

MICHIGAN FARMER

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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

OUR KIND OF A MAN.

The kind of a man for you and me!
He faces the world unflinchingly
And smiles, as long as the wrong resists,
With a knuckled faith and force-like fists;
He lives the life he is preaching of,
And loves where most is the need of love;
His voice is clear to the deaf man's ears,
And his face sublime through the blind man's
tears:
The light shines out where the clouds were dim;
And the widow's prayer goes up for him;
And the sick man sees the sun once more,
And out o'er the barren fields he sees
Springing blossoms and waving trees,
Feeling, as only the dying may,
That God's own servant has come that way,
Smoothing the path as it still winds on
Through the golden gate where his loved have
gone.

The kind of a man for me and you,
However little of worth we do,
He credits full, and abides in trust
That time will teach us how much is just.
He walks abroad and he meets all kinds
Of quarrelsome and uneasy minds,
And, sympathizing, he shares the pain
Of the doubts that rack us, heart and brain,
And, knowing this, as we grasp his hand,
We are surely coming to understand!
He looks on with pitying eyes—
E'en as the Lord since Paradise—
Else should we read, though our sins should glow
As scarlet, they should be white as snow!
And feeling still, with a grief half glad
That the bad are as good as the good are bad,
He strikes straight out for the right—and he
Is the kind of a man for you and me!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

I read such a pathetic little story not long ago, so illustrating those "accidents of life" which mean so much to one person, so little to another, that I am desirous of reproducing at least its outlines in our little paper.

The tale is of an English tutor, hard worked, pedantic, unattractive, yet with a heart full of tenderness and sympathy and gentleness, awaiting the magic of love to open it to sunshine and joy. But the magic touch did not come, and he grew more near-sighted and round-shouldered digging over Greek and Latin roots and studying out recondite meanings, till he became almost as narrowed in thought as the classical scholar I once heard of, who put the study of his whole life and all his learning into mastering the cases of the second declension of Latin nouns, and on his death bed regretted he had not concentrated his energies on the dative case! But this poor tutor, regarded as a sort of upper

servant in English families, at last met a lady who, commiserating his lonely condition and discerning with a woman's quick intuition the sweetness and strength of his nature, was kind to him. He loved her, but she was married, and the mother of his pupil. Honor and duty bade him smother his feeling for her, and he went away; and soon his erudition won him an honorable place as professor in one of England's great colleges. There, thirty years later, came the grandson of the woman he had hopelessly loved and never forgotten. Bright faced, sunny-tempered, refined, and with scholarly instincts, the lad made friends with the gray-haired old don, and cheered him with visits to his lonely chambers, and the little attentions which the old love to receive from the young. In return, he made the lad his friend and confidant, taking great pains with his education, while now and then a queer thrill ran through his withered old heart as he remembered that this was the grandson of the only woman he had ever loved.

Through much labor and research this grizzled old man whose student days were never done, had come upon a new conception of the meaning of a disputed word, which would throw precise force upon certain knotty passages in Greek. These minute researches are not disdained by profound students; on the contrary, they compute their success by the result of such labor, puerile as it seems to the strong armed money-getter of the working world. To find a new and correct translation of a disputed word is to them a triumph as profound as that of the general who conquers a city, and brings as much fame and honor in the students' world. So he talked over his discovery with the boy, the latter being as much interested if not as well informed as the old Professor.

Time passed; and just as the elder man was about to make known his discovery, while the treatise designed for publication was lying on his study table, and he was anticipating the reward of his midnight labor, the college examinations came on. A passage including this disputed word was among the exercises for translation. The lad translated it according to his friend's new theory, and gave in a note his reasons for so doing. It threw the board of examiners into a flutter; they were astonished at such erudition in one so young, and he passed his examinations with eclat. He went to say goodbye to his old friend before leav-

ing, and in his parting words told what he had translated, and how the board had praised him. After he had gone the old Professor sat staring at the pages he had prepared for publication, like a man dazed by a sudden blow. What had the lad done? He had claimed by his use of the interpretation, the honor due the one who had so laboriously studied it out, and had done it as carelessly and nonchalantly as he might have claimed an apple from the sideboard. The translation, once used, was no longer original; all the honor had passed to another, who had only stood idly by. The real student was robbed of his reward, the praise and commendation for his work; robbed in ignorance, yet none the less truly robbed. And the old man sat with bowed head in the darkness for many weary hours. All his life had been full of self-repression, of self-abnegation. He had missed much that men hold dear; much he had longed for, but which never came. And now, in his old age, the laurel wreath he had earned for his gray hairs was snatched by an careless hand, too ignorant to prize it beyond the moment's glory!

I could not help thinking how often the rewards for which we struggle so hard are lost to us in exactly the same way. Another grasps the result of our work and the world concedes the claim, while we look on amazed at seeing what we have wrought so calmly appropriated. Our good deeds, our patient toil, the fruit of our privations, are assumed by another. The world is full of unconscious cruelty of this kind. The man whose great brain laboriously wrought out an invention, finds that before he has hardly realized its value, its principles are snatched by a bystander who reaps both the fame and money; the man who projects and originates a great work sees another step in to execute it and give it his name. Children appropriate the toil and self denial of parents as a right, making return neither in love nor gratitude. Few of us appreciate what others do for us, or rate at its worth what we receive at their hands. And some, perhaps, can at least sympathize with the lonely old man who bowed his head on his study table, bereft of the honest dues of earnest work, by the half unconscious yet not irresponsible hand of the one he loved best on earth. We may take up our work again, but never with the old zest and pleasure. Ah me! injustice fills the world; the injustice of thought and deed.

BEATRIX.

AMUSEMENTS.

The discerning, generous heart of George Eliot gives us these words of meaning: "I have a growing conviction that we may measure true moral and intellectual culture by the comprehension and veneration given to all forms of thought and feeling which have influenced large masses of mankind."

It is sometimes difficult to realize the currency of certain beliefs and opinions, much more difficult to comprehend and venerate them when they seem to us but hindrances to human progress. We can do so only by reviewing the time when we held similar views; or without actually having experienced a mental state, we may comprehend it by sympathetic, growing apprehension of mind and heart.

Do we not, as sisters of the Household in the consideration of the various topics discussed, find each in the heart of the other a responsive motive for the right, though that motive by one be clothed in what is to the other cast-off raiment? It is ever thus; the garb of thought differs as do our faces, yet for all that we may understand the motive of each. Because the experience and conscience of one leads her to offer views unlike our own, can we intelligently assert a fear that such an one "has forgotten to ask wisdom from above?" Every earnest heart has help from above.

Whence comes this "wisdom" Faith sought when she wrote her view of amusements? A revelation from the Highest is written in shining lines of light in the inner chamber of every soul which loves truth. Revelation and inspiration are universal. That voice without sound, that inner, calm revealing,—this is our highest authority. Upon this we give our truest pledge of honor and conviction when we say, "I feel this to be true." Feeling, intuition, is the highest form of knowledge.

A writer asks, in a recent number, as to the "right" of playing dominoes, checkers, authors, &c. It seems that all games may be questionable. I should conclude that the inventions of the human mind were almost wholly evil, were it not proven that some people have been demoralized by the most innocent amusements, while others can indulge in any proper game with impunity. This being the case, it seems profitless to discuss each amusement in vogue, as it would require an experience with each individual to determine its possible harmfulness. Rather let us search for the principles under which all of these particulars will adjust themselves aright. Establish the principles as morality, liberty, trust—morality here embracing all the qualities of a true, virtuous life.

Conscience is a matter of education. We may be enslaved by false teaching of others, but we must largely emancipate ourselves by the inner light, the word of truth inherent in our being. It is a great wrong to repress and burden the child-mind by ten thousand particulars, when one principle would embody them all and be remembered when nine-tenths of the

particulars are forgotten. It is like solving problems; each problem under the rule offers new difficulties, unless the principle be remembered. The harmful influence of any amusement lies not in the amusement itself, all admit, but in associations. Ignorance of a game may sometimes prove a safeguard, but it is very uncertain safety. Far better to depend on moral strength and the liberty of knowledge to resist temptations. By the time a youth leaves home to enter school, if he possess sufficient aptitude to be capable of "finishing his education," he will be established in virtuous principles, unless he has been left untaught. Education of a child begins with embryonic life, and we come into being bearing within us the germs of future action. Then commence the education of the faculties, their development and control.

Now, how much liberty can be granted our youth? How far are they saved by ignorance? Given liberty and ignorance, the result is always hazardous. The mind, like a pendulum, if started from one extreme, will always swing to the other before a medium is reached. Liberty lies in true education, which is complete living, the activity of every faculty, the abuse of none. True education develops individuality, virtue, power. Given this, "our hero" is safe at home or abroad. He "has scruples," he will not adopt the vulgar language or pernicious practices of cards. He discriminates, thinks, reasons, lives within his own heart and conscience. He is free from evil habits and prejudices, but never reckless. Then trust him. We help to build up other lives by our trust in them. Human nature is not so fallen as some would have us believe. At the most, a misspent life is a sad mistake; it is never the purpose of any soul to go astray.

Children should be dealt with as individual souls. They are not alike; they have their diverse points of weakness, where we need to help them watch and conquer. Enlighten the head, trust the heart; do not think innocence or ignorance the true safeguards. Knowledge brings the power of virtue and freedom. All possibilities lie within ourselves. God helps the self helping.

STRONG MINDED GIRL.

LESLIE.

BULB CULTURE.

It is always best to lift bulbs every third year at least, and either lay them away until the autumn months, or after separating the small from the larger ones, plant again. The bed should be enriched, and the soil thoroughly pulverized, and deeply, too. The soil, if not porous, should have a mixture of sand and mold, and for bulbs in beds or pots there is no fertilizer equal to "chips" from the cow pasture, left several months previous; it is as good as gold in forcing bulbs, and for pot soil, for any plants, and more especially for bulbs, tubers and tuberous roots. The old bed, if thus thoroughly renewed, is as good as another situation. Plant deeply, at least six inches, and set far enough apart to allow for growth and

increase; for when well bedded tulips grow large and multiply rapidly. All bulb beds should be arranged in some way to escape the feet of the many who will step around among flowers, for injuring the foliage of the tulip will also damage the bulb. No other plants should occupy the same bed, except some small rooted, creeping sort, and the verbenas is the most suitable as it mainly feeds from the surface of the soil by way of the foliage; the plants are a protection to the bulbs, and when the latter are planted at the proper depth they will receive no injury from the cultivation required by verbenas.

I fully endorse the advice in the last Household in regard to using copperas as a disinfectant. I have used it many years in this way, and also as a fertilizer for tomatoes. Whenever we have a tree or shrub injured in any way and it looks as if its "race was run" or nearly so, I dissolve the copperas and pour about the roots and it proves an excellent tonic. I wish also to add my testimony in favor of the free use of lemons for the ills named by the Household Editor, and likewise for erysipelas, which is caused no doubt by over-exertion and sudden changes, as from warm work over a hot stove to cool rooms and the like; at least that was my trouble a year and two years ago. I found lemons all that was requisite to subdue the inflamed state of the system. It is an excellent way to make a hot lemonade and drink while quite warm.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON.

FASHIONS FOR OLD LADIES.

Generally speaking, elderly ladies wear black dresses, which seem somehow most appropriate to withered cheeks and faded, time-touched hair. But how to make these dresses! Youthful fashions seem unsuitable, yet the desire to look well dressed never dies in a woman's heart. Black silk is the most stylish wear for old ladies, and for summer dresses India or thin summer silks, black ground with lines or figures of white. Among wash goods there are the linen lawns with black figures on a white ground at 25 cents, Sicilienne, a cotton goods in heavy rep, having small white figures on a black ground, at 35 cents per yard, and the barred muslins in plain black at 40 cents, yard wide, which make cool, handsome dresses, but muss easily. Many of these thin dresses are made up with round waists and straight skirts—the revival of an old fashion which extends to grandmothers as well as grand-daughters.

A late model for making wool and silk dresses has a polonaise which buttons down to about five inches below the waist line, and then falls open in a long point on each side. For stout ladies this polonaise is fitted by a cross seam at the waist line under the arms, to make it lie smooth over large hips. Two or three narrow tucks may be taken each side of the buttons, down the front and around the points. The back is in basque shape, and the skirt consists of two o

three pleated breadths sewed underneath the basque at the waist line. The front of the dress is laid in broad double box pleats, or has two deep pleated flounces. A favorite style for wool dresses has straight full back breadths, fastened in place by tapes; a plain front to the skirt, with a drapery falling from the belt on the left side in long folds, and caught up under the fullness of the back on the right. This is simple and stylish for a tall lady.

Happily the fashion of dyeing the hair is past, and old ladies now wear their own silver gray locks slightly crimped, under bonnets a little larger than those worn by younger ladies, but mainly of the same shape. Straw is the principal material, though black lace is seemingly always in style. Black silk mantles, longer than the stylish little mantelettes worn by their daughters, are "dress wraps" for old ladies, and the black chuddah shawls and those of cashmere in black and soft greys, as well as the larger Scotch shawls in grey, are worn by those who care less for "poms and vanities."

WO MAN'S SPHERE.

The great Creator has planted a guide in the heart of society, such as might largely influence it for good, and prove a preservative against many perils, were it properly employed. I refer to the influence of woman—man's original help and second self. She has continued, from the dawn of creation till now, greatly to influence the destinies of man. In her proper sphere she has proved heaven's richest earthly blessing; out of it, she has been man's heaviest woe. Her position may be viewed as the barometer of society; we can thereby measure its elevation or depression. God has placed the highest influence that is known upon earth in the hands of woman. No monarch's sceptre, no human laws, no course of discipline, though stern and severe, can accomplish what she can achieve. Among the savage and the civilized alike, she wields power over man's heart, and therefore over man's destiny; a power which is appalling when exerted on the side of evil, but beneficent as the very dews of heaven when put forth on the side of good. Her influence for good, whenever it is exerted aright, is not less than her influence for evil. Woman lives mainly to comfort, and she feels her mission only half accomplished unless she be so employed. From the first, woman has held the key of man's heart, and been able to shut it up in hardness, or open it to all the impulses of affection; she wields mightier influences over him than he does over her. That influence is most signally visible—it is at least brought to a focus—in the control of a mother over her son. It is not to be concealed however, that many women, in every sphere, have forfeited their ascendancy by attempting what they were never meant to accomplish. For what is woman's sphere? It is pre-eminently home. If she be either enticed or banished thence, her proper

power is paralyzed. It is not my purpose to enter into the controversy, so long agitated, as to whether woman be inferior to man in mental powers. They stand side by side, harmoniously co-operating for the common good. In truth each nature is superior in its own sphere, and inferior out of it. Woman has a sphere assigned to her by God, out of which, as a general rule, she cannot safely wander. There, woman is "monarch of all she surveys." Some women never realize the purpose of their mission, and in consequence they do not fulfill it. Like a weed upon the waters they float valueless through life, absorbed by trifles, or tossed without an aim from wave to wave. We should consider how our duty may be best done, and the danger best avoided of failing to discharge it. These ends will not be promoted without painstaking, and what direction should one's painstaking receive? In our day measures of a strenuous kind should be employed to elevate young men—apiances should be brought to bear upon them.

It may encourage us in our efforts to know that there is no sphere debarred from self-culture. There must be culture, and assiduous improvement of the powers which God has given us. We should be anxious to help those who would do good, and educate the mind to accomplish it.

MASON.

PERSIS.

A SUMMER REST.

When some one asked how to make wool comfortables, I started out to tell how right off, but just then I had a chance of seeing what it was like to have nothing to do, and with four other girls to help me, I discovered that I never had so much to do in my life. Away off up where a point of land stretches out far into the blue waters of Lake Huron is a lovely little sleepy town where no one seems to have anything to do, and where one might fancy themselves in a Rip Van Winkle dream where it not for the horrible noise of the boat whistles. One little monster of a tug used to seem like a spirit of darkness, revenging itself upon inoffensive mankind by sending out such a combined quintessence of a howl and screech that it would make a person with a bad conscience think his sins had found him out; and as one gradually got hardened to it and thought Pandemonium was going to let up, that whistle would take a new grip. I used to think of Longfellow's Acadia, so quaint and dreamy was the little town, with the waves roaring all day around it. It is one street coming from a hill far back, back where "lieth a village white and still," sloping gradually down to the water, and people came and went leisurely, never seeming to hurry or lack for time; the children playing in the street, and the cows going to their pasture, or the young girls with their arms filled with wild flowers, all seemed so different from the rest of the hustling world. I used to wake up in the night, and listening to the water beating and foaming down at the beach, would think of the other "villagers on the hill,"

"With never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent and idle and low they lie."

One Sabbath a boat came up the lake with a funeral on board, the pall-bearers carried the coffin up the village street while the band was playing solemn funeral marches, and laid it in the church that had been dressed with blossoms and plants, while a service was read, and then carried it to the graveyard. After it was over, and the throng turned back to the town, I saw such a lovely picture. Far down below us, through the over-arching trees, I could see the blue water smooth and shining like glass, but seeming to be just at our feet, with the steamer rocking at the pier, black flags floating and the sad music of the band floating back to us; for a mile the procession slowly descended, and nearly all went on board—friends of the dead man and the men who had worked for him—leaving the town empty and dreamy again as the boat left, taking with it the visible signs of the outside world. Everything seemed so fitting and beautiful—so different from any other town, where there would have been confusion and noise, that it seems now as though it really must be apart from all the rest of the world, and if I some day go back—if it is fifty years from now—I am sure I will find it unchanged—the water will be as blue and shining, and there will be a boat lying at the dock, while there will be waiting to welcome me three pretty girls. Franc will be throwing stones into the lake for a big water dog to swim after. May will be trying to convince wayward Frances of the error of her ways, with her earnestness and ninety pounds of femininity making me think of a brown wren; while Evangaline with her picture-like face, is looking out over the water—looking for Gabriel, perchance—for, as if reading my thoughts one day she said: "Yes, Evangeline is all here, except that I have no *Long-fellow*."

It is dreadful to come down to such vulgar things as bedding, but this is the way: Take about three pounds of wool, pulled is as good as any, and wash through two waters of hot, weak suds, which ought to cleanse it, and dry thoroughly in the air and light; then card into bats or sheets of a size convenient to handle, using wool cards if at hand, but horse cards will do. Tie into covers that will *never wear out*, and you can will it to your great-grand children, for ours is as nice now as it was when mother's Uncle Ben gave it to her fifty years ago. It has been washed and made over many, many times, and every time it is recarded it is light and warm as down.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.

PERSIS wishes some one would give their opinion of the result of drinking strong tea, and the effect it has upon the nerves. Will not Evangaline, who recently gave us a brief history of tea, pursue the subject a little further and tell us the effect it has upon consumers?

AUNT NELL recommends Bogue's soap for washing red table linen.

THE OLD SPINNING WHEEL.

I greatly enjoyed A. L. L.'s letters from the South, and could only wish that she might have given a more minute description of her ride down the Mississippi River. Her mention of Fort Pillow recalled some very painful memories, as my oldest brother is one of the few survivors of the massacre. I shudder now as I recall the months of hope deferred when we could scarcely tell what we were hoping for, since beyond the fact that he had been ordered from Memphis to Fort Pillow, a short time before the massacre, we could learn nothing until the *New York Tribune* published his name, with six hundred others, as being under Union fire at Charleston.

The discussion of the wool question now before the Household reminds me of something I have just got for my parlor. I don't know whether to call it an ornament or a piece of furniture, as it is an old spinning wheel, and I don't know how to use it; but it has an interesting history of its own, having been made by my maternal grandfather in Scotland, early in this century, for a bride; as in those days every bride had a nice wheel whether she had a piano or not. My brother accidentally found the owner away out in Shiawassee County, in 1866. She was then a very old lady, but so smart and interesting it was a great pleasure to listen while she told of her long and eventful life, of her trip up the St. Lawrence, and other adventures, still accompanied by the old wheel. Unfortunately her house was unroofed by a tornado which carried the wheel some distance and broke its head off, but as I don't know what the head is it is just as good to me. Dear old lady, her hands are now folded and at rest, but her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren call her memory blessed.

Well, I little thought when I commenced to write that the old wheel had anything in common with Fort Pillow and southern chivalry, but writing of the wheel sets me to thinking of Bonnie Aberdeen and the Scotch songs of which I have not the words, because my brother happened to have the family supply of Scotch music with him in the fort, and those Southern gentlemen were not above appropriating it, although they could not understand it—being written in "Tonic sol-fa"—but they evidently considered it "contraband" and hence confiscated it.

MRS. W. J. G.

HOWELL.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Will some one tell me the story of Paul and Virginia. I often see it mentioned in print, but do not know what it means. I once saw a picture at a fair representing a young girl lying at the bottom of the sea; it was called "The Dead Virginia." Was it something in real life, or is it a novel? if so, who is the author? The picture was an oil painting, life size, and haunted me for days?

In using the ruffler to the FARMER sewing machine should the tension be

the same as for ordinary sewing? I tried it and the under thread was straight, and the gathers slipped so easily that I think it is not right. I never used one before, and the directions do not say.

I take up my tulip bulbs the last of June and replant in October. I too tried laying down cucumbers in sugar, and failed, as also did my neighbor.

I hope Mollie May will show us a specimen of wool prepared for bedding, at the coming fair, as I have a great curiosity to see wool that is lighter than cotton.

AUNT NELL.

PLAINWELL.

[We will give a synopsis of the story of Paul and Virginia in our next issue. Will some lady who has the FARMER sewing machine answer the question about the tension of the ruffler? The Household Editor is quite unversed in the mysteries of such machines. We are surprised and disappointed at the failure to keep cucumbers by the "sugar process," which came to us highly commended by an eastern authority on culinary matters. Will some lady who has tried some different method with success please give us her way through the Household? Of course the old way of packing in salt and then extracting the salt by soaking is so well and universally known that it needs no recommendation. But does anybody know a better or less troublesome way? Any information to be of value this season, must come quickly.]

Will our correspondents kindly address their letters to the Household Editor of the MICHIGAN FARMER. There are several of our city papers which have household departments, and unless the name of the paper for which the letter is intended is supplied it is very apt to go astray.

MRS. FULLER answers an inquiry from one of our Household circle by saying that the essentials to successful culture of English ivy are rich soil, good drainage and partial shade. Under these conditions water can be given freely, but a sour, sodden soil is to be avoided. She can furnish good roots of English and German ivy at 20 cents per root. Mrs. Fuller in a private note to the Editor, says she had 130 *Candidum* lilies in bloom at the time of writing. Such a mass of this beautiful lily must indeed be a lovely sight.

"AUNT ADDIE," in the *Country Gentleman*, says rhubarb has the peculiarity of imbibing all flavors, and that its possibilities are quite wonderful. She says: "You can prepare a preserved ginger from it, flavoring it with orange, lemon, or almond. Boil rhubarb and currants together (either red or black) and strain, and you have currant jelly. Flavor the simple juice of rhubarb with lemon peel and stick cinnamon, and you have fine quince jelly. Then again, boil the simple juice with brown sugar, only adding a small quantity of molasses, letting it get quite dark and thick, and you have the very best coloring for gravies and soups. Boil some juice with an equal quantity of white sugar and some red currants, and

strain. Then, boil again, drop in singly some ripe and large strawberries, and you will have a delicious addition to your winter fruits. There is only one important thing to be remembered; for mixing it with other fruits you must first extract the juice by boiling it without sugar, and then strain, add the desired quantity of sugar, and go on with your process."

Useful Recipes.

HANDY PICKLES.—Into a two gallon jar put a gallon of cold vinegar, a teacup of salt, a teacup of horseradish sliced, and four peppers, red or green. Wash your cucumbers and put them in, all at once or a few at a time as you get them. In a week you will have an excellent pickle that will keep all winter. Try this once and you will never again waste time scalding pickles.

MACKEREL HASH.—Freshen a salt mackerel over night, and in the morning boil and remove the bones, picking it into small pieces. Have ready some fresh mashed potatoes; stir fish and potatoes together, seasoning with cream, butter, salt and pepper.

FRUIT TAPIOCA.—A nice dish for dessert is made by soaking half a pint of tapioca in cold water for two hours, then let it boil gently until it softens, slice canned peaches and put into a pudding dish and pour the tapioca over them. Bake until the tapioca is perfectly tender; serve with sugar and cream. Dried or evaporated peaches may be used for this dish, and if they are properly cooked and softened it is almost as good as when the canned fruit is used.

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