

# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, DECEMBER 23, 1884.

## THE HOUSEHOLD—Supplement.

### I'M HURRIED, CHILD.

"Oh, mother, look! I've found a butterfly  
Hanging upon a leaf. Do tell me why  
There was no butter! Oh, do see its wings!  
I never, never saw such pretty things—  
All streaked and striped with blue and brown and  
gold,  
Where is its house when all the days are cold?"  
"Yes, yes," she said, in absent accents mild,  
"I'm hurried, child!"

"Last night my dolly quite forgot her prayers;  
An' when she thought you had gone down stairs,  
Then dolly was afraid, an' so I said,  
'Just don't you mind, but say 'em in the bed,  
Because I think that God is just as near.'  
When dolls are 'fraid do you s'pose He can hear?"  
The mother spoke from out the ruffles piled,  
"I'm hurried, child!"

"Oh, come and see the flowers in the sky—  
The sun has left; and won't you, by and by,  
Dear mother, take me in your arms and tell  
Me all about the pussy in the well?  
Then tell me of the babies in the wood?  
And then, perhaps about Red Riding Hood?"  
"Too much to do! Hush, hush, you drive me  
wild,  
I'm hurried, child!"

The little one grew very quiet now,  
And grieved and puzzled was the childish brow,  
And then it queried: "Mother, do you know  
The reason 'cause you must be hurried so?  
I guess the hours are little-er than I,  
So I will take my pennies and will buy  
A big clock! Oh, big as it can be,  
For you and me!"

The mother now has leisure infinite:  
She sits with folded hands, and face as white  
As winter. In her heart is winter's chill.  
She sits at leisure, questioning God's will.  
"My child has ceased to breathe, and all is night!  
Is Heaven so dark that Thou dost grudge my  
light?"

O life! O God! I must discover why  
The time drags by."

O mothers sweet, if cares must ever fall,  
Pray do not make them stones to build a wall  
Between thee and thine own; and miss thy right  
To blessedness, so swift to take its flight!  
While answering baby questionings you are  
But entertaining angels unaware;  
The richest gifts are gathered by the way  
For darkest day.

—Emma Burt.

### HOLIDAY GREETINGS.

Another twelvemonth has slipped away  
and we stand upon the threshold of a  
new and untried year. What it may  
bring us we know not; we must wait,  
thankful that if good or ill come to us we  
can live but one day at a time. On swift  
wings the old year has flown past us, it  
seems but a step from June's roses to  
December's snowflakes. Its trials, its  
troubles, its joys and sorrows are alike  
overpast; memories alone remain to us.  
No sorrow is so great the years do not

bring healing, no happiness so complete  
time does not dim its first intensity.  
Tears and smiles are the blossoms of the  
years, the work we do in them the fruit-  
age.

In our Household circle wedding bells  
have rung merrily, little strangers been  
warmly welcomed, and bitter tears have  
fallen upon new made graves. In the  
world's great family this story is con-  
stantly being told. Yet even to those  
who sorrow the angel of Hope lifts a  
guiding finger and points to happiness  
and content in coming years, so that our  
hearts may be cheered by holiday  
greetings, those good wishes we all love  
to hear. And therefore, with sincerest  
sympathy with those who mourn as well  
as those who rejoice, the Household  
Editor wishes to all the Household readers  
a very Merry Christmas and a very Hap-  
py New Year, and "may you all live long  
and prosper."

### THE CHILDREN IN WINTER.

Children who attend school in winter,  
especially in the country, where they  
have long distances to walk, need to be  
warmly protected from the weather. It  
is poor economy to send them out, thinly  
clad and poorly shod, to walk a mile or  
so in bitter winter weather, or through  
the melting snow of a mild day. Doctor's  
and undertakers' bills are heavy. An  
Eastern proverb says "Heat is life; cold  
is death;" and certain it is that most of  
our illnesses begin with symptoms of  
what we call "a cold." True, nowadays  
certain medical men will tell us that the  
symptoms are simply those of an attack  
of indigestion, and bid us observe they  
nearly always follow overeating; while  
another set will insist it is not exposure  
to cold or wet which gives us "a cold,"  
but the return to a warm atmosphere  
after such exposure. While the doctors  
settle the question between themselves,  
for "who shall agree when doctors dis-  
agree?" we will simply argue that safety  
lies in observing a few simple hygienic  
rules, keeping the feet dry and warm,  
preserving as far as possible an equable  
temperature of the body, thus promoting  
free and active circulation of the blood,  
and partly in not being in great haste  
to "get by the fire" and remove our  
wrappings after having been outdoors.

Flannel undergarments are a necessity  
for the children, because of their greater  
warmth. The slight irritation they may  
produce induces healthy action of the

skin and promotes circulation. A Ger-  
man physician would have us put away  
all cotton and linen fabrics and wear  
only woolen goods, because, as he claims,  
all vegetable fabrics retain the emanations  
from the skin, even after washing,  
whereas woolen or animal materials favor  
the dispersion of waste matter by evap-  
oration and ventilation. Without going  
to such extremes—for he would have us  
abandon all other materials in favor  
of wool,—it is a truism that flannel  
should form the principal part of the  
child's clothing in winter. The "merino"  
undergarments are so convenient and  
cheap that one could wish they were not  
so innocent of wool; in most of them cot-  
ton has been carded with the ostensible  
material till a sheep would hardly con-  
descend to smell of them. Mothers  
should remember that the quality of  
white and red flannels is superior to other  
colors; it is only the finer and better  
grades of wool that can be manufactured  
into white flannel, or will take the dye to  
produce a good red.

A girl's undergarments are really her  
greatest protection against cold; better  
more and warmer clothing of this kind  
than a multiplicity of skirts, which, as  
abbreviated by present fashion, afford but  
slight protection to the limbs. These  
garments should reach to the ankles, and  
the stockings, pulled up over them, meet  
the shorter flannel overdrawers, which  
hardly show at all, and which may  
be edged with crocheted or knitted  
woolen lace. Many mothers crochet  
skirts of Germantown yarn, which are  
both warm and pretty. The stitch is  
simple and rapidly done, and the expense  
not large. It is claimed they are warmer  
than piece flannel, as they cling to the  
form.

Now wool is so cheap, we can afford to  
make the "Japanese skirts" instead of  
wearing felt, or quilted cotton skirts.  
Any lady who has an old silk skirt to  
sacrifice can make a cheap, pretty, dur-  
able, warm and light skirt, by quilting it  
over a thin layer of wool; it will not  
weigh half as much as one quilted with  
sufficient cotton to give the same warmth.

The manufacture of cloth has reached a  
point now where a fabric is manufactured  
which has all the appearance of warmth  
on the right side, but which, when  
turned on the other side is seen to be  
"backed" with a shoddy refuse, which  
has no evidence of wool or warp. Low  
priced ready-made garments of this class  
look well and warm on the outside, but



need lining to be comfortable. In buying, get the garment large enough to allow you to add a lining. If money is plenty you can buy the farmers' satin which is already quilted; otherwise, lay a sheet of wadding on pieces of cashmere or other wool goods you may chance to have, and quilt it on the sewing machine. Cut a paper pattern of the garment to be lined, and block out your lining by this, allowing for seams, baste up, sew the seams, open and cross-stitch them back, then fit the completed lining to the garment and secure it in place by sewing its seams to those of the garment. This is some trouble, but it adds greatly to the warmth.

See to it that the feet are kept dry. Do not trust shoes, but insist that rubbers or overshoes, as the weather indicates, shall be worn. This advice sounds like "carrying coals to Newcastle" to many, perhaps, yet one not infrequently sees children tramping through melting snow or mud, with only a pair of thin, light soled boots on. This is dangerous. The foundation of disease which culminates in youth in death, or what is almost worse, chronic invalidism, is often laid in childhood by neglect and imprudence. Mothers cannot be too careful of the health of their children; and wet feet and a neglected cold have sent many a bright, promising girl into consumption. Leggings are a necessity in snowy weather, and not uncomfortable at any time. The knitted ones are nice, and some economical mothers make them of worn out stockings, cutting out the feet and binding off the cut edges, adding a strap to hold them over the shoe. Cloth ones which button at the side are quite "tony," and can be made from a discarded pair of pantaloons, using a stocking for a pattern; there is a seam down the front which joins the lap, which buttons over and is scalloped and bound with dress braid. Flannel nightdresses, warm and long, are nicest for children, and if the feet are warmed and if necessary rubbed till the blood circulates freely, sleep will be quiet and restful.

In many families bathing is neglected in the winter. A bath once a week, or once in two weeks, even, is made to answer, and sometimes from a prejudice equal to that of the old man who being ordered a bath by his physician declared he would take his "death o' cold," for he had not "washed all over in forty years." A sponge bath *ought* to be a daily necessity; it rarely is, however. Quickly taken and followed by rapid friction, it leaves one "in a glow" which in its action on the skin and nerves is as good as a tonic. Do not let the children intermit their bath in winter; they will not "take cold," but be hardened against it.

Let the children who are too young to go to school play out doors every day, unless the weather is too inclement, taking care that they are warmly clad, wearing rubbers when necessary, and thick boots at all times. If you begin by housing them up, you may expect they will come out in the spring very like the potato sprouts in the cellar, thin, pale, and spindling. Bundle them up warmly, and

send them out for a little exercise, but not to stay too long, till they are chilled. Study their temperaments, to see how long and in what weather it is safe for them to be out. Even if it snows it will not hurt them, nor will it hurt you, either, to go out with them for a little fresh air. When they come in, accustom them to take off their wraps gradually, not to fling them off all at once and rush to the fire, there is less danger of taking cold. If you insist on keeping them in warm, close rooms, which hardly get an airing from one week's end to another, you may expect them to take cold at the slightest change in the oven-like temperature to which you have accustomed them; and to put in your time nursing them through croup, congestion and sore throat. The onus of the blame should rest on the impure air of the house. Even the babies ought to be taken out every day not too unpleasant. The rosy-cheeked "babies in our block" get their airing daily.

#### WOMAN'S MISSION.

The first we hear of woman's works—in history—we find her governing man. Adam's mind must have been inferior to Eve's, or she could not have wielded the influence over him that she did; and Satan, in the form of a serpent, was wise enough to know that if he had tempted Adam first, the woman, seeing his sin, never would have tasted the forbidden fruit. The woman was deceived; the serpent persuaded her by lying to her. But Adam partook without any hesitation, and then laid all the blame on the woman; and it looks to me as if he blamed God for giving him the woman. With some men it is just so to-day. But take the women out of society, and what do men care for nice things or good manners? Allowing that in Adam's fall, woman brought the curse, in Christ, woman brings the blessing; God has honored her by causing her to be the mother of Jesus, and to minister unto Him through a helpless infancy. Her mission since Christ has come is not to drag man down, but rather to elevate him. When you hear man finding fault with womenkind without good reason for so doing, you may be sure that he is a fallen man, and he will soon drive himself out of the garden of Eden. Woman's mission in this life ought to be something more than to sweep and dust, make and mend, and make a good cook. She is to be a companion to man. This life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to go with him all through life. He needs woman's councils in time of trouble, and her sympathy through storms and sunshine, conflict and victory; and to so fulfill her mission, she needs to be his equal. Ignorance will destroy woman's usefulness, in a measure. Knowledge is power; faculties and power are of little value until they are exercised. If our hands are so busy, and we can only snatch a moment here and there for study, let us improve that little. A woman really in earnest will often accomplish more than a man. But some women fill so small a space in this

world that they could drop out of existence and hardly be missed; the world has gained nothing for their having lived. But who is in fault? Of some women who are not quite so timid as others, who will dare to do a little public writing or speaking, I have heard this remark: "I think she has done just as well as a man." Why should she not? Do you think she was only intended for a servant?

Some men think the wife should have no financial rights, and are not expected to have many individual wants. Much unhappiness and dissension is caused by the tenacity in which the husband grasps the pocket-book, in which he thinks his wife has no partner's share. Woman's usefulness has increased very rapidly for the last twenty years. More thought has been given to the consideration of her views; more pains have been taken for the cultivation of her intellect, and the result begins to show that she is not inferior to man, and in her morality she is superior. It is well that it is so, for upon the morality of woman depends the moral standard of the world. Then how essential it is that she should have true Christian morality. The mother and the schoolmistress mold the child during its early and sensitive years, and this influence woman holds over children is the highest and holiest that can be held on earth. Nearly all men, in speaking of the good that is in their character, are ready to ascribe it to the early teachings of a mother. The public career of men, as well as their domestic life, depends upon the training of mothers, the example of sisters, and the instructions of teachers. Women do not always work for money, but for the best interests of those they love; the result has been to make better homes, better schools, better charities. And why shall she not help to make better laws? And she is not done, for she must help wipe out this curse of intemperance. When a mother has been careful to bring up her child in the way he should go, and sees the pitfalls in his path when he is beyond her care, she is not fulfilling her mission as the mother of our nation if she does not ask a voice at the ballot-box, that she may help choose the men who make our laws. I know the right to vote carries with it a share of the responsibility of the kind of government we have; but she may better stop making crazy quilts and the like, while we put forth every effort to drive intemperance from our free America, as she is called, though she is in chains and bondage to the liquor traffic.

Some say what is the use of woman's voting? She will vote just as her husband does. That will be all right if her husband votes for the right man; if he does not they had better differ. If no liquor was made or imported into the United States, other nations would take care of their own low drinking class, and we would get a better class of working people. I am not talking about woman's rights, but about woman's duty; and duty sometimes compels us to do things that are not pleasant. In our political affairs everything seems to be wrong; I think



the trouble is they have left women out. Give woman her proper place in helping make our laws, and everything will be changed. In her presence men will not dare to do things which they do now. It is often said woman will do more good by her prayers than men at the ballot. But if one is really in earnest she will work as well as pray.

We hear frequently of some drinking husband's cruelty to his wife. I saw once with my own eyes a man who had been drinking, drag his wife twenty rods by the hair of the head. Is it woman's mission to submit? I say no. Every man who is led into crime and disgrace was once some mother's darling. Shall we mothers fold our hands and think we can do nothing to save ourselves from this curse? Intemperance is a tyrant that kills both soul and body. Now what can woman do? Some men say work quietly at home, that is her place. Others say make it unpopular for men to drink, and that if women would not associate with men that were intemperate, they would be different. It is the same old story of Adam: "She did give me, and I did eat." So in her despair she goes to God in prayer for her lost sons who are filling drunkard's graves, and the answer comes: "Work as well as pray."

MRS. R. D. P.

BROOKLYN.

#### PRIDE VS. WELL-DOING.

I find thoughts, here and there, in the columns of the Household, touching upon Christian principles as sometimes not practically demonstrated by avowed followers of Christianity; while quite as often the real Christian act is performed outside of creeds and organizations. When humanity will have become imbued with the true Christ-like spirit, and thus strive to obey, then they will have learned that "I saint," and "thou sinner," never yet opened the avenues of approach to the better nature of any erring man, woman, or youth. All along life's pathway I have sorrowfully observed that a large class of our so esteemed "best people" envelope themselves in an atmosphere of superiority and reserve, that bars all approach to their sympathies and attention, unless they are approached through secure channels, whereby their pride remains unsacrificed and unharmed. I realize, dear Household, I could easily sermonize at length upon this subject, in its various forms of assertion, but I will content myself by relating one instance, as illustrative of these almost impassable barriers, so firmly established that many suffering hearts sink still lower in the scale of being, for the very need of encouragement those in more fortunate conditions of life are withholding from them, through the scorn of "old Mother Grundy's" vicious tongue, and cruel demeanor. Were the tyrannical obstructions of pride overcome, and the true relation of man to man, and more especially woman to woman, fully realized, the heart of the world would be set right. With "Phillis," woman would secure a strong, sweet, womanly influence over all degrees of age, and the many

now blindly groping and wayward, would be uplifted and strengthened and not "go down to the bad," for lack of wiser instruction and purer sympathy.

An elderly woman, whose hair was silvered with many years, and one whom time's impress should have marked with devout love and sympathy for the human race, recently spent a few days here among us from a distant city. She was an occupant of one of the pews in one of the most aristocratic churches, and drifted with the popular element there. At the same time, a younger woman from the same city chanced to spend the same days also, here. During their conversation lady No. 1 learned that the younger woman belonged to a society of religionists to which she was averse, because to her, unpopular. Their teachings she knew nothing of, and would not allow herself to become familiar with. Back home went this venerable representative of pride's holy aversion, and very soon the message reached our ears, from her, "that Mrs. So and So was not all right." How our minds rebelled at such injustice, and it took time for pity to gain the ascendancy over indignation. We were alike acquainted with the life-work of each. This elderly woman's husband had followed a life that would not bear close scrutiny, while her son leads an immoral, though to him a genteel and popular career. He came very near dying in a distant land this past summer, and when he returned to her sick, penniless and wretched, did she question if he was "all right?" No. Pride had no foothold then; a something deeper, and more ennobling—a mother's never-dying love—had driven the silly thing away. But her sister woman, about whom she so eagerly caught the first report, and then stigmatized, cutting all farther acquaintance, what of her? We know that her life is being spent in the amelioration of suffering, irrespective of pride. She is found alike by the death bed of the fallen sister and the sinning brother, a meek and loving spirit going down among the lowly, those in need of a physician. Again with "Phillis," we recognize that woman saves far more by her influence than ministers or theology; and by her saving grace may she yet learn to guide and strengthen.

MERCY.

FARMER'S CREEK.

#### INNOCENCE AND IGNORANCE.

There is so much said about wishing to keep the children in "innocence and ignorance." I think it a pity that they are not better instructed concerning the world in which they are to live, and the natural laws that govern their being. Taking it for granted that it would be best to keep them in ignorance, how is it to be done? Certainly no one would wish to keep their children from all human intercourse. My plan is always to make the best of what can not be helped. With that end in view, I would have mothers tell their children of the bad as well as the good there is in the world, and how best to avoid evil. We are so apt to put off

telling the children what we realize they must know; and in the meantime they get a wrong idea from some one else, or find out from bitter experience. Children will hear from those of their own age what their mother has never spoken of to them; so they think it would be safest not to tell her, and thus their confidence is lost. Try and draw out your children's ideas, and if wrong correct them. Don't leave the children in ignorance and then call it providence if they get into trouble. Their minds as well as hands must be kept busy, and if you do not give them food for thought some one else will.

As regards what would best to wear in New Orleans, I think the safer way would be to wear just what you are wearing here; when you find that too much will be time enough for a change. I understand the houses in the south are not built as warm as they are here, and very little provision made for fires. Then, when one goes to a warm climate they are always having "a spell of unusual weather," about the time you are there. To one who is not used to them, the damp winds from the ocean are often as chilling as our more severe weather. If one finds it a little warm in walking, they can discard their outer wrap and have less to carry around, but don't go back on such good old friends as flannels. It is hardly safe to discard them here even in the summer, as the climate is so changeable; and I for one do not.

PANSY.

SCHOOLCRAFT.

#### CANNING FRUIT.

DEAR NIECE SUSAN:—I hear that you were married in October. So was I; but that lovely October day is so far back in the years that I am thinking of a silver wedding now. I am glad that you are already housekeeping, and I want to tell you about canning fruit, and perhaps save you from some of the vexations that tried my soul in my early housekeeping many years ago. No doubt your mother's cans will supply your table this winter. When you empty a can wash it immediately in clean water, scald thoroughly, cover and all, with soda water if the fruit that was in it showed any signs of working. Place the can on a stove pipe shelf or some such place, and when dry and hot put on the cover, with the rubber in its proper place on the outside. Keep the can away from dust and damp. I pack mine in a dry goods box up stairs, and the plan works well.

Apples are better cooked now than in the spring, so if your supply of fruit is not ample, just pare a few more when you make sauce for tea and fill a can at a time. Your cans will only need rinsing in quite hot water to exclude the canned up air, and to prevent all danger of breaking. Next spring when strawberries come (they usually demand attention first), do not try the wash boiler plan unless you have a great amount of time, patience and strength that needs using up. I have tried it, and when I had put on the boiler with several pails of water, extemporized a rack in the



bottom, built a big fire, filled my house with steam, burned my fingers taking off and putting on hot covers, to fill up with sauce cooked in another kettle, and broken a can or two, I declared canning fruit to be a terrible task.

Try my plan; cook about two quarts at a time in a small kettle, (granite ware is probably the best,) over a small fire, stir as little as possible, cook slowly so that the sugar and fruit will supply the juice, for you cannot afford to can water. As soon as they boil thoroughly fill the can. Allow a little time for air bubbles to escape, fill again and put on the cover. Keep your strawberries in a dark place, and if a can begins to fade eat it up, for the delicate flavor is departing.

A gasoline stove is a good thing to have at canning time, for you can put up a few cans at any hour of the day, without heating up the house. A canning funnel and ladle saves much time.

Let us hear how you succeed, and no doubt other Aunties will tell you many things that I do not think of.

AUNT BESSIE.

FAIRFIELD, Lenawee Co.

#### A HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

Maybelle, of Bridgewater, after expressing her pleasure in reading the contributions of Evangeline, El See, A. L. L. and others, and admonishing all our readers that it should be a pleasure as well as a duty to contribute to this department, says:

"I endorse what has been said about the habit of using tobacco, I too am its enemy. No words are strong enough to express the repulsion any lady feels on witnessing a mere boy, or some great strapping fellow with more money than brains and less pride than either, pull out a tobacco box, and partake of its contents. Then comes the saturating the floor or whatever comes in the way, with the filthy contents of the once pure, unstained mouth. Oh, it is too awful the way the youth of our land are becoming so different from what the mothers would wish them. I think tobacco and whiskey are two evils that walk hand in hand, and whoever partakes of either is sure to receive injury from them. Let us watch over the boys as well as the girls, keeping them with us, and doing our best to make them love the good and hate the bad. Mothers, let us watch our children and teach them temperance and pureness. Mothers should watch the boys close; it makes my heart ache to see them enter a saloon. May the day come, and that soon, when the doors of the saloons shall be closed and the dollars and dimes there spent for what debases and brutalizes, be used in making the family comfortable and happy. What rejoicing there will be when that day comes."

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If you use hard soap for domestic purposes it pays to buy it by the box, and to keep a year's supply on hand. Put it in the storeroom, where it will dry out and become hard, and it does not waste nearly so much in using.

"AUNT ADDIE" says, in the *Country Gentleman*, that old coffee and tea pots that begin to impart a disagreeable flavor to their contents, may be made as sweet as new by putting water in them, and then dropping some live coals into the water.

To make a pretty tidy, take three strips of satin ribbon of any desired color, and paint or embroider any design upon each which pleases your fancy. Make two strips of rick-rack out of fine braid, and sew between the strips of ribbon. Point the ends of both rick-rack and ribbon, and finish with plush balls.

WHEN the glazing of an earthen pie-plate gets cracked and broken, so that the dish imparts an unpleasant taste to the pie baked in it, it is high time, or somewhat past the time, to relieve that pie plate from active service. Seek some other use for it, where it cannot spoil food baked in it. The peculiar taste imparted to food is prejudicial to health, as well as unpleasing to the palate.

WHY waste strength and Bath brick in scouring the baking pans to keep them ready to use as reflectors when a black iron, with a smooth dead finish, which is good conductor of heat, is so much better to bake in? If you do not believe the old or blackened tins are best, try a new one with one of your old tins and be convinced. The bright surface is a non-conductor of heat, the dull one a good conductor.

THE *Farmers' Advocate* says: 'A pretty ornament for a centre table is a photograph case. These are made in shape like a photograph, but large enough to hold from six to a dozen photographs. A lovely one we saw was made on the upper side of light peacock blue sateen, embroidered with a small spray of pink apple blossoms. The underside was of wine colored velvet. It was lined with cream-colored lining silk. The edge was finished with a small silk cord. The upper side is a long inch shorter than the under side, and this deficiency is filled at the bottom by a band of velvet like the back of the case. One corner at the top is turned back and the word photograph is worked in scrip letters, using a fine outline stitch. These cases are also pretty made of embossed velvet.'

NOT content with wearing bangs on the forehead, Detroit belles are now banging the hair at the back of the neck, when the coils are piled high on top of the head.

MRS. E. C. S., of Tecumseh, wishes to inquire whether corned beef can be kept through the summer. If so she will be grateful for the recipe for curing it.

A MICHIGAN lady, Mrs. L. G. McVean, of Greenville, Montcalm Co., competed for a prize of \$25, offered by J. M. Blair, of Richmond, Va., for the best essay on "Self-supporting Employment for the Women of the South," and the choice of

the committee lay between her essay, and one by Henry Stewart, of New York, a noted writer on agricultural topics. The latter was finally chosen as best, but a second premium of \$10 was offered, donated by a gentleman present when the decision was made, and this was awarded to Mrs. McVean.

#### Contributed Recipes.

BAKING POWDER FRIED CAKES.—One quart flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, little salt, teacupful sugar, one egg; mix soft with sweet milk.

ORANGE TAPIOCA.—Prepare the tapioca as usual, by soaking and cooking it thoroughly. Prepare the oranges by removing seeds and the tough white skin, so that only the juice and pulp remain. Stir this into the tapioca and bake. Eat with cream and sugar. Nice for sick people. AUNT LOUISE.

PORT HURON.

SNOW PUDDING.—Soak one-third of a package of Cox's gelatine in one cup of warm water for one hour. Add one cup of boiling water and one-half cup sugar; stir until dissolved. Strain, and when cool add the beaten whites of four eggs, and set in a cool place to harden. Make a custard of the four yolks beaten with one-half cup sugar and stirred into one pint boiling milk. Stir until it thickens, when cool flavor and pour upon the gelatine previously prepared. Lemon gelatine is made in the same way without the custard, by adding the juice of two lemons for hardening, and is quite an addition to the tea-table, being liked by almost every one. Mrs. G. S. C.

WESSINGTON, D. T.

## IF YOU WANT Profitable Employment

SEND AT ONCE TO

### THE NEW LAMB KNITTER CO.,

For Full Information.

An ordinary operator can earn from one to three dollars per day in any community in the Northern States on our New Lamb Knitter.

100 Varieties of Fabric on Same Machine.

You can wholly finish twelve pairs ladies' full-shaped stockings or twenty pairs socks or mittens in a day! Skilled operators can double this production. Capacity and range of work double that of the old Lamb knitting machine. Address

The New Lamb Knitter Co.,  
117 and 119 Main St., west, JACKSON, MICH.

# BALL'S



# CORSETS

The ONLY CORSET made that can be returned by its purchaser after three weeks wear, if not found PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY in every respect, and its price refunded by seller. Made in a variety of styles and prices. Sold by first-class dealers everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations. None genuine unless it has Ball's name on the box. CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago, Ill.