or must it be sent to some factory and be carded? If any one has had experience in this matter, will they please give prompt and minute directions from the time the fleece comes into the house, till the quilt is ready to take off the frames? WOOL.

ONONDAGA, N. Y.

SKATING RINKS.

I infer that the Household would be glad to enroll new members, and as the initiation fees are trifling, I thought I would just step in and register. I have long had a desire to be one of the Household band, but have hitherto contented myself with devouring the thoughts and suggestions of others.

But it was "the last straw that broke the camel's back;" I can desist no longer. The question advanced by "Aunt Nell," in a late issue has touched a tender spot. At this early hour I know not how the question will be answered; but I have faith that the right answer will be given. Then I suppose that the question will be at the disposal of others.

We find in God's word the following: "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Now, dear ladies, which side of the line shall we place the modern skating rink? Not on God's side, surely; then we must give it to mammon. And I would quote: "Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death; or of obedience unto righteousness."

There is much more Bible evidence to prove which class the subject in question belongs, but this ought to satisfy any honest minded person.

To say that there is any particular harm in "tyin' a little waggin on each foot," and sailing around a circumference of fifty or one hundred feet, might be wrong, providing the sailing is not carried to excess, or the sailors maintain their equilibrium, and do not mingle in "heels over head" tumbles; or if one is sure that the crowd congregated at the rink for a few hours pleasure are all respectable persons. You know there is a good old proverb which says: "Birds of a feather flock together," and if they were not of good report a professed follower of the meek and lowly Jesus would not want to be there. But we will not continue these provisions, although many more might be added.

Not long since an acquaintance said to me: "There's no difference between church people and world's people nowadays, for if the world's people get up any amusements, the church people crowd themselves right in." I could only say "this should not be," for I knew that the remark involved certain of my dear friends; and it had been with an aching heart that I had battled against the argument brought up by my children, if it was not wrong for certain persons (naming them) to attend the rink, they did not think it would hurt them.

A redeeming feature of this particular craze has been mentioned to me by different ones, viz.: "Saloonists make bitter complaint of the dullness of their business because of the skating rinks." This "feature" is not weighty enough to be worthy of an argument, and it does not necessarily follow that they [the rinks] must be supported by church people.

Let me ask what good can come of

them? "Oh, it is such nice exercise, and there is a real fascination about it."

Well, to the first clause of your answer I would say, if you don't get exercise enough at home, just step out and exercise for that family whose father has just paid three dollars for a pair of roller skates, and spends his dimes exercising them, while his children are really suffering for want of clothing, and to have that clothing not only bought, but made, while the mother, not able to do it, and less able to hire it done, must needs let things take their course; and if she has the patience of Job, she will no doubt endure patiently to the end, knowing that there is a "real fascination" at the rink for her better half.

Now, if there is such a fascination about these roller skating rinks that it induces our weaker minded brethren or sisters to err, by neglecting their duty, so much the more reason why we should let them alone.

I assure you, dear ladies, there is a "real fascination" for me to continue this subject, but as I think I see a tired look upon our Editor's face, I will retire from the scene of action, hoping I have not intruded.

FIDUS ACHATES.

OAKWOOD.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If you wish to paper a whitewashed wall, brush it over with a strong alum water.

STARCH the pillow and bed ticks quite stiff after washing them; they will hold the feathers better.

ANOTHER way to mend old tinware is to spread some thick paint around the place to be mended, and on this lay a piece of cloth of sufficient size to nicely cover it. Then paint over this and allow it to dry, when the hole will be permanently and effectually closed.

If anybody has any peaches to pare the coming summer, it may be well to remember that the richest flavor is lost with the skin. They should have the fur removed by dipping baskets of them a moment into weak boiling lye of wood ashes or common potash, and wiping with coarse towels.

SOMETIMES an old "gossamer," or rubber cloak can be made over on the machine for one of the children. If not desired for such use, it makes one of the best of aprons for washing, churning, and all dirty work. Cut it off the right length, and sew to a cloth band. The top part which is cut off can be converted into a pair of oversleeves, to slip on to save the dress. Run a rubber cord at each end, and they will stay in place. Or make it into leggings for the children's wear. Every child attending school ought to have a gossamer cloak and rubbers; there is no depending on even the best of leather to keep the feet dry. With rubber overshoes, rubber leggings and cloak, the children are well protected from rain, and the cost is saved by the lessened wear and tear on the clothes.

C. B. R.'s suggestion respecting a "Household Album," touches a subject the editor has had in mind for some time. It would be nice to have such an album, and we have already made a beginning. Pictures of a half dozen of our best known contributors are in the Editor's possession, and we have the promise of several more. We cannot personally appeal to all our writers, but will publicly state we will be very glad to receive pictures to fill a Household album, which shall be purchased as soon as the number of pictures collected warrants such purchase. The non-de-plume only will be attached to the picture, unless the sender signifies a willingness to have real name given. We commend the subject to our corps of contributors, and urge all who favor the idea to forward their own picture. We can quickly fill a good sized album, which will be "open to inspection" by all visitors to our sanctum.

"CARPET-WEAVER," of Thornville, says she cut, sewed, and colored the rags and wove 42 yards of carpet for a neighbor, for which she received \$11 60. The warp did not cost over \$3 50. She does not understand how E. L. Nye can make rag carpet cost \$3 per yard, unless that lady rates her labor at a higher price than she would be willing to pay anyone else.

X. Y. Z. notes an error in her recipe for Charlotte Russe, given in the Household of April 7th. Use two-thirds cup of sugar instead of two and one-half cups.

Contributed Recipes.

SAUSAGE.—Forty pounds meat, twelve ounces salt, two ounces sage, two ounces of pepper. How to keep it: Pack in a deep dish; cover with melted lard. I use from a quart to two quarts. Put up in this way it will keep till late in the summer. To remove it from the dish, place it for a few minutes in hot water. Then it is in a nice shape to bake; I think it much nicer than if fried.

Mrs. R. D. P.

BROOKLYN.

PARSNIP CROQUETTES.—Boil the parsnips until tender; mash fine, and season with butter, pepper and salt. Make into balls by rolling a spoonful at a time on a plate of flour; then fry in very hot lard.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE.—Stew evaporated apples until tender; sift when cool through a colander, and season with lemon or vanilla. Line a deep pie dish with paste, and cover an inch deep with the apples. Make a custard of two eggs and a pint of milk; pour over the apples carefully, and bake. AARON'S WIFE.

FENTON.

TO COOK PARSNIPS.—After cleaning them, slice them; parboil in a little water until they begin to become tender; take them out, roll in flour; fry in meat drippings and butter until slightly browned, and you have a dish for an epicure.

COOKIES.—Three cups sugar, one cup butter, four eggs, well beaten: one cup new milk; one ounce of carbonate of ammonia, (have the druggist pulverize it) dissolved in the milk; caraway or nutmeg to taste. Mix moderately stiff; sift sugar over after being rolled out; bake quickly.

GINGER COOKIES.—One cup sugar; one and

one-half cups of New Orleans molasses; same quantity of meat drippings and butter; one cup lukewarm coffee; one tablespoonful of ginger, cloves, or cinnamon; tablespoonful of soda, dissolved in coffee; mix rather stiff; bake quickly.

BETTY.

GRAND ELANC.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup molasses; one cup sugar, one cup shortening; one tablespoonful ginger; one-half tablespoonful cinnamon; one teaspoonful soda; five tablespoonfuls hot water. Mix soft, and bake quickly.

DRIED APPLE CAKE.—Soak the apples over night. Take two cups chopped apples; add two cups molasses, and stew until tender; skim out the apple (as there is always some molasses left). Now add one cup sugar, one cup butter, one cup sour milk, two eggs, one heaping teaspoonful soda, one tablespoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful each of cloves and allspice; four cups flour. When eggs are scarce I use one cup of nice light bread dough, three cups flour, and only one egg. This makes two large cakes.

PRESSED CHICKEN.—Cook the chicken until thoroughly done; take out in a pan, pick out the bones, and pick (instead of chopping) the meat to pieces. Season with salt, butter and pepper. Take the liquor in which it was boiled, put all the dry bread in it that it will soak up. Now put the meat and bread together, thoroughly mixing it with the hands; it needs no weighting, for when cold it will be solid. It is a nice way to use up dry bread, and one can put a little butter in the spider, and cut slices of the chicken and fry for breakfast or dinner for a change.

AUNT RUSHA.

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