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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

LOVE'S MEANING.

I thought it meant all glad ecstatic things,
Fond glance, and touch, and speech, quick blood
and brain,
And strong desire and sweet delicious pain,
And beauty's thrall, and strange bewilderings,
Twist hope and fear—like to the little stings
The rose thorn gives; and then the utter gain,
With all my sorest striving to attain,
Of the dear bliss long sought possession gives.
Now, with a sad, keen sight that reassures
My often sinking soul, with longing eyes,
Averted from the path that still allures,
(Lest seeing that for which my sore heart sighs
I seek my own good at the cost of yours,)
I know at last that love means sacrifice.
—Carlotta Perry.

BROKEN ENGAGEMENTS.

Not of the matrimonial order, but those engagements to ride, to walk, to call, to dine, which we are almost daily making with one another, and which are so often left unfulfilled through carelessness and want of proper respect for the sacredness of our promises. It seems to me, looking back over my summer's experiences, that the "great want of the times," is a little more conscientiousness on the part of women in the keeping of engagements. A man who promises and fails to perform soon becomes known among men as unreliable, and his business reputation and credit suffer in consequence, and justly, for the only way in which commercial affairs can be conducted with safety and certainty, is for every man to fulfill his engagements. It really seems sometimes as if the average woman's promises were made only to be broken.

It may be said that a woman's engagements, being of a less important character than men's, are not necessarily so binding. Relating to trivial matters, she may break or keep them as occasion warrants; commercial disaster does not wait on her shortcomings. But it seems to me that "a promise is a promise" all the world over, whether it relates to the payment of thousands at the bank, or dining with a friend. There is of course a difference in the importance of interests involved, but the obligation of the promise should be as binding in one case as in the other. In other words, I believe all our promises, of whatever nature, once made, should be regarded as pledges to be redeemed at any expense of personal inconvenience. "A bad promise is better broken than kept," says an old proverb, and in some cases there are certain promises that ought never to have been made in the first place, and

which we are justified in breaking, but if we respected our promises more, we should consider them before hastily making them, and there would be fewer to break, or be grudgingly met.

It is often urged against women that they are not to be depended upon in business relations; that if they promise for one day they are quite as likely to perform the day after and seem oblivious of having neglected a duty in so doing. This I think is not true of "working women,"—those who earn their own livelihood outside of home—these are early taught the imperative nature of business engagements and the habit, once formed, extends to the minor obligations of life, of which I more particularly speak. But the average woman consults her individual inclination and convenience, lets slight things hinder, forgets, or calmly and deliberately ignores promises she has herself made, to the decided inconvenience and vexation of others. She promises to call for a friend on a certain day, and with her visit a third person who is perhaps apprised of their coming. When the time comes she "isn't in the mood," the sun is warm, it is cloudy, or she wants to do something else. Her friend waits till patience is exhausted, the afternoon spoiled, and her temper ruffled. I need not enlarge; we have all suffered and know how provoking it is to wait, under such circumstances, and how time is wasted we can ill spare, and our plans totally disarranged. Perhaps we have put off others, or have denied ourselves another pleasure for the sake of keeping our part of the engagement, all for nothing, missing both pleasures.

But I am inclined to believe the postponed engagement is even more aggravating than one broken out and out. A message comes saying in effect "not to-day; some other day," and you make new plans and pick up scattered threads again, with ever the thought that what has happened once may happen again, and perhaps you are to be again disappointed. An adjournment *sine die*, till both meet and mutually agree on a date, is better than this. Who of us has not with infinite painstaking made ready for guests, only to receive notice that they will come another time "if it does not make any difference." It does make a difference; the total change of programme is extremely inconvenient, the past preparations go for naught, and must be made anew, and never the second time with the same pleasurable zest as at first, but we are too

polite to say so. What "Manners and Social Usages" says on the subject I am not informed, but it seems as if good roundabout common sense would indicate that if we cannot keep our own appointments, we should leave the second ones to be made by our disappointed friends, to suit their convenience. Sometimes, of course, we are not responsible for non-fulfillment; accidents will occur, cars or steamers are delayed, or a failure on the part of others compels delay, but such accidents are not to be classed as willfully broken pledges.

I have myself suffered considerable at the hands of the fiend who presides over the broken engagement business, "hence these tears." In looking back over the summer, it really seems as if the pleasures I have missed through the negligence of others in keeping engagements, exceed those enjoyed; and pleasures to most of us are not so numerous that to miss them is not a deprivation. It is always the blossom just beyond our reach that is fairest, always the joys we miss that seem brightest and best, and most to be desired. Worst of all, I have been obliged by force of circumstances to do the very thing I am now deprecating in others. I too have broken promises, made in good faith, which I found myself unable to keep because of the delays, postponements, and unfulfilled vows of others. Friends have been disappointed by my shortcomings, and have doubtless classed me among the "unreliable sisterhood." But I declare myself more sinned against than sinning, and to defend my reputation from further imputations in the matter of reliability, I am seriously contemplating the advisability of "turning over a new leaf." How would it answer to keep one's own engagements at all hazards, and let those who break and re-make theirs suffer the results, instead of allowing them to extend beyond the immediate range of circle number one into that of circle number two? But how delightful it would be if an engagement once entered into, even for a trivial matter, were regarded as binding, and we let no obstacle, unless just and sufficient, prevent us from doing as we promise, at the promised time!

BEATRIX.

AN exchange says that if any person who is liable to poison with poison ivy will take pure olive oil after being exposed to it he will feel no bad effects, and the oil will neutralize the effects of the poison if a few doses be taken even after the poison has broken out.

DAISY'S ANSWER.

Faith asks if I am one of those who are "in the world, but not of the world," and if I live up to my profession. If to be "in the world but not of it," is to draw my skirts about me and say in manner, "Stand aside, I am holier than thou," or try to live within a set of small prejudices, holding to my own views and having no charity for those who do not agree with me, I certainly do not. For my own part, I do not see the necessity. Christianity is for the world, and if those professing it shut themselves up, away from the world in a little exclusive circle of would-be-saints, I do not see how they or their example can do good to anybody. It is some hundreds of years since the followers of Christ were bidden to come out from among the Jews and Romans and be a people by themselves, not conforming to the world. It was a pagan world then, now it is a Christian one. The pleasures of the Romans were brutal, lustful, or effeminately luxurious; the pleasures of a respectable world in the nineteenth century are of a different character.

I think "One Woman's" opinions on dress are excellent, they give the key-note to the situation. To dress as well as one's associates, suitably to one's station in life, should be our aim. To think too much of dress, and be always endeavoring to have the "latest style" shows a poor ambition, while to be poorly dressed makes one uncomfortable and self-conscious. I sympathize with a friend of mine who says she cannot enjoy religion in a last year's bonnet. By that she conveys the idea that to be neatly and appropriately dressed, in itself banishes all thought of dress, and she is ready to give her thoughts and attention to more important matters. To my thinking it is just as much a sign of weakness to be unsolicitous as to personal appearance as it is to be over-solicitous. I once knew a family of Quakers, who, as we all know dress very plainly, and always in drab. I never could see but that they gave their clothes just as much thought as "the world's people," and a pleat too many or too few in a bonnet was as much anxiety to them as the style of a whole suit was to others.

I believe in a religion that makes itself seen not in withdrawing from the world, but in living in it, of it, taking our share of its temptations and enjoying its legitimate pleasures. We are to "overcome evil with good," and how can we do that if we shut ourselves up in a little coterie of exclusive souls and "look superior down" upon all outsiders? The broader our platform of Christian charity the nobler our Christian life. Perhaps I am not orthodox, but I believe there are a good many who do not name themselves Christians whose lives entitle them to the Christian's reward. Witness a case under my own knowledge, where a girl who had gone astray, and whose own father, "pillar of the church" as he had been called, disowned her and forbade her name to be spoken in his presence, was taken into the home of a wealthy woman,

theatre-goer and "worldling," comforted, strengthened, and finally placed in a self-supporting position by her aid. This "devotee of fashion" did what not one in fifty other women would do, and I name her a Christian in deed, if not in profession. I saw a good thing in the *Christian at Work* on this subject recently. These words are put into the mouth of "Uncle Saul": "Religion ought to strike all through us, like saleratus through a good shortcake, and not taste too strong anywhere. You've broke open a biscuit before now, I dare say, and found it speckled full of them pesky yaller eyes. I know folks with their religion speckled through 'em just like that; and if it makes 'em safe for the next world it makes 'em mighty unpleasant for this."

FLINT.

DAISY.

OUTSIDE FALL AND WINTER GARMENTS.

Our autumnal days have so far been so bright and warm that piles of fall garments remain unsold on the merchants' counters. In conversation with one of our large dealers, we were told that there are no particularly new or distinctive styles in fall or winter wraps, but that the Russian circular and Newmarket coat will remain in favor for cold weather, while the Albert jacket, and always in style English walking jacket, are most popular for autumn days. The Albert jacket, which is often sent home as part of a tailor-made suit, is exactly like a man's coat, minus its chief blessing, the many pockets, except for the full pleats at the back, which afford room for the still ample bustle and back drapery of the dress. The new Russian circulars show an improvement added last winter, half sleeves which protect the arms. The Newmarket is a close fitting garment, with straight fronts and considerable fullness cut in the skirt at the back. Some however are without the pleats, but are not as pretty and stylish. A graceful variation of this style was shown in a garment of *matelasse*—a heavy cloaking with small brocaded figures woven in its surface—in which the fullness of the back was set on in a pouf, under a handsome ornament. These garments are shown in all materials, from the brocade velvet trimmed with chenille fringe or feather bands, and heavy ottoman silk bordered with fur, to the beaver or shaggy bourette with the Astrachan border and collar. Astrachan, though not as pretty a trimming as fur, bids fair to displace it in popular favor, and may be had in several different colors. Collar and cuffs of beaver are seen on this season's Newmarkets, many of which are in *matelasse*. A tendency to shorten outside wraps is seen, and some stylish models in brocade velvet are shown which closely follow the styles of the short mantles worn with autumn toilettes. The Newmarket is the leading style for misses and growing girls.

For the little people, there are several modes, each "cute" and pretty. One model is a simple sack coat, whose most noticeable feature is the very large but-

tons which close it, over which is worn a cape, cut with high shoulders, simply hemmed, and fastened at the throat with bow and ends of ribbon. Another, of plaid flannel, was of much the same style except that there was some fullness added at the seam of the back, just below the waist line, cut in like the pleats of a lady's basque. At the side the skirt was cut up, a piece laid in side pleats set in, and a pocket lid held down by buttons concealed the seam. Other flannel garments were laid in pleats from the neck down, but this is an older style. Deep plush collars and cuffs are seen on many plain cloth coats.

Ladies who are sensitive to cold or have far to ride in winter weather, will find the cloth circular, Russian style, warmly lined and wadded, one of the most comfortable garments they can procure. The sleeves, which are not noticeable under the garment, remove the one objection to the style as it first appeared, and the arms are not bound down till one is practically helpless, as is often the case with a dolman or its modifications. The wadded lining gives so much additional warmth that those who once buy a lined garment will never again purchase an unlined one.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

I am glad to see you discussing the country schools. The worst phase of the school question is the lack of interest shown by the parents. And this not because they do not feel interested, but because they do not see how to work with the teacher for the good of the school, and, having never tried to express their interest and good will, see no means by which to express their sentiments.

Farmers and their wives are busy people, yet if they could be made to feel that their personal interest in their school, expressed by visits and words of cheer to teacher and pupil, would increase its value by arousing enthusiasm, emulation and zeal in teacher and pupil, they would at once find time for this even at the expense of some other duty.

Teachers are conscientious, as a rule, but it is hard, wearing work to manage a district school, and takes time and strength that ought to be spent in instruction. What enthusiasm or zeal on the teacher's part can stand the constant nagging of boys and girls who make a study of doing every annoying thing they can without getting punished for it? How many schools are there without such pupils? What wonder that a teacher hears a class in a mechanical manner when order is maintained only by keeping an eye constantly on the pupils? I write feelingly on this subject, for I have taught where for a long time I knew that the slightest lack of watching would afford ill-disposed pupils a longed-for chance for disturbing the school with some mischief which should prevent even the well disposed from study, and break up all order and regularity, and destroy for a time the usefulness of the school.

Had one or two of the parents been

present the government would taken care of itself.

No scholar likes to fail before his parents, and so will study much better for occasional visits. Teacher and parents will become acquainted, and pupils will be unable to excite sympathy in their conflicts with teachers.

The value (usefulness) of country schools will be doubled by a moderate amount of visiting by the parents.

No doubt too much stress is laid on arithmetical puzzles, and far too little on writing in both senses, the mechanical execution and the expression of thoughts in proper form.

A practical education is not as too many think, storing the memory with facts and attempting to make the memory serve as an encyclopedia; but in training the mind—teaching the pupil to think.

Thought-power is practical education, and practical education gives thought-power.

Bad as is the idea of a teacher's revolving year after year in the narrow circle of a third grade certificate, worse is the practice prevailing to quite an extent on the part of school officers of employing those who cannot even get a third grade certificate, because they can be hired for less money.

The same men on their farms employ not the man who will work for the least money, but very likely the man who asks the most for his services. They know that which costs little is generally worth nothing, but have not thought of school-teaching in the same light, that is, from a business point of view.

Until society is so changed that teaching is something more than a means of filling up an interim (earning a little money to keep the teacher along until something can be taken up as a life business) there will be little *esprit-de-corps* among teachers.

C. E. H.

LAINGSBURG.

TALK VS. CONVERSE.

There is much talk that is not converse. There is much converse that is not talk.

"George Eliot is a charming woman. She talks just as she writes!" exclaimed that lady's personal friend, and immediately a high and mighty editor—now a "mugwump"—rose and contemptuously cried:

"A woman that talks as George Eliot writes would be an insufferable bore."

A criticism in which most of those will coincide who have made the necessary use of the intellectual pick and shovel in a journey through George Eliot's literary "mines."

'Tis the ripple or rush of "talk" that keeps the world bowing and smiling—chatting and chaffing—that sets its pulse to a healthier, happier beat. But send this "talk" chasing amongst the labyrinths of philosophy, or metaphysics, and the majority are bored. For either some one harangues the company, or a couple converse. And herein lies the kernel of truth contained in each of the above statements. The personal friend held

converse with George Eliot, and voted her charming, while the editor called things by their right names, and to him "talk" was but another name for recreation—a respite from thought, and the application of the mind to abstruse theories, dogmatical tenets and "vexed questions." The handling of these things is toil, severe, exacting, exhausting. No finite mind may safely pin itself to this sort of toil, like Prometheus to the rock. Still, Nature places in her plan minds as well as bodies that are never at rest only when they are at work; but she is also very careful not to run short on the necessary two-thirds who vote that "a little nonsense now and then" is a choice elixir for both brain and body.

METAMORA.

E. L. NYE.

GOING TO MILL.

"O! ho! A woman going to mill. Well, I'd draw the line there if I was a farmer's wife, for that is something I wouldn't do." And why not, pray? I went to mill yesterday, and enjoyed it. Eli is overcrowded with work just now, and I am not, and surely the way I spent the afternoon was much easier than doing housework or running a sewing machine, and more healthful than crazy-work or painting. My outfit was a double buggy with three bags of wheat, covered with canvas, a basket of grapes in the seat beside me, and a team that in no way resembled the "woman's horse" that Beatrix wrote about, for they were fat and sleek, and would go quite as fast as I cared to ride. It is five miles to the mill, the first mile a level, sandy road, and then the hills. The road over each one led higher and higher, a longer ascent to reach the summit, and less descent on the other side, like the foot-hills in a mountainous country, until the highest point for many miles was reached, and there I stopped to look around. To the east the view spreads out like a vast panorama; clumps of the original forest designating "the woods" for each farm, while smaller patches of leafy enclosure represent the many orchards where each separate tree is literally loaded with fruit; and field after field where the crop now stands in shocks with the piles of sound corn on one side, showing that the autumnal harvest is already commenced and that the yield far exceeds the farmers' expectations during all those drouthy summer days. The pastures were well stocked with horses, cattle, sheep and hogs; turkeys and chickens were chasing unlucky grasshoppers and growing fat over the race, while a flock of clumsy geese had waddled down the lane below to hiss at me as I passed.

Many streams starting from springs in this ridge furnish power and irrigation and drink for all the mills and farms and stock, until they empty into Lake St. Clair, twenty miles away, from which the smoke of passing steamers can here be seen by sharper eyes than mine. In vain I strain my vision, for not a whiff rewards me.

Scientists tell us that away back in the pre-historic days, this ridge was the shore of a lake that has receded until only little St. Clair remains; that all these fertile farms over which my gaze wanders were the bottom of the lake, and many a wave worn rock and bed of shells have been found in proof of the theory; and I pause a moment to think of the result if the water should some day rise in its might, and claim its own original territory. But old forests have grown and decayed and other trees now old have come up, and flourished in their stead, since those unknown days. The view to westward is a succession of rounded hills, crowded so thickly together that there is scarcely room for even a depression between, and they seem to follow on and on interminably, like the waves on the great lakes, and many are covered just now with a bright green carpet of new wheat, that proves the necessary "good beginning" for next year's harvest.

A few rods from the road on the top of one of these knolls is a lonely square, enclosed by four lengths of rails, a solitary gnarled tree making a slow growth in the neglected space. It is the grave of one of the first white settlers, buried there nearly sixty years ago. There were no roads, no cemeteries then, and no friends ever came to claim the remains, so during all these years that little rail pen has remained in the midst of the rich farm, a strange monument for the almost forgotten dead.

On the opposite side is a pasture on a four hundred-acre farm, and a herd of cattle feeding and lying at rest in the warm sun next attracted my attention from their peculiar markings. The clumsy three-year-olds that looked all ready for market, the lighter stockers, the goodly number of cows, the frisky yearlings and the summer calves were all together, and without any exception they had snow-white faces, with dark red rings around the eyes, while their bodies were mostly red, and those funny faces, all so exactly alike, looking over and peering through the fence, were a grotesque sight.

Onward I went until the end of the westward road marks the town and county line where, in the original survey, the "tallies" did not agree, and a "jog" is the result; then turning southward through the "oak openings," where the trees come close to the track, and through the branches the waters of Stoney Creek flash in the sunlight, as they tumble along over the rocky bed that gives the stream its name; past mills and factories, until a sharp turn brings me to the destination of my "grist" and the obliging young miller, (as gentlemanly, aye and as handsome too, as though he stood behind a counter, albeit his white suit is a trifle whiter with the dust of his calling,) takes out the bags and I go on across the race and over the larger bridge that spans the noisy stream, to the home of a friend, where a pleasant call fills in the time for the grinding, and I deal out my basket of "Clintons," to the delighted children who cluster almost as thickly around

around the parent vine, as do these grapes on their stem.

Again I drive to the door of the mill, my load is ready, and I am homeward bound, and when I unlock the door under my own vine-covered porch, I find that the clock has only told off four hours since I started from home.

My letter is long, and there is so much more that might be told, of the old historic oak by the roadside, that looked so stalwart the last time I saw it, now torn and shattered in a hundred pieces by a bolt of lightning, of the new granite monument in the "silent city on the hill," that I stopped to view, of the willow fence through the marshy hollow, growing taller and thicker every year, and always my admiration, of the peculiar history of the present and former inmates of some of the farm houses on the route, that is all in my mind as I pass by. There is comedy and tragedy enough that might be woven in with my trip, to make a long and thrilling story, and yet I only "went to mill," and you, who read my letter will have accompanied me, (on paper,) but I assure you all that the reality was much more pleasant than any description can be. Am I disgraced by doing something out of "our sphere?"

WASHINGTON.

EL. SEE.

MEDICAL SCIENCE FOR WOMEN.

One of the chief arguments brought forward against the study of medicine by woman, is that to gain a practical knowledge of anatomy she must necessarily enter the dissecting-room, and dissect human bodies, and that no woman can do this without the loss of womanly delicacy and refinement. The idea prevails that the very thought of this essential but revolting task would be so repugnant to a pure-minded, womanly woman, that it would be impossible for her, being such, to overcome her reluctance. Many who admit the noble work a woman may do in relieving suffering among her own sex by her medical education, and her enhanced usefulness as a member of society, feel that somehow she is less lovable, less womanly, because of it. In one of the novels of the day, which by its virility of thought seems deserving to be classed with mere enduring literature, "Lal," by William A. Hammond, the author makes Theodora Willis, a sort of secondary heroine, whose father, a physician, has educated her in much knowledge not usually accessible to women, use the following language in conversation on this subject:

"I have dissected several human bodies," she said, gravely and deliberately, as though measuring the import of each word, "and I have never done so without feeling that the act was one of awful majesty, not to be undertaken lightly. I have always felt that there before me lay a temple in which God had placed, and from which he had taken away, an immortal soul; that, only a few hours before, it had been moving about on the earth alive, its heart beating, its brain replete with thought, that now it was helpless, dead, and at the mercy of all who might approach it with good or

evil intent. To seek with reverence to understand its wonderful mechanism, to come before it with the spirit of truth and knowledge, knowing that it was made in God's own image, never caused me to feel that I had degraded myself, either in my own estimation or in that of good and intelligent men and women the world over."

This it seems should be the feeling of not only women, but men, in the presence of the dead. Pure-minded, fenced about with faith in themselves, and impressed with the greatness of the science to which they have devoted themselves, the old prejudices must fall, and old barriers be broken down. In old times dissection was deemed impious, and the thunders of the Church were directed against those who disregarded the injunctions religion imposed. Medical students learned the anatomy of the human frame at the risk of their lives, for an ignorant populace was ready to tear them in pieces if it was known. Knowledge, when sought with a pure heart and virtuous aspirations, can never debase the mind, but rather exalts, dignifies and refines it.

COOKING FRUIT FOR CANNING.

Mary A. Williams, of Pontiac, wishes to know whether the water in which cans are immersed to cook the contents should boil rapidly or just come to the boiling point. An article on canning fruit, in *Harper's Bazar*, says:

"The most expeditious way to cook the fruit is to place the wash boiler on the stove, with a little water to prevent burning. Place clean shingles across the ledge of the boiler; on these set the cans. Pour in slightly warm water till it comes within an inch of the caps of the cans. Bring the water quickly to a boil, and keep at that temperature till the fruit is cooked. After the fruit is cooked the jars are taken out, unscrewed to let out the hot air and steam, rescrewed and then set away to cool, the tops to be finally tightened before putting away. The following table tells how long to cook each sort of fruit: Cherries and whortleberries, five minutes; raspberries and currants, six minutes; blackberries, strawberries, peaches in halves, and gooseberries, eight minutes; plums, sour apples in quarters, wild grapes, and pie-plant, ten minutes; pineapple, fifteen minutes; Bartlett pears, in halves, twenty minutes; crab-apples, twenty five minutes; small pears whole, thirty minutes; quince, sliced, thirty-five minutes."

Unfortunately the above list includes no vegetables, but we fancy tomatoes would not need cooking more than ten minutes, fifteen at the most.

The following recipe for French cream candy is commended to our friend: Take four cups of sugar to one of water. Boil eight minutes in a bright tin pan without stirring, and as much longer as is necessary to cook it hard enough to roll into a ball. Then take from the fire and beat with a spoon, adding vanilla or peach flavoring as it begins to cool. Chopped raisins, currants, bits of fig or citron or nut meats may be mixed with the cream.

A VERY little cream of tartar in the frosting for a cake will hasten the hardening process. If the knife is often dipped into water while spreading the frosting, it will give a gloss or polish greatly to be desired.

BLEACHING COTTON.

Mrs. Fellows asks whether the method of bleaching cotton goods by dipping them in a solution of chloride of lime, will not injure the fabric. My experience is that goods can be bleached quickly and safely in that way if they are not left in the chlorine water too long, and are thoroughly rinsed. A good deal depends on removing every trace of the chlorine, which is the bleaching agent. The goods must be frequently inspected to see how the whitening process is progressing. I had a white pique dress which was very badly mildewed by being left on the grass too long, and every trace of mildew was removed by soaking it a few hours in water in which chloride of lime had been dissolved. It was rinsed in three waters, and afterwards survived to be made over until I begin to wish it had rotted a little. I should not hesitate to use the chlorine water if I desired to do so. BEATRIX.

If milk is brought to the boiling point, then poured immediately into cans and sealed air tight it will keep indefinitely. As the air is expelled by boiling, the milk keeps just as canned goods do. If glass jars are used they must be heated so that the boiling milk will not break them. Many families keep but one cow, and this plan will enable them to have milk during the weeks that she is dry.

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