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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

LEAN HARD.

Child of my love, lean hard,
And let me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burden, child, I shaped it;
Poised it in my own hand; made no proportion
In its weight to thine unaided strength;
For even as I laid it on I said:
"I shall be near, and while she leans on me
This burden shall be mine, not hers;
So shall I keep my child within the encircling arms
Of mine own love." Here lay it down, nor fear
To impose it upon a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds. Yet closer come;
Thou art not near enough; I would embrace thy
care,
So I might feel my child reposing on my breast.
Thou lovest me? I know it, doubt not, then,
But, loving me, lean hard.

"A BAD HABIT; I PRAY THEE AVOID IT."

I am always sorry when I see upon our streets, as I so often do, little boys with cigars or cigarettes between their lips, or expectorating tobacco stained saliva upon an unoffending and long-suffering sidewalk. I am sorry, because I know they are forming a habit which is injurious to the health both of mind and body; which is expensive, stealing away dimes and nickels which reach a goodly sum in the course of a year, and amount to many hundreds of dollars in a lifetime; and one which is at once the most useless and most difficult to break off when it has become fixed. I am sorry, too, because I know that the desire to learn to smoke and chew is founded on a longing to be and be thought manly. Since men are addicted to these habits, a lad feels he has made a long step toward that estate of manhood he so covets when he has so conquered the instincts of his stomach that he can take his "chew" or cigar without qualms. It is too bad that a mistaken ambition makes him copy manhood's vices instead of its virtues. The habit is almost always secretly acquired, at the expense of the first quality of manhood, truth. A boy who has courage to tell the truth, always, and has nothing to conceal from his father or mother, needs no help from tobacco to make him manly.

The use of tobacco is widespread and general, yet I believe there are very few men who would commend it to their sons, in any form. The fathers who smoke and chew would have the boys do as they say, not as they do. They have felt the firm hold the habit fixes upon its victims, and though stronger than their courage to resist it, they give precept upon pre-

cept, forgetting or unable to set the example without which precepts are empty words. At a Tobacco Growers' Convention, held recently in one of the tobacco growing States, during an animated discussion on the opening of new markets and means of increasing the demand for their commodity, one man arose and offered a resolution to the effect that the use of tobacco in our public schools should be encouraged. Blank silence followed; and the members looked at one another in perplexity. This was a new way of "increasing the consumption." The resolution effected precisely what its proposer desired. He did not expect it would be endorsed, but he did wish to induce a little thought upon what "opening new markets" means. Instead of considering the consequences as relating to their own purses, they were called upon to view the results to the consumer.

Scientists tell us—and we accept their teachings as good authority in other things, why not in this?—that the oil distilled from tobacco by smoking is an extremely poisonous one, its effect being to paralyze the spinal cord and nerves of motion, while the volatile nicotine affects the heart, working its mischief through the brain. The digestive organs are disarranged and their action weakened. Dr. Pope, an eminent English professor, says nothing can be more pernicious for boys and growing youths, than the use of tobacco in any form. It points directly to physical degeneration, stunting the growth and dulling the intellect. I once knew a young man who was an inveterate chewer. He learned the habit when a lad, and it grew upon him as an intemperate man's appetite for liquor grows. I will not mention the quantity he used daily, least my veracity be called in question. Its effect upon him was to make him appear as if continually in a state of semi-intoxication. His eyes became bloodshot, the blue faded and bleared, his tongue was thick and unruly, and his mind at last became so affected that he was silly in conversation, and stupid in appearance. And this lamentable condition was simply the result of the inordinate quantity of tobacco he used. He still lives—and chews—a mere mental and physical wreck when he should be at the zenith of manhood's strength and vigor. This case is perhaps an extreme one, yet the like may prove true of any who surrender to the habit as completely as he did. And what boy can say he will not surrender, to an enemy that steals

upon him so imperceptibly, yet so surely. A bad habit reminds us of the fable in which Vishnu, the mightiest god of the Hindoos, knelt at the feet of the king, in the guise of a poor Brahmin, pleading for three paces of land on which to build a hermitage. "Take it," said the king. "It is my pleasure to help the weak." Vishnu rose, and in three paces strode across the earth and claimed it as his own. We are more the slaves of habit than we like to confess, and the indulgence of an appetite is one of the worst of bad habits. Give an inch and it takes an ell, and next compasses a league.

And so, boys, don't let the "tobacco habit" master you. You, and your boy friends, may think it is manly and evidence of "spirit" to puff a cigar and carry a tobacco box, but the older people whom you wish should think well of you, are only sorry to see you beginning life with such false ideas of what makes a man worthy respect and imitation. Down in their hearts they pity you, and most admire those who resist the temptation of comrades, and whose lips and teeth are unstained, and whose breath is not foul with "the weed."

BEATRIX.

HIRED MEN.

While no one will deny that God made of one blood all the nations of the earth, or object to the self-evident truth, "All men have a natural right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," the fact that no two men are equally endowed by nature, will be as willingly conceded. Mental, moral, social and physical qualities are of all degrees of force and development, besides the dwarfed or precocious examples that serve as exceptions to prove a common rule.

Some men are by nature gentlemen, no matter how rough and uncouth their surroundings; some others, despite birth, education or refined surroundings, will be and remain boors. In the one case, elevating influences will refine gold, in the other want of them will leave a ruffian.

Take this showing into the everyday practice of a farmer's life, in the matter of "hired men," a question which has been under discussion in the Household recently. Farmers cannot always choose their help. When their work is in season and help scarce they must often put up with very inefficient and undesirable, and sometimes, positively objectionable persons.

I cannot believe that the most ardent stickler for "doing as you would be done by," would favor giving unlimited liberty in the family to such persons. On the contrary, I think while they should be well fed and be comfortably housed, they should be as much as possible isolated from the family, lest their pernicious example do more harm to young, impressionable minds, than the good the most kindly care of the united family could do to them.

I always feel that home is a sacred thing, to be most carefully and prayerfully guarded from all baleful influences; and, while we should do all we can to influence all aright, whom circumstances make time-dwellers with us, it would be inexcusable in us to jeopardize family duties and interests, for their possible good. Their stay is transient, the family abides. By all means sow good seed in all seasons, but do not neglect for such sowing, the watering and culture of the tender plants that grow beside you and for the future of whom you are, under Providence, responsible.

If your hired man is the son of a neighbor, or any one whom you know is trustworthy, let him feel in every word and act that you appreciate such manly qualities, and make him truly at home with you. But prove the stranger, before you let him become the companion of your innocent sons, lest you find evil seed sown in their tender minds that you may never eradicate.

To endure rough, uncouth, or unmanly people at the family table, is the very least of the annoyances of such contingencies. It is a sort of independent self-assertion with some people that "if they are not good enough to eat with their employer, they are too good to work for him," and, although without any ground of reason, the key note is manly and if the person has self-respect enough to make himself presentable in appearance and manners, few farmers at least, would object to his company.

One lady objects to hired men at table, with their odor of the field and stable, when she has tony company, and her table is spread with silver and galore. I should imagine the hired men would be equally embarrassed, and the more self-respecting, the more chagrin, because it is utterly impossible for a hired man to take time for an elaborate toilet before meals, nor can the odor of his labor be put off in an instant.

My practice in such cases is to get "company meals" either earlier or later than usual, and the meal for the men at the usual hour. It adds a little to my work, but pleases all around much better. The "gude mon" can be advised, and govern himself accordingly. I do not consider it such a horrible breach of etiquette for hired men, or even the "gude mon," to come to the table without coats on. The etiquette of formal parties, or of people of "elegant leisure" should not be used by farmers in their busy, hurried seasons of labor. Work is rushing, the sun is torrid, willing hands bustling, perspiration running

from every pore, the men, wearied, nearly exhausted, hear the dinner call, hurry to the house, take a cool wash and drink, and with no time to cool off, are seated at table, swallowing the hot viands and steaming fluids; and are complained of for not adding another cause of discomfort. Men should be required to leave as much of the soil and dirt as possible out doors, both to save labor to the women folk, and to keep the air of the house pure and pleasant, but my hired men can come to the table without coats on in hot weather, without protest from me. If they will scrape their boots, and be clean in person and tongue. I will readily do all I can for their comfort, even though they do not practice the latest rules of decorum.

I want to add my mite in defense of the rag carpet for the use of farmers' living-rooms. No other carpet is so suitable or durable in my experience and by "timing one's turns" may be made without any terrible worriment to brain or hand or feeling the cost.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

A MUSICAL EDUCATION.

"When Music, heavenly maid, was young," was she, I wonder, compelled to practice scales and fivefinger exercises, trills and arpeggios, from two to four hours daily? If so, how many times did she rebel and threaten to resign her seat among the Muses, and be no more a daughter of the gods? I have thought "the torture of the innocents" many times the past summer as I have heard the monotonous "one, two, three, four" and *da capo*, mingled with the tinkle of the piano, while on my way to breakfast, and perchance caught a glimpse of a wistful face looking into the sun-lighted street. The little victim, for such I felt inclined to consider her, had been roused from her last nap to "practice." She would practice till school time, and on her return, instead of a merry romp as relaxation after a day at the desk, would be tied to the music stool for another hour's thrumming of scales. This has been going on for over a year. The result, in this instance, has not been commensurate with the outlay of vitality. The girl has no more music in her than a kettledrum; she will never make a musician. She grows pale and thin under the incessant practising, and the effort to keep up with her class at school, coupled with a rapid physical development. What a mistake it is to crowd so much "education" into the children's lives at a time when they are physically and mentally immature. How many graves the practice fills, yearly! And who wonders that some stubborn souls rebel! A year ago the papers told of a fourteen year old girl, child of well-to-do parents, who ran away from home and was finally found doing laundry work in an asylum. When asked why she deserted a comfortable if not luxurious home, to do a servant's work, she declared she had rather be thus employed than practice five hours daily on the piano.

But my sympathies are most excited for a lassie whom I shall call Mary Ann, because that is not her name. Her mother takes in washing to pay for piano rent and lessons, and Mary Ann has worked assiduously, impelled thereto by her mother's persuasions, often couched, I regret to say, in no gentle terms: "Keep that there pianner a goin', will ye?" floated out upon the morning air during an interlude of silence. Mary Ann, who takes far more interest in natural history than in music, was watching a family of sparrows just beginning housekeeping. She is always examining insects "to see how funny they're made," and would be zealous in studying them if she had a chance. But Mary Ann is pretty, and her mother is "going to make a lady of her;" and besides her cousin, who has a quick eye and a flexibility of finger which stand her in stead of decided talent, plays quite prettily, and "Sure, Mary Ann is as smart as that Katy!" So Mary Ann bedews the piano with tears, and her mother virtuously belabors the wash-board, believing that by forcing her daughter to do what nature never meant she should do, she is fitting her for that rank in life to which she hopes her pretty face may lift her. Ah me, how full the world seems to be of mistaken ambitions!

Is it not an absurd idea that every girl must be taught music as a part of her education, whether she has any natural qualifications to aid her in mastering the accomplishment or not? There is not one girl out of one hundred who is not eager to "take lessons;" and admiring the skill with which a trained hand can evolve "a concord of sweet sounds," thinks nothing can weary her till she has attained equal proficiency. But there is no royal road to musical lore, and spirit and flesh both weary before a beginning is fairly made. There can be no excellence in music not won by the patient and continued work of months and years. Not one out of fifty who "takes music" ever attain to more than mediocrity. Why spend so much of youth's seedtime to acquire a single accomplishment, one for which a peculiar talent and fitness is especially required, and without which no great success is possible? Take almost any girl, musically educated at great expense of time and labor, and how quickly her skill deserts her unless kept up by steady practice. When she meets the fate for which all girls are said to sigh, and marries, how long before she cannot play a single selection without errors? Life's path must lead through smooth places, or the accomplishment must stand as a possible resource to aid the family income if she advances at all, or even retains what is already acquired. Skill depends entirely upon practice; in nothing else does the hand so quickly forget its cunning. The time spent in gaining proficiency does not expand and broaden the mind as a more liberal education might, so much must be given to purely mechanical work—the education of the fingers. And what is left when this is lost! A mental development which might have been gained by other means at far less cost and labor.

Yet it is no great wonder everybody feels it necessary to have some one in the family who can "play." Think how many are engaged in ministering to this "craze." Boston alone has 2,400 music teachers; it is appalling to conjecture how many there must be in the whole country. Then there is the army of manufacturers of musical instruments, and the agents and dealers all the way down, whose bread-and-butter depends upon the continuance of this musical madness. The "agent" invades the farmer's home and persuades him into buying "an instrument" when he is unable to bear the expense, and perhaps before his wife, who very likely joins her arguments to those of the dealer, owns a clothes winger or a creamery. He fondly fancies the organ or piano, once bought, ends all the expense, but lessons and music and tuning are continual assessments upon the money invested, while he takes his dividends in poorly executed music.

It is not to music *per se* that I object; it is to this senseless idea that it is obligatory to study it, whether one has taste or talent or not. A little simple music, well played, a few songs in the twilight, those old fashioned songs that are not ashamed to be melodious, make home pleasant. But spare those whom Shakespeare says are "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils" because they have "no music in their souls." Do not attempt to force energy into unnatural channels; to make an indifferent performer on the piano, you may spoil a fine student in other and quite as important things. Do not let a smooth-tongued agent beguile you into buying a musical instrument at from \$75 to \$300, till you know it will not be a piece of useless furniture in a year's time, because no one can play even "Auld Lang Syne" on it.

BEATRIX.

GIFTS FOR OUR FRIENDS.

If you want to make a pretty present for a friend, try manufacturing a handkerchief box. I saw a very pretty one the other day which was made out of a cigar box. The box was covered on ends and side by a strip of cardinal plush, wide enough to turn over the edge both top and bottom, and gummed to place with thick mucilage. The cover was padded with a couple of layers of wadding and covered with plush. To fit the inside, cut a paper pattern just a trifle smaller than each end and side, then cut pasteboard to the same size, lay on one thickness of wadding, cover with satin or silk quite loosely, then with a stout needle tack through and through at intervals, with silk the same color, leaving a couple of gilt beads on each stitch if you choose. When all the parts are covered, have ready some hot glue and quickly brush over the back, then slip them to place in the box, holding them for a minute or two firmly till the glue takes hold. You have now a neatly covered box, which is pretty left plain or can be decorated in any fashion you choose. The edges can be finished by a quilling

of satin ribbon, or edged with lace sewed on under a chenille cord, with loops at the corners. If you "do" ribbon embroidery, a rosebud in ribbon with chenille or arrasene leaves makes a lovely cover.

I also saw a pretty pinecushion, which though not large was very tasteful. It was just a square cushion covered with pink satin, in the center of which the initial of the owner was embroidered in cardinal silk. Across each corner were triangular pieces of cardinal plush, and a narrow lace edge projected from the plush upon the satin. A fall of lace surrounded the cushion, with bows of pink ribbon at the corner.

You can make quite a pretty frame for a cheap picture by covering a framework of wood or thick pasteboard with sandpaper, and then gilding it with gold paints or bronze powders, to be bought almost everywhere. The sandpaper makes a pretty rough effect quite popular at present.

BOYS' CLOTHES.

Boys' clothes, says Aunt Jane in *Wide Awake*, being mostly woolen, absorb dust and odors to that extent that you can smell a boy across the room by his dusty jacket. At Aunt Jane's house all the boy's suits have a thorough airing once a week. On a sunny day you will see the back porch strung with lines of trousers and jackets turned inside out and swinging in the wind from breakfast time till four o'clock in the afternoon. First they are whipped and shaken till the dust is out, grease and mud stains taken out with a stiff Manilla scrubbing brush, hot water and soap—any part of the lining that is soiled is scrubbed in the same way, rinsed in hot water—sometimes she says it takes a dip in very weak copperas water to cleanse and sweeten them to suit her—sun and wind all day doing the rest. Then the closets have the floors washed often, and the doors left wide open every day while the rooms are airing, and by this care the boys' wardrobe is kept as neat and sweet as any girl's. One rule is that no boots and shoes are kept in the closets with clothing, for leather and woolen suits together get up a smell of their own, that is, to say the least, extraordinary.

The same notable housekeeper keeps the "bags" out of the knees of the boys' pants, and the wrinkles from the elbows of their jackets in this way: After they have been brushed, dampen the knees of the trousers and press them with a heavy iron, or leave them all night under a smooth board and heavy weight, the way soldiers keep their uniforms smooth. When a jacket is worn rough, lay it on a table, scrub with a stiff brush, hot water and soap, using as little water as possible, rub with a dry crash towel, put a thin cloth over and press the garment well. A shabby coat often comes out as good as new from the treatment. Coats must not be hung by the loop on the collar for any length of time, but be put away on the wire shoulder forms, which cost ten

cents apiece. Trousers and vests should be laid away in presses to keep them in shape.

RHUBARB CORDIAL.

In response to requests I send recipe for making the rhubarb cordial mentioned in a previous Household.

If made according to directions it will keep an indefinite length of time. I think it is an excellent medicine for adults to take in the spring, when they get up in the morning with that "all gone" feeling. A tablespoonful taken before breakfast often gives relief, and is much better than to dose with a patent medicine that is a "cure all" for all diseases:

Cassia, rhubarb (best), bicarbonate potash, of each one ounce; water, three pints. Bruise the cassia and rhubarb, digest with moderate heat one hour, then add the potash and let the mixture stand twelve hours. Then strain and add water to make three pints; now add three pounds granulated sugar. Bring to the boiling point and strain; when cool add twenty drops oil of peppermint, five drops oil of cinnamon, one pint brandy.

A good way to pack eggs for winter use is to take a box or nail keg, (I prefer the latter if I am going to pack many); put two or three inches of salt in the bottom, then a layer of eggs (small end down), cover with another inch or two of salt, then another layer of eggs; proceed in like manner until the keg is full, leaving room to cover the last layer. Fresh eggs packed in this way will keep until spring.

To make nice stove polish wet the blacking with cold coffee, vinegar or soap suds. The only objection to using vinegar is a stove will rust if not used daily; in using soap suds the dust will not fly so badly when rubbing the stove. Either of the foregoing will make a fine polish.

AUNT RUSHA.

BROOKS, Nov. 3d.

REMEDIES FOR BURNS.

It is always well to know what to do in an emergency. Artemas Ward said of the late President Lincoln, that whenever an emergency arose he at once "busted it," an excellent thing to do if one only knows how. And it is an "emergency" when some is badly burned or scalded, and no one knows the best step to be taken to obtain relief. A good remedy for slight burns is to cover them quickly with flour, or better yet, with damp soda. An ointment of limewater and sweet oil is good for scalds. "May Maple" recommends covering the burn with glue or mucilage; also a salve made of the yolk of an egg, a tablespoonful each of turpentine, sweet oil or fresh lard, and flour enough to make a thick paste, she says will soon relieve the smarting sensation, and, in a very short time, remove the soreness from a very deep burn. A new use, or rather an old use revived, is found for the æsthetic cat-tail flag, so frequent in marshes and swamps, aside from its decorative worth. Its large roots, if fried in fresh butter after being bruised, yield an element which is excellent to heal up burns.

INFORMATION NEEDED.

Can any of the readers of the Household tell me a pretty way to knit a bed spread out of white knitting cotton; one that can be knit in strips and then sewed together.

Would like to ask Aunt Nell why she did not tell us about the poetry that was handed her during her visit at the State Fair.

PLAINWELL.

STRANGER.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

AN exchange says roasted potatoes will be more mealy and will make a lighter sponge in bread-making than boiled ones.

Do you know that an old housekeeper avows that squash will be finer flavored and drier and also cook more quickly if it is steamed instead of being put into water to cook? She is very positive in her opinion.

A PHYSICIAN says a pumpkin poultice is one of the most valuable remedies for inflammatory complaints. The worst cases of inflammation of the bowels have been cured by such applications, he tells us. This is worth remembering.

THE Utica (N. Y.) *Observer* kindly informs us that when we pour milk into a cup of tea or coffee the albumen of the milk and the tannin of the tea or coffee instantly unite and form leather, or minute flakes of the very same compound which is produced in the texture of the tanned hide, and which makes it leather, as distinguished from the original skin. In the course of a year an average tea-drinker will have drank enough leather to make a pair of shoes.

FOR sizing a Brussels rug so that it will keep down well, *The Carpet Review* gives the following directions: Apply to the back of the rug a flour paste, well salted to prevent molding, and then press down snugly into a linen back. The edge of the rug and linen are then hemmed, and the miters of the border of the rug are always bound on the back. The rug and back are also sewed together, here and there, as in a mattress. Sometimes glue is used for size instead of paste. Before the size is applied the rug should be tacked face down on the floor and allowed to remain there undisturbed several days until perfectly dry.

THE heat of an oven should be somewhat proportioned to the size of the loaves to be baked in it. The heat of the oven very quickly penetrates the small loaf and checks the growth of the yeast plant; it takes longer to penetrate a large loaf. The time of rising should therefore be in proportion to the size of the loaves; small loaves being let rise longer than larger ones. Bread bakes best at a temperature of from 400 to 550 degs. F., or when a teaspoonful of flour will brown in two minutes if spread on a small tin plate and placed in the oven. This "two-

minute" oven is what you want for rolls; a "four-minute" oven is better when loaves only are to be baked. Practice will very soon enable the bread-maker to feel when the heat of her oven is right.

HOW THEY WENT TO EUROPE. By Margaret Sidney. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. J. Macfarlan, Detroit. \$1.

This volume, designed especially for the young, tells how several bright girls who are "dying," girl fashion, to go to Europe, but unable to do so, finally form a club for the purpose of studying the proper preparations to make for the voyage, the routes generally taken by travelers, and the minor but needful information concerning foreign customs which renders travel agreeable. Though they may never see the beauties of other lands they desire to know of them. From small beginnings the club grows to goodly proportions; lectures and stereopticon views are added, and the members greatly encouraged by the interest and aid of their elders. At last, through the kindness of a wealthy lady who learned of their self-denying study, the club have the pleasure of an actual voyage to Europe, and since the last chapter leaves them on the deck of the outward bound steamer, it is fair to conclude we shall hear more of them anon. We can commend the book as pleasant and instructive reading for the young people.

OF the poem on the first page of this issue, sent us for republication by F. E. W., of Chelsea, she says: "This beautiful little poem was suggested to the mind of a Christian lady, by hearing a lady missionary speak of the earnest manner in which she was invited to *lean hard* against those heathen women for support during her ill health, as she was telling them the story of Jesus's love. Should it prove as great a comfort to another in affliction as it has to me it will repay the trouble of publishing."

Useful Recipes.

Quinces and citrons are the only fruits left for the housekeeper to add to her stores. Here are some excellent recipes for putting up quinces:

PRESERVED QUINCES.—Use the orange quinces. Wipe, pare, quarter and remove all the core. Take an equal weight of sugar. Cover the quinces with cold water. Let them come slowly to a boil. Skim, and when nearly soft put one-quarter of the sugar on top, but do not stir. When this boils add another part of the sugar, and continue until all the sugar is in the kettle. Let them boil slowly until the color you like, either light or dark.

QUINCE JELLY.—Wipe the fruit carefully, and remove all the stems, and parts not fair and sound. Use the best parts of the fruit for canning or preserving, and the skin, cores, and hard parts for jelly. The seeds contain a large portion of gelatinous substance. Boil all together in enough water to cover, till the pulp is soft. Mash and drain. Use the juice only, and when boiling use an equal weight of hot sugar, heated in the oven, and boil till it jellies in the spoon.

QUINCES and sweet apples preserved together are delicious. One-third quinces to

two-thirds apples is a good proportion. Cook the fruit much the same as for marmalade, only be sure to preserve the form. This is sometimes most effectually done by steaming the fruit, using the water under the steamer to make the syrup with. It is a good plan to can a quart or two of the clear quinces, for it may be used to flavor apple sauce and apple pies when apples are almost without flavor in the spring. Quinces baked and eaten with butter and sugar, or with cream and sugar, make an excellent relish at dinner.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Pare, quarter, and core the quinces, cut them into little pieces, measure them, and allow an equal quantity of sugar; place the fruit in a porcelain kettle with just enough water to cover it; let this boil, or better still, simmer until the fruit is tender; then skim it out and add the sugar to the water, and let it come to the boiling point; skim it thoroughly, as the clearness of the syrup depends on this; after skimming, drop the fruit into it; do this carefully to preserve the shape of the fruit; let this boil gently fifteen minutes, then put it into jelly moulds or glasses. The syrup is like jelly, and the fruit, if it has been cooked with care, will not be too much broken to be distinguished.

CANNED QUINCES.—Prepare the quinces by paring, quartering and coring them. Steam them till tender. Make a sugar syrup, using one and a half cups of sugar to a can, with the water in the steaming kettle, or sufficient for the purpose. Turn the syrup over the quinces and let them simmer in it for ten minutes. They should not be allowed to cook to pieces. Can as other fruit.

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