

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

### A MOTHER'S QUESTION.

This morning I hung in the closet  
The clothes she wore yesterday,  
The apron torn in her climbing,  
The dress she had soiled at her play;  
And then, as I heard her moaning  
On a couch of fevered pain,  
I sadly whispered the question,  
"Will she ever need them again?"

There was no time to pause or wonder,  
I hastened away at her call,  
But while I bathed, kissed and soothed her,  
I kept hearing a tone under all,  
That talked of those clothes in the closet,  
And fancied, with heart-numbing pain,  
The question I dared not to answer,  
"Will she ever need them again?"

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

### "THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS."

Will there be any birds in this country after the present mania for fancy plumage has burned itself out? I doubt it. A wholesale slaughter seems to be going on, and nothing that wears feathers is safe. I have been making a tour among the millinery shops and bonnet departments of our large stores lately, and really I was amazed at the number of birds that must have yielded up their useful and innocent lives to furnish the stock in trade for our Detroit stores alone. What the destruction must be, taken through the whole country, I can hardly venture to estimate. A taxidermist of this city pays sixty cents per dozen for blackbirds, and a trifling advance for "redwings." He has a contract with a Long Island man, who in his turn has agreed to furnish 70,000 skins to a single New York manufacturer. The prospect is that our horticulturists will have to fight a desperate battle with bugs and insects, and that farmers will suffer damage to crops and purses by this most cruel freak of fashion, which sets a dead bird, head, claws and tail, on every woman's head, and calls it an adornment. Birds' food is naturally of an insectivorous character. The swallow skims the air and takes his meal "on the fly," other birds keep the trees and the shrubs free from the insects which hide in the bark, but when these little protectors are gone what shall we do about the ravages of our enemies? A tour of the shops shows we are not satisfied with using one bird as a decoration; some bands of plumage intended to encircle the crowns of hats were composed of from eight to ten little ones, their wings touching, and heads

with bead eyes and gilt bills, being turned together in couples, and the claws thrust through the wings in an awkward and unnatural style. A hat was trimmed with no less than fifteen tiny wings, set on at all angles, and was voted "just too deliciously sweet for anything." The scarlet tanager and Baltimore oriole are much used, while the skill of the dyer has so changed the natural hues of others that one would never guess their nativity. A hat made for a Detroit belle was of cardinal velvet, with a large dove of snowy plumage resting on it. Breasts of birds, that soft, glossy, close plumage so beautiful as a winter cloak for the sweet songster, are much used; where the breasts are small three or four are united in pompons. One very stylish hat was in brown, and trimmed with the breast, wings and tail-feathers of a partridge, once at home in some dusky wood, or guiding a covey of young through the fields. By some remarkable oversight the bird's head and claws were not included, to the great improvement of the appearance of the hat. I can see nothing beautiful about a stuffed bird when flattened out against the side of a hat or bonnet. The taxidermist's work is seldom so well done that ruffled feathers, torn and dull, do not mar the beauty of the skin, and the ragged appearance, so unlike the trim neatness of the bird in life, is displeasing. The glass eyes and gilded bill, the claws twisted round to appear between the wings and the body, and also gilded, and the unnatural look of the whole thing, are not charming to those who measure beauty by other standards than fashion's.

In every description of rural beauty to which the poet's pen has lent itself, mention is made of the songs of the birds, whose notes thrill the air with their melody and fill the quiet scene with the beauty of action. The robin is earliest in spring; he is the avant courier of the maid with cowslips in her lap; bobolinks and orioles are associated with apple blossoms and the freshness of the early year, the swallow swings in swift circles at twilight, the whippoorwill's note recalls the feeling of awe with which we heard his melancholy cry in childhood. But if we are all to wear a bird on our bonnets, recollection and description shall be all we will have left pretty soon.

BEATRIX

Mrs. J. S. S., of Jackson recommends as a starch for papering over whitewash on a painted wall, a batter made of perfect sweet skimmed milk with wheat flour, used uncooked.

### PLEASANT FACES.

It is said that "first impressions are lasting." In my own experience this is not so, for I have often met people with whom I was really delighted, but upon a more intimate acquaintance, I did not like them at all. What I thought to be a perfect frankness of manner, proved to be false and treacherous. "The face is the mirror of the soul, the index of the character," so it would seem that features and complexion were not as essential to beauty, as to have the mind free from evil, the thoughts pure, the character noble, nothing mean or low in the nature.

"Beautiful faces, they that wear  
The light of a holy spirit there,  
It matters not if dark or fair."

I have in my mind an able English woman who lived in our neighborhood, when I was a little child. She was a person who was useful wherever you put her; tending wee babies, caring for the sick, or washing. Her face was furrowed deep with lines that trouble and care and hardship had left there; her sons were more of a curse than a comfort to her, for they had the example of a drunken father before them; so you see that her surroundings were sad, so that had she willed it, every evil passion in her would have been aroused and fostered. Instead, every one learned lessons of patience and hopefulness, and forbearance from her. I never looked at her, but the word "purified" came to my mind. When my mother died, she was at our own house, how softly she smoothed her pillow, and closed her eyes, and whispered comforting words to us; we never thought of her brown hands, or old face, or bent form; there was something in her tone that went to our hearts, and made us feel better. You know sometimes when you have some great sorrow that seems almost unbearable, and are grieving and feeling so badly, friends come and offer sympathy, and as they go away one by one, you feel harder if anything, and wish they had stayed away. Another may come and sit down by you, or give you a gentle pressure of the hand, or a kiss, and you feel the silent sympathy. It can not be expressed, we only know it is sincere, and we feel comforted. Outside appearances are very deceiving. Within the fairest rose often lurks a worm; let us look upon the heart for beauty.

No virtue has been so much recommended as cheerfulness, for people of all



ages and in all stations in life. Some are naturally more despondent than others. We quite often become tired of the paper on our walls, the furniture, our meals do not relish well; a sure cure for this is to go and visit some one who has not half as good a home as ours, and we will be surprised at the change in everything when we get home. A great many move around like machines, they have got just so much work to do, and they will do it, good, bad, or indifferent, not a particle of animation about it, a sort of listless indifference; such people feel no satisfaction after a task is ended. We have it within us to generate sunshine and cheerfulness, or clouds and discord. There is no use in distressing ourselves whether the soul is immortal or not, or if there is a Heaven, and whether we will get there. How few of us live so that we would be fit companions for angels, or ready to go to a better world if we were called to go unexpectedly. Henry Ward Beecher says: "Though there be storm and turbulence on this earth, one would rise but little way through the blackened air, before he would come to a region of calm and peace, where the stars shine unobstructed, and where there is no storm. And a little above our clouds, a little higher than our darkness, a little beyond our storm, is God's upper region of tranquil peace and calm. And when we have had the discipline of winter here, it will be possible for us to have eternal summer there." EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

#### FASHION NOTES.

On every fine day which does not necessitate heavy outside wraps, tailor made dresses are numerous on our avenues. They increase in popularity constantly, and are fashionable and economical, two things which rarely go together. In colors, brown is most stylish, next plum color, green, blue and black, the latter color being reserved for elderly ladies. The suit consists of three pieces, skirt with drapery attached at the belt, basque, and an outside jacket. It takes eight yards of goods, 54 inches wide, for such a suit. Cloth finished flannels, camel's hair and serges are the materials employed. The skirt is made upon the customary foundation skirt. The buttons are quite small, of list, a second row being often set on at the inner edge of the buttonholes. A single pleating or straight folds may trim the skirt, or the front of the skirt be covered with half-inch tucks. Some basques are made short and round, without pleats in the back and with a point in front, but the postilion basque is preferred, generally. The sleeves are stitched at the bottom, no cuffs, but three or four buttons are set on the seam. The jacket is single breasted, and nearly plain across the back in the skirt.

Combination dresses are still worn, woolen goods being made up with velvet or velvet brocade for the vest and lower part of the front and sides of the skirt.

These dresses are economical, as at this season of the year short lengths and remnants may be purchased at very low prices, and odds and ends of handsome goods for the vest, etc., bought at almost half their former prices. Two yards of velvet or brocade will make a front for a skirt, the wool goods being laid in three large pleats down the side breadths, with a short drapery of the woolen goods in front, and long drapery in the back.

Figured goods are now put in plain, and are almost invariably used in the lower part of the skirt, as the large figures are very hard to cut so as to make a waist look well in its many curved seams.

Black cashmere dresses for ladies are made as plainly as if of cloth, and ornamented with rows of narrow braid, or with braid mixed with silver or gilt. Velvets are combined with cashmeres. It is said green is the "coming color;" not the crude greens, but soft shades of mignonette and grey-greens.

#### A HOME.

As we advance in years, and from man and womanhood look back upon our childhood's home, we see that our lives are being moulded by the physical and mental conditions surrounding us there, and largely from these influences our ideals formed. Then in the heart, reaching forward in the desire to the future home which every truly human life anticipates, we build our ideal home—a home where there is the blessedness of the old without its mistakes, its sweetness without its burdens. Experience unfolds and beautifies the idealistic within us, and from the lessons of varied joy and pain, of hope fulfilled and again of hope deferred, our confused knowledge of life in its higher forms becomes clear and luminous. We have all perhaps seen a home somewhere, approaching our ideal home circle. I see in fancy now a pleasant room in such a home. A woman of about thirty years, one of nature's noble women, pure and delicate, full of grace and kindness, sits watching her little daughter who is happy with her dolls. You would know it is her child, for there is the same white, full forehead, wavy hair, and gentle grace. One must instinctively feel in the presence of such a mother and child, earth has nothing more pure or lovely.

What is the mother's thought? For as she notes her darling's play, her eyes grow fixed and dreamy, as of one who hears from the past or far away. She has just recalled a night some years ago, when sitting alone in her room she heard a child cry in the cold street below. At the sound a flood of thought swept over her; she felt in that cry the neglect, the cruelty, the needs of suffering childhood, and for the first time in her strong woman's heart she wondered if she would ever know the love and sacredness of maternity. The thought filled her with strange wonderings; she lifted her heart to Heaven with the prayer that she might be granted this great gift, and an un-

fathomable resolve took possession of her to make her life worthy so sacred an office. As she returns to the present, contemplates the completeness flowing round her life, its love crowned by peace, her heart is filled with rest and content almost infinite in assurance.

Her reverie is here interrupted by the entrance of a neighbor. The two friends chat of household and various other matters. The little girl comes to her mother with her favorite doll, whose toilet she has very carefully completed saying with childish pride, "See! mamma." The mother smiles and praises the dainty lady's dress, and as the child returns to her play the visitor remarks, "She is seeing her happiest days," and with a half-sigh she adds: "How often I have wished I might forget my troubles and cares in a brief return of those early years with their childish delights!"

The mother's dark eyes grow sad and earnest, while the child, hearing the allusion to herself, rises from the floor and clasping two of her doll children, cries with eagerness: "I am always going to play with my dollies, I shall love them just the same when I am a woman!" With this remark she returns to her play, now caressing one of her family, now chiding another.

"The child-world is truly a realm of innocent delight and immeasurable growth to the mind of a child," thought the mother. Then as a memory, clear and distinct, of her childhood occurred to her she said: "I remember so well as a child when I reached that period of life which my mother thought too mature for playing longer with my dolls. I was grieved, for I was not yet prepared to give them up. Such a wealth of love centers about these playthings in the child-heart!"

"Mothers should not take them from their little ones, nor ridicule them for enjoying the childish happiness. So long as they cling to it, there is need for it. Growths are not all equally rapid. Let the young and tender life unfold like the flowers, slowly, perfectly. The child-mind cannot suddenly apprehend the spiritual and ideal. These gradually rise into being through their love and familiarity with real, tangible objects. I felt this tie so strongly when the thought first came to me that I would sometime abandon these my doll-things, as I saw other girls had done, I made a resolve then that if any change were to come to me which would influence me to throw them aside, it could not be right, and I would not do it. I could not then know that the change which brought me only pain was but a gentle beckoning to fairer scenes. Ah! such resolves are not alone made in childhood. How many times since have I said of a loved something in my life, 'this is right, I cannot have it changed, it is necessary to my happiness.' I have watched those loved ideals vanish, and felt in my heart the pain death brings—the death of a dear one, with whom our own life seems buried—but time has passed, and the growth brought to life made the path bright, and I saw that resolves in regard to future action are useless in the



face of development and the unfolding mind. We learn syllable by syllable."

She paused, and her visitor looked at her half wonderingly, for she was one of those women who feel and think deeply, and in her desire to be helpful felt no reluctance to express those beautiful conceptions of life and its daily duties in which even its common places were dignified and exalted. Her guest rose to go, saying it was time to get supper. She made some pleasant remarks about the beds of flowers, wishing she had time to cultivate some. The lady gathered a bouquet for her, and as she passed up the road shaded by majestic oaks, the mother watched her, feeling the fragrance of the flowers, the gentle air, and the beauty of the summer sky all blend in harmony with her spirit. Yet as she recalled her neighbor's wish for the return of childhood, her thought grew sad and she asked herself, why should this be? Should not maturity bring greater zest and richness to life than childhood? Is there not something to compensate the loss of animal spirits, the perfect ease and pleasure of motion peculiar to child life?

Is childhood the richest device of divine thought for securing joy to human life? Or is it but the foundation upon which to erect a fairer structure, growing heavenward as life advances?

The tears came to her eyes as her rapid thought solved the problem, and before her mental gaze came those men and women who have come to the burdens of life without strength and sweetness of spirit, which should help them to grow strong instead of fainting and heart-sick. She sees those who are crushed by physical pain, others by disappointment and wrong; yet these see no light, their hearts have not opened to the lessons of the passing years, they have seen the joy, the bounding health and spirit of childhood vanish with nothing to take its place. Again she sees those who are weighed down in heart and brain by the problems and burdens of life; yet is there dignity, royal strength, and gladness, which cast a halo over even the deepest gloom. The mystery of suffering has been made clear and shining to their souls. Childhood is outgrown.

"Mamma," cried the child, tired of play "come and hold me." The mother entered the house, took the child in her lap and gently rocked her. She soon fell asleep, and as the mother pressed her more closely to her heart, she resolved that full of joy as her little girl's life was she would so teach her spirit to unfold as the years passed, that she would never say, "these were her happiest days," or when her life as a woman should be full of pride and strength, weakly sigh to be again a child.

ALBION.

STRONG MINDED GIRL.

#### CARPETS AGAIN.

Rag carpets pay just because they do; seems to be the feminine logic of Zip. At least she ignores all figures; and if she is unable to state accurately the cost of any of her rag carpets, she is no exception to

the rule of authors of the favorite web. I know some women who have figured the cost closely, and claim that thirty or forty cents per yard is as cheap as it can possibly be made. This estimate never includes labor, and "fancy" carpet runs up ever so much higher. A neighbor who made such an one for her sitting-room last summer, paid out twenty dollars for dyes, warp, new cloth, (for desirable tints,) and the weaving, made herself sick by inhaling the dyes, and doesn't expect it to last more than four or five years. That twenty year-old ingrain is a fact, and not a very shabby one, either. I read of "Lignitect, the new floor covering." Can Beatrix tell us about it?

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

[Lignitect is a material more suitable for the kitchen, pantry, back halls, etc., than for use in the sitting-room. It might be used to advantage in a dining-room which it is not desirable to carpet. It is made of wood pulp, mixed with a certain gum found in the sand in Egypt, and spread upon a canvass backing, making a fabric over an eighth of an inch thick, which is then stamped in oilcloth patterns. It comes in two widths, six and twelve feet, so that an ordinary sized room can be covered without piecing, and costs \$1.10 per square yard. It is durable, much superior to oilcloth, can be cleaned easily, and water and grease do not affect it. It is as hard as wool, yet when a piece is bent or broken it cracks, and on straightening out again the break disappears and the surface is smooth and unmarred, and if bent again will break in a new place. It is handled in this city by J. H. Black & Co., carpet dealers, on Monroe Avenue.]

#### COFFEE-MAKING, AND HOW TO COVER A LOUNGE.

We consider Old Government Java or Mocha much superior to Rio. Try the different sorts until you get that which suits your taste and your purse. Whatever you choose, buy in the berry, look over carefully, and brown it yourself in small quantities, say a week's supply. It is best browned oftener, as it loses its strength rapidly after browning. Much depends on the browning. Have the oven about right for baking bread; put the coffee in a shallow pan, watch it constantly, and stir often, to have it an even, dark brown. If too light colored, it will have a raw taste; if some of the grains are burned, pick them out, they will impart a sharp taste and spoil the whole. To satisfy yourself on this point used the burned coffee by itself.

When eggs are scarce, it will be economy to settle in the berry. When cool enough to hold in the hand, turn over it the white of an egg, (the whole egg may be used,) stir until each berry is wet, return to the oven until dry, then put at once into tight cans to keep from the air.

It can be settled after grinding by moistening with white of egg, mixing well, being careful not to wet too much; if you do, it will be apt to boil over, a

portion of the coffee will stick to the sides of the coffee pot and be lost. If eggs are not to be had, wet the coffee with a very little cold water, then add the boiling water. Three or four minutes before serving set it off and throw into it a quarter of a cup of cold water. That will settle it. Turn off rapidly. Do not grind very fine; allow one heaping tablespoonful for each person; if liked very strong, and several cups are required, use a little more. Allow it to come to the boiling point, then set back on the stove where it will gently simmer from fifteen to twenty minutes. If boiled fast, much of the aroma passes off in the air with the steam. I have seen the lid of the coffee pot left open to prevent boiling over, and the best part of it was lost by this means.

I always try to make just enough so as to have no waste. This is easily done in one's own family, as you know how much each is in the habit of taking. With guests one must allow a little extra, so as to have plenty; it would be awkward not to have enough. Some always like theirs weak, so have a pitcher of hot water on the table. But however you make it, bring it to the table in the dish it is made in; never pour it into any thing but the cups. Have the sugar and cream in the cups, then fill. If cream cannot be afforded, a tablespoonful stirred into morning's milk is a great addition; or scald the milk, using it very hot. After breakfast, scald the grounds, turn off the coffee in an bowl, and add to the coffee next day. Wash and dry the coffee pot, and never use for any other purpose but coffee-making. The best coffee I ever drank was made in brown, glazed earthenware,—a large sized tea pot. I have never tried it, but think that marbleized iron ware would be better than tin.

If the coffee pot is very old it had better be discarded, as it will be impossible to make good coffee in it, if the tin is off. A good way to clean a coffee pot after washing it thoroughly, is to fill with clean water in which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been dissolved. Set it on the back of the stove for two or three hours to scald.

As a substitute for milk take yolk of an egg, stir into it sugar until quite thick. Place one spoonful of this in the cups, pour on the hot coffee, stirring a little at first.

Many have old fashioned lounges which are looked upon as nuisances because they are so untidy and used up. This is how I fixed mine, and it has been in use almost fourteen years, and is as good as ever.

I took five yards of new ticking, measured the exact length and width, cut off. Measured from the bottom and two inches above the side, took the strip which came off the width and sewed it on, like a mattress, leaving a place about a foot long in the centre of one breadth to fill it, finished with button and button-hole. Filled it with good husks, making it very full and even. I had an old quilt too shabby for the bed, this I folded four double, tacked at intervals to the tick with strong thread. It is now ready



for the outside cover, which may be pretty furniture calico, or cretonne, or better still, but more expensive, a piece of Brussels carpeting, the length of the lounge. This will wear for years, will not show the dirt, and always look well. I made a lounge pillow of ticking, filled it with hens' feathers, covered it to match the lounge, and it was done.

After a few weeks' wear it will settle and become uneven. Remove the cover and fill in those places with husks, but don't disturb those that are packed down, only fill the uneven places. This do until it remains smooth. As the cover has to be removed several times at first, tack it lightly, but when it suits you, sew on the cover, whatever the material, securely. If carpeting is used, one side of the pillow may be covered with that, the other with something soft and pretty, finished with a tidy. SISTER MARY.

MILFORD.

### COOKING VEGETABLES.

Last summer we had quite a talk about the best methods of cooking vegetables, the directions being principally confined to those then in season. A few words on the manner in which winter vegetables should be prepared, may not be inappos. Perhaps all our housekeepers do not know that beets are nice baked. Prepare them as if for boiling, remembering that it will take a little longer to bake than to boil them, but this is no objection. Allow from fifteen to twenty minutes longer for baking; then slice them and season as you would if they were boiled. One pleasing way to serve them is to chop them fine after they are cooked, and season with pepper, salt, and butter. Turnips are nice also served in this way. To boil turnips, wash, peel, cut in thin slices across the grain, and place in a kettle with as little water as possible; boil till tender enough so they can be easily pierced with a fork; drain well, season with salt, pepper and butter, mash fine and place on the stove, stirring frequently, until the water is all evaporated. They are better to be quickly cooked.

Parsnips are one of the best of our winter vegetables, and are so easily raised and preserved for use in spring and winter, that they should be found in every farmer's garden. One method of preparing them for the table is to wash, scrape, slice and cut them in half-inch dice; put them over the fire in sufficient boiling water to cover them, and boil them until they are tender; meantime put in a saucepan over the fire a heaping tablespoonful each of butter and flour, stir until they are smoothly blended, then gradually stir in about a pint of boiling water, a level teaspoonful of salt and quarter of a saltspoonful of white pepper; after the sauce has boiled for two or three minutes keep it hot by placing the saucepan containing it in a pan of hot water on the back of the stove; when the parsnips are tender drain them, pour the white sauce over them, stir them to mix it thoroughly with them, and then serve them hot. Parsnips are most agreeable to most palates, when fried,

after being boiled till tender, in hot butter till a rich golden brown. Another way which varies them somewhat is to scrape the skins, split the parsnips in slices about half an inch thick and three inches long, put them over the fire in enough boiling salted water to cover them, and boil them until they are tender. When the parsnips are tender drain them and lay them on a towel to free them from moisture; put over the fire a frying-kettle half full of fat; roll the parsnips in cracker dust, dip them in beaten egg and again roll them in cracker dust. When the fat begins to smoke drop in the breaded parsnips and brown them; when they are brown take them out of the fat with a skimmer, lay them on brown paper for a moment to free them from fat, and then serve them hot.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

QUITE a neat little bookcase or cabinet, says one of our exchanges, can be made by nailing two soapboxes together, one on top of the other, and making a shelf in each box. Cover the box with maroon paper or flannel, or sandpaper it and then stain and varnish it, inside and out. If you choose you can nail a strip of colored morocco leather with pinked edge, as a finish to each shelf. Support the cabinet on iron brackets, or stand it upon a writing table or stand.

If your layer cakes stick to the bake-pans, grease the pans and line them with tissue paper. When the cake is done, turn bottom side up on a napkin, and with a bit of cloth dipped in hot water, dampen the paper and you can peel it off in a moment.

To wash silk stockings, mittens, linen etched with silk, etc., an exchange says dissolve a very little white castile soap in lukewarm water, and wash the article quickly, with as little rubbing as possible. Do not wring, but press the water out and rinse in clear water, squeeze in a crash towel till the water is out, pull into shape and dry in the shade. When nearly dry, fold in a towel and press under a weight. Fancy stores have a process for fixing the color of embroidery silk so it will not run when washed, but the means employed are a trade secret. Another exchange says that dark colored fine cotton and lisle hosiery can be kept from fading when washed by adding a large spoonful and a half of black pepper to a pailful of hot suds. When the water becomes cool enough to wash colored things put the stockings in, wash them, rinse in one water and hang up in a shady place to dry. The pepper sets the color.

### Contributed Recipes.

**SOUR GRIDDLE CAKES.**—If you chance to have sour bread, do not throw it away; excellent pancakes can be made of it. Cut the loaf in slices, then crumb up quite fine. Pour over it boiling water, be sure every piece is wet; let stand and soak until soft. Drain off the water, beat the crumbs lightly with a fork.

To one quart of these add one quart of good buttermilk, one quart flour, three or four eggs, two large teaspoonfuls of soda. Bake on a griddle. Stale bread may be used the same way.

**HOME-MADE HONEY.**—Five pounds of good brown sugar, one quart of water; bring to a boil; skim well, and when cool add one pound of bees' honey, and four drops of peppermint essence. A better syrup can be made by using white sugar and a half pound more honey.

**MILK YEAST.**—One-half cup of new milk brought to a boil. Stir into it one tablespoonful Indian meal. Let it cool; then keep in a warm place until it rises. If set early in the morning it will be light by bedtime if not kept too warm. If by chance it should get scalded again, it will not spoil it, but it will not come so quick. As soon as light set away in a sweet, cool place. In the morning put three quarts of flour in your bread-pan, add a little salt, place in the oven to warm in cold weather. One quart of boiling water stirred in the flour, and enough water to cool it so you can hold your finger in it. Stir in the cup of yeast, mix well together, add flour to make a thick batter, cover with flour; keep in warm place until it rises, which will be in about two hours. Make into loaves, let rise again, bake. Wring a clean towel out of well water so it will not drip, put over and under the bread, and then a dry one under and over that. Now take an old, clean table cloth or sheet, fold, and place over the whole, tucking up the sides and ends. Leave until perfectly cold, then wrap the loaves up snugly, put them in a stone crock or wash-boiler and keep covered. This bread will have no hard crust, will be light, white and sweet. Scald everything well before using, if you have been making hop bread, or have had sour bread. This quantity will make four large loaves.

SISTER MARY.

MILFORD.

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