

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, OCTOBER 28, 1884.

THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

COMPENSATION.

She folded up the worn and mended frock
And smoothed it tenderly upon her knee,
Then through the soft web of a wee, red sock
She wove the bright wool, musing thoughtfully:
"Can this be right? The great world is so fair,
I hunger for its green and pleasant ways,
A cripple prisoned in her restless chair
Looks from her window with a wistful gaze.

The fruits I cannot reach are red and sweet,
The paths forbidden are both green and wide
O God! there is no boon to helpless feet
So altogether sweet as paths denied.
Home is most fair; bright are my house: old fires;
And children are a gift without alloy;
But who would bound the field of their desires
By the prim edge of a mere fireside joy?

"I can but weave a mere thread to and fro,
Making a frail woof in a baby's sock;
Into the world's sweet tumult I would go,
At its strong gates my trembling hand would knock."

Just then the children came, the father too,
Their eager faces lit the twilight gloom.
"Dear heart," he whispered, as he nearer drew,
"How sweet it is within this little room!"

"God puts my strongest comfort here to draw
When thirst is great and common wells are dry.
Your pure desire is my unerring law;
Tell me, dear one, who is so safe as I?
Home is the pasture where the soul may feed,
This room a paradise has grown to be;
And only where these patient feet shall lead
Can it be home for these dear ones and me."

He touched with reverent hand the helpless feet,
The children crowded close and kissed her hair,
"Our mother is so good, and kind and sweet,
There's not another like her anywhere!"
The baby in her low bed opened wide
The soft blue flowers of her timid eyes,
And viewed the group about the cradle side,
With smiles of glad and innocent surprise.

The mother drew the baby to her knee,
And smiling said: "The stars shine soft to night;

My world is fair; its edges sweet to me,
And whatsoever is, dear Lord, is right."

—May Riley Smith.

THE NEW HOUSE.

Without doubt some of the many readers of the FARMER are planning and saving for the new house they wish to build as soon as circumstances will permit. And I think the woman who is to do the work in that new dwelling ought to have a voice in its planning, and her future labors lightened, so far as possible, by the convenience of its arrangements. It is Joaquin Miller, the "wild-eyed poet of the Sierras," I believe, who rails against the two-story farm house because of the constant going up and down stairs, which he declares an unnecessary evil which is killing women by inches. It is

much better to build a house one story high, he thinks, and eminently practicable in the country, where the land a man's house stands on is not computed by the square foot. But the two-story house is so much more imposing in appearance, "looks so much better," the builder will say, that probably our critic's advice, like much other good counsel, will be disregarded for fashion and custom's sake. But one thing can be secured, and that is rooms all on the same level on the ground floor. It is not infrequently the case that for no conceivable reason there will be a step or two between two or three of the rooms. The effort to surmount that step is equal to the force expended to cross ten times the distance on a level. The house in which I am living at present has a descent of four steps from the dining-room and china closet into the kitchen, from which open the pantry and cellar. There is no earthly reason for the change of level, but the energy wasted in going up and down these steps scores of times a day is easy to understand. As illustrating how unheeding and careless both men and women are in planning their homes, the present tenant called upon the owner of the house, who was just building a nice brick house for his own residence. The new house was built exactly like that occupied by the tenant, even to the steps. On being asked why he reproduced so grave a fault, the owner seemed at first confused, then surprised, and finally owned he never once thought he could build the kitchen on a level with the rest!

The many disadvantages of small bedrooms have been mentioned in these columns, hence I shall only remind house-builders that whereas they spend but little time in their parlors, more than one-third of every twenty-four hours is passed in their sleeping-rooms. Good sense would indicate therefore that the latter should be ample and convenient, even if the parlors suffer diminution in consequence. Too often the farmer plans for an imposing parlor, in which the pieces of furniture are like upholstered oases in a Brussels carpet desert, while his own bedroom is "not big enough to swing a cat in," if he had occasion to thus maltreat a useful domestic animal. Arrange for a bedroom adjacent to the sitting room rather than the kitchen. A kitchen bedroom is apt to catch all the odors of cooking, washing, etc., and unless great care is exercised in ventilating it becomes redolent of "smells."

A farmer who has a windmill can in

most instances arrange to have the water conveyed into the house, and if possible it should be done, for only the housekeeper knows how much hard, heavy work this saves her. Having the water, a small additional expense provides for its heating, and a little planning locates the bathroom. It is very nice to have plate glass windows and rooms finished in hard woods, but a bathroom is better than either, or both. By the very nature of their occupation farmers are brought into close communion with Mother Earth. Her embraces are healthful, but leave their traces. In most farm houses a bath is so much trouble for want of any conveniences, that it is omitted from one week's end to another. Indeed, I once knew a well-to-do farmer's daughter who declared she had never taken a bath in her sixteen years from the cradle, and who seemed utterly unable to understand the necessity of such ablutions. I was reminded of Samuel Warren's description of the ablutions of "Tittlebat Titmouse," hero of "Ten Thousand a Year," who oiled his hair and eyebrows, dressed himself ready to go out, and then dipped the corner of a towel in water and passed it carefully over his face, sedulously avoiding the outlying regions of his neck and ears, and then hung up the towel with the air of one who has accomplished the whole duty of man.

Dust and perspiration clog the pores of the skin, and the impurities of the system cannot be thrown off through the outlet nature has prepared. Many who complain of biliousness and dose themselves accordingly would find a course of hot baths would do them more good than medicines. "Fresh from the bath one feels very much like an angel," some enthusiast has said. I believe there is more virtue in external applications of either hot or cold water than in the copious libations which are the latest cure for diseases of the stomach. However this may be the bathroom ought to be recognized as indispensable in every farm house. Bruneville bewailed the untidiness of farm hands, but I wonder whether her house boasted a bathroom or any convenience which made personal cleanliness possible. I think as a general thing hired men's rooms are not usually provided with either water-set or towels. A Jackson genius has invented a bath tub with a heating apparatus beneath it, by which a barrel of water may be heated to the bathing point in ten minutes. Such an invention ought to meet with a large and ready sale.

I saw a suggestion in one of our ex

changes not long since which I thought valuable. It was to make the foundation walls of the house double, with an air space between to be filled with rubble; the result being a cellar so thoroughly protected as to be absolutely frost-proof. Double windows were provided, so arranged that one set could be removed in summer. A house thus built would not need "banking up." The necessity of surrounding the house with litter to keep the cellar from freezing is not conducive to the tidy appearance a man ought to maintain about his home. When stable manure is used, as is sometimes the case, the practice is something more than untidy; it is abominably filthy and very unhealthy. The unpleasant odor penetrates every room and seems to flavor the very food. At every thaw the effluvia is unbearable. No extra warmth is secured, and even if there were it cannot excuse a man for compelling his family to live in a barnyard. Bank the walls with earth, with leaves, with straw, with anything but manure, if you regard health or decency, but if possible insure the necessary protection when the house is built.

Were I planning for a new house of "my very own," one of my first thoughts should be for an "out-door sitting-room," a wide, roomy piazza; if possible two of them, one for morning and another for afternoon shade. Not a shelf three or four feet wide, like a narrow ledge on the face of a perpendicular cliff, but roomy enough to accommodate the tea-table and its adjuncts, a settee or lounge where "the boss" could enjoy a noonday siesta, and where my own cool lawn dress and easy chair should begot envious thoughts in the minds of travelers on the dusty highway. Southern people live during summer on the broad and ample porticoes which surround their homes, and surely a vine-hung piazza, perfumed with roses, swept by the breezes, and commanding a pleasant view is the most charming of parlors for a summer afternoon.

BEATRIX.

HOW SHALL SHE CHOOSE?

"A penny for your thoughts, Alice," said a sweet-faced girl to a friend who sat near her, dreamily watching from an open window the passers by in the street below, and thinking her own peculiar thoughts.

At her companion's words, she turned and said, "Emma, my observations have recalled to my mind a previous thought, that marriage is in many cases a farce, and I feel rather to pity than otherwise, many young people who marry; though," she added with a smile, "they would bid me reserve my pity for myself."

"There is truth in what you say," replied her friend, "but you must remember you do not view this matter from the standpoint of experience."

"I know that," returned Alice, "nor do I wish to yet. You are happy, but your happiness would not satisfy me. I do not pity you, but I would have Roy more earnest and enthusiastic in his love for you. Oh! when a woman gives up all

for a man, he cannot be too tender, cannot express too often his love for her. Men are absorbed and forgetful after marriage."

"Alice" said Emma, laying her hand on her friend's, "every one has his individual manner of expression. It is all right when we understand and consider this. You are inclined to magnify the husband's faults. There are defects in the lives of both, but my dear friend, when love's glad sunshine is mirrored in the eyes, and its content fills the heart, for all the defects, our ideal is near. Love is the great builder. Your present ideal is cold, it asks perfection while you cannot return the same measure; you do not, cannot, now estimate the power of love to build. When it comes to you, it will give you new power to create, it will bring its own satisfaction. While you will meet with disappointment, again your anticipations will be more than met. Remember, the man who loves you is to you a different person than he is to another. He manifests to you his weakest points, as well as his grandest self. Others may call your choice commonplace, but love, pure and true, is never commonplace. You can afford to bear the world's criticism, if you have won a possession so rare and beautiful."

Looking wonderingly into her friend's earnest eyes, Alice replied: "I see a power in the warm depths of your eyes, which I have not yet grasped. I have built life thus far without it, but I know you are better for it; and I believe however good a woman may be, she is far better when she loves. I thought once I had loved, but though I have suffered, my heart is cold. You do not know, I think; in my early womanhood, I had a friend who was pure and true, I know. He gave me the first love of his young manhood,—could it have been only fancy? I'd rather what I hoped were love be fancy, than that love I trusted should have proven faithless. I trusted him; my heart, gay and untried by suffering, was happy and full of hope. In time he left me to take his place among the world's workers. He wrote often, and thanked me for the help and sympathy my letters brought him. I seldom saw him, but with my growth I felt he must be advancing also, and though he sometimes seemed careless where he should not show neglect, my trustful heart found quick excuse. I made him all I wished him to be. He was my ideal, though unconsciously I built above and beyond him. In him I lived my better life. I brought all honor and manly virtue to his heart and guarded it there. My affection became a beautiful part of my life. Its influence was like that of a prayer. But there came a change I could not but feel; I knew we were drifting apart. He was not keeping himself pure and unspotted in the midst of temptations. He knew I felt it, and though I would gladly have borne with him if he had tried to be pure as he once was, he became indifferent, and wrote me he was not worthy of my friendship and did not wish to continue it. It may be best, but I cannot

see why it were not best that he should have been true, and that my trust should have been kept unbroken. Now I doubt every one; my heart aches and I cannot go on for weariness."

"Dear Alice," said her friend softly, "let your pain teach you its lesson. Why ask for release from it? Your work is all unwrought, the morning only dawns, while you cry out in weariness. But the Father knows you cannot go on. So rest here till your heart has shed its bitter rain of tears, till its sobs are stilled and its murmurings hushed, till its pain dies into waiting peace. Rest till you forget the wrong, till you feel the sweet breath of the morning. Rest till you believe in love, hope, and trust. It is sweet to know perfect trust, but you can go on without it. Keep your belief in it, cherish your faith and hope in the better things. In the calmer, richer seasons of your life, you will see that this strife is to the deep-flowing current of being but as the foam cresting the great waves of the sea. Pardon me if I grieve you, but I do not think you really loved your friend. He who was so base as to prove false, could not satisfy you. Your ideal need not suffer; since he was unworthy, withdraw it from his life. Principle, honor, and trust are not crushed through the baseness of individuals."

"Perhaps you are right," said Alice, "that I did not love him. I have thought sometimes," she added thoughtfully, "his deception was a greater grief to me than his loss, for I do not feel a part of myself lost in his absence. Doubtless I needed this lesson. It has taught me as only experience can teach, though it is full of bitterness. I have always thought there must be some who would be true. Others I have seen who seemed noble, but I cannot trust yet. Trust must be taught me now; before, it came unconsciously to my heart. Like a flower in the sunshine, it grew, not because it chose, but because it must. You know how a little child's fingers will close about yours when placed within its own, clinging, like tendrils, unquestioningly. As the child grows older, its clasp loosens, and that warm hand-embrace comes again only with the hand which has the touch of no other, the pure heart-trust only with the promise which brings content. But I have better formed ideas in regard to love and choice, than I ever had before. The false and unworthy considerations for which people marry, have led me to define to myself a better method. Let me tell you my idea: First, love should not be a prerequisite of choice. That is, a woman should know a man, observe his tastes, criticize his habits, study his character, before she thinks of love, and he should do likewise. Where worth and true character are beyond question, the matter of choice should be decided by adaptation, physical, mental, and spiritual. Some marry where there is physical adaptation only, others where there is mental, and more where there is no understanding of either. It seems to me love is a growth, not a passion. It is like a rose, the fuller its unfolding the

richer its fragrance. Even when its petals are being carried away by the wind, the heart of the flower breathes sweetness. I think love should so fulfill the desires and needs of life, as to yield peace and content. Him only I could love, who would help me to the life I see above and beyond me, yet waiting for me. My need of him must teach me love, and he must need me as he feels the need of no other, or I should not be content. The one question of grave importance will be: would he satisfy my heart in affection, and my mind in desire and effort to grow."

"My dear," said Emma, "your ideas are good, I wish more might think as intelligently as you on this subject. Make use of your excellent sense and you will choose wisely, I know. But after all, your choice will not be a man whom the world will consider remarkable. In fact, I believe when you marry, people will ask, 'Why did she marry that man?'"

"Well, I shall be too well satisfied to care if the world does question my 'excellent sense,'" laughed Alice. "The masses are not famous for right judgment, or deep comprehension. The individual has been the reformer, the example, and guide of the masses."

STRONG MINDED GIRL.

JACKSON.

TREATMENT OF THE HAIR.

Concerning the falling out of the hair, complained of by Susie McG. in the last Household, Dr. C. H. Leonard, in his work on "Hair, its Diseases and Treatment," says:

"The causes of the falling of the hair are multitudinous. Sometimes it is due to abuse in dressing the hair, as crimping it too tightly, burning it with curling irons, or the use of irritant coloring matters; or it may be due to the 'old age' of the hair itself; for hair, as well as man, has its time of ripening, age and death. When it becomes fully developed, and its life matured, it becomes contracted just above the bulb and falls out, the life germ remaining to fill the emptied follicle with a new hair at no distant time."

* * * When the falling out is caused by disease, worry and loss of nerve nutrition, the reason is that there is not sufficient blood brought to the papilla of the hair shaft, and hence the cell formation, at the root of the hair, is not rapid enough to keep the hair follicle properly distended. * * * Hence at this interval the follicle through its circulatory compressing fibres, strangles or cuts in two the mass of soft hair cells just forming into a hair shaft and the hair falls out. Often a little bulb is seen at the end of the hair, after it has been subjected to this choking-off process; this has led some observers to say the root has been thrown out; but this is not the case."

As regards treatment, Dr. Leonard says this must be varied as the causes are various. Yet as the thinning of the hair accompanies an enfeebled or vitiated constitution, that is first to be built up by tonics. The circulation in the scalp has become sluggish, and must be stimulated. Attention must be paid to the hygiene of the hair, which he reminds us is not a collection of filamentous plants depending upon dirt for sustenance, but a physiological organ whose life is kept up by the same material which furnishes food for the brain-cells. The scalp

should be thoroughly washed at least once a month, and he recommends the yolk of an egg as an excellent detergent. This is to be well rubbed into the roots of the hair and on the scalp, and washed out with warm water and castile soap, rinsing with clear cold water, and drying by brisk rubbing with towels. If oil is needed he recommends a pomade of cocoa-nut oil, but cautions against too free use. Frequent trimming is conducive to rapid growth. The scalp, rather than the hair, should receive the brushing, to insure a quicker circulation in the follicles and so incite growth. As a local application to aid the growth and prevent falling out, the authority given recommends the following: Tr. cantharidis, two drachms; tr. nux vomica, one half ounce; tr. capsicum, one drachm; castor oil, one and one-half ounces; cologne water, two ounces. Apply with a bit of sponge night and morning, after brushing the hair. Another prescription, a lotion, which he commends, but advises should have the quantity of rose water increased, as it is rather strong, is as follows: Tr. cantharidis, one ounce; distilled vinegar, one and a half ounces; glycerine, one and a half ounces; spirits rosemary, one and a half ounces; rose water to make eight ounces.

Among various remedies recommended by those who have been benefitted by their use, we may mention camphorized alcohol, cinchona bark in bay rum, and sage tea. A recipe recommended to promote the growth of the hair, consists of an ounce of borax and an ounce of camphor diluted in two quarts of water. Use this as a wash twice a week, and clip the ends of the hair occasionally. It is said to much promote the growth and thickness of the hair.

FAITH'S ARRAIGNMENT.

The pleasant little Household is again at hand, and a welcome guest it is. As I look at it, and think of the time, labor and thought expended on its make-up, I do not wonder that our good Editor sometimes loses a very little of that great stock of patience which it must require to edit a paper, and gently hints that some of our readers have forgotten that they were ever young, and then seeming for a moment to forget the reverence due to one so great and holy, speaks of Our Father in Heaven as "the Great Originator," and proceeds to tell the girls how to adorn themselves in all the "poms and vanities" of this world, giving as an excuse for fashion and folly the fact that God has created that which is perfect and beautiful, and therefore we ought to improve upon the appearance of the temples He has made, by casting cloth about them in all manner of fantastic shape, wearing a bustle, some bangs, and finish out with a few "nodding plumes."

Now, girls, while Beatrix tells you how to adorn the "outside," let me whisper to you not to forget the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," which is in the sight of God of great price, and while you seek to be beautiful in the eyes of the world, be sure that your souls are pure

and white, in the sight of Him who seeth not as man seeth.

Daisy's definition of a "soda streaked" Christian and mine hardly agree. To illustrate the case I will relate an incident that occurred not long ago in our little place: We felt the need of a band of Christian workers, so some of us agreed to form a Ladies' Holiness Society. We invited professing Christians to meet one afternoon, and that none should feel slighted, I invited all those with whom I was acquainted and said to a young friend: "Go and tell Mrs. — about the meeting to-morrow. She answered: 'What is the use? She will not go.'" "Well, go and tell her anyway, and then she will have no excuse." "What shall I tell her?" "You may say that it is a ladies' prayer meeting, for you can not explain it very well." "You had better leave off that word prayer, or you will not see her there?" Such a Christian as that is one whom I should call "religion-streaked," but where the religion has struck clear through they will be in the class and prayer meetings every time it is possible for them to get there. They do not excuse themselves because the children get sleepy, or plead work as an excuse for neglecting what is their duty, but are anxious to be found at their Father's House. I think I used to be somewhat religion-streaked myself, but now I will go to meeting if I do have to wear a last year's bonnet. That was the time when I was pursuing the medium course advocated by One Woman.

Now do not suppose for a moment that I am one of the "holier than thou" people mentioned by Daisy; for I feel myself to be one of the weakest and most unworthy of all my Father's children, and the nearer we get to God the more we feel our own imperfections.

The incident Daisy told certainly is a sad one, and it is against such "pillars in the churches," that I would lift up my voice. If we serve the Lord, let it be with our whole heart, soul, mind and strength, and be assured that no one will get the Christian's reward, except the earnest followers of the Son of God, "for by the works of the law shall no man be justified."

FAITH.

DURAND.

[The Household Editor pleads "not guilty" to Faith's charge of irreverence in using the term "Great Originator" as applied to Deity. It is synonymous with "Creator," and equally proper and reverential, even in an anthropomorphic sense.]

SOFT SOAP WITHOUT ASHES.

Some little time ago our correspondent at Wessington, Dakota, (from whom, by the way, we would be glad to hear once more,) asked for directions for making soft soap without the lye obtained from wood ashes. The following from the *N. Y. World*, may give the desired information:

"Soft soap differs from hard in having potash for its base instead of soda. The making of soft soap requires experience and care, it being an easy matter to overdo

the supply of alkali. The following is said to make a jelly-like, semi-transparent substance that will not separate or taint as it grows older: Procure 12 pounds of the true potash of commerce; avoid cheap salts of soda put up in tin cases. Let the grease be pure grease, free from bits of meat, bone, &c. Break up the potash and put it into a forty gallon barrel made of soft wood—a hardwood barrel is not suitable; pour on 20 gallons of soft water and let the potash dissolve. In about 12 hours add 14 pounds of grease and ten gallons more water. If the weather is cool it will be necessary to melt the grease first. Stir every few hours with a wooden plunger, and in a week or ten days the operation should be completed and the soap made."

THE ROSE GERANIUM.

There are few plants for the house that are more useful than the Rose Geranium, as its fragrance is so generally liked and the leaves so useful for bouquets and designs of any size or make. It requires mellow soil, as do all geraniums, in fact any plant; and I would not reiterate this caution so frequently if I did not so often see soil in flower pots hard and lifeless, and in which no plant could flourish. Soil from the woods in a large proportion is the very best for the Rose Geranium and plenty of it. We only use small pots for flowering plants, not for those especially for foliage.

The next and equally important requisite is pure air, and cool, also, for our favorite is no hot-house production, and is really well suited in a partially shaded spot in the garden until the cool nights of October drive it to the shelter of the house, where it will still flourish if well treated and shower baths not stinted.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

PENTON.

SCRAPS.

NEVER before, in the five years I have lived in this city, have Delaware and Catawba grapes been so cheap and plenty. Catawbas have retailed as low as eight cents per pound, and Delawares at ten. Concords, "the grape for the million," have sold at six and seven cents. Consequently I have feasted on the two former varieties, and will not say "thank you" for the latter. The Concord may be vigorous, hardy and productive, but to my notion it is not to be named in the same day with the other sorts, so far as flavor or quality are concerned. It is insipid as a glucose gum drop when compared with the sweet yet sprightly Delaware, or the rich, vinous Catawba. Moreover, we can eat either of these varieties, to use an old expression, "as long as we can see them," without the unpleasant sensation of repletion which follows moderate indulgence in the tougher-pulped Concord. This leads me to say, do not plant entirely of Concords, simply because they are hardy and can be raised without trouble, but add a few vines of better varieties to eat out of hand, and give them the care and protection necessary to ensure an abundance of delicious and healthful fruit. "The best is none too good."

HERE is another way to make a rag

rug: Cut rags nicely, as for a rag carpet, using delaines, flannels, or other soft goods; cut on the bias, as the effect will be much better, and gather through the center with a strong double thread, drawing it up considerably, about as much again as for a ruffle; string one piece after another without sewing and with no regard for lengths, but sprinkling in the bright bits of color among the sober shades. When gathered, weave in like rag carpeting. The rug is said to resemble chenille, rich and velvety. Cottons should not be used if the best result is desired.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

JUDGE Samuel Miller, in the *Rural World*, says: "As the war in Egypt is likely to make gum arabic scarce and high in price, those who have peach or plum trees can make their own mucilage. Lumps of gum will be found on almost every tree, which, when dissolved in water, makes a most excellent substitute. I have been using it all summer, and find it to answer the purpose first rate. If this same juice was clarified, and while in the soft state sweetened with pure sugar and a little spice, it would be much better to eat than the pernicious stuffs that are sold by confectioners as gum drops, and which are, no doubt, made of some animal offal, and doctored up with chemicals, and which should have gone to the glue pot at the start. There have been times here, after rainy weather, that pounds could have been gathered."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Inter-Ocean* gives us a new way to bake potatoes: "If fuel is scarce or much fire is needed to heat the oven, just put the potatoes on top of the stove, laying some nails or a hoop wound with wire under them, turn the spider over them, and but little fire will be required to cook them well and quickly."

NATHANIEL OWEN tells how to make a doormat out of corn husks in an expeditious manner: "Take a piece of soft pine board the size of mat required, rounding off the corners; across this board nail with lath nails strips of lath a third of an inch apart; then take short fence staples, placing the husks within the staples, drive into the grooves already made by the lath. Short husks will do for a mat made in this way. If no lath are handy tie the husks together over the staples with strong cord. This kind will want washing occasionally. When husks are worn out draw out the staples and renew the mat, greasing the staples if rusty."

SEVERAL requests have been sent in for Aunt 'Rusha's recipe for rhubarb cordial. We would be glad to receive and publish the formula, if she will kindly furnish it.

Contributed Recipes.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Select good tart cooking apples, pare, cut in halves and take out the core; make a dough as for soda biscuit;

roll rather thin and cut in squares. Fold two pieces of apple in each square; place in a greased tin in a steamer and steam a little more than one-half hour.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Prepare as above, and place in a dripping pan; pour water around until the pan is one-fourth full. Bake one-half hour.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS No 2.—Take one-half pint raised dough, roll into it one large spoonful of butter; roll out, fold it, and set it aside to rise. When quite light, divide into six parts; roll out and place upon each a tart apple, pared and cored, and the hole filled with sugar and butter. Close the dough over the apple, and place in a dish. Let stand one hour, then between the dumplings put a spoonful of sugar and a lump of butter; pour a tea-cupful of water over and bake three-quarters of an hour.

PUDDING SAUCE.—To make a sauce for any of the foregoing, take four large spoonfuls of white sugar, two of butter, and one of flour or cornstarch. Stir to a cream. Then beat stiff the white of an egg, and mix with the sugar, butter, &c. Lastly pour over the whole one gill of boiling water, stirring rapidly; let boil one minute; remove from the fire and flavor.

NO NAME.

PAW PAW.

SPONGE CAKE.—Put into a dish three eggs, one cup of granulated sugar, one cup of sifted flour, four tablespoonfuls of cold water, and one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir all together briskly for three minutes; bake slowly.

SUSIE MCT.

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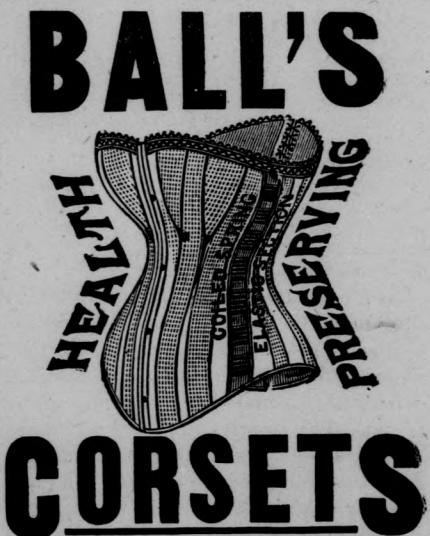
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