

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### LITTLE DUTCH GRETCHEN.

Little Dutch Gretchen came over the sea  
With an aunt instead of her mother,  
"As like," so little Dutch Gretchen told me,  
"As like as one pea to another."

Little Dutch Gretchen fell sick on the way,  
A-sailing upon the dark water;  
The captain came down to the cabin each day,  
And called her his patient Dutch daughter.

Little Dutch Gretchen took pretzels and beer,  
Hoping she soon would be better;  
And at last when the end of the journey was near,  
Dutch Gretchen sent homeward a letter.

"I'm better," Dutch Gretchen wrote first on the  
page,

"And my aunt is as kind as my mother;  
But never a prison bird, shut in a cage,  
Longed more to give one for the other.

"There is a look, and a tone, and a tenderer way,  
A bosom more gentle to lie on,  
And, mother, a love that will never grow gray,  
And a heart that is blessed to die on.

"So, mother, I've said to the captain to-night,  
To Bremen I'll sail back most gladly,  
To tell you, if changing one's mother is right,  
It's a trade that will cheat a child sadly."

And little Dutch Gretchen went home o'er the sea,  
And gave back her aunt for her mother;

"For they're not all the same," said Dutch  
Gretchen to me,

"Though like as one pea to another."

—Copied for the Household by Bessie M. Gar-  
lock, of Howell.

### THOSE CONUNDRUMS.

I have been asked to "please answer my own puzzles," that is, the questions I gave to the HOUSEHOLD readers a few weeks ago. The first was "What shall the wife do when her husband neglects or refuses to furnish her conveniences for doing her work, while at the same time he makes use of all modern improvements in his own?"

What would I do? That depends. It is a question one cannot answer for another, since circumstances, disposition and temperament of both men and women must inevitably differ in every instance. The plan successful in one case might fail utterly in another, owing to individual idiosyncracies. The woman who thus suffers must take the problem to her own heart, and solve it by her own ingenuity and woman's wit, aided by her wifely love. Many will fail through want of harmony with the person to be influenced, a misconception of the right method, the attempted enforcement of the wrong. For that reason, every loving wife should carefully study her husband's disposition and temper, that she may know in what way her influence may best

be exerted upon him. There would be far less of marital unhappiness and discontent if each would study the other's character and individuality, and accommodate themselves to the other's nature. Such a perfect harmony of thought and purpose is so charming in married life, gives such satisfaction and content, that it is worth the careful observation, the self-abnegation, the study necessary to secure it.

A few general principles apply to such a question as we have before us. Complaining, fault-finding, fretting, are invariably unwise; they operate against the wife's influence. Tears may gain a point at first, but few men sympathize with a "Job Trotter" even in petticoats; there is no argument in tears, and, the "pathetic dodge" soon encases the husband in an armor of indifference. A torrent of words from a scolding woman may overbear resistance, but inclines the sufferer to seek refuge in flight. What then is left for a woman to do, if she can neither scold nor cry?

I believe there is a great deal in *beginning right*. The newly wedded wife is timid about insisting on her wifely rights in business. She has a natural but uncalled-for reluctance to ask for money or make her wants known. Her lover anticipated her wants, why should all this be changed on the wedding day, and she be compelled to ask for what is her just right? So she goes without, in her foolish pride, letting her husband remain unthoughtful of her needs. The custom of providing an over-abundant *trousseau* is another hindrance to the just conception of his duties by the young husband. He finds his wife costs him little or nothing for a year or more after marriage, and comes to think she can get along with "little or nothing" the rest of her life; and too, many begin housekeeping with much to buy and little to buy with, and the natural impulse on the loving wife's part is to help along on the hard road by doing without all but the bare necessities of life. To a certain extent, this is right and commendable, but it is possible to carry the idea too far, so that one is educated in selfish absorption for his own purposes, while the altruism of the other makes her own life barren of much it should hold for the family's sake.

I should try to begin right. When the returns from the first harvest came in all should not be invested in farm implements and machinery, or even applied on a possible mortgage. I should not sacri-

fice present good entirely to a problematical future. The life of the mind and heart is more necessary to the true aim of existence than the physical life. I should claim, and prove the justice of my claim by sound logic, that a modest percentage of that sum was *ours*, to be employed in making home pleasant and providing helps to my work; and by consultation with, and deferring to the taste of the "other partner," I should aim to interest him in the work of building a shrine for our household gods; nor should I be afraid to let him know it took money to do it, just as well as to carry on the farm. There are few men so thoroughly ingrained in selfishness that by *beginning right* they may not be made to take a just view of the wife's work; they are not designedly unkind, in most cases; it is carelessness and want of thought. They would not make the woman's sacrifices; often they think them uncalled-for because they do not understand the woman-nature; if she chooses to make them, it must be because she chooses, and that is her affair.

But if I had to manage a husband whose selfishness was ingrained in his very nature, till it had become his real self, I should attack him through that selfishness. I should try the "Rarey method;" he should *feel*, through his own selfish nature, the power of selfishness in another operating against him. The ways of doing this must depend on time and place. If my household conveniences were not what my husband's means warranted, and I had been refused better without due reason, the results would be apparent in domestic machinery sadly out of gear, and consequent discomfort to the head centre. Without one cross or impatient word, "tranquil as a summer morn" myself, I should make him feel "the times were out of joint." For instance: If I had used an old "elevated oven" stove till the oven would not bake, and I could not have a new one when profits warranted it, there would be such a season of "slack" bread and raw pie-crust as would strike terror to his soul. To protest and grumble would be returned the pleasant answer "It's too bad, but that oven is so poor." When the new stove came, as come it would after a penitential season such as I have indicated, his favorite dishes, "done to a turn," would be his reward. Instead of doing "the best I could" I should do the worst I knew how, but all the while, like "Sam'l of Posen," I should be "the innocentest man on the road." Under



other circumstances, I might go to town and buy what I needed, and order the bill sent to my husband and "have it out" in that fashion; this, never, though, unless certain it was selfish want of appreciation of my needs, not financial inability, which denied me. Under any circumstances, however, I should not join the foolish sisterhood who "get along" with nothing while their husbands try all the new fashions in farm helps, for to "suffer and be still" in such unnecessary ways I do not consider noble or dignified.

As for the other conundrum, in which the small boy threw the piece of apple in his father's face because he could not have the whole, I should have felt that duty to the child demanded a prostrate position across my knee, and the prompt and energetic "reversion of the magnetic currents." What the father actually did was this: "There, there, Freddy, don't cry, you shall have it." He took the apple from the six year old owner, and gave it to the three year old; picked up the discarded piece and offered it to the elder, who refused it and began to cry. Then the father slapped his mouth.

BEATRIX.

#### FROM OVER SEAS.

One who has never taken an ocean voyage naturally feels some nervousness and excitement over the first one. I did not escape this feeling, and on the morning of sailing, as it was rainy, experienced some blueness and misgivings at leaving the dear native land. The weather brightened, however, about the hour of departure, and a goodly company gathered at the Jersey pier to say "Bon voyage" to the passengers by the "Waesland." There is the usual bustle in looking up baggage and getting it safely on board, then we go over the steamer, examine our quarters, wondering if we can ever sleep in those narrow boxes of beds, to say nothing of dressing in such tiny rooms with the boat rolling and pitching about, perhaps. She seems now, however, only bound on some sunny pleasure trip instead of a long journey over a trackless waste of waters, for the cabins and state rooms are filled with flowery tributes, the offerings from friends to those who leave home behind, braving the possible discomforts of an ocean voyage to see the treasures of the old world. We come back on deck to witness the final preparations for leaving, which the pompous purser superintends with an air of owning the vessel as well as passengers. At last the friends who have come to see us off, are warned they must say the last good-byes by the sounding of the hoarse fog-horn, the gang-plank is taken up, the great doors shut down between the faces of loved ones, those on the pier crowd to the end, waving us away with hearty huzzas. We watch them through tear-dimmed eyes, as our vessel moves across the bay. Soon we pass the forts and the Bartholdi pedestal, straining our sight to see as long as possible the Brooklyn bridge, perhaps the longest in the world, and the

spires and notable buildings of the metropolis of our country. At last they are swallowed up in the distance, and toward night even the line of old Manhattan beach fades from our vision. Our pilot leaves us and we are fairly launched on the bosom of old ocean. What has it in store for us, sunny days and a fair voyage, or storms and the unpleasant experience of seasickness likely to follow? How strange to one at least was the first night, with no companion, tossing on the great waves, in her ears that ominous sound of the fog-horn! One has a feeling of desolation, of isolation from all the world, never experienced before. The first day out proves sunny, and the passengers begin to make themselves comfortable and at home. Getting acquainted on ship-board is an interesting feature of ocean travel. The process is not a long one. We are a little world of ourselves now, bound together for the time being in our close quarters and by our common separation from home and the dear ones. The formalities which seem a part of us on land fall away quickly, and one sees I believe the best and friendliest side of his fellow traveller. An old sea-voyager can rarely be an unsocial fellow.

It is fortunate perhaps that we get very indolent, as there is little to do and it is pleasant to lie lazily on deck, watching the swelling, white-capped waves, the sea gulls dipping their tireless wings, occasionally a sail moving slowly along the horizon. We begin to talk now of America as far away and all are quite accustomed to what at first seemed small quarters. The few who felt some qualms at the rolling of the vessel straggle back to their place at the dining table. Eating is one of the chief amusements. To Americans who are accustomed to throw down their food in the ten and twenty-minutes allotted at railway stations, wading through the long bill of fare, which is the regular table d'hôte of the continent, seems a tiresome thing indeed. The Germans, who make up the most of the passengers, take kindly to this slow feeding process and wash down the queerly cooked German dishes with copious libations of wine and beer. The fare is very good in the main, and the attendance excellent. The Red Star Line has many points in its favor as a route from America to Europe. Landing one directly on the continent, the changes in England and crossing the channel are avoided. For some this will be found very pleasant. Our captain is unlike the accepted notion of the chief officer on a great ship; he is as gentle and low-voiced as a woman, firm one can see by the close set lips, yet the eyes have a merry twinkle. A fog finds him at his post on the bridge, all night it may be. Our journey has been so free from the disagreeable features, storm and fog, that we have not missed him often from the head of our table. Every trifle which can vary the monotony of each day is turned to the best account. The steerage passengers amuse themselves at night dancing and singing to the music of an accordion, the

sailors who are off duty by performing athletic feats. One is tied fast to another, thus joined they execute some difficult figures and finally extricate themselves from the knotted ropes. Another, sitting on a small bottle, which is turned on its side, places his feet on a broom handle. Sitting on this unstable seat he threads a needle. One day I went to the bottom of the ship, 500 feet it is from the deck, to see the great engine, the machine for distilling water, the pumping engines, and the indicator, which tells us while we are looking, that the main shaft is making 58 revolutions per minute. We go down, down the open, iron stairway, backwards, lest we become dizzy and fall. Everything is black and the ladies gather up their skirts to keep them from the dirt and the oil, which drips from every part and keeps the whole vast machine running smoothly. What a noise! We can scarcely hear the polite mate's explanations. It is from here that we hear the beat, beat, subdued by the time it reaches us, with which our good vessel, straining and creaking, bears on her way. In front of the great furnaces are the stokers; black and perspiring, they look in the red glare like veritable inhabitants of the lower regions. They endure the intense heat four hours, when they are relieved and after four hours' rest go on duty again. We expend some pity on them for spending so much of their lives down in this dark uncomfortable place, and I wonder if, for any sin committed in some previous existence perhaps, these poor fellows are passing through this sort of purgatory. We are glad to leave the stifling air and mount up again into the sunshine.

We congratulate ourselves as the days go by on the favors Neptune has shown us. The tempestuous anger of the sea-god has been withheld, and all the grand sights of old ocean in its calm and pleasant aspect have been granted us. One of these was a view of nine or ten icebergs, the largest several hundred feet in length and a hundred in height. With glasses we could easily see the ribbed and water worn appearance of the sides and the wide fissures on the glistening tops. We spent the morning in their company, but they seemed the rightful occupants of the wide waters, ourselves some intruders, and we did not venture too near to disturb their privacy. Another day, which had seemed only a repetition of other fair days was crowned as one of the best, for we not only saw some of the live monsters of the deep, huge whales, spouting and splashing, but later, at sunset, a strange and beautiful effect of light on the waves. Near us the water was glassy and smooth, sea and sky dull and overcast, far off near the horizon, was what appeared to be a lake of fire from which the waves leaped like tongues of flame to the leaden clouds. The whole remains a picture in my mind, lovely and yet startling, worth crossing many miles of ocean to see.

Nearing Lizard Point, the extreme south-west of England, we can see the revolving lights on the coast. We pass



steamer of the Allan Line, the first one we have seen, for ships are not very social. We give this one a greeting by burning our red light and they respond with a yellow one. We wish them as fair and safe a voyage as ours has been, setting off towards the home we have left, so long ago it seems now. All night we keep near the southern English coast and in the morning are in sight of Dover's White Cliffs, Shakspeare's cliffs, some one calls them. Later we pass the town with its castle and fortifications. There is a soft, gray light over the cliffs, which is particularly beautiful. At only one point do we near France sufficiently to distinguish the low-lying coast. Again the ship is a scene of bustle, the sailors clean the decks, furl and put clean covers over the sails, the waiters are scouring and polishing the dining room, everything literally shines, the stewards make up the beds freshly and we seem somehow quite turned out of our comfortable places. The passengers discard their rough sea-suits and appear in such fresh garb one concludes that fine feathers *have* a great deal to do with making fine birds.

Our first glimpse of a continental town is obtained just at night, when we reach old sea-walled Flushing, with its fort and odd red-tiled houses. Here we take on a German looking pilot, who wears little gold ear-rings and is said to know nothing else but how to take ships up the Scheldt river. However true this may be, he pilots our vessel safely up between the low, green banks of Holland and Belgium. On either hand stretch long, regular lines of trees; wind-mills lift their long arms against the crimson sunset; queer, low houses with thatched roofs nestle among the green, and from some of the tiny churches sweet-toned bells send out their evening chimes. Soon the lights of Antwerp shine over the water and we are landed at its great ship-ping docks. There are joyful greetings between loved ones long separated, hasty partings between steamer friends, and some misgivings, some heart sinking for those who have no friends to meet them and hear for the first time this strange jargon, the Flemish tongue. The sunshine of the morning dissipates any feeling of sadness however, and we look about with wonder in our eyes at the odd sights which this quaint old city affords. Of some of its interesting places I will perhaps write you in a future letter.

DELIA BENTON.

ANTWERP, Belgium.

#### CHILDREN'S FANCY STOCKINGS.

I send directions for knitting children's stockings, furnished by a neighbor who has a little trot of her own to knit for, knitted with stripe and vine, using two colors; for convenience we will say red and gray: When your stocking is long enough to begin to stripe, commence by knitting once around with the red, six times with the gray, then four times with red, until you have three stripes of red, then seven times around with gray. Before you commence the vine, be sure you

have the right number of stitches so you can knit in fives; first five red, and then five gray, having no two colors come together, using gray for foundation. Using two balls, commence with the red, knit five red, then five gray, until you have knit five times around, carrying it one stitch farther out every time around (this makes the leaf diamond shaped); the sixth time around knit only the first stitch red, nine gray, then knit once around with red, then you have the vine half done. Commence again, one red, nine gray, once around, then five red, five gray, same as before, only turning the leaf the other way; stripe as before. Care should be taken that the under thread is left rather loose, else it will draw too tight.

PLAINWELL.

AUNT NELL.

#### TRUE VS. FALSE PERCEPTIONS.

It is a curious and sometimes most unpleasant experience to a person who has been taught to believe that law in general is justice, and who has never in experience found it otherwise, to suddenly wake up to the feeling that theory and practice have all this time been entirely mistaken.

It is well to sift theories carefully before accepting them as demonstrated truths, but if, after careful scrutiny we find no flaw, and time sanctions our conclusions, we should by unexpected events find ourselves doubting the correctness of our long settled convictions, we should be very slow to decide that our later light was not delusive.

The person thus tempted to look upon former beliefs as mistaken should carefully consider if the change be not in himself. While one walks in harmony with law, its justice is unquestioned, but when one in spirit or conduct violates law, they feel its repressive force.

It is one of the natural traits of humanity to justify itself. The person is right, and whatever opposes is wrong. The person who agrees with us is personified wisdom, while the fellow who will not admit the soundness of our views, is at best a conceited bigot. All persons are not gauged to this extreme point, but with most it is only a difference of degree. There are some timid, self-distrustful souls, who pin their faith to the sleeve of some other person, great in their eyes, but even these humble souls share these feelings vicariously through their chosen idols. Even with little children this trait is prominent; it is generally some other child that is in the wrong. In advanced life, in our social, moral, political and religious associations, we and our side are right, the other wrong.

This feeling when governed by settled and well-defined laws of action is natural, necessary and proper; but when a person finds himself at war with the state of things which has long contented him, it may be true that himself and not the law is wrong.

When any one departs from the path of rectitude, it is well if law as well as conscience restrains him. It is not often

that great criminality is attained at a bound. Step by step we climb to the height of perfected humanity, or step by step descend to the lowest depth of misery and sin. When the consciousness dawns on us that the "times are out of joint," that long established law and usage has suddenly become irksome and unjust, try some pretty thorough self-examination lest a "beam be in your eye."

If a clerk has allowed himself to contrast his own plain surroundings with the palatial possessions of his employer until the law that bids him "Covet not that which is not thine own," seems unjust and tyrannical, the remedy should be applied to himself. The fault is not in the law.

The deeper one goes in crime, the greater the restraint of law. "No rogue e'er felt the halter draw, with good opinion of the law." Yet the verdict of all good people who do right in the eye of the law, is that law is justice, and its penalties are richly deserved.

When one feels strongly, their feelings control or warp their judgment, and what in moments of clear unperverted reason seems entirely right and just, in moments of stormy, overwhelming passion or desire is changed to rankest injustice to the distorted perception of the unfortunate.

But that which in our calm rational moments reason points out as the anchor to hold us firm, must be our only hope when the storms of passion have made chaos of our senses and hurled reason from her throne. As the bewildered wanderer will often, when nearing known localities fail to recognize them, so the way-marks of truth and morality seem false and treacherous altogether, to the infatuated and bewildered wanderer from the path of right.

How strange it seems that some young girls should seem imbued with the idea that their simple, innocent minds should have knowledge superior to their parents, and even to the accumulated wisdom of the ages, or more still, be able to give a new interpretation to the Divine law!

All these testify: Only in marriage is the perfection of human love; all else is sinful, unhallowed and degraded; and yet we see these deluded beings insist "this is only social prejudice." Poor creatures, may God in his mercy direct them and turn their steps from ruin and despair.

The home is the unit of the State and Nation. If that is desecrated and despoiled the fair fabric is shattered and will soon lie in ruins. While the hope of the State is in her defenders, her sons, her pride is in her daughters, and her honor and that of her sons is in their keeping. May they prove faithful to their trust.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

#### "THE CUP THAT CHEERS."

I often wonder when I see so many sensible people who possess such sensitive nervous organizations, drink so freely of strong tea. I know many who put so much nerve force into use that when their



forenoon's work has all been accomplished they say "I must have a good cup of tea or I shall not be capable of performing my afternoon's work." This seems equivalent to placing an amount of money at interest with the view of the interest being their support for the year, but in the end interest and part of the principal are both consumed, or in other words, the excesses of our youth are drafts upon old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date. I believe that if one is obliged to do a heavy day's work it should be done quietly and with least excitability possible. I know that tea drinking does not affect all in the same way or to the same extent, but according to our organization or nervous sensibility. If all were made as nervous as I am after taking a cup of strong tea I am sure there would be more who would cry out its dangerous effects. We often hear ladies quite well advanced in life say "I used to make my tea strong but I can not drink it so now," and quite often we hear others say they cannot drink it at all. I think if we must drink tea at all that it should be in moderation. Moderation is firmness and firmness is commonly successful. It is by little things, little influences acting upon us, small decisions made by us, that every one of us is going, not by leaps, yet surely by inches, either toward eternal happiness or woe.

MASON.

PERSIS.

#### A DESERVING CHARITY.

"Bessie" desires to learn through the *HOUSEHOLD* of some hospital in this city where donations of Sunday school papers would be acceptable. The Home for the Friendless is a deserving charity, which cares for destitute and homeless children, and where donations of not only Sunday school papers but more substantial articles would be most thankfully received. The last report states the Home has seventy-five children to care for, and a worse than empty treasury, since the expenditures have been \$1,000 in excess of the receipts for the past year. The Home cares for the waifs and strays of humanity, shelters them and brings them up to be respectable, honest children, and finds homes or situations for them at a suitable age. It is a charity which extends its sheltering arms to betrayed and forsaken women, seeking to save them from further descent into vice, and give them the help needed to make them self-supporting. Contributions of cast-off clothing, food, etc., are needed; and it would be a gracious deed in our generous-hearted farmers and their wives to send to this Home of the Friendless a barrel of apples, of flour, of potatoes, out of their own abundance, to help feed these friendless ones who are here aided in the true spirit of charity, which helps humanity to help itself, and "thinketh no evil."—[*HOUSEHOLD* ED.]

**SOAP FOR CLOTHES CLEANING.**—A recipe for making soap that will take grease spots out of clothes is as follows: Powdered fuller's earth, one ounce; just moisten with spirits of turpentine; add salt of tartar, one ounce; best potash, one ounce; work the whole into a paste with a little soap.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The *Rural New Yorker* says the suspicions of even a very wise old rodent may be allayed by covering the steel trap set to catch him with a white cloth on which a few cake or cheese crumbs have been scattered. The rat ventures on the cloth for the coveted luxury, and the thin goods does not in the least prevent the springing of the trap beneath it.

If you have an abundance of good grapes this fall, try to keep them as long as you can. Take the fine, perfect bunches, with the scissors remove every broken or poor berry, cover the end of the stem with melted sealing wax, and put them away in a dark, cool, dry place, on newspapers, spreading papers over them. Do not let the bunches touch each other; look them over occasionally and remove those that show signs of decay.

An old Dutch woman told a correspondent of the *Indiana Farmer* how to preserve grapes in a fashion novel to many, but which we have heard advocated by some good housekeepers, heretofore. We give it, and will not some lady who has plenty of grapes try it, and report her success to the *HOUSEHOLD*?

"Take a sweet, clean, bran-new crock or jar, one that has never been used before, and after picking and sorting and washing the finest of your grapes, which should be well ripened, put in layers of fruit and sugar, until the crock is filled within an inch of the top. Then stand it in the oven with a moderate heat until it is slowly heated through, or until the fire goes down. Repeat this several times, each time gently pressing the top under and stirring lightly. If you have any experience whatever in preserving, you will know by the glossy appearance of the fruit when it is done enough to keep. The flavor is said to more nearly resemble that of fresh fruit than in any other way."

T. D. CURTIS, the well known authority on dairy matters, gives some hints on setting milk which may solve Aunt Nell's perplexity.

"Set your milk for cream-raising as soon as possible after it is drawn from the cow, and before it has time to cool. Every degree of temperature lost is a waste of the force that separates the cream from the milk. The cream rises fastest when the temperature is falling; slowly when the temperature is stationary; and little, if at all, when the temperature is rising. The watery and caseous portions of the milk, being better conductors of heat, cool and shrink faster than the fat globules. This makes the fat so much the lighter relatively, and hence it rises more rapidly, by force of gravity. In shallow setting and a gradual fall of the temperature, the cream will rise slowly and be dense, and sometimes if the air is too dry, leathery. In deep setting, the cream is always more liquid, contains more milk and caseous matter, and is less dense. It needs more airing than cream raised by shallow setting, and seldom makes good flavored and good-keeping butter if churned sweet. It is best to churn the cream as soon as it takes on a slightly acid taste. It should never be allowed to sour enough to cause a coagulation of the cream and a separation of the whey from the solids—a practice followed in some of the western creameries. Never put a fresh lot of

cream into the cream jar just before churning. The chances are that it will not churn as soon as the other, and will remain in the butter-milk and be wasted."

Another authority says 50 degrees is the lowest point to which milk should be cooled, and it should not rise above 58 degrees.

GODEY'S *LADY'S BOOK* comes up smiling and bright for November, with a fairly good table of contents and plenty of fine illustrations. It ranks among the best of our two dollar fashion magazines, and makes a specialty of its paper patterns, one of which is given each subscriber who desires it, each month. J. H. Haulenbeek, Philadelphia.

*BABYHOOD* for October is full of good things; one of its most valuable articles being on "Precocious Children," by that sparkling writer, Marion Harland (Mrs. Terhune); another on the "Care of Baby's Eyes," by Dr. E. S. Peck, is full of good suggestions, while mothers will welcome the hints embodied in "Nursing Sick Children." We can cordially recommend this little magazine to our readers, feeling sure they will find on trial we have not commended it too highly. *Babyhood Publishing Co.*, 18 Spruce St. N. Y.

**A HOUSEKEEPING INVENTION.**—At the annual fair of the Mechanics' Institute at San Francisco, Cal., an apparatus was shown for putting up fruit in glass jars, cooking it by steam. Seven or eight jars are filled with raw fruit, and set into a tray provided with holes just large enough to hold each jar. This is set part way into a boiler partially filled with boiling water, the steam from which cooks the fruit thoroughly in from 20 to 30 minutes. There is far less loss from breakage, and the entire operation is performed much more expeditiously and easily than when the fruit is cooked first and then put in the jars. This invention will commend itself to our housekeepers who put up large quantities of fruit, and we hope soon to see it obtainable at our hardware supply stores.

## JAMES PYLE'S



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