

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, MAY 26, 1885.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE PRAYER.

"Now I lay me—say it darling;"  
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips  
Of my daughter kneeling, bending  
O'er her folded finger tips.  
"Down to sleep"—"to sleep," she murmured;  
And the curly head dropped low;  
"I pray the Lord," I gently added,  
"You can say it all, I know."  
"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly,  
Fainter still—"my soul to keep;"  
Then the tired head fairly nodded,  
And the child was fast asleep.  
But the dewy eyes half opened  
When I clasped her to my breast,  
And a dear voice softly whispered,  
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

### THE QUESTION OF SUFFRAGE.

As Jannette has very truly said, the arguments on the subject of suffrage for women are all in; there is nothing new to say, and to most of us at least the discussion is profitless and wearisome. Yet a certain interest attaches to the topic, because of the progress the "reform" has met with within late years, and the probability that a few decades more will see the goal of the agitators reached and the women of the country admitted to suffrage. There is no good reason why women should not vote as well as negroes and the illiterate foreigners who seek our shores. Her qualifications are infinitely superior to theirs; all intelligent men acknowledge this; most of them say they are perfectly willing she should vote "if she wants to." Like A. L. L., I find more men who are willing to grant the privilege than women who are desirous of availing themselves of it. For myself I do not, nor ever have, questioned woman's intellectual or moral fitness to exercise this right, so dearly prized by the other sex that they hesitate to extend it to *women and idiots*, but I have, and do, question the expediency. What is to be gained? This is the question to be answered, and circumstances demand a strong showing; and so we have long diatribes on the wonderful benefits to accrue to woman-kind in especial and to humanity in general, if once she can grasp this coveted privilege.

The principal argument brought forward is that admitting woman to the rights of the ballot will alleviate her condition as a worker in the world, make her pay more just and adequate, open new employments, give her new importance and emoluments, and also permit her to share

with men the fat offices under government. That the mere bestowal of the right to vote upon women would at all affect those great forces of supply and demand which govern the wages of the workers, the world over, no one at all conversant with the principles of political economy can believe. That which governs wages is in no way related to the casting of ballots. Nor have I ever heard the true principle that *does* govern prices of labor more forcibly and simply stated than in the following, whose author I cannot name: "When two bosses are running after one man, wages are high; when two men are running after one boss, wages are low." That is all there is of it. When we have a bountiful harvest, wheat is low; when the crop fails, wheat is high; the law holds with labor as with everything else. When two women stand ready to take the place of a sister woman, at a reduction in wages if they can only get the place, do you suppose the fact that all three can vote will in any degree whatever affect their employer's action in getting the most labor for the least possible sum? If the franchise possessed peculiar powers of this nature do you not believe the workmen of this nation, who far outnumber in votes the employers, would alleviate their own condition through its magic? If there are two men or two women seeking work and only work enough for one, what difference in the doing and the paying does the "privilege of the ballot" make?

As for opening up new employments to women, I would be glad to have any one point out a business in which a woman is not at liberty to engage if she has the inclination. She can practice law or medicine, stand in the pulpit and on the lecture platform, run a steamboat or an engine, drive a cab, buy or sell stock, manage a farm, take contracts and build houses, and no one says "What doest thou?" Indeed, it is often urged that woman is taking the bread out of man's mouth by her usurpation of his employments; she has crowded him out of stores and factories and offices, and because "she is so plenty," reduced wages to a minimum. So far does this feeling extend in some places that married women who have husbands to support them are not considered eligible to positions as teachers in public schools. Yet woman has, after all, as good a right to earn her livelihood as her brother.

Nothing so thoroughly disgusts me as

the balderdash which slips so glibly from the tongues of certain of our so-called "reformers" about women's being slaves, down-trodden, oppressed, crushed to the dust, by man. "Man's laws," they tell us, "are so cruel and unjust to woman that she must make laws for herself." Get a lawyer to tell you the rights and privileges woman enjoys in Michigan—I am not able to say as to her status in other States—and you will find our laws generally just and generous to her. The injustice yet to be remedied lies in the fact that the husband of the married woman can collect her wages without her consent, and in that further matter of intestate law which has been discussed in these columns recently. But, per contra, she can compel him to support her, or the law will annul the "tie that binds," and give her alimony; and we had recently the spectacle of a man in jail for refusal to pay such alimony, even though he alleged his inability to do so. The laws have not always been so just to women, and the agitation of the subject of "women's rights," has certainly been productive of much good in calling attention to the injustice and unfairness of the old laws, and the framing of new; and I believe our law-makers have but to see the need of reform in the points named to do full justice to women, suffrage or no suffrage. The truth is man's laws are wisps of straw beside the unwritten laws of society and life, which are bands of iron, enslaving woman to petty prejudices and ignoble ambitions. The laws which are "cruel" and which "oppress" and "crush" are of woman's own making and quite unaffected by anybody's franchise. A leading clergyman of this city has truly said, "Woman's harshest judge is her sister woman." I have heard it urged that the franchise is to level social rank and make the poor woman the equal of the rich one; but since neither has the right now, both are as much on a level as they would be afterward.

As for woman's ability to "hold down a chair" in a government office, no one doubts it. Men admit it and give her some small chairs, but, woman-like, she will not be satisfied until she occupies the more important positions. But if a term of years in office affects woman as it does mankind, I sincerely hope she will be allowed no further encroachments in that direction. The spectacle of women engaged in the shameless scramble for office would not be particularly edifying. In speaking on this subject with a prom-



inent lawyer of this city, just after a man of brilliant promise had resigned a lucrative practice to take office under the present administration he said: "It is a great pity; a man seldom amounts to anything after he has once held a government office. It seems impossible to return to private life and depend on himself again. He hangs on like a leech, and gets to be a chronic office seeker. He suborns his talents to a treadmill round of red tape and loses all ambition and originality. It breaks up his business and spoils him for any other life." If this be true, and the speaker is a man who by his experience in life and politics is qualified to judge, surely an office, with its uncertain tenure and benumbing influences, is not the grand desideratum we have been taught to consider it.

Moreover, most people, in considering the expediency, not the right, of granting suffrage to women, forget that the law which admits the educated, intelligent woman admits her illiterate, frivolous and debased sisters also. We do not realize that every ignorant man who votes represents a constituency of ignorant women, exactly as the intelligent voter represents a family of refined femininity. We therefore seem to increase the bulk of voters, already unwieldy and by its size inviting to frauds, without in any way augmenting its value as a civilizing agent, or adding to it an element of purity large enough or powerful enough to exert an appreciable influence.

I do not assume to offer any but crude arguments on this subject, because it is one in which I have felt little interest heretofore. But in view of the advancement of "the cause" it claims a share of our consideration. We find men like Senator Palmer and Judge Pitman throwing the weight of their influence into the scale in favor of universal suffrage, and both these gentlemen have presented able arguments to prove woman's right to franchise. But I still question the expediency.

BEATRIX.

#### TEA. CHOCOLATE.

The tea shrub is a native of China and Japan, and grows to the height of twenty and thirty feet, but when cultivated is pruned to six feet. The flowers are large, white and fragrant. The camellia of our greenhouses and window gardens is perhaps the most familiar near relative of the tea plant. Tea was in general use in China in the ninth century, but was not introduced into Europe until the seventeenth century. The importations of tea into the United States for the year ending June 30, 1884, were 67,665,910 pounds.

It is three years after the seeds are dropped before a full crop is realized. In from seven to ten years the shrubs are cut down, and shoots spring up which continue to bear leaves. One plant produces on an average three hundred and fifty pounds of dried leaves. These are picked three times a year, in April, May, June or July. The first picking is the best tea, and this is largely consumed in

its native country. It was long supposed that black and green sorts of tea, and others, were made from distinct varieties; in fact a considerable amount of mystery surrounded the culture and preparation of tea within the past score of years. Authorities now state that there is but one species of plant yielding tea leaves. The differences are natural, some being due to climate, or condition of the soil, while others are the result of the manipulation of the leaves after they are gathered. The leaves intended for green tea are at once submitted to a high heat in iron pans; the leaves forming black tea undergo a fermentation before they are dried; they are piled in heaps, when they become flaccid and turn dark; the leaves are then rolled between the thumb and finger, or on bamboo tables, until the desired twist is obtained, they next pass to the drying room and are heated in an iron pan, again twisted, and afterward dried over a slow fire. Green tea is often artificially colored by using turmeric with gypsum and Prussian blue, and an additional flavor is given by using flowers of the pekoe or chulan. Among the leading varieties of black tea are Bohea, two sorts of Congou; Souchong, Pekoe, Oolongs. Of the green, the Gunpowder, the Imperial, Young Hyson, Old Hyson, Twankay and Japan. The large tea houses in China save the tea leaves after steeping, dry them and sell them for fresh tea. Willow leaves are used to adulterate tea. The theine contained in tea acts as a gentle excitant upon the nervous system. Tea is the solace of old age. Gibber, an English poet says: "Tea! thou soft, thou sober, sage and venerable liquid, thou female tongue running, smile smoothing, heart opening, wink tippling cordial, to whose glorious insipidity I owe the happiest moment of my life, let me fall prostrate."

The tea steeper must be clean and bright, the water just boiled, allowing one teaspoonful of tea for a person, and two teacups of water. Allow it to steep, not boil. Remember always what one of our famous cooks says: "There comes a time in baking, frying or boiling, when injured nature revolts and burns up, but a thing may boil until not a vestige of its original condition remains, and unless the water evaporates it may go on boiling for hours, without reminding one by smell or smoke that it is spoiled."

The chocolate tree grows in South America, Mexico and the West Indies; there are five hundred and twenty species known, all of which are tropical. The pods when green resemble cucumbers, and when ripe contain from thirty to one hundred seeds, about the size of sweet almonds, arranged in rows. During the season of ripening the pods are gathered every day, laid in heaps, allowed to ferment, when they are opened by hand and the seeds spread in the sun to dry; they are then roasted, the husk removed, and they are reduced to a paste, which is mixed with sugar and water into cakes. Broma is a preparation of chocolate, and is a delicious drink if properly prepared. Take five table-

spoonfuls of grated chocolate; rub smooth in a little water, stir it slowly into five cups of boiling water, let it boil five minutes, then add two cups of milk; let simmer a few minutes, then remove from the fire. Sweeten over the fire or in the cup. It should be a clear, nearly pink color—not dark and muddy.

EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK

#### RETURN TRIP FROM NEW ORLEANS.

We left New Orleans Wednesday evening, April 20, with about 80 passengers on board, a goodly number of whom had been with us on the down trip. After a run of twenty miles a fog rose, and we tied up to a tree for the night. On our return we stopped at many places and saw many views which on the down trip were passed in the night. One of the towns was Natchez. The town "under the hill" is small and uninteresting; Natchez "on the hill," is a very pretty, lively town, with many points of interest. Before leaving New Orleans we heard that the Reuben S. Springer, another boat of the line, had been sunk at the "Cut-off," above Natchez. It appears she was working her way along shore, when she was caught by a powerful eddy, her bows were driven on shore with great force, and, being heavily laden, the strain opened seams in her hull so that the water poured in faster than the pumps could throw it out. The captain, on backing off and finding the injury, immediately made the shore again, tied up, called the passengers and sent them on shore with their effects. An effort was made to ease the steamer by lightening her. A hundred tons of freight were thrown over, but all in vain. Provisions were taken on shore, and some live stock on board was also landed safely; but four hours after striking, the good boat lurched to one side and went down. Soon after leaving Natchez we came to the scene, but it was dark, we could only see that some of the upper works were visible. We took on board the captain and clerk, some of the furniture that was rescued, and lastly, a pig, which had been raised on board and allowed the freedom of the deck. He took kindly to his new quarters, grunting his pleasure at making new acquaintances, and was quite as wary of the unguarded deck edge as any biped on board.

A thief slipped on board while we were lying at Natchez. He opened a stateroom door, replied to the query "What is wanting?" "Money, of course," and decamped. A gentleman from another room had gone forward to see the landing, the thief slipped in there and secured some booty. He was discovered and fired at; but escaped on shore.

At Vicksburg the river has formed bars which make it a perilous landing place. It looks as if in the near future it would become an inland town. It is a fine city, situated on high bluffs, its Court House, standing on one of the highest, is particularly noticeable.

Easter morning was bright, clear and beautiful. Divine worship was conducted



by the Rev. Robert Campbell. The service was beautifully appropriate, and touched all hearts; text: "Commune with your own hearts."

About two o'clock we reached Greenville Miss. A large concourse of people was seen on the banks, and as we came near we made them out to be colored people celebrating the ordinance of baptism by immersion. Their shouts and songs proclaimed a happy occasion. Six were put under the water while we were in view in passing. Colored people on board did not seem particularly impressed by the service. I overheard some of them asserting that "they wouldn't be ketched goin' in the water sich wedder," and "ministers wasn't much 'count nohow."

At Frear Point we took a coal barge in tow. The usual way of coaling the boats is to hitch a coal barge along side, and start off; when the coal is transferred, the barge is let loose, with its hands, to drift back to its port. It rained some through the night, but no fog came.

We reached Memphis on the 7th. The bluffs along the river here form a pleasant contrast to the long stretches of sand bars, covered with young cottonwood. The varying height of these mark the number of seasons passed in the formation of the bars or islands. The broken banks in other places show where the material used in their formation was obtained. A heavy storm during the night caused us to tie up to the bank for several hours.

On the 9th we passed Columbus, Ky. Belmont, Mo., lies opposite, and is noted as the scene of Grant's first battle. A grain elevator here is a Northern feature. Better farm buildings are seen, not so many "old log cabins in the lane."

Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee River, is a nice, clean town, scattered over a large area. The Tennessee is a wide stream. After making a circuit it again touches the Ohio, thus forming an island, then saying "good bye for keeps," it turns away southward. Twelve miles further on we pass the Cumberland River. Bluffs alternate with alluvial bottom land, and amid varied and charming scenery we float on in a kind of fairy dream, but thoughts of home prevail, and "Sweet Home" is the popular song. We find the waters of the Ohio much higher than on the down trip. Ran the island shute at the mouth of the Wabash.

Henderson, Ky., is noted for its extensive tobacco warehouses. A fine iron railroad bridge is in process of construction at this point, which will have a swing over the channel. The approaches and piers are now finished. Tobacco houses on the Kentucky shore, and corn cribs on the Indiana side, are the prominent features of the landscape. Like houses, barns, etc., when built on bottom land, they are set up on stilts, to keep them out of the way of the overflow, but are constructed of fence rails in sections and stories, covered with boards, then as the corn is used, the crib is demolished, but the material is left ready for future use.

The scenery along the Ohio above Evansville is enchanting. High bluffs

hem us in on every side and the river, as if bewildered, winds in and out, running in successive turns to every point of the compass, opening at every turn new views of beauty. At times a rocky wall faces us, anon a small plain lies at the foot of the bluffs, showing a little hamlet with its fishing boats at the water's edge. At Leavenworth we tried to make a landing, but the current was strong, and the wind being off shore when a line had been made fast to the wharf boat and we at tempted to pull up, it was the wharf boat that started up stream. Those who had jumped on shore had to come off in skiffs. On we go, amid the grand and beautiful scenery. Sometimes we glide between bold bluffs that seem to have been riven apart to permit the river's passage, then away they go, forming cones, domes and pyramids, in the distance; anon, lying in undulating forms, as if Nature had been paralyzed in some great throe, and these had retained their shuddering forms, monuments of her agony. Then one will come with gabled point as if rushing at the river, only to stand in scowling beauty, an everlasting sentinel. Deep ravines separate the bluffs, or form bold crevasses, with points that gently slope down to the smiling valleys, lying securely shrined in their embrace. Some rocky faces are so fissured and worn by warring elements that they seem to stand colossal monuments to giant races gone forever. Then in some huge gap there will be seen great fragments of rock, as Titans might have dropped them in elephantine gambols across the chasm. Again the face of the cliffs is broken with cavernous openings, which lead to mines or quarries. Here and there are sunny slopes, with verdure giving promise of coming spring. One cliff was faced with columns that needed but little of fancy's aid to transform it into a mighty temple, with facade supported by Corinthian pillars of purest marble, a temple fitted with its surroundings for the worship of a race of giants.

Passed Haunted Hollow, a rift in the bluffs, with sides covered with trees, a little stream trickling through its wild recesses; a dark, dank place, fit for deeds of terror and ghostly haunts. "Painted rocks" follow; here a perpendicular cliff, 300 feet high, is faced with rocks in regular layers, colored as if painted by the hand of an artist. Minerals mixed with the rock give the coloring. At a cross road above Bradenburg we landed to put off a party of flatboatmen. Here a clear stream gushed from the rocks; the first clear water we had seen since leaving Cincinnati. Everybody was thirsty at the sight, but there was no time to reach the tantalizing object. Pinnacle Point is 400 feet high; the highest point on the river. Saw a second spring of water gushing from the rock, and at West Port, the mouth of Salt River, saw a man planting potatoes, evidently providing for the politicians who have gone up that classic stream.

At Knob Bend is the grave of one Frank McClary, who was President of the St. Louis and Natchez Steamboat Line. He

died some years ago, and desired to be buried high up the cliff near his home; to be placed on his feet, facing the river, so that he might "still watch the d-d steamboat men." His wish was gratified but his body was some years afterward moved to Cave City cemetery, Louisville. His perch is still seen, however, as the vault remains, and his descendants still occupy his house.

We stopped at Vevay to land a newly-married pair from California, en route for a visit to the "old home." By the way, I omitted mention of two pair of Hymen's trophies, passengers on the down trip. A youthful pair hardly looked at each other for fear of criticism, while a widower of 60, with his bride of 50, were devotion itself; duckies and dearies abounded.

We reached Cincinnati on the evening of the 13th, and on the morning of the 13th took the cars for home. Arrived in Detroit at eight, and at nine were safe home at "Ingleside," happy, and with a world of new ideas to arrange and assimilate.

A. L. L.

GREENFIELD.

#### PLANTING SEEDS AND BULBS.

If every person who is about to plant seeds or bulbs would consider the necessary conditions requisite for successful development of the germ, or new life of the plant to be, there would be far less of failure, and much less of censure for the seedmen to bear. Heat, air and moisture are the essentials, and if seed is buried too deep it is denied air and necessary heat, and if too near the surface and only loosely covered, it has not the requisite moisture. Instead of sowing fine seeds on a bed of loose, freshly worked soil, the proper way is to press the soil quite firm, and sift the covering over and smooth that gently down; this not only prevents loss, but gives secure hold to the first root, which is not a feeder as many suppose, but a stay for the plant until the fine, nearly invisible rootlets form. The plant until this time is nourished by the seed leaves; this will show the importance of care in transplanting, not to disturb the root more than is unavoidable, especially of tender varieties. The more we learn of this subject the more we see the importance of careful planting. Another point is to ascertain which of the annuals are hardy and may be planted early, and which should be held till later. There is little gained by sowing annuals until the soil is warm. I have heard many complaints already among acquaintances, that "seed don't come up" that had been sowed so long, while it should still have been in packets. It is not unusual for people to buy a dozen or more varieties and plant all at the same time. They would patiently wait for the time for the vegetables to show themselves, but get impatient to see the flowers start. Seed properly planted and at the right temperature of soil and air to germinate quickly and kept growing thriftily, will produce much better bloom than if sowed



to lie dormant too long in cold earth, and grow feebly ever after.

Dahlias should have rich, mellow soil and be covered an inch or two above the bud, if only budded. The stems of bulbs will grow but little until the roots are established and feeders form. The large tubers of dahlias have as little to do with the growth of the plant as with the potato; and although I have never tried cutting gladiolus in pieces with an eye to each, I have been told by several correspondents that the plan worked well, I will experiment this season and report to the FARMER readers and save them the risk and trouble.

Hereafter, when orders are sent for dahlia tubers they will be sent in what I consider the right time to plant them. Orders will be promptly acknowledged. I will send four different colors for fifty cents; one for fifteen cents. In small orders there is occasionally a nickel sent, and on receipt here an extra stamp to be paid, so please send no nickels. All wishing sage, lavender, summer savory, parsley, etc., twenty varieties of the best sorts of sweet herbs, can be supplied now. Mixed seed ten cents, or six for 25 cents.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON, Mich.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A WHISK broom is better than a cloth to brush down the paper to the wall when hanging it. Fasten the strip lightly at the top, place in position at the middle of the strip, then brush both ways.

MOTHS are very apt to infest the sacred shut up parlor, and "raise the mischief" with the cherished carpet. A little air and sunshine help keep them away. If you suspect their presence, wring out a cloth and lay it on the spots, pressing with a hot iron; the steam will kill them. The edges of carpets in dark corners and under heavy furniture are most liable to their depredations.

A WORN, dirty, faded ingrain carpet can often be washed so as to look quite nice and clean again. Rip it to pieces, take each breadth separately into a pounding barrel, turn on a good supply of warm and weak soap-suds, give it a good pounding, fold up so it can be run through the wringer, and then rinse in a copious supply of clean warm water. Use fresh suds for each breadth. Hang on the line to dry, pinning the edges of the carpet to the line every half yard, that it may dry straight.

SOME writers on household topics advocate painted or stained floors, and rugs where necessary, as saving the housekeeper much hard labor with a broom. Which is hardest, to sweep a room, or take the rugs out of doors and shake them free of dust daily? The average woman will declare the shaking to be the most fatiguing. To pin rugs to the clothesline and whip them with a stick is more effectual and easier on the arms than to try to shake them, especially if they are heavy, as most rugs are.

A. H. J. wants to know what the gold powder is mixed with when articles are to be gilded. A "size," or liquid for the purpose, comes with every package of powder.

MERTIE's method of packing ham is identical with that already given by Aunt Nell, except that she melts and returns to the jar the lard which adheres to the meat taken out, thus keeping that unused still under a coat of lard.

In answer to the lady who wished to know how to cook cracked wheat "in the best possible manner," we commend Helen Campbell's method, which is to cook it exactly as oatmeal is cooked, in a double boiler. She puts a quart of water in the inner boiler, adds a teaspoonful of salt and one cup of cracked wheat, and cooks for two hours, *without stirring*. When done each grain should be distinct, yet jelly-like.

MR. THOMAS LINDLEY, of Marshall, writes us that he has exterminated ants, which had made hills as large as a half bushel in his dooryard, by applying kerosene to the hills. The ants became discouraged and either died or sought other quarters. He thinks he shall try it in the house, if the little pests annoy him. There is but one possible objection to its use in the storeroom or pantry, and that is the odor, which communicates so readily to almost all articles of food. One would as soon have the ants as eat food flavored with coal oil. We can join with Mr. L. in recommending it for out-door use.

ALICE R. asked some flower-loving lady to tell her why her scarlet lily does not blossom. The question is hard to answer since we know nothing of the manner of treatment or the variety of plant. If the scarlet lily is an amaryllis, as we suspect, it may be because it has been kept growing. This fall in September withhold water until the foliage has faded and the bulb ripened, then put away in the pot it has grown in, where it will neither mould nor be eaten by mice, giving water very sparingly, and next February or March bring it up, give water, and as the leaves appear plenty of light. In a few weeks the flower stem will appear. It will stimulate it to activity to put the pot it is in into a large one which may be filled up with boiling water. As Alice has two of these bulbs she can try this plan on one, if she fears to experiment with both. We incline to the opinion the small bulbs or offsets should be removed when the bulb goes into winter quarters.

#### Contributed Recipes.

MASHED POTATOES.—Pare, wash and boil; when done pour off the water, season with salt, mash well, and add a little good cream; then beat with a couple of forks until white and light.

FRIED POTATOES.—Pare and slice in cold water; put some lard or meat drippings into your spider and then your potatoes; add salt

and pepper; cover closely, stirring occasionally.

POTATO BALLS.—Take cold mashed potatoes, add a beaten egg and a little flour; make into cakes and brown in butter.

STEWED POTATOES.—Slice, and add just enough water to cook them; when tender stir in a little butter and cream; season with pepper and salt; let them come to a boil, and serve.

POTATO SOUP.—Pare and slice a quart of potatoes; put into two quarts of water; cook until tender; then add a cup of cream and a little butter; season with pepper and salt. Some prefer an onion added. A few crackers or bits of hard bread improve it. C. B. R.

VICKSBURG.

ICE CREAM PIE.—Nearly one quart of milk; four eggs, leaving out the whites of two; four heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar; two of flour. Beat the eggs, flour and sugar together, with two teaspoonfuls extract of lemon; let the milk get boiling hot; then stir in the beaten ingredients, and stir till it is thick. Have the crust already baked, putting it somewhat loosely on the tins, so if it shrinks up it may still be deep enough to hold the cream. Fill; then beat the remaining whites to a stiff froth, with a spoonful of sugar, spread over the top, and return to the oven to brown slightly. This makes two round pies. AUNT NELL.

PLAINWELL.

If your fruit pies boil over, roll up a small tube of white paper and insert it in the hole in the upper crust. The juice will boil up in this, and not run over into the oven.

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