

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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DETROIT, OCTOBER 7, 1884.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### VEILED.

A rough clay model, safe within it holding  
A beauteous secret, though but half concealed,  
None but the sculptor sees in its coarse moulding  
The perfect thought that God to him revealed.

A life wherein we find a shadowed meaning,  
And vainly, with our blunted sense, we try  
To see the angel vision o'er it leaning,  
And casting its reflection from the sky.

Soon the dull clay, new born in marble whiteness,  
Like a perfected soul, arises pure and fair,  
And the veiled life will show the unknown bright-  
ness

In its own time that Heaven has showered  
there.

—N. Y. Churchman.

### THE UNDESIRABLE ASSISTANT.

"Old School Teacher's" plaint in the Household, several weeks ago, regarding the bad-mannered hired man, made me feel as if I wanted to say "Me too," take my sunbonnet and start right off across lots to talk it over with her. I have been wishing the Household was an "experience meeting," where I might rehearse my woes, though there is not much consolation in talking over troubles.

The sweaty, dirty, coatless men, with shirt-sleeves rolled to the elbow, who use their knives as if they were scoop-shovels, bolt their food as if they never expected another meal, drop knife and fork with a bang and kick over a chair as they leave the table the moment the last mouthful is down, have often sat at my table during the busy season, and however much they may have enjoyed their dinner, I am free to confess their manners effectually banished my appetite. I do not wish to be understood that I think all hired men are like these. We have had many in our family who were gentlemanly in deportment, well educated, and whom I was perfectly willing to treat as if they were part of my own family. They were sons of our neighbors, young men who worked on the farm summers and taught school winters, and with whom our relations were always most friendly and pleasant. But we have had specimens of the other class, the opposite extreme, those who evidently never had any "bringing up," but like Topsy, "just grewed." I endured them under protest; the day they left was one of jubilee. I would no more have asked an honored guest to sit at table with such men than I would have invited said guest to eat at the pig's trough. No; for company my table was set twice and the men ate by themselves. Of course this takes time that might be

spent more pleasantly in visiting, and often the head of the house must eat with his men, and so misses the visit at table with friends, but he might as well miss it as try to enjoy it under such circumstances. It is mortifying to both husband and wife to have a man, even if he is "only the hired man," toss his napkin as near the floor as he dare, stab a slice of bread half way across the table with his fork, or wipe his knife between his lips and help himself to butter with it, ignoring the butter-knife. I do not think many farmers would endure such manners, only that it seems the only way. The men Mrs. R. D. P. describes, and some we have been fortunate enough to get, are treasures; but unfortunately there are not enough of them to go around, and in the hurrying season, we must possess our souls in patience. One man who worked for us passed through the kitchen as I held a handful of silver forks in my hand, wiping them. He cheerfully remarked: "I'd as soon eat with a dung-fork as one of them things!" I said nothing at the time, but thought I would consult his preferences, so I put a steel fork at his plate next meal. Wasn't he mad as a trooper, and didn't he tell all around the neighborhood how he was abused, and was given a steel fork while the family had silver ones to use!

But I sometimes feel as if I could put up with the table manners better than the want of personal cleanliness. How a man can drag all day and go to bed without even washing his feet, is more than I can understand. I sometimes think that if I could talk in three or four languages I could not do justice to my feelings when I have to wash sheets and pillow-slips from their beds. Some men we have employed have had but two everyday shirts to their name, though spending enough for tobacco to buy a new one every week. The garment discarded Saturday night I usually picked up with the tongs and threw out of the window, conveying it afterward to the seclusion of the woodshed till wash-day.

I have no scheme to help "Old School Teacher" in her perplexity. In hurrying times the work must be done, and the need of muscle overbalances every other consideration. If a man has a tenant house on his farm he can spare his wife the annoyance, but somebody else's wife has it to bear, and tenants may have "feelings" as well as employers. There are some men who utterly fail to understand a woman's fastidiousness in such

matters. Strong of nerve and stomach themselves, they do not see why the wife cannot eat as they do, in oblivion of unpleasant things. But there are those who do understand and are fastidious themselves; and I think that if a woman's husband is particular in his choice of help she ought to be thankful.

I do not believe that the hired men such as have been described, are entirely a "country product." I know our worst specimens were of that class who leave the cities and large towns during haying and harvest times for the sake of the big wages to be earned in the country. They are generally of the lower class in town, and employed in the dirtiest and most repulsive work. The trip into the country is a sort of a "picnic" for them; they know how necessary help is, and they don't care how they behave. Indeed I sometimes thought they tried to be as disagreeable as they could. Nature had done enough for them in the first place, however.

"All men are equal" in the sight of the law, but there's a mighty sight of difference after all, when you come to consider them in other respects. I echo the sentiments of "Howard," in the *Philadelphia Press*, when he says of the laboring men of that city:

"I dare say their mortal souls are just as good as my mortal soul, and if the Lord ever thinks of anybody, quite likely he thinks as often of them as he does of me, but certainly he can't think they are clean on the outside, whatever they may be on the inside."

BRUNEFILLE.

### OUR BLESSINGS.

As I take my pencil this beautiful September afternoon, there runs through my mind a mingled medley of the different subjects coming from the pen of our Household contributors.

One writes of the useful washing machine, another of many varieties of flowering plants for sale, another of the trials of a carpet, etc., and so the world goes, some telling of new things just finished, some of the impropriety of talking of ourselves. Please, Beatrix, what shall we who live out in the country, who know of nothing farther than our every day surroundings, of what should our conversation be? Something to make us better, wiser perhaps. Idle gossip not only lowers us in the estimation of others, but in the sight of One who heareth all we say, who knoweth every thought.

How many blessings we receive from the Great Father above, yet let me ask how many of us realize the greatness of those blessings? A few months ago the census-taker came to each of our homes with the usual questions "any sickness or disability?" We glance with pride at each of the bright eyed children, and as we answer "No sir," do we feel thankful for the privilege of being able to say we are all healthy; and at night as we prepare to rest at the end of the day's toil, do we bow with heartfelt thankfulness for the great gift of health? We do not realize what a bitter thing sickness is, until we or our dear ones are prostrated on a bed of suffering; the little ones run and skip, and play with all the zeal that youth and perfect health can impart, yet we are so heedless of Him to whom we are indebted for all this.

I noticed in particular the subject of laboring for our loved ones in poetry in the Household of Sept. 23. We think it hard to have so much for one pair of hands to perform, perhaps, but think what pain would we feel were we to lose one of the troublesome little ones!

Hallie wonders, or hopes rather, that Maybelle may never realize the facts mentioned in the article she speaks of. I had no thought of self when writing that letter. I have no cause to complain, for I think it is as she says, our homes are what we make them. I have a pleasant little home, a dear kind husband, and although many times unpleasing things will come, especially during the heat of summer, and hired men, and all the other work, with confusion of children, make a throbbing head, it is then we feel like saying as in the poetry of a late Household, "we wonder why girls will wed."

"But wives be patient, and mothers be strong,  
For the toil that comes to-day,  
Is easier for the heart to bear  
Than if loved ones were far away."

Longfellow says:

"Be still sad heart and cease repining;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.  
Thy fate is the common fate of all;  
Into each life some rain must fall."

I feel like extending a hand to Evangeline her words to me are the sweetest of the whole little paper. Her last letter on childhood brought me back to the days of my youth, the old home, the dear friends and the other pleasant surroundings.

MAYBELLE.

BRIDGEWATER.

#### WHAT I SAW AT THE FAIR.

The Lenawee County Agricultural Society held its fair on the new grounds for the first time this week. These new grounds are quite an improvement over the old, and when the Society has had time to put them in good shape, plant trees to give refreshing shade to man and beast, and build permanent buildings, we will have fair grounds that Lenawee County may be proud of. A new feature of the fair was a separate building for each branch of the exhibits. Two of the buildings were occupied by four granges, and the display was very fine. The Palmyra and Madison Granges occupied one,

and Adrian and Weston the other. The members of Palmyra Grange must have spent much time in arranging their side, as it was tastefully done, and called forth many commendations. One very pretty article of decoration was a fan of wheat heads. The shape was palm leaf, and I would not be surprised if the foundation might have been one; at any rate I think a very pretty one might be made of an old fan, and perhaps some of the girls would like to try it. Make the outside row of bearded heads and the rest of bald; finish at the handle with a ribbon bow (this was omitted) and I think you will be pleased with the result. One lady in this department exhibited a number of fine cakes, nicely ornamented, and the ornamentation her own work, and a very natural duck made of beautiful golden butter. I was not informed whether the butter was washed or not, but the duck was sitting in a plate of ice-water. The grains, fruits, vegetables and flowers were all nice in all of the granges' departments, as were also the canned fruit and jellies. In the Madison Grange department was a handsome wreath composed of evergreens, small fruits and vegetables. Perhaps you would not think small white onions would appear to advantage in a wreath; they were clustered together, and I assure you they did, and crab apples and small, red tomatoes looked charming among the evergreens.

The Adrian Grange made a nice display; the bunches of celery were as fine as I ever saw. A table in one corner made one wish to sample its contents. There was the whitest and lightest of bread and biscuit, two pineapples made of butter, a comb of the most delicious honey, beautiful frosted cakes and fruit for dessert, and lovely bouquets for ornamentation, all showing that the patrons of husbandry enjoy the fruits of the earth and its beauty. Turning to the Weston side the motto "By Industry We Thrive" met the eye, and surely industrious hands must have been busy arranging and preparing the exhibits. The display of seeds of all kinds in glass bottles called forth many words of praise. The granges have cause to be proud of their work, and I am glad that they occupy so much space at our fairs.

The boys' and girls' department was not as well filled as I should like to have seen it; still there were some very creditable specimens of work. A writing-desk was shown in this department that was truly beautiful, as well as useful. The ornamentation was done in scroll work, and a penknife was also used, I was told.

The display of dairy products was not large, as usual in former years. The extreme hot weather of September probably was one cause of the meager amount of butter and cheese.

The exhibit of honey, and the busy workers themselves was very nice and very interesting "or would have been" could I have got near enough to give it close attention.

The building devoted to fine arts was not nearly filled, which was to be regret-

ted, as this branch deserves attention. There were a number of creditable crayon portraits and some fine photographs. I am not a competent judge of oil-paintings, so I forbear judgment. There were some very pretty landscapes done in oil, but whether excellent or not I do not know.

The building devoted to embroidery, fancy work and domestic manufactures was filled to overflowing as usual. There was not too much of a kind "except tidies," but many kinds. The embroideries were beautiful. I think women are growing sane again, as there were but two crazy quilts on exhibition. The one that took first premium was not particularly handsome in itself, and it was finished with a crazy ruffle which made it ugly. The other one was finished with a plain blue border. There was one quilt composed of satin and velvet or velveteen, cut in diamonds, all of one size, but of many different colors, with beautiful embroidery at intervals, and the seams all covered with fancy stitches of bright hued silk. It was finished with points of velvet for a border and was very handsome. If any lady is sighing for a crazy quilt, if she will make her pieces into a quilt like this I think she will be much better pleased. There were some handsome lambrequins, but the two I most admired were embroidered on the sewing machine, with tinsel threads, or cord made purposely for such work. I admired them so much I intend getting some of the cord and trying it, as I have the attachment to my machine for that kind of work. The wall banners embroidered in the same way are as nice as hand embroidery, and it makes a nice variety if one has both.

I find my article is becoming lengthy, and I will not tell what else I saw, but will close by wishing "good luck" to all agricultural fairs.

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TECUMSEH, Sept. 26th.

#### BREAD AND BUTTER.

Bread is the staff of life, butter is its golden head. In every spot worthy to be called home, they lead the fashion in gastronomy. Neither can be manufactured so as to make that and the action fine, without the conscious or unconscious artistic application of some of the principles of science. May we not then truthfully class them as fashionable fancy work? Such classification would insure them against a taboo as topics for Household. Not that either could with profit to any be forever held under discussion's cross-fire. But bread and butter are keeping step to the music of the moving world. Therefore any one should at any time feel at liberty to add to that step, any whit of ease or rhythm that they may have discovered, or newly acquired.

Every day the halting hands of the learner are taking their first lessons. Every day the skillful, beautiful hands that have made bread and butter for years, are folded over pulseless hearts,



and reverently, tearfully left to rest in the grave.

I thank, individually and collectively, the many members who so promptly and thoroughly answered my questions. Since asking them, I have looked up the creamery business a bit myself. Several of our neighbors have them, and among them I have not heard a note of discord as they troll this little aria, which all our creamery members have also sung so neatly, viz.:

"My creamery is a daisy,  
It makes my work so aisy!"

Still, it is not the symmetrical thing, exactly, for a farmer to give seventy-five bushels of wheat or a hundred barrels of apples for a little contrivance like that, simply because by using that and some other things that "Pat." has put his mark on, he can make butter that he will not dare to keep over night, for fear it will be like Solomon's ointment after the flies died in it. Now for him who practices mixed farming, the running of an express to town several times a week, for the few cents premium that he may and may not get on a few pounds of butter, is money out of pocket. Such buying, selling and carting, must surely put his financial foot hopelessly out of joint.

With the primitive pan, plenty of pure, sweet air from the time the milk is drawn from its natural fountains, until the butter is packed, air tight, and thorough, absolute cleanliness in all the processes, butter is made in farm houses that keeps the year round—if anybody chooses to keep it—and comes out better than new at the end of the cycle. It is generally churned in a stone, dash churn, and is often made from sweet cream. Its rival in creamery has not yet been seen by the undersigned.

It strikes me that the reason the creamery butter is so soon at a discount, is because the old cow dies out of the milk in a tight place. I know the can covers are calculated to carry off the drip. But for all that, there is no free circulation of the sweet air of heaven underneath that tank's tight cover.

As for the washing of butter, it is perfectly logical that washing in brine improves the article, and that washing in raw water does not. Thus endeth, for this term, on this topic, the say of

E. L. NYE.

METAMORA.

#### RAG-CARPETS.

The question of carpets seems likely to succeed those of bread and butter making in our little paper, and I will declare myself decidedly anti-rag.

E. L. Nye did not tell us how much her carpet cost her per yard, and if she ever does, I wish she would try to estimate her labor upon it at twenty-five cents for every ten hours, and if her time is not worth that sum, tell us the reason, for we cannot hire domestic help at that rate.

A neighbor of mine made a carpet for her sitting-room last year. She and her two grown-up daughters just "pitched in" to the work for six weeks, and the carpet is already coming to pieces, while

the ingrain my Cinderella shoe rests upon has been in active service for nearly twenty years, and is good for many more.

I hear a great deal of complaint that things are changed since the "good old days;" the warp is poor, brilliant patent dyes rot the woof, and the weaver often slights her duty in beating the elements together. Whether this be true or not, I have gladly decided the question with myself, and boldly claim that any woman who can afford to pay thirty or forty dollars for a dress and cloak, or one whose husband is both able and willing to buy a carpet, is very foolish to make one.

We all know, if we know anything about it, how such a task absorbs a woman's mind. From the moment she tears the first rag until it is made and tacked down, she thinks, talks and dreams of nothing else. A lovely spring or autumn day is good for "coloring." The rainbow suggests a stripe, and the great mass of humanity only so many subjects draped in something which would be nice for rags. We know, too, how that carpet, or its weaver, will cry, like poor Oliver Twist, for "more," and how many articles that are good for considerable more service are sacrificed to appease that looming hunger. Sheets but half worn, dresses which would make over into other dresses, nice bedding, or substantial linings, and the rolls of nice soft rags put by for sickness. A friend of mine tells me of going on a visit to a family who had been possessed with the carpet mania all summer, and when she asked for a rag to wash her baby with they could not find one in the house. And after all, a rag-carpet has no beauty. It is only neat and comfortable, and oh, the humanity that is worked into it, the worry, the cutting, the dyeing, the weaving! Somebody tells me she enjoys it. I don't doubt it; but I wonder just the same, if in all the world of beauty about her, she could not get ten times the joy from something else and leave the hard and unprofitable task alone.

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

#### WASHING DISHES.

If there was any one thing in all my work when I "kept house" which I hated over and above all other things it was dish-washing, and the dislike never diminished so that I could look a big table-full of dishes in the face with equanimity. Life seldom seemed worth living when I confronted the dishes on baking-day, supplemented by twenty-five or thirty milk pans to be religiously washed and scrupulously scalded and dried. Not all the nice clean towels, an abundance of water, nor the shining result ranged in rows on the shelf, could overcome my involuntary reluctance to putting my hands into the dish water and beginning business. The "next meal" never had the terrors for me it seems to hold for A. H. J.; my dread was of the hereafter.

Nowdays, when I sit down to a boarding house meal which does not meet my approval, and my nose involuntarily "tip-tilts" itself, I soothe my rebellious spirit by reflecting that if my dinner is neither

cooked nor served to my liking, at least I don't have to wash the dishes afterward, and the thought is quite consoling. Of course it is silly, but the antipathy is ingrained, and I cannot help it.

But is there anything that so robs a meal of all relish as to take up a goblet which is cloudy with dishwater, and smells of that dirtiest of all things, a dishtowel that has been used till it imparts its own indescribable filthy smell to every dish wiped with it? It is not conducive to a good appetite to find spoons sticky, and egg cups still bearing evidence of yesterday morning's eggs; nor be obliged to polish up one's plate with the napkin to remove a dew less refreshing than that of Hebron. Sticky dishes are generally taken as one of the outward and visible signs of a neglectful or "slack" housekeeper, and certainly the temptation is great to slight what must so soon be done over again. Can any housekeeper compute the number of times any one dish has been immersed in the dishwater by her hands?

The work must be repeated so many times that I think any means which can expedite matters are perfectly allowable, even if they seem an innovation on present ways. Few farmers' wives have the opportunity of sparing their hands by using the little mops and manipulating dainty dishes with their finger tips, as do many English ladies who wash their own table service. There are too many things to be done to "fool round" in such ways. But I do think it is unnecessary to wipe the dishes so scrupulously as many do. It is getting quite the fashion not to do so. Housekeepers provide themselves with a "dish drainer" or improvise one out of a large colander and the steamer, or have an open hard wood rack made, on which the dishes are drained after being rinsed in a copious supply of hot water. They drain perfectly dry, and are as "shiny" and clean as can be desired, cleaner than they can possibly be after a dirty towel has traveled over them.

A good deal of dishwashing can be saved by careful management in using dishes to cook with. It takes about so many to set the table, daily, but when the number is augmented by a regiment used in getting the meal, no wonder the soul is dismayed and the girls disheartened. I used, on baking days, to keep a pan of warm water on the back of the stove, and instead of running for a clean bowl or spoon or cup, washed out the one already used. Of course you cannot take your hands from the dough to do this, but it often comes in handy, just the same. I believe in saving one's self all the work that is possible in housekeeping; at the best it is wearing enough on a woman.

B.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Bessie" wants to know how little girls in the city wear their hair. Generally in two tails, braided half the length or more, tied with ribbon and the ends crimped or curled. If the hair is not thick enough for two braids only one is made.

"Hermie" asks what will prevent the



blood from rushing to the face, especially in a warm room. To have a high color when warm or working hard is natural to some, and in these days of unearthly pallor it is not unpleasant to see a girl who looks as if warm, glowing, healthy blood filled her veins. If the sensation is of fullness or oppression in the head, consult a physician, if simply the result of exertion don't worry about it. Dress yourself loosely; a tight dress will make the face flush by preventing circulation of the blood. Many a girl bewails her red nose and hands who could rid herself of both by loosening her corset laces. Wear your clothes so loose that you can take a deep full breath, expanding the lungs fully without feeling the pressure of clothing.

"D. C. B." would like a cure for pimples on the face. Such annoying visitors are generally evidences of poor digestion, or impure blood, or both, since one generally supplements the other. Eat no grease of any kind, abstain from butter, gravies, pastry, cakes and candy. Eat fruit, especially grapes, good vegetables, and little meat. Abjure coffee till you see whether it has any connection with the pimples. Take plenty of exercise in the open air, and a sponge bath daily, in cold or tepid water, as best agrees with you. If the face is washed frequently and body but seldom, nature makes a desperate effort to throw off the impurities of the skin through the open pores of the face. The Household Editor cannot recommend a cosmetic; indeed she would advise all to let them severely alone; they do more harm than anything else to the skin, making it wrinkled and old looking. Good digestion, good food, fresh air and plenty of cold water are the best aids to a complexion that is beautiful and will wash.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If you are unfortunate enough to spill ink upon your Brussels carpet, take a basin of vinegar and wetting a cloth in it, sop up and down on the spot carefully till the ink is all out.

An effective and easily made decoration to break a space upon a barren wall is an eighteen inch square board, quite thin and covered with plush. After hanging it diamond wise by means of loops screwed to the back, nail in the centre a carved and gilded bracket large enough to hold a vase or figure.

A PRETTY wall ornament can be made by cutting two crescents out of pasteboard, covering one with bright velvet or satin, on which can be painted or embroidered any appropriate design, and sewing the two together, leaving open the seam on the inner curve of the crescent. Fasten to the wall in a graceful position, and in the inner curve insert the stems of grasses, crystalized or otherwise, autumn leaves, etc. The effect is quite pretty.

If you have not a fruit evaporator do not attempt to dry pumpkin for winter

use about the stove, or in the sun. Stew it very dry, strain and spread on plates; and dry in the oven. If you own an evaporator, peel the pumpkin, cut into thin strips an inch long, and dry. One of the nicest ways to prepare pumpkin for pies is as follows: Cut the pumpkin in half, put it in a dripping pan skin side down (after the seeds are removed) in a slow oven; bake until all the good can be easily scraped from the rind with a spoon; if it is as brown as nicely baked bread, all the better; mash finely, and to one quart add a quarter of a pound of butter, while hot. Then make up after your usual formula.

#### A QUESTION.

One of the members gave a recipe for bleaching cotton cloth. I would like to ask if she is sure it will not rot the cloth. I have been told it would. I have just learned that in bleaching cotton in the sun, the cloth must be first wet in clear hot rain water, and dried before wetting in suds, as the suds sets the color, which was something new to me.

I make my own blueing, by taking one ounce Prussian or Chinese blue, and a tablespoonful of oxalic acid to a quart of rain water. MRS. FELLOWS.

BONANZA.

#### Home-Made Recipes for Candies.

We have several sets of recipes for candies, kindly furnished by our readers in response to the request of Mary Williams, of Pontiac, which we give below:

We had just finished making chocolate creams to-day when May picked up the new Household and read Mary Williams' request for candy recipes. "Send her yours, why don't you?" she said; "they are always so nice," and here they are:

**CHOCOLATE CREAMS.**—The white of one egg; the same amount of sweet cream, or if you haven't this water will do, but cream is better. Beat the egg well; add the cream, and stir stiff with confectioners' sugar. This sugar will cost you twelve cents per pound, but on this the flavor of your candy depends. Take out on your moulding board and knead as you would bread until it feels smooth. It should be stiff enough not to stick to the board. Cut in pieces the size of a hickory nut, and roll in your hands to shape them. While this is being done, have one-sixth of a cake of baker's chocolate in a bowl set over the steam of a teakettle, melting. Remember to put nothing in this bowl but chocolate, as I have spoiled several lots trying to add water to thin it. When your creams have hardened a little, as they soon will, roll them in the chocolate and drain out with a fork, and put on a buttered platter to dry. The white of one egg will take about one pound of sugar and will make about forty creams. If they are as good as mine, your "Will" will want you to treat every time he comes in.

**CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.**—Two cups of sugar, one cup molasses, one cup butter, one cup of milk, one cup chocolate, three tablespoonfuls vinegar. Put the milk in last. Boil till it hardens by dropping in water; then pour in buttered tins, and cut in squares just before cool. This makes enough for a large party.

**WHITE CANDY OR LIGHTNING TAFFY.**—This is the candy of the fairs that is always made on the grounds. To one pound of granulated sugar add a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and just enough water to keep from burning. Boil fifteen minutes and pull till white.

I have another recipe for chocolate creams that have to be boiled, but they are much more work, and I think no better. I hope you will try these rules for the birthdays, and they are just as good on other days, too. M. I. G.

BATTLE CREEK.

**MOLASSES CANDY.**—Two cups molasses; one of brown sugar; butter half the size of an egg; one tablespoonful vinegar. Boil until it will harden on being dropped in cold water. A teaspoonful of soda to make it white and brittle, is to be added when nearly done. To be pulled while warm, with buttered hands, then cut in sticks.

**COCONUT CANDY.**—Two cups white sugar; one-half cup of water and vinegar, mixed. Boil till it will harden. Just before removing from the fire, stir in one cup desiccated coconut, and make in small flat cakes; put on buttered plates to cool and harden. Peanuts or other nut meats can be used in the same way. To make pop-corn balls, pour the hot syrup over about six quarts of freshly popped corn; stir briskly until thoroughly mixed; then with the hands make into balls of the desired size. Vinegar is supposed to destroy the grain of sugar. AUNT NELL.

PLAINWELL.

**TAFFY.**—Take one pound of A coffee sugar; add just enough water to nicely dissolve the sugar; place in a basin over a moderate fire. After it boils add as much tartaric acid as will lie on the point of a knife. Dissolve the acid in half a teaspoonful of water. Boil gently ten minutes, then try with a fine splint to see if it will feather; or drop a few drops in cold water. If it hardens pour out on a buttered plate to cool; as soon as it cools work or pull with the hands and drop in a teaspoonful of lemon extract to flavor. V. H.

LITCHFIELD.

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