

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL AGRICULTURE.

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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

VICTUALS AND DRINK.

"There once was a woman and what do you think,
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink.
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
And yet this poor woman could never be quiet."

And were you so foolish as really to think
That all she could want was her victuals and drink?

And that while she was furnished with that sort
of diet,

The feeling and fancy would starve and be quiet?

Mother Goose knew far better, but thought it sufficient

To give a mere hint that the fare was deficient;
For I do not believe she could ever have meant
To imply there was reason for being content.

Yet the mass of mankind is uncommonly slow,
To acknowledge the fact it behooves them to know,

Or to learn that a woman is not like a mouse,
Needing nothing but cheese and the walls of a house.

But just take a man—shut him up for one day—
Get his hat and his cane, put them snugly away,
Give him stockings to mend, and three sumptuous meals:

And then asks him at night, if you dare, how he feels.

Do you think he will quietly stick to his stocking,
While you read the news, and "don't care about talking."

O, many a woman goes starving, I ween,
Who lives in a palace, and fares like a queen,
Till the famishing heart and the feverish brain
Have spelled out to life's end the long session of pain.

Yet stay; to my mind an uneasy suggestion
Comes up that there may be two sides to the question,

That while here and there proving inflicted privation,

The verdict must often be "willful starvation"—
Since there are men and women would force one to think

They choose to live only on victuals and drink.

O, restless, and craving, and unsatisfied hearts,
Whence never the vulture of hunger departs!
How long on the husks of our life will ye feed,
Ignoring the soul and her famishing need?

Bethink you when lulled in your shallow content,

Twas to Lazarus only the angels were sent?
And 'tis he to whose lips but earth's ashes are given

For whom the full banquet is gathered in heaven.
Mrs. A. D. F. Whitney.

BEDS AND BEDDING.

"C., our valued correspondent from Little Prairie Ronde, who does not come to the Household half as often as we would like her to, some little time ago proposed the subject of beds and bedding as a theme for discussion. I have been hoping some lady would take up the sub-

ject and give us her ideas, for the theme is really an important one, since so much of our time is, or ought to be, spent in healthful, refreshing sleep.

Wire springs and mattresses have brought about a revolution in bed-making since the days when our grandmothers were young. Then the old "cord bedstead" stood in state under its imposing canopy of chintz or damask; and with its "valances" and curtains, its immense feather bed and diminutive pillows, was quite an awe-inspiring piece of furniture. Hygiene banished the heavy draperies that prevented ventilation, and common-sense split up the cumbersome bedsteads into kindling-wood. They were lurking places of vermin unless carefully watched, and one of the housekeeper's hardest house-cleaning tasks was to "cord up" the family bedsteads. I dare say a few of these old-fashioned affairs might yet be found in the garrets of the oldest inhabitants, but the slat bedsteads are so much superior that they rapidly superseded them. A well-made set of springs is a good investment; better pay more and get a good article, than less and get the cheap ones that are always coming to pieces, or which have no elasticity. The woven wire mattresses are well recommended by those who use them. Comfort requires a mattress of some kind on them, however. And when we come to talk of mattresses, I know of none which are so excellent as those of hair, which are however, always high-priced. The wool and "Excelsior" mattresses are good, and cheaper.

I should prefer a husk mattress to a straw bed, or to a cheap mattress, every time. "Farmer's Wife" told us how to make them and how nice they were, last fall, and "Sister Mary" in the current issue says a good word for them, and tells how to make and keep them clean. There is this advantage over the cheap mattresses also, they can be made perfectly sweet and clean at any time by turning boiling water on the husks, drying them and then replacing in the tick and re-tying. They are much more comfortable than a straw bed, too. With a good thick comfort or "cotton mattress" over them they are quite luxurious. I have not much respect for old age when it presents itself in the guise of a feather bed. A bed which has been in use for half a century, as some of our friends relate with pride, in sickness and in health, with but the semi-annual exposure to sun and air, is too ancient and generally too unsavory to be

approached except with distant reserve. There are few "live" feathers in it. I quote what a writer in the *Country Gentleman* says: "Sleeping in feather beds is fraught with danger. Typhoid and typhus fever, measles and other diseases, find their hiding and breeding places in hundreds of old stowed-away feather beds, upon which generations have been born and died. The newer and cleaner ones are not so dangerous, but are still the receptacle of much of the exudations which pass from our bodies during sleep. No ordinary airing can cleanse or purify from disease germs any feather bed, no matter how small; and the larger they are the more dangerous they become." And it is no "fool of a job" to undertake the purification and rejuvenation of a feather bed; and if one sends their beds to a "feather renovator" the chances are nine in ten that whereas they come back plump as over-ripe plums, after a few weeks they flatten out surprisingly, owing to the cunning abstraction of sundry pounds of feathers by the manipulators, who are generally reaping a harvest somewhere else by the time the victim discovers the cheat.

As regards bedding, the Household has probably discovered I am no particular friend to "quilts." Blankets and comfortables are "good enough for me." All wool blankets are a good investment; I have one in use now that is older than I am, having come to Michigan in 1833, but it has not seen constant service. It is what was once known as a "Mackinac" blanket; why so called I cannot tell, is pure wool and very warm. I object to quilts for winter use because they give so little warmth for their weight. The outside and lining of a quilt and a comfortable are about the same in weight, while the cotton furnishes the warmth. Within reasonable limits, the more cotton we use the greater warmth to the same weight of covers. It is sometimes objected to comforters that they cannot be washed. But last fall I found my landlady ripping up one of her comforters, taking out the cotton, and spreading it out doors to be purified by sun and air. She then washed the calico covers, and put it together again, sweet, clean all through, and good as new. The cotton was all in one large sheet, and was easily handled. She said that was the second cover she had put on it. I thought it was a good scheme.

I like the soft pretty cheese cloth comforts for beds; they are light and very warm a literal "comfort" on a cold night.

Tufted with red or blue worsted and with a narrow edge crocheted round them they are quite ornamental. Make one, if you have not already, and see how nice they are; they are not expensive. And they are very pretty to lay on the foot of the bed in the guest chamber, for always there ought to be an extra blanket or something of the kind in the room lest the sleeper suffer from cold. Be always sure that there is plenty of bedding in your sleeping rooms if you entertain strangers, for otherwise they must shiver till morning, and may be reduced to the extremity of spreading their pocket-handkerchief on the bed in the vain endeavor to get warm. It is easy to throw back the outer blankets if there are too many.

I think there are a great many delicate children who would be far more healthy if their mothers would have them sleep by themselves. Put two cot beds into a room instead of one double bed, if two must share it; it will make a little more washing, but will be better in several respects. Almost invariably the stronger child takes from the vitality of the weaker; one sleeps soundly and wakes refreshed; the other is restless and languid in the morning. In every such instance you may know that it is not healthy for them to sleep together, and should separate them at once. Nor is it healthy for a child to sleep with an elderly or aged person; the weaker suffers, invariably. Nor would I permit children to sleep with the hired help, of either sex; for several reasons which will be apparent on a little reflection. Moreover, aside from possible detriment to the child, the help ought to have quiet slumber, undisturbed by the tossings of a restless child. BEATRIX.

THAT POCKET-BOOK.

I should settle the question as to who was to carry the pocket-book by letting each member of the family, of responsible age, carry one of their own.

Try and get your husband to give you a monthly allowance for your personal expenses, and then see that you keep a strict account of all you spend and what it is spent for. At the end of the year, by showing him your account, you ought to be able to convince him that the money was not foolishly spent. It will also give him an idea of what women's clothing costs, which few men realize and not many women.

Then you can see for yourself where you can best economize. It is not often economy to buy a worsted dress that costs less than a dollar a yard; for such a dress may be turned and made over when it begins to look worn, and then dyed and made over again; or cut down for a child; whereas a dress for half the price would last but one season. "When you're a' gettin' get a plenty," and don't cut it all up into ruffles; then you will have something to make over with. When you come to look over your account you will be surprised to see how the little things count up. Plain linen collars, well laundered, are always neat and stylish. If you must have lace, buy good; that which

has been handed down to us by our grandmothers is not the cotton article so many buy now, and which is very pretty, but will not bear even one washing. I know from experience that a woman can pay all her expenses, except board and washing, on one hundred dollars per year, and dress very well.

I make my own dresses, which is quite an item, and take good care of my clothing—about which I may speak at some other time. Of course, let your husband give you as much as he feels he can afford. Then if you can save anything out of your allowance it might be used for something which would benefit you both. If he is good enough to give you a certain sum for your expenses, keep within bounds; don't be asking for ten cents now and then, or some postage stamps; but pay for your own, and if you want to go to an entertainment, or take a little trip, pay your own expenses.

If there are small children, it would be no more than just for your husband to allow you something extra for their expenses. When your daughter is grown, and you want her to do the housework, pay her the same as any girl, with the understanding that she is to clothe herself. If she chooses to spend a part on books, or any other coveted treasure, instead of putting it all on her back, it will be her privilege. If your son is old enough to earn his own living, and you are able to hire help, pay him, and see if he don't feel more like staying on the farm. This plan makes every one feel so much more independent, and is not any more expense to the father, for he is supposed to provide for his family anyway. I don't think it a good plan to pay the smaller children for little services, as they soon learn to say, "I won't do it unless you pay me." PANSY.

SCHOOLCRAFT.

WHISKY AT THE STATE FAIR.

There have been many knowing nods and winks given by sundry persons who attended the last State Fair when the matter of whisky and beer selling was casually alluded to. Some have frankly admitted that the seeker could easily find his favorite beverage on the grounds, while others stoutly affirmed no such thing was sold.

It now comes out during the last meeting of the Executive Committee, that liquor was sold in the same building occupied by the head officials of the fair, and it is at least suggested that some in authority knew of such action; were not above suspicion of a closer connection with the tabooed affair.

True, ex President Parsons indignantly scouts the idea, and no doubt does so in good faith, as he evinced his sincere desire to abrogate the evil by being the first to speak decidedly against the nuisance, when his seemed likely to be the only voice on that side. His execution of the arduous duties of his office gave him very little time or opportunity for the observation of a secret evil.

President Humphrey, being as decided-

ly opposed to the traffic as Mr. Parsons, and with the light shed upon the subject by the recent discussion, will be able to take hold of the matter with a clearer knowledge of the unscrupulous methods employed by law-defying persons, and we may hope to see the wholesome rule carried out in spirit as well as in letter.

Such a state of things could exist only by sufferance, or worse, connivance of some high in authority, and it is a lamentable fact that any would be so negligent or culpable.

There is a glamour or fascination about this demon, drink, that seems to paralyze conscience and manhood, its benumbing influence sometimes reaching the judge, juror and prosecuting officer; who, through fear or favor, panders to its pernicious influence as completely as the buncombe politician, and by charge, verdict and prosecution, make a travesty of justice and law, lay themselves open to a charge of perjury, and often grow hilarious in the after recital of how not to enforce law. It is sad to think any officer of an agricultural fair should be of a like mind with such, and we sincerely hope all will see at the next fair that all good rules are enforced. A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

"PIES 'N THINGS."

The "Quis-quis" of the *N. Y. Tribune* asks:

"When Beatrix enumerates some of the dangerous temptations of the table which are put before us commonly after a full and proper meal has already been eaten, and speaks of cake and pies and things, does she want to intimate the pun which very truthfully makes 'pizen things' out of the phrase?"

Well, no; I don't care to assume the responsibility of perpetuating such a stale old pun as that. Besides, we have one punster in the office now, and I would not venture to intrude in his peculiar province. I do not know who first invented the process of embalming nice fresh fruit in two layers of dough, baptized it with fire and named it pie; but I have had reason to wish he had patented it and lived to severely punish all infringements. Fresh fruit, *au naturel*, is a better dessert than pastry, but the average farmer is not educated up to it. He wants "pie;" the traditions of his ancestors demand it, and he is going to have it. His wife is a lucky woman if he does not insist on having it three times a day. The idea of being put off with a saucer of fruit! He'll eat it; as a concession to a new-fangled notion that pleases the women, but when he is done he clamors for pie. But there are pies, and pies; just as there is good bread and poor bread; and I do not know that clammy, underdone, solid bread is not as injurious to health as pie. If piecrust is thick, tough, leathery, sodden with lard and only half baked, a prolonged course of it will justify us in reviling it as a sure cause of dyspepsia and other troubles consequent on indigestion. I will confide to "Quis-quis," in strictest secrecy, that I eat pie about four times a week. But it is generally apple pie, with a thin,

flaky crust, baked a dainty brown, and *done*, with slices of Yellow Bellflower cooked in their own juice and a sprinkling of sugar, so that they are clear and translucent, amber-hued, delicious. No spice to spoil flavor, no butter, no flour nor water, just the apples and light crust. There's no "pizen" about such a pie; it is as healthy as apple sauce eaten with bread and butter.

The principal objections I have to pie are that even when well made it is more work to prepare than the fresh fruit; that poor cooks make a mess that is positively unhealthy and would give a Manhattan goat a fit of indigestion; that it is an unnecessary expense, as well as labor; and that in order to vary the programme which requires pie 365 days in the year, all sorts of indigestible and abominable messes are concocted for "filling," whose expensive ingredients do not warrant the returns in nutritious food. It is also an axiom of mine that no pie is fit to eat unless consumed the day it is baked. I would not make a custard pie when the same custard baked in cups would make a delicious dessert, and save the trouble and expense of making crust, nor a berry pie when the fruit itself is good enough for an emperor; and I would not make mince pie or fruit cake a common article of diet, unless I had a grudge against my family, and wanted to kill them off in the most painful manner. I have put myself "on record" on the pie question, friend "Quis-quis."

BEATRIX.

HUSK BEDS.

I have often wondered why farmers' families so generally use straw for beds, instead of husks; but on second thought, supposed it was because but few really know how superior husks are to the best oat straw.

To have the best bed that I know of, one must procure a hair mattress. They are both elegant and expensive, costing, I think, about \$25 to \$35. All can not afford them. Husk mattresses can be made at home, which are better and cheaper than those we buy ready made; and if placed over springs are nice and comfortable, providing a feather bed is placed over that. If springs are not used I prefer to have them loose in the tick, that they may be daily well stirred about. To farmers the husks cost nothing but the labor of gathering, and beds once made will last for years. I have never had any trouble in getting the men to help in the work. Choose a dry day in husking time, have the men snap off the ears with husks on, have the wagon at hand with double box on; fill it. That will be enough for one bed. Store in the barn, and some rainy day when the field work cannot be done, the corn may be husked, taking care to keep the husks dry and clean. They are ready now to sort; reject all dark, stiff, outside leaves; use the light colored soft ones only. The dark, stiff leaves will soon break. Don't strip them; it is a tiresome job and they are but little better and wear out sooner. Put them into an open tick, that they

may be easily aired, fill the tick very full for they will settle very much. Then fill an empty barrel or two with what husks are left; put them in the garret to use when the beds need a few more.

In the spring at house-cleaning time, the beds may be emptied on some clean grassy spot, turned over a few times to free them from the fine husks and dust, which will settle at the bottom, and then returned to the tick. If the tick is soiled, wash, starch and iron it, and it is as nice as new. In summer I take off the feather beds, air them well and put in a large closet, to await cool weather. I make a thick comfortable the size of the bed, spread it over the husks, and I have a bed sweet, clean and comfortable; and if placed over springs second only to a hair mattress. I can sort over husks enough for a bed in three hours; if there are several to share the labor, it will not take long to make all you wish. After you have once tried them I am quite certain you will not use straw.

I think people living in villages and cities would gladly avail themselves of the privilege of procuring husks for beds at a reasonable price, if brought to their notice and offered for sale, as straw is hard to get when wanted. Is not here a chance for the boys and girls to make a little money, and help themselves while helping others? I hope that mothers will see to it that their boys have good beds—yes, and the hired men too. They are often put off with the poorest—so poor that if by any chance you occupied theirs one night, you would see that they had better. If they do not rest well at night, they can not perform their work easily or well, and the laboring man is entitled to a good bed, and a good night's rest.

MILFORD.

SISTER MARY.

OAK LEAF EDGING.

I see some Household members do not seem to appreciate knitted counterpanes, and say they are heavy and unwieldy, and not as good as Marseilles, nor as handsome. I have seen some lovely and very desirable counterpanes, made by hands now gone to their long rest, and the present owners would not part with them at any price. They will last for years. If ladies when going out to spend the afternoon or evening, would have some knitting ready and take it with them, before they knew it they would have enough edging knitted to trim an apron or some other garment, and it is far stronger, and nicer than you can buy at the store; and when it is washed and done up a gust of wind will not blow it away. The following directions are for knitting "Oak Leaf edging."

Cast on eleven stitches; knit across the first time plain.

2d row: Slip one, knit one, carry thread over the needle, knit two together, carry thread over, knit two together, knit one, carry thread over twice, knit two together, carry thread over twice, knit two together, knit one.

3d row: Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, carry thread over, knit two together, carry thread over, knit two together, knit one.

4th row: Slip one, knit one, carry

thread over, knit two together, carry thread over, knit two together, knit two, carry thread over twice, knit two together, carry thread over twice, knit two together, knit one.

5th row: Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit three, carry thread over, knit two together, carry thread over, knit two together, knit one.

6th row: Slip one, knit one, carry thread over, knit two together, carry thread over, knit two together, knit four, carry thread twice over, knit two together, carry thread twice over, knit two together, knit one.

7th row: Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit five, carry thread over, knit two together, carry thread over, knit two together, knit one.

8th row: Slip one, knit one, carry thread over, knit two together, carry thread over, knit two together, knit six, carry thread over twice, knit two together, carry thread over twice, knit two together, knit one.

9th row: Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit seven, carry thread over, knit two together, carry thread over, knit two together, knit one.

10th row: Slip one, knit one, carry thread over, knit two together, carry thread over, knit two together, knit eight, carry thread over twice, knit two together, carry thread over twice, knit two together, knit one.

11th row: Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit nine, carry thread over, knit two together, carry thread over, knit two together, knit one.

12th row: Slip one, knit one, carry thread, knit two together, carry thread over, knit two together, knit fifteen.

13th row: Knit sixteen, carry thread over, knit two together, carry thread over, knit two together, knit one.

14th row: Slip one, knit one, carry thread over, knit two together, carry thread over, knit two together, knit fifteen.

15th row: Knit and bind off ten stitches, then knit six, carry thread over, knit two together, carry thread over, knit two together, knit one.

OLD KNITTER.

DETROIT.

THE WIFE'S RIGHTS.

To carry out the simile of the caged hen which may truly be said to, in many respects, represent the condition of many of the women of the present and past times, we will imagine the other part of the flock who are favored with the liberty of the yard, and exultingly strut about and give the prisoner a contemptuous peck occasionally, while the gallant Chanticleer crows approval. I confess I see nothing bloodthirsty or ludicrous in the desire of woman to secure for herself a fair show in the results of her labor and economies, which as a rule are uncertain, unless there are laws exacted to secure to her that which is denied by those for whom her life's best energies are expended. Many wives in the land who would talk earnestly and rationally with their husbands in regard to making a will, would only receive cool contempt for their pains. It is a subject not willingly discussed by many. If all women could have their own pocketbooks well filled as needed, there would be no cause for dissension or unhappiness. And with no reference to the amount of butter to be made to secure a respectable suit, I think if a man wished a new suit, and was restricted to the worth of the apples he might save from the last gleanings of the

orchard, he might find it a scant allowance for winter; and perhaps like a good deacon in New York whom I once knew, fill the middle of the barrels with a very poor mixture. Among my own acquaintances are the widows of two men, both of whom began their married life by working farms belonging to others; the brides were daughters of well-to-do farmers, so that all the assistance they received came from their friends. One family was childless, and in time bought new land and made a nice home, the wife doing a full share of the hard work, even to assisting in the clearing. After years of urging the husband was induced to make a will, soon after which he died. If he had made no will, one half of the home for which they had both toiled, would have been claimed by law by the husband's relatives. The other husband mentioned also proved successful financially, and in dying made no will, and his wife having one daughter, has a right to only the use of one-half of a home for which she sacrificed so much, and it is the home of her childhood as well, as it was purchased from her father. We are more deeply impressed by such instances if transpiring among our own acquaintances; and with due consideration of the subject, I am positive that in every case man's prosperity in life depends principally upon the energy and good management of his house by his wife, and her judgment in his financial undertakings, whether appreciated or otherwise. And I see no justice in her being compelled to resign all real ownership to her own earnings if widowed, or live like a pensioner while he lives. Equal right with her husband is all I have ever heard demanded, and that is presumably to be granted at no very distant day.

FENTON.

AARON'S WIFE.

ONE of the *Prairie Farmer's* family says a lady who has just had a new house made ready for occupancy, and was unable on account of the extreme cold to use water for cleaning windows, has found that a cloth dipped in kerosene and rubbed quickly over the glass, followed by a dry cloth or a piece of chamois, not only removes all the spots but gives them a polish like plate-glass. The same is also true of mirrors.

MRS. E. F. E., of Homer, writes us: "Noticing L. F.'s inquiry in regard to the FARMER sewing machine, I thought I would tell of mine. I received one through the FARMER a year ago, as a Christmas present from my husband. It gives entire satisfaction, and I could not get along without it."

A PRETTY way to fix a palm-leaf fan is to paint it. Mix some ultra-marine or Prussian blue with a little silver-white paint, and make it quite thin with boiled linseed oil. Paint the fan on both sides, handle and all, with it. If you choose to decorate it paint a poppy or some buds or stems on it; tie a blue ribbon around the handle, and hang it in a convenient place. If you prefer to make it pink use crimson or madder lake and white in the same way.

Contributed Recipes.

LEMON SHORT CAKE.—The grated rind and juice of one lemon; one cup sugar; two eggs; a piece of butter the size of a walnut; one tablespoonful of cornstarch. Mix with a little cold water; then fill the cup with hot water. Use the same as fruit. L. J. C.

GOBLEVILLE.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—One cup molasses, one and one-half cups brown sugar, one cup of shortening, one egg, one dessert spoonful of soda, dissolved in one-half cup of cold water, one dessert spoonful of ginger. Mix soft.

SOFT GINGER CAKE.—One and one-half cups molasses, one-half cup shortening, one egg, one cup buttermilk, two full teaspoonfuls soda, one teaspoonful ginger. Do not stir very stiff. E. F. E.

STEAMED CORN BREAD.—Sweet milk, three pints; flour, one cup; yellow meal, one pint; brown sugar, half cup; soda, half teaspoonful. Mix and steam two or three hours.

RAISED CORN BREAD.—Scald thoroughly two quarts of meal with boiling water or milk, and after it has cooled add a cup of yeast, or salt rising, (I prefer the last,) and a pint of flour; mix, and if rather stiff use more milk; it should be quite soft. Put in deep pans and allow it to rise. Bake slowly two hours. This is the kind our grandmothers baked in brick ovens, allowing it to remain in the oven over night.

CREAM FOR LAYER CAKE.—One cup fine white sugar; half cup rich sweet cream; teaspoonful of lemon or vanilla extract. Beat until like foam. AARON'S WIFE.

RAISED CORN OR INDIAN BREAD.—Use dry yeast, and set it over night. To make the corn bread use about a pint of the yeast. Scald three quarts of sifted Indian meal; when cool enough to knead with the hand, add one cup of lard—or meat fryings—one cup of molasses, and the yeast; mix well with the hand, then use flour enough to form a loaf, and put in a pan to rise. I generally make it in the afternoon; then, when the bread is done, I shut the stove with a moderate fire, and let the bread stay in the oven till morning, when it will be warm for breakfast.

ALLEGAN.

AUNT MARTHA.

JOHNNY CAKE.—One and one-half pints of Indian meal; one pint flour; two eggs; one-half cup sugar; one-half cup butter; one quart buttermilk; two teaspoonfuls soda. Bake in deep tins.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—Two cups meal; two cups flour; one egg; one-half cup molasses; one teaspoonful soda; two of cream tartar. Wet with milk till about as thick as cake. Steam three hours. Don't lift the cover while cooking, or it will not be light.

PUDDING SAUCE.—Four large spoonfuls of sugar, two of butter, one of flour; stir to a cream in an earthen dish. Beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth and add; pour into it a gill of boiling water, stirring the mixture very fast; flavor with lemon or vanilla. Or use sweetened cream flavored with nutmeg.

MUSH.—Two quarts of water in an iron kettle; when it boils stir in slowly three cups of bolted meal, holding the meal in left hand and stirring with the right, first adding a large tablespoonful of salt; set on top of the stove, cooking slowly two hours or more; stir often to keep from burning. If too thick add boiling water from the teakettle. Keep covered while cooking. Eat when half cold with good milk. What is left over is nice fried for breakfast, and is much relished by children. Cut in slices, have ready in the spider a little very hot

meat drippings, lay in the cold mush; keep pretty hot, but do not burn. When brown, turn; sprinkle on a little salt and some sugar. Eat hot.

SOFT GINGER CAKE.—One cup brown sugar, one cup molasses, one cup buttermilk, one egg, scant one-half cup butter, one large teaspoonful soda, two cups flour, one teaspoonful each of ginger, cinnamon and cloves, or only ginger as preferred. Bake in shallow tins.

SISTER MARY.

MILFORD.

MINCE MEAT.—Two pounds lean beef, boiled and chopped fine after cooling; six pounds of apples, chopped separately; two pounds of raisins, seeded and chopped with apples; one pound of suet, chopped to a fine powder, and mixed with apples; two pounds of clean, dry currants; half a pound of candied peel, chopped of course. Now mix in the beef; grate two nutmegs; add a little cinnamon and mace, and a little allspice, two pounds brown sugar, and mix all thoroughly. Do not use till it has been packed closely in a jar for two days, with a little raspberry spirits or fruit syrup over it, if you object to a sprinkling of brandy. Keep a tight cover over the jar; it is best to keep a piece of bladder over it if your pantry is given to mold. We have used this several years and think it is very nice. M. B. C.

HUDSON.

BAKED CODFISH.—Pick up the fish and freshen a little as for cooking, then into a dish put a layer of cracker crumbs, then one of fish, over each layer sprinkle pepper and butter, continue until you have two layers of fish and three of crackers; lastly, beat two eggs with milk enough to cover the whole. Bake about three-quarters of an hour.

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