

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, OCTOBER 21, 1884.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

HOME.

More than building showy mansions,
More than dress or fine array,
More than domes and lofty steeples,
More than station, power and sway;
Make your home both neat and tasteful,
Bright and pleasant, always fair,
Where each heart shall rest contented,
Grateful for each beauty there.

Seek to make your home most lovely,
Let it be a smiling spot,
Where, in sweet contentment resting,
Care and sorrow are forgot.
Where the flowers and trees are waving,
Birds will sing their sweetest songs;
Where the purest thoughts will linger,
Confidence and love belong.

There each heart will rest contented,
Seldom wishing far to roam;
Or, if roaming, still will ever
Cherish happy thoughts of home.
Such a home makes man the better,
Sure and lasting the control.
Home with pure and bright surroundings,
Leaves its impress on the soul.

THE FARMER'S WIDOW.

When death enters the farmer's family and takes away the working head, the one who planned and directed, and aided in execution, the natural and inevitable inquiry which presents itself to the bereaved wife, is "What shall I do?" Thoughts of a future, for herself and children, intrude in the midst of her grief, and often she is required to consider ways and means before the anguish of bereavement has been in any degree mitigated by the soothing influence of time. Altogether too often the little farm home is sold or rented, and the family "move into town," usually buying a home and investing the surplus, with the idea of living upon the income returned. Often it is a straitened income, too small for comforts, not to speak of luxuries, and often the woman, dismayed at the cost of living where every item of family living requires the opening of her scanty purse, sighs for the abundance of the old life on the farm. Too often the boys idle about the village stores and saloons and the girls learn to only care for dress and company. And if the bank fails or the little income is swallowed up by a defalcation, actual poverty follows.

Why must the sale of the farm follow the death of the owner? Why should the widow rush to town, as if there only she could find a chance to live? Why cannot the wife continue her husband's work, if she has what George Eliot calls "a

headpiece?" Given a sufficient endowment of brains, the great difficulty is to secure efficient help. If this can be done, and the widow is competent to give intelligent direction to farm processes, by all means let her continue to hold her little estate, keep her children about her till they are able to conduct the business, and bring them up to feel that there is work awaiting them as soon as they are competent to undertake it.

Instances where women thus hold and profitably manage a property are becoming far more frequent than formerly. And every such example aids other women, and makes it easier, if trouble comes to them, to "go and do likewise." It is the capable and energetic ones who will do it; the weaker sisters will consider what "they" will say, and the impropriety of a woman's knowing all about stock, and making a bargain with a buyer, or consulting her hired man about what fields shall receive a coating of manure. It is not at all probable that the way will be strewn with roses; the man at rest under the sod found many difficulties in his path, but many women have walked in it, and many are doing it to-day, and where it is possible it is far more profitable than to give up and choose a life cramped by narrow means, even though it include a rocking-chair. The *Owosso Press* recently named a woman who thus held the management of her husband's farm and, with her daughters' aid, was able in great measure to dispense with hired help. The girls were stout and rosy under the out door air and exercise; and a coat of tan and sunburn rendered them not less comely in the eyes of sensible people. At the county fair their live stock and agricultural exhibits won a fair share of blue ribbons, for nature is no respecter of sex, and corn will grow and wheat yield as abundantly for a woman as for a man.

And, in view of the possibility before every household, the chance that the grim visitor may call for the husband and father, it is expedient that every woman should enter into her husband's business, know his plans, learn his methods, and understand his aims and the means by which he expects to attain them. Then if death comes she will not be at the mercy of ill-advisers, or rashly act on counsel given for selfish purposes, for there are men mean enough to defraud the widow and the fatherless though their unprotected situation ought to appeal to every noble in-

stinct of humanity. It is sound advice to all wives to know their husband's interests and business obligations; the knowledge regulates expenses during life, and aids adjustment after death. But before surrendering the farm, perhaps at a sacrifice, see if it cannot be held and managed to advantage by a woman's hand and brain. It can if the right sort of a woman is at the helm.

GOOD WORDS FOR RAG CARPETS.

As "rag carpets" seem to be the topic under discussion, I wish to say a few words in favor of them. I think they pay, unless one has plenty of money wherewith to buy carpets. I do not think it necessary to make such hard work of making them as many do. In a large family there are necessarily many garments worn out that have much in them that can be utilized in making neat, durable carpets. It is waste to use garments that could be worn, and I do not think it necessary unless the rags give out, as was the case with E. L. Nye. It is also false economy to use the parts of garments too much worn to be strong. I do not let rags accumulate until the carpet becomes a necessity; but when a garment becomes too much worn for use, I cut out the parts fit only for paper rags and put in the rag bag, the rest tear up if I have time, if not roll up and put away where I will be kept in mind of it, and I am sure to find a spare moment to tear it up. I keep a box to put the rags in as they are torn, and sew them before a great many accumulate. After winding into balls I put them away in a large bag kept purposely for carpet rag balls, and store in the storeroom. In this way my rags do not accumulate until they become a nuisance, and when I want to make a carpet I find I have a nice store of balls in readiness, and the making is not such a "bug bear."

I would not advise using Diamond dyes, but use the good old-fashioned coloring recipes; not the ones of our grandmothers, which called for all kinds of barks and walnut husks, but those of our mothers, which they used before the Diamond dyes were known. I prefer to color the rags after they are sewed, as then you color no waste, and can weigh the rags, and calculate the amount of each color to better advantage; and I dislike to tear and sew the rags after they are colored on account of the disagreeable,

poisonous dust. I prefer cotton rags, as they wear much better than woolen. If you wish some black in the carpet, woolen rags are nicest for that, as cotton will not take as durable a color.

Now for the economy: One pound of warp at twenty-five cents per pound is calculated to make three yards of carpet a yard wide; the weaving is generally sixteen cents per yard, for a yard wide; if over, the weaver charges one cent extra for every inch over a yard wide; but calculating a yard wide, thirty yards would take eleven pounds of warp, "allowing for hems and the thrums," costing \$2.75, the weaving \$4.80; and the coloring can be done at a cost of shilling per yard, making a total of \$11.30. This amount is generally furnished by the wife, from the sale of butter and eggs, and when it is all finished and tacked down, and she realizes it is all her own and her daughter's work, I think she is fully as proud of it as of the pretty ingrain in the parlor which her husband paid for, costing \$24, if a good one. Of course a woman's time is not calculated in making a rag carpet, but neither do I think her time spent in a year washing dishes is computed in dollars and cents.

I forgot to say, when tearing white rags, I always remember to save some of the best for the necessary roll of cloths to be used in case of cuts, bruises, burns, &c. Last year when we moved into our new house, I had sixty-five yards of new rag carpet to put down; thirty for the dining room, twenty-five for my son's room, and the remaining ten for the back stairs and hall. They all look nice yet, except the dining-room carpet, which begins to look soiled, as I think any carpet would be likely to do where there was an average family of ten and six of them men and boys. There are many commencing housekeeping on farms, who are not able to buy carpets, and for such I think rag carpets are economical and much to be preferred to a bare floor or hemp or cotton carpeting.

To wealthy farmers, who have gained a competence, and can afford what they like I would not recommend the economy of making rag carpets, for ingrain and brussels are certainly much handsomer and they are cheap enough to be economical for them; still I know many wealthy farmers' wives who prefer rag carpets for dining rooms.

Bruneille, put on your sunbonnet and come over, "misery loves company," you know. I am glad to find disagreeable things do not fall to my lot alone. Maybelle reminds us we have many blessings. I know it, and see them when I am not cross; but I think we need some "bitter with the sweet," only we are inclined to make a very wry face whenever we take the bitter dose. OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

Tecumseh.

IRON rust may be removed from white muslin in this manner: Spread the goods on an earthen dish, rub salt on the stain, squeeze lemon juice on it and put it in the sun. Keep the salt moist with the juice till the stain is gone. Mildew can be removed in the same way.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

One of the notable events of the current month in this city was the Church Congress which convened here on the 7th inst., continuing in session four days. It was a gathering of clergymen of "High," "Low" and "Broad" proclivities, and its members came from all parts of the United States, from Maryland, and Georgia, and far off Dakota. It was a congress of representative men, such as Rev. Phillips Brooks, Rev. Heber Newton, C. C. Tiffany and Prof. Armstrong, of Georgia, coming together less to discuss strictly theological and polemical subjects than those every day problems of life and living which lie seemingly outside the study. Truth is ever the same, but many-sided; and humanity from various standpoints sees various phases. To discuss differing views, and see how all tend to the same end, as "all ways lead to Rome," was the end and aim of the assemblage.

I was particularly interested in the question "Is Civilization Just to Workingmen?" which was discussed Thursday evening. It is significant of the trend of public thought, and the importance of the topic, when scholarly, learned divines turn from theology to discuss such a question at such a time. It shows us that the agitation of the labor question, the relation of labor to capital, employee to employer, are felt to be matters of vital import, even to the clergyman in his study. The opera house was packed, even the aisles were filled on Thursday evening, when this question was announced, and while the rich, the elegant, the cultured and refined were there, there came also the plainly dressed workingman and his wife.

Henry George, "the workingman's apostle," as he has been called, opened the discussion. Tried by whatever test you will, he said, civilization is bitterly and unceasingly unjust to workingmen. The earth was made for workers; only by labor can its resources be developed; it gives us only raw materials to be elaborated by labor, and to the laborer belongs the reward. Adam, the first worker, if set upon the earth to-day, would expect to find the homes of the world's workers the best in the land, and the squalid dwellings the abode of the lazy who will not work. As we all know, the reverse is true. The laborer has been divorced from his reward. His home is the poorest, his clothes the coarsest; his stores deal in the cheapest goods, his seat is humblest in the house of God. The workingman is he who produces that which satisfies the needs of the body or the intellect; the gambler and speculator may work, but are not workingmen; they take, not make. To get rich a man must appropriate the work of others; it is impossible to earn a million dollars by hand work. The injustice of our civilization deprives the laborer of the opportunity to get an education; every effort goes to the struggle for sustenance. As he is he must remain. Nine-tenths of the girls who lead evil lives in our cities are driven to shame by poverty. Heaven is wealth,

hell poverty. Our children are taught to get money—honestly if they can, dishonestly if they must, at any event get it. Six centuries ago men worked eight hours per day and pauperism was unknown; now they work ten and twelve and fourteen hours, and with all our mechanical appliances cannot keep from becoming paupers. To say that over-production is the cause, is to say that because there is too much food men must go hungry, and naked because there is too much cloth. The speaker accounted for the evils which oppress the workingmen by saying they had been deprived of their birthright. The land, which God designed as the common property of all, had been taken away by a few, giving opportunities for oppression and injustice.

Rev. Wm. Kirkus, who followed, combatted the position of his predecessor in a very ingenious but rather sophistical argument. I am under the impression that the reverend gentleman, assigned a position in the controversy with which he was not in sympathy, resolved to make the best of it. His address was witty and humorous, and "brought down the house." When the little bell rang its signal "time's up," cries of "Go on! go on!" came from all over the house, and the audience could hardly be quieted. Holding strictly to the definition of terms, he held that justice does not require that rich men should give work to anybody. Society is not responsible for crimes or pauperism. Laborers assert they have a claim against capital, but did capital ask them to be born? A man with nothing a year marries a woman with nothing a year, and they bring into the world six more paupers among whom to divide their assets. What claim can they bring in justice against society? The best point the writer made was when he traced the wrongs of the workingman back to himself. He is responsible for the evils of legislation, because his vote elects the legislators. If he sells his vote he suffers the consequences. There is no injustice in the accumulation of property, nor the holding of large estates. Under the division advocated by the preceding speaker, the little homes of honest and industrious laborers must be swept into the grand total, to help provide for the vicious, the improvident, and the lazy.

Rev. R. Heber Newton, the famous New York divine, who followed, made the speech of the evening. He is tall, fine-looking, with a magnificent voice, which sent his rapid sentences distinctly to every part of the auditorium. He hurled his arguments at us so rapidly that before the full force of one was grasped, another claimed consideration. Labor's complaint is its poverty, he said, and if we can prove this poverty is the fault of labor or of nature, the question is discharged. But legislation is unjust and detrimental to labor. Monopolies are crimes against man and sins against God. Unjust taxation allows millionaires to evade the collector, while the poor man pays to the uttermost farthing. "No class legislation" is the cry when bills for the relief of the laborer are asked. Machin-

ery is revolutionizing processes; and making a man no longer a workman, but an automaton to do certain bits of work which leave him in helpless ignorance of complete processes. Congress has given 200,000,000 acres of land to corporations, and only 5,000,000 acres are left as the workingmen's inheritance. He spoke of the combinations by which the price of coal was forced from \$5 to \$6.50, as robbery under form of law in which the poor shivered with cold, that railroad kings and mine owners might make a profit of 33 per cent. Co-operation is the remedy for existing ills. Labor must consolidate and combine. The 800,000 Knights of Labor will yet make themselves felt.

Rev. Henry Mottet thought all the woes of the workingmen do not lie at the door of the rich. His greatest enemy is intemperance. There would be less of conflict between capital and labor if each were not so ignorant of the other.

One great means of ameliorating the condition of the poor, was by establishing technical schools to thoroughly teach them. The great demand was for skilled labor, and it could always demand good wages; if sober and industrious all the better. The speaker frankly admitted that the church to-day pays more attention to the rich than to the poor, but reminded his audience, clerical as well as lay, that The Master came to earth to befriend the poor, and that His friends and companions were chosen from the humblest and most lowly.

Father Osborne, of Boston, thought what the working classes most needed was knowledge of God. They had been taught to depend upon themselves, and to teach them that The Master was a working man, would lead them to be more regardful of Him. I could not help thinking, however, while the reverend father was speaking, that however much a knowledge of the lowly life of Christ might help a man bear poverty, it would not fill an empty stomach, nor interpose a warm woolen blanket between a shivering mortal and the storms of winter. Religion and legislation may go hand in hand in the work of improving the condition of the poor, indeed moral teachings must be relied upon to combat ignorance and vice, but after all we are not to forget that "God helps him who helps himself," by which I mean that the wrongs which an infinite and overruling power permits are often with intention left for man's might and sense of justice to right.

But I have already given too much space to this theme, and have no room left for what I had meant to say upon "Moral Education in Our Public Schools," and "Agnosticism" also subjects of discussion. But there were so many valuable truths and sound arguments given that I find it impossible to reproduce, even at this length, but a fraction of them.

The part which women play in this conflict of money and muscle was touched upon slightly. Rev. C. R. Baker told us one sad fact, that among the children of the laboring classes of England, one out

of every two died before it was five years old. This was because the mother could give but a few days to the new born child, before it was given to the care-taker, and she resumed the struggle for bread. When a child died no tears were shed, but the parents were congratulated that they had one less to feed and clothe. The water worm, one of the lowest forms of animal life, ties itself about its eggs to protect them, and if separated will tie and retie itself till it dies of exhaustion, showing a love for its offspring greater than that of the human mother whose life is bounded by factory walls. Is not, he asked, civilization unjust when it makes a mother forget her child, and her love less than that of a worm?

BEATRIX.

NOTES ON THE FARMINGTON FAIR.

The fair of the Union Agricultural Society of Oakland and Wayne Counties, was held at Farmington last week, and was a very good show of the kind. The art building was well filled, the handiwork of the ladies showing their enterprise and industry to decided advantage. About a dozen quilts of varied material and fabric, from the "crazy" silk patchwork with its gay embroidery, representing figures of things seen and unseen, to the comfortable worsted "log cabin" and the less pretentious cotton patchwork and applique of gorgeous flowers unknown to botanist, were shown.

A white quilt, elaborately quilted into labored design of vine, flower and fruit, represented so much labor that I grew very tired in contemplating its chaste beauty. Tidies, rugs, afghans, cushions, lace, embroidery, braiding and etching samples overwhelmed the observer by their numbers, nor were the less pretentious but more useful arts neglected. Canned fruit, golden butter, bread of various kinds, cakes and pies, the very sight of which provoked appetite, showed that farmers' wives and daughters are adepts at culinary arts. There were few pictures, but those shown were of real merit. The display of fruit was good and varied, but no peaches were exhibited.

The show of grain, seeds and vegetables was also very good, the exhibit of potatoes, especially, would challenge competition with the State Fair exhibit.

There were also the inevitable side shows, but we were pleased to observe that but little patronage was bestowed on them; despite the frantic efforts made by the showmen to attract attention. One young lady, admiring the fine products of Agricultural Hall, wished aloud that "she could take all the contents home with her," (I fear her father does not raise much "garden sass") while her companion wished for nothing but one of the mammoth premium cabbages. The galling owner, being present, heard the wish, and at once tendered the coveted article. The young lady, though somewhat abashed by the unexpected fulfillment of her wish, soon recovered herself and thanked the donor very prettily, while graciously accepting the gift. While

she stepped out to get her carriage her false friend carried off and hid the prize, but the fair recipient proved her sagacity by discovering her property and carrying it off in triumph. A sad drawback to my personal enjoyment was the fact that despite the goodies displayed, I was only able to procure an awfully dry sandwich with which to allay my hunger. "Post hay" was all that was procurable for our steed, but, luckily oats formed part of our cargo, so he fared sumptuously.

I saw no spirituous or malt liquors on sale, but "cider right from the barrel" was volubly advertised.

The horse racing was said to be good. I am no admirer of such sport, but I witnessed the ten mile bicycle race with interest. The whole distance was run in about forty minutes.

The grounds are much improved since last year and will be still further beautified. The attendance on the second day of the fair was dishearteningly small because of rain, but as the time was extended to include Saturday, it seems that the fair must have proved an unqualified success in all respects. A. L. L.

FRIGATESIDE.

WHY TEACHERS SHOULD IMPROVE.

When I mentioned the subject of botany I did not intend to suggest the addition of another text book; the children are already crowded with them. But is it too much to ask that our teachers shall have some knowledge of the natural sciences, at least enough of botany and geology to interest the scholars, so that when the air of the schoolroom becomes so oppressive that little heads begin to nod and use for a pillow the softest side of a grammar or arithmetic, she may take them for half an hour under the shade of the nearest tree, taking for her text book one of the stones from the play houses or a few of the wild flowers growing everywhere; and thus teach lessons which will never be forgotten? I am sure the questions the children will ask will broaden her own mind and teach her many a lesson.

I think it a positive disgrace that so many of our teachers return year after year with third grade certificates. I know the threadbare excuse always is that wages are so low that they are unable to go to school; now this at first seems plausible, but is really no excuse at all. An intelligent, inquiring mind will find opportunity for progress under the most adverse circumstances. There is always room at the top, and intelligence has its own reward, pecuniary or otherwise. The great trouble with our lady teachers, many of them, is that they do not expect to remain teachers, and so do not strive to excel in their profession. This is a very great mistake; they will never feel the need of a good education more than when wives and mothers. With so many duties devolving upon them there will be less time for self cultivation, but with a mind well stored and so many household

duties being purely mechanical they may keep their minds from rusting; and find both pleasure and profit in "digesting" what was already supposed to be learned.

MRS. W. J. G.

HOWELL.

A GLIMPSE OF THE STATE FAIR.

As Mertie has given her impressions of the State Fair, and asks for others to do likewise I will give just a little of my experience.

After several weeks of pleasant anticipation we arose at dawn, prepared our morning meal, attended to other necessary work, and hastened to the nearest railway station. After waiting an hour and a half, with a puff and a swish, we were landed safe in Kalamazoo. Then a ride on the street car, and we found the Fair.

Entering at the straight gate we ask: What is this? A mammoth circus, hippodrome and menagerie combined? No. This is the State Fair. The first thing that greets our eyes is a woman with a necklace of snakes, and similar attractions (!) are seen on every hand. We wished to see the fruit, flowers, and everything nice, so we started for Floral Hall, and found a great display of both useful and ornamental articles. We did our best to see all we could, but soon began to think the main object to be gained was to get out alive, which we succeeded in doing, only to find the wind blowing a perfect gale, dirt and dust flying in every direction outside. The fruit certainly looked good enough to eat. The honey was tempting and the bees too busy. So we hurried out. We found the poultry house locked, but they do say they had hand painted chickens therein! Mertie says it was a success financially; if not I am sure it was no fault of the managers. And some even helped themselves to one's pocket book without as much as by your leave. About four o'clock we left the fair grounds, had another good time waiting for the train, in which we only found standing room. And when at ten P. M. we laid our tired heads on the pillow, we mentally pronounced the State Fair a delusion and a snare.

AUNT NELL.

PLAINWELL.

CREAMERY BUTTER.

For the benefit of those who are not wedded to the primitive pan I will say a word about the keeping qualities of creamery butter. There is a marked difference in favor of the creamery, which it has never lost with me. I have sent butter to customers when it would be over 24 hours on the road, and they report that it was perfectly fresh when received. I packed a jar the first of September last year by way of experiment, and used it the last of June and found that it had kept perfectly sweet. I have never seen a speck of what dairymen call unchurned cream in creamery butter, and all will admit they are liable to see such specks in butter made by the old way. I have made, between the 1st of April and the 1st of October, 805 lbs.

of butter from the milk of four cows; has any one a better record from pan-setting? I cannot call to mind a single instance when we have made a journey to town expressly to send butter; it can wait our convenience without fear of spoiling. If creamery butter is at a discount in E. L. Nye's neighborhood it is the first and only place I have ever heard of. Why should we not avail ourselves of any article which lightens our labor and does our work better? The farmer is not slow in placing improved and labor-saving machines in his fields, and I for one am not averse to seeing woman's labor lightened even by a patented article. A. L. C.

PARMA.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Minnie wishes to know what will remove moth from the face; liver spots some call them.

What shall I do for my hair, which comes out badly. There are white bulbs on the ends of many of the hairs which come out. A hair-dresser told me the difficulty was "hair eaters;" a physician said it was an unhealthy condition of the oil glands that caused the white bulbs and falling hair. Have any of the ladies of the Household had similar experience, and can they tell me what will relieve me? I think very highly of the Household.

SUSIE MCG.

ALLEN'S HILL, Ont.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

When frying cakes, instead of laying the hot cakes on a plate, lay them on a colander; set that on a plate, so that any fat which drips from them will drop through the holes in the colander, and not be soaked up into the cakes to render them unfit for use.

That plush may be cleaned is a fact of interest; children's plush coats that have become soiled on the front can be softly and delicately sponged with a little borax and water without injury; a teaspoonful of powdered borax to nearly a quart of water is the proper proportion; use a very soft sponge; and, by the way, a sponge may be softened by boiling it in clear water; then take it out and rinse it in several waters; if not softened sufficiently repeat the boiling and heating process.

SOME ladies may have plaster of Paris statuettes which they desire to bronze, and which may be done as follows: "First give to the figure a coat of oil or size varnish, and when nearly dry, apply with a dabber of cotton or camel's hair pencil, any of the metallic bronze powders; or the powder may be placed in a little bag of muslin, and dusted over the surface, and afterwards finished off with a wad of linen. The surface must be afterward varnished.

There are a good many uses for oil-cloth in the kitchen. To cover the kitchen table with it saves much labor in scouring and scrubbing. It is cheap, and easily removed. You can cover your

pantry shelves with it, and find them easy to keep clean, avoiding the trouble of changing papers. A square of oil-cloth tacked against the wall back of the kitchen table and the washstand, will save the disfigurement of white walls or clean paper by untidy splashes. Another square fastened behind the woodbox will prevent accidental marks, perhaps breaks in the wall there. Cover a few pieces of thin board with oilcloth, to stand pots and kettles on, and keep a piece handy to put down whenever you need to put down anything which may soil table or shelf.

It is unpleasant to scour knives when the fingers are soft and tender from dishwashing. I saw not long ago a simple contrivance used by a friend, which she reckons among the things she "can't keep house without." She covered one side of two pieces of inch board, about eight inches long and four inches wide, with Brussels carpet, tacking the edge of the carpet closely on the thickness of the board, thus covering the edges. The two pieces were then joined by a leather hinge at one end, making them so one could fold over on the other. She had a short strip of leather she used to fasten them together, then with one hand she held the "machine" firm, and with the other rubbed the knife between the carpet covered boards, which were liberally sprinkled with powdered Bath brick. Both sides of the knife were brightened at once, and very quickly and efficiently. Every day or two the strap was undone and the boards opened to dry; and when desired, fresh brick dust was added. It was a "great institution." B.

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