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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

TRUE WOMAN.

To be a sweetness more desired than spring;
A bodily beauty more acceptable
Than the wild rose tree's arch that crowns the
fell;
To be an essence more enviring
Than wine's drained juice; a music ravishing
More than the passionate pulse of Philomel—
To be all this 'neath one soft bosom's swell,
That is the flower of life; how strange a thing!
How strange a thing to be what man can know
But as a sacred secret! Heaven's own screen
Hides her soul's purest depth and loveliest glow;
Closely withheld, as all things most unseen—
The wave-bowered pearl—the heart-shaped seal
of green
That flecks the snowdrop underneath the snow.
—Rossetti.

NOTES ON BACK NUMBERS.

In nothing does one so realize the rapid flight of time as in newspaper work. All the thought is for the *next* paper; the one just out is dismissed from the mind almost before it is in the hands of the readers. The "to be," not the "has been," has imperative claims upon the present; there is little time for retrospect. Yet I like sometime to take up the file of the Household which is kept in my desk drawer, and look the numbers over, noting the thought and sentiment of the various writers, and sometimes wish to have "my say" on the subject treated.

For instance: I could wish that Evangeline's desire that her children shall remember *home* and *mother* as the happiest, holiest, dearest thoughts of life, might find a responsive echo in every mother's heart. I do not believe a man or woman can be hopelessly bad so long as a mother's memory is held in loving remembrance. Sometimes mention of one thing will suggest its opposite extreme; so, as I read her words, memory brought up an incident which occurred here last summer. Jupiter Pluvius, not content with shaking his sieve over a thirsty world, had apparently turned it upside down; the rain was falling in torrents. Somebody at the window descried a boy of five or six years who had taken shelter under a tree in the street. Its foliage had long since ceased to afford him any protection, yet he stood still, bareheaded, and with the rain pelting upon him. We watched to see him scamper for home, but he never stirred. Finally the legal gentleman of the family declared he was going to send him home or bring him in out of the rain. So he sallied out under an umbrella, on benevolent thoughts intent. But the boy would neither go home

nor come into the house; even a bright silver dime offered him if he would "run home" did not tempt him, though his eyes brightened at sight of it. He had not lost his way, he was not locked out, farther than that he would only say in response to queries why he did not go home, that he would "catch it." We learned afterward that for some childish fault his mother had threatened to "skin him alive" when she got hold of him again, and that his experience of her nearly literal interpretation of the expression made him prefer the pitiless downfall of rain to the tender mercies of his mother; and that when, wet through and through, he did steal homeward as the shadows fell, his mother was waiting to welcome him, which she did by taking him by the ear and kicking him headlong into the hall! What memories of home and mother that child will have as he grows to manhood! Is it any wonder that to his elder brothers and sisters home is a place to eat and sleep in, and to keep away from as much as possible? Is it a wonder that the girls are on the street night and day; and the boys already embarked on the downward path? This woman's ungovernable temper drives her children from home. Other women have other ways of making home unpleasant, by scolding, fretting, by untidiness, or its opposite, that excessive cleanliness which is so depressing. Yet by whatever means it is compassed the end is the same. Home is home in name only, with none of the sacredness which should attach to it, and one of the most potent influences of life no longer exists. Home ought to be the fairest spot on earth, and mother the magnet to draw all hearts thither.

In a later letter Evangeline speaks of money and what it does for us, and our proneness to judge worth by wealth, which brought to mind a story of the Orient which I once heard. An Indian prince, mindful of the uncertainty of life, prepared to settle a fortune upon his wife. To him the princess said "Can wealth make me immortal?" "No." "Then what care I for wealth, since it will not give me immortality?" "Sit thee here by my side, wife of my heart, while I explain it unto thee," said the prince. "It is not the wife that is dear, but the soul of the wife; therefore is the wife dear. It is not the husband that is dear, but the soul of the husband; therefore is the husband dear. It is not wealth that is dear, but the soul of the wealth; therefore is wealth dear. It is not the gods

that are dear, but the soul of the gods; therefore are the gods dear." In this fashion the wise Hindoo sought to teach the lesson that the soul or self—and in our earlier language there was but one word to express the two—is that to which we must look for worth and beauty, that beauty of the soul, or self, is the only true beauty and beyond comparison with physical charms; that the use we make of wealth is what makes it a power for good or evil to ourselves or others; and that, in his religion, even the gods themselves were but symbolic of the soul of purity and lofty aspiration, the nobility and truth which possessed them. There is not in life a creature more pitiable than a man given soul and body to the pursuit of wealth for wealth's sake. He is poorer in soul than the humblest laborer he employs, his ambition is the most ignoble, its results upon himself the more deplorable. Wise indeed was the prayer of Agur, "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

If all girls held to such thoughts concerning marriage as does our Strong-Minded Girl, I have faith to believe there would be fewer unhappy unions. It is often jestingly said that girls think too much about marriage, but it seems to me that more earnest, sensible thought is needed. That many, like the "Alice" of the narrative, love not the lover as the man he is, but the man they think he is, is true. They rear an ideal, which they invest with every manly virtue, and will not see how far short the real self comes. An awakening under such circumstances is fatal. In a perfect affection love and respect must go hand in hand. Yet how often in life we see women loving where respect to us seems impossible! The more I study the mysterious force which draws two souls together, and note the myriad forms in which the feeling is outwardly manifested, the strange unions it brings about, the more I am forced to admit that Love is a "free lance."

Theoretically it is true we should let love stand in abeyance till we reflect upon fitness of circumstances, similarity of tastes, habits, opinions, morals and all other requisites. Practically, Cupid rules. The little blind folded cherub shoots where he lists. Ninon d'Enclos said a woman should never take a lover without the consent of her heart, nor a husband without the consent of her judgment. I would amend this by saying she should never take either without the consent of both heart and judgment. The happy

marriages of life are inevitably and invariably those where the two are associated. Though love is essential, it is not enough. Yet how few are the girls who will deliberately scan a lover's character and decide as to his husbandly qualifications, as a naturalist impales an insect upon a pin and notes its appearance? They take it to be evidence that they are cold, not "in love," if they can make passion subservient to reason. A happy wedlock is a long falling in love; it is the growth and deepening of a passion; a passion guided and restrained by sense and sound judgment. Respect and admiration should precede love; love should be the outgrowth of friendship; yet what shall we do with those cases where a man looks into the depths of a woman's eyes for the first time, and the thought comes like lightning, "Mine; mine if I can win her," and into her heart, "My king!" Love moulds our lives to good or evil, nor is its potency for weal or woe more beautifully expressed than in these lines, floating about in the news paper world without a sponsor:

"Far up the pure white heights of womanhood,
She stood in starry light, serene and calm;
A lily on her breast, and in her eyes
A deep, sweet peace; in sun and bloom and
balm,
Her pathway stretched across the cloudless
day—
'Oh Love,' she smiled, 'you led my feet this
way.'

"Low down in bitter dust, in starless night,
A woman with a red rose in her hair,
Told the vain moments off in bitterness,
Dazed with the depths of her own dun des-
pair,
Along her pathway shone no beacon ray—
'Oh Love,' she cried, 'you led my feet this
way!'

BEATRIX.

OUR BEAUTIFUL LIFE-WORK

Woman must act in her own sphere. She is not inferior to man, but her powers, functions and duties are diverse. The sphere of woman is home—the social circle. Her mission is to mould character—the highest mission of mankind—to mould herself and others after the model character of Christ. Her chief instruments are the affections. Gentleness, sweetness, loveliness and purity are the elements of her power. She forms the character of the world and determines the destiny of her race. "And an angel's work is not more high than aiding to form one's destiny." She governs her mental faculties with moral truths, and reserves her rich experience for the profit of oncoming generations.

To those who believe in woman's public life, we will say many are equal to the emergencies arising from the demands of civilization. Her mind is subtler. Eve was created after Adam, therefore she was an improvement on him. Adam was merely an experiment. Adam's deformities were corrected in Eve, so of the two woman is the more perfect. What her brain lacks in quantity it makes up in quality. As for her inventive powers, when the noise of the trains first running on the elevated road was setting all New York crazy, and men—even the great Edison—were busy experimenting to find some preventive for the nuisance, a woman brought forth the remedy; it was the

invention of a woman's brain. An examination of the report of the Patent Office for the past year show that more than seventy patents were granted to women. Most of them are for household articles, with which they are familiar. The feminine mind is, as a rule, quicker than the masculine mind; it takes hints and sees defects which would escape the average man's attention. The beginning of everything is an idea; but those who have ideas are often incapable of giving them material form. Women often carry the germs of patents in their heads, and have some rude machines containing them constructed, which serve their purpose. They do not apply for patents, as they seldom think of obtaining any pecuniary profit from the ideas resulting from their ordinary labors. Their simple desire is to lessen the friction of their work.

Woman takes a prominent place in the field of literature. Recall Madame de Stael, Anne Aikin-Barbauld, Lady Jane Grey, George Eliot, Mrs. Browning, Hannah More, Constance Fauntleroy Runcie, Charlotte Saever, Mrs. Mary Clemmer, not forgetting Myrtis, Sappho and Corinne. Of tragedians who can excel Rachel, Mrs. Siddons, Modjeska? in the musical world Marie Rose and Patti? Who does not read Madame de Remusat's history? Who with greater success than Isabella of Castile, Maria Theresa, Elizabeth and Victoria has ever governed a kingdom? Will men now accept woman as a fellow laborer in the domain of intellect, literature and art? Even in political fields she has exerted influence. Certainly Disraeli had good reason for insisting that woman has the power to make a man's success in life, for without Lady Blessington, Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, he might have been perched on a three legged stool in the old Jewry at the time of his death.

The reserve power of woman's nature is infinite in its results. Of course we are speaking of the true woman. Resistance to evil gives her moral muscle, and the delicate, subtle influence, which is the outgrowth of that, is the chisel in the hand of the sculptor, breaking off the rough pieces, softening the lineaments, forming and polishing the character of the home inmates, and from thence the world's inhabitants, like the ripple that spreads its circle until it reaches from shore to shore.

When from the observatory of Retrospection we look back on the changes which so constantly beset the personal and commercial world, we realize the ruling Providence in the lives and deaths. Inevitable crises come to cure great personal evils which threaten disaster to society. Time will add to the greatness of the rebuke administered to this overworked, over-excited, over-grasping people. As a nation we are addicted to money-getting. We place false estimate on the uses and power of gold. Do we who are not in the great maelstrom of commercial life realize it?

O woman, spread abroad a love for art, for the true and beautiful in life, in sense and in being. Encourage a pure litera-

ture. Propagate principles of daily living that are pure, charitable, ennobling; then will come the reform for which you pray; then will our people become as nobly and morally great as they now are powerful and progressive.

J. S.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

CHARITABLE JUDGMENTS.

I have been reading in my Bible, "God is your Father, and all ye are brothers." It would seem then, that there is a tie of brotherhood between the poor tramp, who scours the country begging, lying, and stealing; the thousands of children, having neither father nor mother, but who like Topsy, "only growed," cared for by the Sisters of Charity and benevolent institutions, and the millionaire and those who have a long line of ancestry to fall back on. I look out into God's bright sunshine over level fields, on a country where it seems Plenty has strewn with a liberal hand, and wonder if we are forgetting it. We talk a great deal about the dignity of labor, at the same time there is a slow but sure process of education going on, which sermons and catechisms will never be able entirely to destroy, which prompts us to treat mere wealth with more respect than honest poverty; to show more deference to a man who has only his great grandfather's name, than the faithful laborer who ditches our meadows. It is bred in the bone and will come out in the flesh, that one is better than another, simply because he has more money. The wife of the baronet can not call upon the queen; the banker or merchant's wife is excluded from the baronet's social circle; the mechanic or farmer's wife is a little lower in the social scale than the banker's; they in turn feel above the day laborer, and will not invite him or his family to their parties; and the day laborer, though he were an ignoramus and drunkard, would feel authorized to treat with contempt any intelligent and excellent man whose completion happened to be black or brown. I once heard of a grocer's wife who with infinite condescension of manner, said to the wife of her neighbor the cobbler: "Why don't you come and see me sometimes? You need not keep away because my house is carpeted all over." A man with a fortune will have a position; money insures one. Those who lack this have got to hammer it out, blow by blow. It is not the men who are borne along on the tide of prosperity that hold out always. We have an instance of the kind in our Gen. Grant. No American ever received such honors abroad as he; his presents were magnificent, and to-day they are liable to be sold at auction for liabilities. Of course his friends will raise money, and he will receive them back. He failed in judgment—Wall Street had too many attractions for him. When any common person loses his property there are no influential people to help him; as a general thing, some one stands ready to give him another roll to the bottom of the hill; so you see position means a good deal. Poor human nature is the same

the world over; rejoicing in another's misfortunes, seeing faults in others that we cannot in ourselves. Suppose we hear a little scandal about an acquaintance, do we keep silent? Oh! no, we retail it without inquiring as to the truth of it; such idle talk will sometimes ruin a man's whole life.

"Judge not; the workings of his heart
And of his brain, thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield."

We would all get along better, if once in a while we could hear of a good word spoken about us. If a man has only one redeeming quality, let us give him credit for it. A man with an iron will, stout heart, and resolute energy, will scale anything, no matter how unfavorable the circumstances surrounding him. All are not so; some want a helping hand, and encouraging words, and a little praise. Because we fail once, it is no sign we shall always fail, but so many will always censure for one mistake. We pray our Heavenly Father for forgiveness, can we reasonably expect more from Heaven than we are willing to give our fellow men? We would all be better men and women if once in a while we forgot ourselves entirely. There are many times when our labor would accomplish more than money; instead of giving for foreign missions, we could do a little good in our own neighborhood; though we need not take tracts and go from house, our influence might be exerted for much good.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

OPINIONS.

I think a good plan would be to treat our friends when visiting us, as we wish to be treated at their homes. If all we think of in visiting them, is how much we can get to eat, then it would be well enough to suppose that that is the object of their visit. I do not think there are many of the ladies who read the Household, who will not say that they enjoy visiting the most where they are made to feel at home, and know that all the household arrangements are not being changed on their account. Any woman who will partake of a meal at another's table, and then go away telling how scantily it was set, will talk about you any way; so it is not just to judge others by her.

When such people visit me they will be treated well, but not urged to come again, nor will their visits be returned. It is always well enough to say "come again," but do not do as I have known some to do; urge company to keep staying longer and longer, and then after they have broken away, scold because they did not know enough to go home after they had made a reasonable visit. Friends are appreciated a good deal more where they go a day too soon rather than stay a day too long; but don't blame them for your own insincerity.

The very same food we have at home is apt to taste better away from home, if well cooked. A person can eat only

about so much any way, and is apt to enjoy plenty of two or three varieties of food, rather than just a taste of half a dozen kinds; and the stomach will show its appreciation by not rising in revolt.

In the best regulated households, company will sometimes come when the pantry seems comparatively empty. If you must prepare something, let it be that which will take the least possible time and trouble. A hungry person doesn't care to wait an hour or two beyond the regular dinner hour, for something to be prepared of which they never were particularly fond.

If your house is in unusual disorder, merely mention the cause; but do not keep making excuses upon excuses, as much as to say, "You couldn't have chosen a worse time for your visit."

Educate the girls to be good, true, sensible women, and then we need have no fears about the position they are to occupy. Who can imagine a really good, intelligent woman making a poor wife, mother, or even a poor stepmother or mother-in-law. Women who choose a professional life are quite as apt to marry when they get a good chance, as girls who never left their homes; so educate them in the start for home life, and I warrant you it will never come amiss. If they never have a home of their own, they will be obliged to live in some one's home, and a good understanding of its duties will make them more agreeable and thoughtful of others' rights.

SCHOOLCRAFT.

PANSY.

SOMETHING FOR THE YOUNG.

After reading the poem "Poor Tired Mother," published in the Household of August 26th, I could not help thinking how many poor tired mothers there are, who would be glad to lie down in their graves and rest, were it not for the affection they have for the dear ones who depend on them for all the care and love they get in this world.

What is there that a mother's love will not do? Just stop and think, you careless ones, and find out if your mother is not tired. Put away that book or fancy work and see where mother is, and what she has to do; help wash dishes, or churn, iron, sweep; take some of her tasks on yourself, and give her a chance to rest. There is always enough to be done where there is a family of children, and each one can and ought to do something to help lighten the burden for their mother. Don't wait for her to ask you to do things; look around yourself and see what there is to do, or ask her what you shall do; and don't act as if you were afraid she would find something. I hope each one who reads this will not say, "It don't mean me." If you are so happy as to have a mother, look at her, see if she is not tired, and just notice how few spare moments she has for rest.

Who keeps the work going on when some one comes in for a call? Is it you, or your mother? Don't let her time for rest be when she is laid in the grave, but let it be here, and I know that grave will

not be made as soon, and you will have a mother longer for council and a guide. Best of all, you will have it to think of when she is gone, and you have only the grave to look at, that it was not from overwork for you that it was made.

L. J. C.

GOBLEVILLE.

HOW TO BROWN COFFEE.

For the benefit of those who would like a good cup of coffee, I would advise buy your coffee green, and do your own browning. We are getting better satisfaction from coffee at fourteen cents per pound than from that costing double, browned. To brown, take a corn-popper that will shut tight so as not to scatter. Into the large size put a bowlful of coffee. Have the stove hot, but not red; shake it lively to keep it turning; don't let it burn nor brown too much; a light brown is the right color. Grind pretty fine; pour on boiling water and set it where it will boil moderately for three or four minutes. An egg is not required.

I will also recommend the following to those who are not wedded to salt-rising bread: At noon take three medium sized potatoes, mash fine with a fork, add two teaspoonfuls of sugar. Soak one yeast cake in lukewarm water enough to cover it in a teacup; when soft mix well together in a bowl, keep moderately warm, and by night you will have a half bowlful of lively yeast with which to make your sponge. I buy yeast cakes, have no more bother making yeast and have good bread every time.

BATTLE CREEK.

COOK COO.

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

I would like to ask what ails my taffy. I tried to make some after the recipe for lightning taffy and fussed with it all the forenoon. If I boiled it till it would hair then it would sugar when cold, and if I didn't boil it as much, it was soft; in fact, it wouldn't taffy at all. Finally, I put in a cup of molasses and boiled it a little; set it away to cool, then pulled till white and the small boy said it was good; but it wasn't taffy.

If I color my frizzes to make them darker, will it take the curl out? They curl naturally; I have only to wet them and comb them out and they curl nicely.

We think coffee is much improved and is healthier by the addition of a little chicory. For six or seven coffee cups we take two tablespoonfuls of ground coffee (never grind until ready to use,) one tablespoonful of chicory, wet it up with an egg, and put into a little cold water; or better still, a bowl of cold coffee left over. When it comes to a boil fill up with boiling water; let it stand a few minutes to settle, and your coffee is ready.

CERESCO.

MRS. J. H. K.

In most of the recipes for cake given in our cook books, fully one-third less butter than the rule calls for, can be used to advantage wherever the whites of eggs only are used. The cake will be lighter and more delicate. Try it if you do not believe it.

CAUGHT BY THE SCISSORS.

AUNT ADDIE tells us that very beautiful bureau-covers, table scarfs, tidies and sofa cushions can be made out of bed ticking. Any of the fancy stitches now so universally in use can be worked on the white space, with scarlet or any other gay colored silk or worsted.

ONE of the ways to amuse and interest children at home is to make a blackboard for them to draw pictures on. Buy a square yard of the thick paper called sheathing and used by builders, and give it a couple of coats of black paint. Tack it up against the wall in the kitchen, and give the children a chance at it.

A WRITER in *Harper* tells us that the baby's garments should be loose. Babies no more require to be pinned up in "bands" than do little kittens. Many a baby cries simply because its clothing is too tight. Undress it and it stops crying, because it is no longer uncomfortable. Change baby's garments frequently; the best material for under-clothing is fine, soft flannel. Do not let the baby sleep with you, but put him in his little crib by your side. It is wicked to make a baby sleep in the bed with two grown up people. Teach him to go to sleep without being rocked. Rocking induces slumber by congesting the delicate blood vessels of the brain. It is only a habit to think babies must be rocked, and they will sleep better without than with it. Bathe the baby at least once a day.

SPEAKING of scarlet fever, that dread of mothers, with its terrible results to the little victims, the *Bazar* urges upon all inmates of a house where the disease prevails, the necessity of extreme carefulness in the matter of spreading the disease, which is one of the most contagious known to physicians; and says the most malignant form can be developed from the contagion of a slight case of scarletina. The members of the family, whether they are in attendance in the sick room or not, should forego all social pleasures, since with the utmost care the germs of the disease will spread through the house, and be carried abroad by its inmates, who are thus unintentionally bringing the disease to the doors of their friends. Grown people are seldom in danger of receiving the contagion, but they can carry it in their clothing. There is nothing heroic in the courage of those who visit where this fever is existing, since one may carry away death in her garments, not for herself, but for the little children of others. For three weeks after the patient is convalescing a process called desquamation, a shedding of the scarf skin, goes on, and every flake of that cuticle is an inoculation of the disease wherever received.

OUR correspondents will greatly oblige the Editor, and be able to see their letters in print as they send them to the office, if they will not incorporate the recipes they furnish with other matters. We desire to keep the recipes in a department

by itself, for convenience of reference, and this often necessitates the re-writing of a whole letter. Please bear this in mind.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE *American Cultivator* tells us that peach and cherry gum, dissolved in good vinegar, make excellent mucilage. It is well to remember this, now gum Arabic is forty cents a pound.

IF you want a wholesome, palatable crust for chicken or meat pies, make it of short-biscuit dough, rolled half an inch thick. You can line the entire baking dish, or leave the bottom without crust. The crust will be light, and delicious with the gravy, far superior to the regular pastry which many use.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* recommends saving a jar half full of strong lye at the time of the annual soap-making, and putting into it any bits of refuse grease which would otherwise be thrown away. When soap is made again, add the lye, and you will have several gallons of soap extra.

THERE are few farm houses which are supplied with closets off the sleeping rooms. Every housekeeper knows how unpleasant it is to be obliged to cross a cold hall or room for another dress, or some article of clothing needed at once, which would be kept handy in a closet, if there only was one. The *Floral Cabinet* recently advised ladies to have a board made to fit in one corner of the room like a large bracket, from which could be hung curtains, under which dresses and other necessary apparel could be kept safe from dust. The Household Editor recently saw an improvement on this plan. The bracket shelf, a triangle filling in the corner of the room, and measuring from the corner outward about forty inches, was securely fastened about six feet from the floor. To this dressed pine boards formed a front, with a narrow door, opening outward. The front and top of the closet thus improvised were painted to match the woodwork of the room. Inside, a row of hooks on which to hang clothing, was screwed to cleats which support the top; these cleats must be firmly fastened, since they support the weight of the top, and the clothing hung on the hooks. The whole affair only cost \$3 50, at city prices, but a farmer handy with tools could make such a convenience at the cost of the lumber and paint, which would be trifling.

M. B. C., of Hudson, says she has tried A. H. J.'s directions for crocheting baby's shoes, and is much pleased with them.

FOR a faded switch Mrs. F. M. G., of Traverse City, thinks a preparation good for the hair would be good for that too. She recommends a cup of strong sage tea, strained, adding a lump of borax the size of a large bean. When cool put

in a bottle and put in two or three rusty nails; use daily.

Some Good Cake Recipes.

LADY CAKE.—One-half cup butter, two cups sugar, whites of ten eggs, half cup of milk, four cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar, add the milk, then half the flour and the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Stir well, add the rest of the flour and beat smooth.

CITRON CAKE.—Use above proportions, adding one-half pound of citron cut fine and two teaspoonfuls of flour to dust over the citron.

ALMOND CAKE.—Use the proportions given above for Lady cake. Blanch one cup of almond meats by leaving them in boiling water till the brown skin will slip off in the hand; cut, and stir in with two extra teaspoonfuls of flour.

LAYER CAKE.—Two cups sugar; one-half cup butter; one cup milk; whites of four eggs; four cups flour, and three teaspoonfuls baking powder. This makes a good batter for jelly, chocolate or custard cake, but is not good baked in a loaf.

LEMON CAKE.—Two cups sugar, half cup of butter, yolks of six eggs, half cup milk, three cups flour, juice and grated rind of one large lemon, three teaspoonfuls baking powder. Put together as directed for Lady Cake.

DELICATE CAKE.—One cup butter, two and one half cups sugar, one cup sweet milk, four cups flour, six eggs, three teaspoonfuls baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar, add the milk, etc. This makes a good raisin cake, if two cups of seeded and chopped raisins and a half cup more flour are added.

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