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THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

WORKING-DAYS.

A-wooing you came with your dulcet voice,
Your manner so knightly and debonair;
Who would not proudly have been your choice,
When you wove your garlands so rich and rare?
Was well enough in the courting time
When your tongue spoke only in tuneful praise,
With love-words set to a silvern rhyme;
It is other now in the working-days.

Could ever she dream, that tender girl,
When you pledged her the tenderest care for life,
That your brow would knit and your lip would curl
When she, poor child, was your wedded wife?
Would the pretty maid have been swift to yield
Caught in the toils of your winning ways,
Had a rift in the future's veil revealed
The gloom that should shadow the working-days.

'Tis easy to carry the hardest load
When two who share it in mind are one;
'Tis pleasant to clamber the roughest road
With a friend who is cheery from sun to sun.
But crushes the burden with aching weight
If only the weaker that burden raise,
And bleak the path in the frost of fate
When jars the music of working-days.

O holiday suitor, so brave and trim,
So gay of mien and so soft of speech,
Pray what is your ring but a fetter grim
To the wife who is learning what tyrants teach?
Would it cost you much her home to bless
With the love you promised, the love that stays—
A strength and a sweetness through all the stress
And all the strain of life's working-days?
—Margaret E. Sangster.

A QUESTION OF HEALTH.

In the comments made in the Household of June 7th, on the ill-health of farmers' wives and daughters, I neither made nor had in mind a comparison with other classes, but simply stated the result of an observation, which memory reinforced by many other instances going to prove that farmers' families do not, generally speaking, enjoy the good health which would seem to be one of their might-be privileges. But the question itself suggests the comparison, and since the issue has been made let us try to meet it. Statistics prove that the death rate in the country is increasing, and does not compare so favorably with that in cities as in former years. It is also known that a larger per cent of insane women, in proportion to population, come from the country than from the town, and these undeniable facts are significant. Sanitary science has done much to reduce the death rate in cities by pure sources of water supply, improved systems of sewerage, and boards of health to enforce sanitary regulations and force the filthy to at least mitigate their uncleanness. The

farmer must be his own sanitary engineer and local board of health, and sometimes he is careless and sometimes ignorant.

There many conditions which go to make up healthful living, no one of which alone will make or keep a person healthy. Neither good food, pure air, sound sleep or good digestion will of itself secure health. It is only when all healthful conditions, in their due relation to each other, are present, that we can hope for that greatest of blessings. How rarely all these proportions are in conjunction must impress us when we see how few are thus blessed. Health is supposed to be our normal condition; but "poor humanity" falls far short of attaining it.

Of the causes which affect unfavorably the health of farmers' families we may mention bad air. For convenience's sake the barns, stables, and other outbuildings are located too near the house, so that the "barnyard smell" too often perfumes the breeze which otherwise would be scented by clover blossoms. Recently while riding in the country, we passed a neat farm house, it and its surroundings indicating a prosperous, well-to-do owner. But he seemed quite a breeder of that class of stock rated in Scripture as "unclean," and had located the pens on the west side of his house, where, as our prevalent winds are westerly, his family would be reminded of his business by every passing zephyr. I will wager a big red apple that his wife and daughters, if he has any, are among the "miserable," "just able to be around" women, the more surely since, from the exterior of the house, I judged the sleeping rooms to be on the west side. The practice of throwing the slops from the house out the back door is also a source of bad air. The ground being kept constantly wet with dirty water, becomes saturated with filth and is constantly giving off poisonous exhalations, unnoticed because we are so accustomed to them. Indoors, confined air is too much the rule. In winter, the rooms are unventilated because of the cold; in summer, because of heat, flies and sunshine. Flies are scavengers, and generally have business to attend to wherever they congregate; sunshine is death to noxious vapors and moulds; heat dries up and destroys germs of disease. Sunshine and air ought to visit our rooms freely if we would keep them pure and sweet. But we bar them out with our screen doors and windows, and sit in "an atmosphere of suppressed headache" to save fading the carpet and letting in flies. We stuff our closets full

of partly worn clothes and shut them up tight, and are far too negligent about caring for the cellar under the house. Dr. Kedzie says: "A wholesome cellar is at the bottom of healthy living. The air and floating germs find their way to every room of the house. Mildewed cellars and mouldy closets are nurseries of disease." And the women suffer most, because they spend both day and night in the house.

Impure water is another source of ill-health. The clear sparkling draught from the "old oaken bucket" would not unfrequently prove the truth of the saying, "appearances are often deceiving." Too often, for convenience's sake again, the well is in dangerous proximity to the barnyard or the privy vault, and rains leach through the soil, carrying death and disease to contaminate the water, though only an analysis can discover a change. I have heard this idea—that surface water can convey germs of disease through the soil—loudly ridiculed by ignorant people who will only believe what they can see or what comes under their own observation; yet the fact remains that a well may serve as a reservoir for the drainage of 100 feet in area, if the nature of the soil favors, and for lesser area under any circumstances. The terrible epidemic at Plymouth, Pa., which nearly devastated a village, was traced to contaminated water, which analysis proved to be unutterably filthy. As the country grows older the danger from this cause increases, and the tenant of every old farm ought to reflect upon what matter may have drained into his well during the years of occupancy of his farm.

In the matter of food, I know it is a popular idea that farmers "live like kings." They might—but do they? Too much salt pork, too little fruit, too few vegetables. Leaving these more occult causes, and for that reason more neglected—because farmers are generally so strong in the belief that food and air and water are better in the country than anywhere else on earth, we may look for other causes, among which Jannette has named hereditary weakness, due to the overwork of our ancestors. I believe there is much weight in this argument, and that there are thousands of living witnesses to the infallibility of the law "the sins of the fathers—and mothers—are visited upon the children." In the families of our pioneers you will rarely find son or daughter who has the robust health and vigor of the "old stock." "Tough as a

pine knot" is the term applied to them, but they did not transmit their toughness to their posterity. They lived plainly and simply, they worked hard; their plain living rendered the hard work possible, but not harmless. We of to-day are called "degenerate;" the degeneracy is the fault of our ancestors, and our misfortune; and its cause we may glean from what we know of the work of the women of those days. And the cause is still operating, as surely as ever, and children yet unborn must pay the penalty entailed by the foolish, suicidal overwork of the women of to-day. If we could only understand in all its terrible significance, the truth that for every violation of law Nature exacts her penalty, not from us only, but from our children and our children's children, would we not see the necessity of prudence? But it is very difficult to impress this upon the young, who in their youthful strength do not realize that age brings its infirmities, which will be intensified by youthful indiscretions and imprudence. The girl trips over dewy grass in slippers, leaves off her flannel wrappers to accommodate a tight sleeve, sits with wet feet or damp skirts, wears cotton hose in winter to show a trim shoe; the boy disdains the shower which wets his summer clothing through, stands in cold water to wash sheep or build fence over marsh, sits down in a draft to "cool off,"—in countless ways the carelessness of ignorance is exemplified, till punishment comes; then we begin to be prudent, when health is failing.

Still another reason for ill health is found in want of out door exercise. There is great difference between that exercise called housework, and being out of doors. All works on health advise an out door life, as much as possible; it is the great advantage of "summer resorts" and accounts for part of the virtues of "springs," that people live principally out of doors. Where you find one farmer's wife or daughter who thinks she can walk two miles, you will find dozens who profess inability to walk one-quarter of that distance, and who, I venture to say, would find a great benefit if they would make the attempt and thus get exercise in the fresh air. The subject broadens, till I feel the only safe way to escape my own waste basket is to stop short.

BEATRIX.

TRYING AN EXPERIMENT.

In the Household of March 10th there was an excellent letter from Mrs. Whaling, of Horton; I wish we might hear from her again. Speaking of the training of children she says: "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." Those words have the true tinge of motherhood. For myself, I used to know so much about the training of children—that is before I had any of my own to train—that now with a troop of boys and girls at my heels, each one

differing in disposition as much as if belonging to a different family. I am ready to say I know nothing at all about the matter, and I can but bewail my own incompetence and unworthiness, and wonder whether I am training them or they are training me.

Now in the Household of January 6th. appeared this recipe by A. L. L., as cure for boys who dip the cat: "Dip the boys." That seemed reasonable, a sort of "do unto others as they do to you." I laid it up for warm weather, as it did not seem suitable in the winter. Hearing a great noise in the woodshed the other morning I knew just what was going on—those boys were ducking the cat again. Rushing out there I got a good hold of three of them and marched them straight to the water tank; "I'll teach you to abuse the poor cat!" Picking up little Hezekiah I threw him in, "Now see how you like it." He came out with a face just beaming with delight, as much as to say "For such fun as that I will duck the cat every day." However I threw Nehemiah after him; plump he went to the bottom, and would have stayed there I guess, had I not fished him out more dead than alive, having received such a shock to his nervous system that he is not well yet. Meanwhile Amariah had escaped to the top of the corn crib and invited me to fetch him down if I wanted him. I told him I would settle with him another time. Wishing a little quiet after my tussle I opened the steamer shed door where there was a fire, and ordered the two wet customers in there to dry. I started for the house, feeling that I had made a failure and would sit quietly down and reflect a little; however before I got there it seemed the prodigal son must have returned, judging by the noise of the music and dancing. Opening the kitchen door my gravity forsook me entirely; I could do nothing but sit down and laugh. It was very provoking, as all the way up the path I had been putting on my most dignified air. But in the middle of the kitchen sat baby in her high chair, while round and round went the procession; Sophia with a mouth organ, Jedediah with a drum, Amariah brought up the rear with my two large kettle covers as cymbals. "We're pleasing the baby, mamma, we're keeping her quiet." I could only reply that they seemed to be succeeding—she was perfectly delighted—and rush for the sitting room to have my laugh out, but there sat my demure maiden Keziah trying to practice her music lesson. She declared those children were "perfectly dreadful and ought to be whipped," but I promptly reminded her that it seemed but yesterday when she was gathering all my eggs and breaking them into the watering trough for custard pie. Now this is but a brief record of one day's doings, but I don't think I shall whip them so long as they are honest and truthful. I think that as they get older they will one after another desist from such doings, and declare with Keziah that such noises are "perfectly dreadful."

Mrs. W. J. G.

HOWELL.

"QUARTER-OFF SALES."

"Old School Teacher" asks an editorial opinion, through the Household, of the "off sales," so extensively advertised by merchants. I confess I hardly know what answer to make. For my own interest, I should never attend a "quarter-off" sale. I had a little experience at one which cured me of an expectation of ever getting more than my money's worth. I purchased embroidery at a sale of that character, and supposing I was getting that feminine desideratum, a bargain, bought liberally, in lengths which were not quite convenient, and of slightly soiled goods, "just as good after washing," the saleswoman assured me. A week later I saw in another store quite as handsome, new and clean embroideries at the "quarter off" price. The conclusion was inevitable that a quarter was added to the first price to "save" the merchant and a quarter taken off to bait the customer. Advertisements of such sales don't always mean all they say. On one occasion in this city "a great drive in linen towels" was advertised, and the "towel counter" was crowded with eager buyers who pushed and elbowed and snatched the goods from each other; the joke was that the towels were offered at the regular price, and could be bought at any time before, after, or during the continuance of the sale, in the linen department, at the figures of "an unprecedented offer."

The stores are always crowded during such sales, and the crowd prevents the examination of the goods and the ascertaining their true value. There are generally a few bargains offered which fall to the first buyer who has opportunity or discrimination enough to select them, and these serve to advertise the sale and sell the rest of the goods. During these sales so great was the crowd of those who came to buy, and from that feminine impulse which makes us want to see whether we buy or not, that ladies fainted and others had their clothing damaged in the crush, and I have yet to hear of any great bargains made.

Of quite a different character are the semi-annual closing-out sales made to close out the remnants of a season's stock. Such sales take place usually in January and July, and goods are often marked, if not at actual cost, at least at a very slight margin above cost, merchants preferring to close them out at a very small profit, rather than carry them over. Especially is this true in novelties and printed goods in which the styles change from year to year. A leading house here is now offering satteens at 25 cents, which at the opening of the season sold at 45 cents, and white dress goods, lawns, gingham, etc., and summer worsted goods in colors, all participate in a like reduction; which however does not affect what are known as standard goods in black, as these are salable the year round. Many ladies to whom economy is more of an object than fashion, wait till these sales are open, and then purchase at very

low rates compared with opening prices. Fine white mulls creep down to 20 and 25 cents, cambrics and percales take a tumble to eight and ten cents, and usually from ten to fifteen or twenty per cent on worsted goods. Competition is strong enough to hold prices as low as sales can be made at a fair profit, in the first instance, so that what is saved is clear gain. I have not much of an opinion of "drives" in silks, satins, and velvets; these are goods which, if of good quality, will bring a good price. Dollar black silks are not to be recommended, and "summer silks" at 37½ and 50 cents are scarcely wider than sash ribbon. The reduction includes gloves and hosiery and underwear, both woven and made cotton garments. The practice extends to most of our stores, millinery, clothing, fur, etc.. A friend of mine bought an elegant fur-lined garment last February for \$45 which she had tried on three months previous, when it was marked \$60, and felt amply paid for wearing her old one by the \$15 thus saved. Then too at the end of the season our merchants advertise a "remnant sale" at which short lengths of goods are measured, folded, and marked with the number of yards and the price—always reduced—in plain figures. Often a very elegant costume can be gotten up out of a couple of these remnants by a little judgment in selecting, at an absurdly low price compared with earlier rates. These are the legitimate sales which it pays to patronize, and of which any of our near-by readers can take advantage and effect a saving of railroad fare in purchasing a large bill of goods, to say nothing of having a much larger stock to select from.

BEATRIX.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMIES.

These are hard times! They must be, for every one says so, and we hear it echoed on every side. With wheat at 95 cents per bushel, wool at 23 cents per pound, butter at 10 and 11 cents per pound and eggs at 10 cents per dozen, what wonder that farmers in debt look worried and think they must economize and pinch in every possible way, and the farmer's wife plans and contrives, and wonders if she can possibly make the butter and eggs meet the accustomed expenses. When she markets the butter and sees how small the returns, she feels disheartened as she realizes the groceries must be bought; for the family must have their accustomed food, and while they have hired help there is no hope of curtailing expenses in that direction. Jennie needs a pair of shoes; Mary wants the white dress she has been promised so long; then she had hoped to get a new carpet this spring, for the old one is getting shabby and she thought it would hardly bear shaking at house-cleaning. The shoes will have to be bought as a necessity; and the mother's love is stirred and she thinks, "Mary has worked hard and deserves the dress, and I do hate to disappoint her. I will buy the dress, but there is no use thinking about the carpet; I will darn and mend the old one,

and perhaps times will be better next year, then husband will give me the money for it." I think the majority of people have had to economize, if possible, and for the benefit of those who wish to do so I thought I would tell what we did this spring, hoping it may help some house-keeper.

We dislike to clean house in the spring without making some change or getting something new. We had no carpet for the large hall up-stairs, but had flattered ourselves that it could be procured this spring; but alas, as spring advanced the carpet receded in the distance! But we concluded not to be beaten entirely, so we thought we would paint the floor. We thought we could do that without calling upon the men, as the girls became pretty well used to the brush in priming when we were building. We bought paint and brush and primed the floor over with white paint; then when dry took a pencil and marked it in brick work. We then mixed two colors of paint, brown and pink, and painted the blocks alternately with the colors. The floor is really pretty, and we would not have a carpet if the "times were flush." The hall looked so well that we treated the bath-room floor in the same way, only making the blocks smaller, and square instead of rectangular. The expense of the two floors was \$1.50. The hall needs 22 yards of carpet. We are intending to put a strip of matting through the hall, but with this added expense there will be a large item put to economy's credit.

I would like to tell you how we made a number of lambrequins at very little expense, but you might not have any wedding garments you wished "worn out for good luck;" also how we converted an old-fashioned towel rack into a nice music stand, but I forbear, fearing it is not best to divulge too many household economies in hard times.

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TECUMSEH.

[On the contrary, now is just the time to help each other by telling how we practice economy; and how, when we cannot have what we want, we "do the next best thing," which is seldom to go without. Please tell us about the lambrequins and the music stand.—HOUSEHOLD Ed.]

A PLEA FOR PARLORS.

Yesterday I was about seating myself for a chat with the Household when what should walk into my kitchen but a bushel of strawberries, seating themselves with an air which plainly said: "You must take care of us right off, for we are perishable." Now I never can have my plans interrupted and retain all my equanimity, and, moreover, I never eat strawberries. I was almost tempted to exclaim, "Blessed be nothing," but I remembered the numberless times in the past winter when I had sighed for more variety in the bill of fare, and smothered the exclamation. Meanwhile there sat the fragrant berries, looking so handsome in their green clayces, and though they and my internal organism are sworn

enemies, I could appreciate the saying attributed, I believe, to Sidney Smith, "Doubtless God might have made a better berry, but doubtless He never did." Now this afternoon I smilingly view the shining cans, and with peace of mind fully restored, proceed to chat. I accept with pleasure the dignity offered by the Editor as one of the committee to decide the merits of the new process for keeping fruit, and shall have cotton batting on hand for the next canning. I want to welcome the new honorary member, and hope we shall hear from him often. I wish that the old members would write oftener. A. H. J., A. L. L., C. B. R., I. F. N., and all the others; E. L. Nye, too, is always welcome. Now, Mrs. W. J. G., despite the weird vision that chilled my spinal marrow, I have not lost faith in parlors. I haven't any, and possibly that may account for the longing I have to possess one. With four restless children, who, though good and obedient as children in general, are yet full of mischief, I sigh for some place where choice books, pictures, bric-a-brac, etc., might be removed from the contaminating influences of dust and smoke, the necessary accompaniments of the family sitting-room; where the piano might be safe from the iconoclastic two-year-old armed with a case-knife or a hammer, and where I might retire for a few moments' freedom from confusion and noise. Wage warfare against the guest chambers, where the beds are left made up the year round, and all the sunshine is carefully excluded, but please don't say anything against the parlors, for they are a comfort to many a weary housewife.

L. B. P.

ARMADA.

A HINT FOR THE GIRLS.

The *American Cultivator* tells how to make pompons, just at present a fashionable adornment of ladies' bonnets and misses' hats, out of materials which every country girl has at her hand. If the work is neatly done, the experimenter need not envy the milliner her trimmings:

"Select a large, half-blown thistle, and cut off all the green part at the base of the blossom just above the stem. Hang the thistle in the open air, exposed to the sun and wind, and in the course of a day or two the inside, downy part, will expand into a full, rounded pompon, or puff ball. Then pull out the purple petals which had developed into bloom when you had selected the half-open thistle. Hang up the pompon again in an airy place, and in the course of a week it will have bleached to a cream white. These pompons are feathery and delicately pretty as swansdown, and are used to trim hats. They are a great addition to a bouquet or a basket of grass. Milkweed pompons: These are not quite as easily made, but are a more silky and nearer pure white than the thistles. When the milkweed pods are ripe, make a collection of them and they can be kept half a year or more before the pompons are made, if so desired, or the puff balls can be made at once, as follows: Have some very fine wire, such as is used for bead work, and cut it into pieces four inches long. Dip the pod in water, and then open it. It will be found filled with many bundles of web-like white fiber. Pull off several of these and wrap the wire around the ends

which were attached to the centre stem. Brush off the black seeds adhering to the other ends. Wire a number of these bundles, as just described, then with another piece of wire, to wind round and round, put them together as you would a bouquet of flowers, thus making a rounded pompon. City florists have these colored a delicate pink, and they are extremely lovely."

How to Iron Cuffs and Collars.

Have ready some irons very hot, only just not to scorch. And let there be enough irons not to have to wait for a second when the first is cool. These must be very clean and with a good polish. To insure the latter have a piece of beeswax, and when the iron is taken off the fire rub it over the beeswax and then rub the iron on some crushed salt and it will run smoothly. Now on the ironing sheet lay a clean smooth cloth, a handkerchief will do. Lay a collar on this, fold over part of the handkerchief, and iron quickly from one end to the other two or three times to dry it a little. While still steaming take off the handkerchief, stretch the collar with the hands and iron briskly on the right side straight across. If the iron is not hot enough, or the collar too dry, the starch will stick. When the right side is smooth, without creases, turn it on the other side and iron more slowly so as to dry it thoroughly. The irons require constant renewing, as the damp cools them quickly. If any starch appears on the iron it must be scraped off with a knife before going back to the fire. If you do not want shirts cuffs to blister and wrinkle when buttoned do not make the first, or boiled starch, too stiff, and rub it in well. Of course you know that they should always be dipped in cold starch, *i. e.*, clear starch mixed thin with cold water, before ironing.

CLEANING WILLOW CHAIRS.—My pretty willow rocker showed decided signs of wear, in contrast with fresh ribbons in its open-work, and clean, new paper on the walls. I thought of sending it to be varnished, but the sight of a bottle of ammonia used in cleaning woodwork induced me to try an experiment. On the wet, soapy towel I had been using I poured a few drops of ammonia and rubbed a little spot on the chair; it came out clean and white, and thus encouraged, I speedily removed the tokens of use, making the chair as clean and neat as when new. Perhaps others may be glad to know how easily and cheaply such articles, now so fashionable, may be renewed. B.

L. J. C. desires Mrs. Fuller to tell her why her tuberoses does not blossom. She describes her mode of treatment as follows: "Last summer I set it in the ground, but it only grew six or eight inches high. In the fall I took it up, and in the spring cut off the top and added some new dirt and also some soot; it has grown nicely and there are a good many little ones; it stands in a west window. What shall I do to make it blossom. I am sure the bulb is not bottom side up like E. L. Nye's."

L. J. C., of Gobleville, recommends washing wool for mattresses in a tub half full of strong suds (made of soft-soap) to which two tablespoonfuls of salsoda and a piece of borax as large as half a hen's egg has been added. Use a pounder and wash without rubbing. Send to the factory to be carded, and take some clean grease, insisting that it shall be used, as the grease used at the factory is black and smells bad. The remainder of her process has been given in these columns. She also tells us how to make over cotton mattresses: "Rip them apart and wash them. Have the cotton carded into bats, same as for wool, then replace, and the mattress will be clean, sweet and light again."

THE lady who asks for remedies for gapes in chickens in the last FARMER, is advised to give her healthy fowls an entirely new run, where chickens have never been confined, if possible. If they must run at large, at least prevent access to the old yards. Bury all fowls which die of the disease at once and deeply, using quicklime to destroy the carcass. Why? Because the little parasite with a name longer than itself of which Dr. Jennings tells us, may increase in yards where fowls have been long kept, till the disease is almost unconquerable. The disease is communicated from one fowl to another by the eggs of the parasite. We have somewhere seen an elaborate history of this disease, but cannot now find it, but the gist remained in memory as above. Feed dry, sweet food, no sloppy or sour stuff, and give pure water or milk to drink.

SHOULD readers of the Household who may visit the seashore this summer desire to preserve some of the beautiful algæ or seaweeds which are so exquisitely delicate and dainty, the following instruction as to the manner in which it may be done will prove interesting. The speaker is an old fisherman who tells how "my girl Nancy," who does quite a business in preparing such specimens for sale, arranges them:

"She takes and washes them in fresh water and then trims them up in just the shape she wants and puts on a wash of diluted gum arabic; then they are spread on paper, and if they are delicate they are picked out into shape under or just at the surface of the water with a needle. Then she takes them out, puts a piece of clean linen over them, then another piece of paper, and then puts the whole thing in between the boards and presses it in a press. In twenty-four hours it's done, and the moss is dry and pressed into the paper, so that you can pass your finger right over it without feelin' it, and the color never fades; it's a joy forever. She then sets them on a stiff paper, puts on the scientific name and where her old father found them—habita, she calls it—and they are ready for the market."

E. B., of Ocoola, asks what curtains are "suitable for an unpretentious parlor." Ideas differ as to the "unpretentiousness," of furnishing; if we knew exactly the furnishing of the room, we might advise more exactly. There are various imitations in lace patterns which sell very cheaply and are both pretty and suitable

for plainly furnished rooms, which come in sets at \$4 50, \$5, \$7 50 and \$10 per pair. They bear doing up well, and are much better than Nottingham piece lace. The poles and rings will cost one dollar per window, here. Then there is linen bunting or scrim, at 30 or 35 cents per yard, and goods woven in open work stripes which may be used for draperies. The bunting can be made more elaborate by adding antique edging and insertion, or by a border of drawn work. But we recommend the lace sets before mentioned as being more durable and effective. Lace lambrequins are out of fashion. The holland shades are much liked by city housekeepers; there is also a style in dark colors, with a Japanese dado in gilt, which is desirable but rather more expensive.

Contributed Recipes.

I WILL give some of my ways of cooking salt pork: Cut enough for a meal at night, and put in half water and half milk, using milk that is old but not sour; in the morning rinse with cold water and fry; it will be a nice brown, and taste quite different from the old way. Another way is to freshen, then dip in sweet milk and fry. Pour a little of the milk in the spider and let it scald in the gravy; pour on the meat last. Fry the pork as usual; then dip in beaten egg and return to the spider till brown.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—One and a half cups sweet milk; one egg, beaten; two tablespoonfuls sugar; a little salt; one half cup fruit; half cup flour; two cups Indian meal; one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Put in a bag that is larger at the top than at the bottom; wet the bag and sprinkle with flour before putting in the pudding; boil two hours. To be eaten with sweetened cream.

SUET PUDDING.—One coffee cup chopped suet; one cup raisins or currants; one and a half cups of sweet milk; two eggs; one pint of bread crumbs; one teaspoonful cinnamon; half a teaspoonful cloves; half of ginger; half a nutmeg; one and a half cups flour; half cup of molasses; half cup sugar; one teaspoonful of soda. Steam three hours.

BEEF LOAF.—Three pounds of round steak chopped fine; add one cup rolled crackers, two eggs, one teaspoonful pepper, one tablespoonful salt, one cup sweet milk, piece of butter size of an egg. Mix thoroughly; put in a cloth bag, (wetting the bag first); put it on a tin, and set the tin in the dripping pan; bake three hours; baste occasionally at first.

CANNED ELDERBERRIES.—Four pounds of sugar; one pint good vinegar; one peck of elderberries. Scald them up and put into cans or jugs. They are nice for pies; some like them for sauce. L. J. C.

GOBLEVILLE.

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