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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A WOMAN'S TABLE OF TIME.

Sunlight peeping, slowly creeping
Straight across the school-house floor,
Smiles up brightly where she lightly
Cons her lessons o'er and o'er.
Mischievous brewing, fun pursuing,
Giving sometimes fickle look,
When her teacher's eyes beseech her,
At the dirty dog-eared book;
From its dull-set tables, she
Learns what length an hour should be.

Twilight falling, gently calling
All the world to rest and thought,
In its glowing she's bestowing
That which never can be bought.
Soft caresses starved heart blesses,
All the doubt and yearning o'er,
Like sweet dreaming life is seeming.
Shadows past and light before;
Listening to love's story, she
Learns how brief an hour can be.

Darkness lowering, death o'erpowering,
Gains a mastery in the strife,
While she slowly, bending lowly,
Begs of God her idol's life.
Fond voice failing, dear eyes paling,
Cold the lips she loves to kiss,
Fast all needing, wild her pleading:
"God, is there no help for this?"
Kneeling by her dying, she
Learns how long an hour can be.

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

THE HEALTH OF WOMEN.

A Boston physician, who has charge of a hospital, asserts that the functional disorders and diseases which make life wretched without killing, are *four times* at least as common among women as among men. True, this is but one physician's observation in his individual practice, but it is corroborated by the experience of thousands of other physicians, who readily inform you that by far the larger proportion of their patients are women. This Boston practitioner finds the reason of this condition in the fact that women are driven by their few resources into those employments which involve the most worry, the worst air, the least pay and the deepest anxiety; and have few or no opportunities for exercise in the open air, and the mental exercise and discipline necessary to health, and without which men also would become victims to disease and "nerves." He gives as his remedy "better training, more physical exercise, more knowledge of how to take care of their health, and more opportunities in every direction."

The greater delicacy of organism of women renders them peculiarly liable to disease. The intricate machinery of the

human frame, once disarranged or disordered, becomes like any other delicate mechanism when "out of gear," self-destroying. That this Boston physician is correct in his statement as above given, we cannot doubt. When we narrow the question down to the causes of ill-health among farmers' wives, we find the same causes operating, work, worry, want of exercise, fresh air, mental stimulus, and mental and physical diversion.

Overwork I believe to be one of the primal causes of ill-health among farmers' wives; neglect and ignorance of the laws of health another. What do I call overwork? I should define it as a multiplicity of duties which so exhaust us physically and nervously that sleep does not restore the wasted energies, the renewal not equaling the expenditure. Listlessness and indifference are the results of overtaxed nerves and tired muscles, and too, of monotony in our lives. Statisticians have dropped into domestic matters far enough to inform us that but one family out of nine in the United States, employs help in the house. Wherever we go we are told of the great difficulty of securing help in the country. Proportionally, fewer women in the country have hired help than in town. What does the farmer do when help is scarce and high-priced? He adopts at once every labor-saving device applicable to his line of farming, and every machine which will lighten or dispense with hand labor. He rarely lets present cost deter him, knowing "it pays" in the long run. What does the woman do? She adjusts the burden to her back, and bears it by strength of muscle and will. Invention has done far less for her than for man. The sewing machine and the clothes-wringer are perfect in their way; the butter worker, the bread-mixer, the washing-machine, as adapted to ordinary domestic conditions on the farm, are "undeveloped possibilities." Co-operation she knows only as a name, yet if men had washings to do fifty-two weeks in the year, how long before a laundry with mangle and dryer would be in operation in every neighborhood? It would seem in these days of Jacquard looms and other machines which are so perfect as to impress us with an idea that they are but one remove from sentient beings, that inventive genius might give us efficient aids to domestic labor, but so far the food elements are victorious. And how often we find homes destitute of even the few aids women may employ—the clothes-wringer,

the carpet sweeper! Too often the wife is bidden to "manage," or "get along somehow," or told that "mother never asked for such things." With some men it is profitably imperative to employ machinery on the farm, but they reason from entirely different premises when work indoors is considered.

And how many women give thought to making their work as light as possible, even with present aids? I have often been amazed at the unwillingness of women to adopt new methods and simplify as much as possible; they seem to cling to the old ways, as if age gave some special merit, and consider themselves unfaithful if they abandon the more laborious processes for easier ones. They will not adapt themselves to conditions surrounding them, but strive rather to revolutionize the conditions.

Then too how exhaustive the haste and worry with which so many work. Life is a breathless race to "catch up" with the work. "I sat up till midnight to finish Letty's dress," said a friend the other day as I consoled with her over a nervous headache which necessitated a dark room and *eau d' Cologne*. I ventured to suggest the relation of cause and effect, and quoted the old joke that there was another day coming or Letty would not need the dress. "Yes," said she, "but I was in a hurry to get it done." The "hurry," for which there was no valid reason, was the incentive to the overwork, paid for in physical suffering. Haste always implies an exhaustion of nervous force, and in the inevitable reaction the exhaustion is twice as great as it should be. To work in a hurry, to be always "driving" work, is a cordial invitation to ill-health to abide with us, and hastens the day when all toil must cease.

What shall we do when duties are pressing and time is short? One of the highest powers of our natures is the ability to cultivate a *just perception of values*; that is, to distinguish between what is essential to health and happiness and must be done, and what is superfluous and may be dispensed with. The most successful workers are those who have this power of discrimination, and courage to practice it. They work calmly, quietly, without fuss or haste; they carry their duties instead of being pushed by them; they always leave a margin for interruptions and hindrances, and hence are never unduly hurried; in their economy there is always time

enough. This ability to distinguish the necessary and valuable from that which is of secondary importance is the key to success. The plan includes mental development, and holds a just equipoise between it and domestic cares, neither are neglected, each has its time and place. It is a great mistake to believe the people who are breathlessly rushing from one thing to another accomplish the most; like an empty wagon they make the most rattle, but the quiet, persistent, non-hurrying woman, like the loaded wain, carries the greater burdens, saves wear and tear, and keeping herself controlled, does not figure as a "nervous patient" on the doctor's visiting list.

BEATRIX.

THE WEAKNESS OF HUMAN ENDEAVORS.

It is very natural for us to think our own judgment is right, but when we consider that we are such a very small part of creation, that we can only see a small part of it, and that even what we do see is often beyond our comprehension, it is not hard to understand why we should trust the Creator and ruler of the universe, who sees the end from the beginning, not a little piece at a time, but all at once, and feel sure that whatever He does is right, whether or not it agrees with our own ideas of what should be.

It has been revealed to Strong Minded Girl, that "There is no soul but through its imprisoned life, is climbing up to God." "All creation shall join in the immortal chorus." We would like to feel sure of this; but why has it not been revealed to more of the earnest, truth-seeking Christians? We who have not received this revelation, must accept the written revelation which we have, and trust the author of it to dispose of us all as He sees best. If all are "climbing up to God," we wonder as we think of those who are degrading themselves, sinking lower in vice and crime with every day of their lives, who, what and where God is. I do not think there is any one so fettered and imprisoned that he cannot choose the right way if he will; or at least desire it, and put forth a prayer for help; and does anyone think God would not hear such a prayer, and break the fetters? Why are we placed here, if not to prepare for a future life, and how can those who turn away from everything good and pure, and educate themselves to love only sin and crime, enjoy the companionship of the pure and holy in another world?

I remember the distinction between innocence and virtue illustrated in that beautiful poem, Bitter-Sweet. We are all innocent until we are tempted. God wants a virtuous race to show forth His glory. We must be tried to prove our virtue.

I believe in a God of nature, and that some time, after our soul came into complete harmony with the Divine nature, we shall not need to read of Him in books, but will be able to understand all the grand meanings that are written upon the whole universe. The higher we climb

the nearer we come to this, but in this world it is hardly possible to reach those heights. Strong Minded Girl says, "We must come into harmony with any life before we can give or receive." How are we to come into harmony with Divinity without climbing, step by step? and being human must there not be something for a starting point that appeals to our senses? She also says that by closing the eyes, we can reproduce in the mind any object in nature that we have seen; because of the form internal corresponding to the external, but how are we to discover the internal without the aid of the external; can we produce in the mind any object in nature which we have not seen? It is true that our conception of the infinite is limited by our spiritual power, but is it not just as true that our spiritual powers grow and expand with our education? Even our Strong Minded Girl does not refuse written helps in her moral education, and why do we not need them as well in our spiritual advancement? The heathen do not seem to be successful in finding out the thought of God, without a written revelation, certainly their changed condition after receiving and accepting the Bible, testifies that it is necessary to our enlightenment and progress.

S. J. B.

BURTON.

HOME HOSPITAL HINTS.

NO III.

NURSING—CONVALESCENTS.

The most trying time both for nurse and patient, is during the period of convalescence. It is then all the powers of the skillful nurse are brought into play, and when the question of the future weal or woe of her charge is fully demonstrated. She loses her identity as simply nurse, but must be physician, companion and master as well. I wish I might impress upon your minds the importance of this period, more especially in the case of children.

What one of you can not recall an instance where a child recovering from a severe illness has been so indulgently treated by the anxious and fond parents, that the seeds of disease remained in the delicate frame long afterwards, and the foundation laid for a wilful, wayward, disagreeable child.

Convalescence begins at the turning point of the disease, when the eye brightens and the countenance assumes a natural expression, though I believe it is customary to regard it as beginning with the first effort to sit up. Let me repeat that the management during the period of convalescence is extremely important. Mistakes made at this time frequently decide the question of life or death. It either exposes the already weakened patient to attacks of other disorders, or induces relapse to the diseased actions which had just been cast off. The liability to accidents of this kind is, of course, greater in some diseases than in others, more particularly in certain fevers, where if any scrofulous taint is latent in the blood, it shows itself. Even with the

most watchful and skilful care this may result, but in every case the danger may be lessened by uniting zeal in attention to certain important points.

The first thing that requires particular attention is the clothing of the convalescent, for his weakened condition has left him much more susceptible to cold and atmospheric vicissitudes. Clothe the patient in soft flannel next the skin, and remember it needs to be washed more frequently than in health. If possible, do not let him wear the same flannels at night that he wore during the day, and as soon as the clothing is removed, carry it immediately out of doors, hang on the line where the sun and fresh air will remove all the particles given off from the pores of the skin. Be quite sure that bedding and clothing is thoroughly warmed, aired and dried before being used. When the patient is able to move about the house, great care should be taken that the feet, ankles and chest are well protected; and just here let me say that a three inch strip of flannel around the wrist will do more so keep the arms and shoulders warm than the heaviest cloak or shawl. There was lots of common sense in the old fashioned "wristlets" knit of bright colored wools, and which went far towards driving away rheumatism and neuralgia.

Next, and of equal importance, is fresh air, which must be constantly introduced into the sick room without causing drafts; while at the same time some means of escape for the foul air must be provided. The impure air being heavier than the other sinks below it. If no better means can be found open opposite windows, both top and bottom, say two or three inches or more, depending upon the state of the weather, in an adjoining room. As nearly as possible an even temperature should be maintained, and in damp weather it is better to have a little fire even if it chance to be midsummer. The nurse must not judge by her own feelings the proper temperature, but rather consult the wishes of the patient. I believe seventy degrees is a proper average, though well aware that sixty and sixty-five is generally advocated. Burning candles or lamps in the room vitiates the air, and an oil lamp with light turned down is not to be tolerated a moment. If a light must be kept in the room turn up the wick so as to give a full blaze, and then shade it.

As soon as returning strength is beginning to be felt, the patient grows restless and anxious for change—a most trying time for all, because the wise nurse must know just now much and what kind of exercise is best, and insist upon no more than is good being taken. By all means get him out of doors into the sunlight as soon as practicable, but never permit him to remain until fatigued. Provide simple amusements, in which you are the active participant. Try to invent something new each day, and above all try to be bright, cheery and unruffled. School yourself to say no when it is proper, and stick to it though it break a your heart to refuse the eager pleading.

I have purposely reserved till the last, mention of that most important agent for the recovery of the sick, viz. food, because so much is necessary to be said on that subject, that it must form a letter by itself. I leave the subject of nursing reluctantly, for time and space have permitted me to touch only generalities, and much remains to be said on special cases, but I refrain.

I. F. N.

DAYTON, O.

THE CARE OF OUR CHILDREN'S HEALTH.

When we contrast the rugged form, clear eye, and rosy cheek of the dirty, neglected child, with the pallor and puniness of the heir of wealth, it seems, for a moment, that all the care we can give the bodies of our own darlings will only serve to weaken them and invite disease. Yet reason teaches us that the superior health of the first is not due to his unwashed skin and thin clothing, but rather to some advantage of his daily life and habits which offset them and give him a hold on life which many others fail to bring to the pet of Fortune. As a rule a child receives either too much or too little care; while the chances of life and health fall largely in favor of the latter class. The close struggle between Nature and poor Oliver Twist on his first introduction to the work-house is repeated in many phases and degrees of similarity all over the land; and yet we can not refrain from throwing about our children the best care we know of, the tenderest treatment our circumstances will admit. Two great aids to health are plain food, and plenty of exercise in the fresh air. I am also in favor of a bare-foot run through the hot weather. In rural society shoes and stockings are not necessary to caste, and I notice that the bare-foot groups, in spite of occasional feasts on green fruit, grow rosy and sturdy through the summer weeks and fall prey to colds and disease soon after the winter shuts them in the house. As colds form the basis of so much disease and weakness, they can not be too carefully guarded against. A child should be clothed evenly, the arms and limbs as well protected as the body; no extra weight or heat thrown upon the spine by pleats or gathers, no band anywhere sufficiently tight to impede the circulation of the blood. The slightest mark of red upon a child's skin should warn its mother of something wrong in dress. Undigested food in the stools is a token of something wrong in the diet. It seems to be innate for a child to clamor for the very article of food most harmful to it; and so, for the sake of peace, it has come to pass that, since children have come into our home, mince pie, fruit cake, cheese, pickles and sausage are, for the most of the time, shut out, while a beverage made up of milk, sugar and a little hot water, is the only tea or coffee known to them. Some one may suggest that this does not treat of the prevention of colds, but as anything which weakens digestion, weakens the system, and makes it liable to sickness, I claim that rich food is often the cause of colds. Over-

heated rooms is another, perhaps the most common of all in country districts, where wood is used for fuel, and even temperature is out of the question. The warmer we dress our children and ourselves, the cooler we can keep our rooms, and still be comfortable, and the better fortified we are against the breeze from an open door, or run in the fresh air.

A friend of mine recently contrasting her own puny children with our sturdy, rosy pair, attributed the difference to "stock," but egotism claimed a portion as due to different treatment. Her's slept in a warm room, with a lighted lamp near, and lunched on pie—conditions quite unknown to mine. While I advocate the bare feet and light garments during the summer heat, I guard against the first chills of autumn. Wraps for a restless child are not to be depended upon, an undergarment, often some old one left over, is much better, and when the cold wave passes it may be taken off. Through the dreaded "second summer," a flannel band, made to fit simply over the body, and pinned to the diaper, is an excellent preventive of bowel troubles. This may be knit with an elastic stitch, and straps over the shoulders; or made of flannel and buttoned under the arm.

A change in the diet is best for constipation. Dishes made of Graham flour, oat meal, and often sour apples, usually give relief.

In regard to bathing, I know that I am throwing down a gauntlet when I assert that is too often over-done, and though a cleanly and wholesome habit, it is not necessary to perfect health. I agree with an old lady who used to earnestly advocate church-going, and always gave as one of her reasons that "it did people good to scrub up once a week;" but when it comes to be a daily or semi-daily matter, it is quite apt to weaken the system. I often hear a mother confess, by the light of after years and experience, to having injured her first baby by too much bathing. The sponge bath is less of a shock to the system than any other and therefore the best for daily use.

I see with regret that the old-time romping plays are quite out of fashion, even in the country; and while a girl gains an early knowledge of genteel manners, nice costumes and beaux, she seldom claims any experience in riding down hill and sliding on ice in winter; of walking fences, ball playing, or swinging in the topmost branches of a tree. Her mother is spared the desperation of denim aprons for her, and too often is also spared the pleasure of seeing her develop into robust womanhood. There is nothing more health-giving than those very plays which used to wear out clothes so rapidly, and give to the girl who loved them the title of "tom boy."

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

ZAIDIE asks if there is any place in this city where hand painting on satin and velvet can be sold. We know of no such place unless it be at the Woman's Exchange, where articles may be left to be sold on commission. The Exchange does not buy, but exhibits the goods and charges a commission if they are sold.

THOSE CONUNDRUMS.

When I saw those conundrums that Beatrix gave us recently, my first thought was "give it up," and with respect to the first, I feel now that I might as well say "I don't know." But I am going to amuse myself supposing the case. The first item to be considered is the man. Is he selfish because he doesn't think, or because he doesn't care? The answer to this would make considerable difference in my tactics. If the former, then the task would not be so difficult. I could find many ways to make him think that he was a selfish wretch, and he wouldn't be satisfied with that opinion of himself long. I should find it hard to tell in just so many words what plan I should adopt, but of two things I am certain; I should neither work the belligerent, nor yet the pathetic racket. But the wife who has the latter style of man to deal with, must do away with any idea she may once have had that a husband was one, bound by a solemn vow to cherish and protect, etc. Then if she can control her temper sufficiently to be always cool and self-possessed, yet *persistent*. I think almost any man could be brought to terms. I must confess that as I battle with this imaginary man I feel as though I should like to pitch in to him and give him a black eye, and perhaps if one had the strength that would be the best thing that could be done.

The other conundrum is easier. But I shall go back of it far enough to air one of my pet opinions; that is, that if the father had respected the individuality of his children as he ought to have done, he would not have taken the apple from the older son at all, but asked him to share it with the younger. If he was willing, all right, if not, the younger should have been provided for in some other way. But supposing myself to be that father, it would be such a source of real grief to me to feel that I had so selfish a child, and I should take so much pains to make him feel that it was so, that I think such incidents could not occur often. To take the conundrum as it is, of course such an ebullition of temper ought not to go unpunished. Moreover, the boy should be made to pick up the apple and eat it. If the father can control his own temper, and be firm, a command ought to suffice; but if corporal punishment be found necessary, he ought not to hesitate to inflict it, for in my opinion it is a matter to be decided then and there. As to what he did do: Well, that, too, depends upon the man. If he was a quick tempered man, and governed by nothing higher than impulse, he probably thrashed the youngster instantaneously, thereby proving himself a grown-up child, with more brute force than his three-year-old son, but no more reason. If he was a man who wanted peace at any cost, he made the elder son divide evenly, and if that raised another row, he probably put on his hat and cleared out, leaving the mother to smooth over the matter. Now, how near have I come to it?

As it is nearly time for our town fair, I

want to express a wish long thought, that Beatrix would represent the FARMER here at that time. I for one should be glad to welcome her.

ARMADA.

L. B. P.

HOW TO LIGHTEN THRESHING IN THE HOUSE.

I used to dread threshing, but of late years we make it a pleasure more than a task by exchanging with our neighbors, women as well as men. Two or three friends will come and help me, and when they thresh I help each in turn, and in that way we have a good visit, and do not feel much more tired than we would with ordinary work. One day's notice, unless that day be Sunday, as was the case with me this year, will be sufficient to prepare good, substantial meals. I bake bread and cakes the day before, and then with my company's help, we bake fresh pies and prepare meats and vegetables for dinner after the great iron horse marches in with his load of machinery and settles down to business. Some think they must bake and buy every thing they can think of in the way of knick-knacks, as much as they would for a wedding, but I think it foolishness to have such a variety. If we could all think alike, and give the men plenty of good meat and vegetables, bread and butter, one kind of pie or pudding for dinner, and cold meat, perhaps potatoes, sauce, pickles, one kind of cake, and bread and butter for supper, and have plenty in place of variety, how much work we could avoid; besides keeping the men, "dear souls," from having the nightmare and losing their rest over rich victuals. I do not mean to assert that I want the same dishes over and over from day to day, but have a variety. Prepare one or two choice dishes for one meal, others the next and so on; but if you have all of them at once, your palate will pall and you will tire of them all. The same rule applies to baking; we should bake one kind of pie, cakes, cookies, one day, and the next day bake other kinds, and with careful management there will not be many pieces to waste.

While the ladies are discussing the health and corset question, the idea comes to me whether the corsets would hurt so much if they had less rich victuals to compress.

VICKSBURG.

C. B. R.

THE FINE ART OF COOKING.

Good cooking is an important element in home life and happiness. Health depends upon it, for no one can be well and strong who suffers from indigestion, and nothing causes it sooner than ill-cooked food. Many people think that while a girl must go to school for years to acquire knowledge, and have masters for this and that accomplishment, she may be safely left to pick up an acquaintance with cooking after she has a household of her own. This is a great mistake, as hundreds of ladies who remember the trouble they have had through want of experience can tell you. I myself have had lots of

trouble. To be a good cook, one needs a light, firm hand, and accurate eye, and a patient temper; one needs, too, a few rules and a trustworthy recipe book. We have all seen the easy way in which a good cook makes a cake; she tosses three or four things together, gives a flirt of the spice box, and a feathery touch or two to her foamy eggs, pops the pan into the oven, and presto, there appears a splendid cake, and if you should ask her why and how she did this or the other part of her work, she will smile and say, "Oh, I used my judgment." Have your recipe books at least until you know certain rules by heart, and follow their directions; still no recipe book can tell you when bread is light or when meat is done. One of the things you must learn if you wish to cook successfully is the management of your fire, especially in baking bread, which is I think the real test of a cook's good judgment. A great deal depends on the kneading; you can not knead bread too long. The art of making bread, once learned, is never forgotten.

"You may live without friends, you may live without books,
But civilized men can not live without cooks."

RHODA.

BATTLE CREEK.

INFORMATION WANTED.

I read an article a short time since in which the writer prophesied that in the near future a woman assuming the duties of a home would not be expected to wash, iron, bake, make butter, etc., (I hope mending will be included) but that each one will take some particular branch, which they may prefer, and do that for the whole neighborhood. I began to think, if that time should come in my day, what branch I should most prefer, and decided if I must choose it would be butter making, for I like that very much. Have any members of the Household had any experience with a creamery at which a part or the whole of the milk was bought, and where one woman could take care of the butter? What would be a fair price for the milk, and is it a profitable business? I would like these questions answered if possible.

L. C.

MORRICE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE *Brewing World* says the simplest plan and the one that will succeed in most instances, to remove the unpleasant "wood taste" from wooden vessels, is to scald them several times in boiling water, then dissolve some pearlash or soda in lukewarm water, adding a little lime to it, and wash the inside of the vessels well in the solution. Afterward scald them several times thoroughly as before.

ABOUT the best thing that can be done with worn out ingrain carpet is to wash it well, then cut it into strips one and a half inches wide, ravel out on both edges until but eight or nine threads remain and sew the strips together. Have it woven like any rag carpet, and you have a very serviceable and withal good-look-

ing rug. It takes an abundant supply of both carpet and patience, however.

If you propose to take many sleigh rides this winter, it is well to provide a foot warmer, now. Make a bag of stout ticking about a foot square, fill it with dry sand. Make a case for it, with buttons and loops, as ornamental as you please. When this is heated hot in the oven, and deposited at the feet when starting for a long ride, it will be found a great comfort on a cold day.

Where writing implements are used but seldom the pens are apt to be rusty. To prevent this keep them in pearline, the compound used for laundry purposes. Take a small dish, fill it with the powder, stick the pens down into it, and when you want one, you will find it nice and bright.

Contributed Recipes.

CHILI SAUCE.—Twelve large tomatoes; four onions, chopped fine; four teacupfuls vinegar; six teaspoonfuls brown sugar; two tablespoonfuls of salt; two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon; half teaspoonful cayenne pepper.

M. B.

DETROIT.

RIPE CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Take ripe cucumbers, pare and slice lengthwise and remove the seeds; sprinkle lightly with salt and let them stand over night; then drain them and steam until tender. To every quart of good cider vinegar needed to cover them add two pounds of sugar and one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, and any other spices desired. Tie the spices in a thin cloth; heat these ingredients boiling hot, pour over the cucumbers, and you have nice pickles. Mrs. L. C.

MORRICE.

TOMATO FIGS.—Take the small ripe "plum" tomatoes, pare and cook them a very little, not much more than enough to scald them through. Sprinkle a platter with white sugar, spread the figs on the platter and sprinkle sugar upon them. Let them dry, not till they are hard and tough, but till they seem like real figs; then pack in a box with sugar between the layers. They will be relished by the children as a great treat.

B.

DETROIT.

JAMES PYLE'S



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