

MICHIGAN FARMER

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THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

Sometimes I am tempted to murmur
That life is flitting away;
With only a round of trifles
Filling each busy day.
Dusting nooks and corners,
Making the house look fair,
And patiently taking on me
The burden of woman's care.

Comforting childish sorrows,
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story,
Told with a mother's art;
Setting the dear home table,
And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another,
Sewing and piecing well,
Little jackets and trousers
So neatly than none can tell
Where are the seams and joinings.
Ah! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife.

And oft when I'm ready to murmur
That Time is flitting away
With the self-same round of duties
Filling each busy day,
It comes to my spirit sweetly,
With the grace of a thought divine;
Yon are living, toiling for love's sake
And the loving should never repine.

You are guiding the little footsteps
In the way they ought to walk;
You are dropping a word for Jesus
In the midst of your household talk;
Living your life for love's sake
Till the homely cares grow sweet,
And sacred the self denial
That is laid at the Master's feet.

NEW SPRING WRAPS.

If winter does not "linger in the lap of spring" till we have no occasion for spring wraps, we shall soon lay aside heavy fur trimmed and wadded garments for the lighter and more graceful garments with which the merchants are filling their counters. Ladies who have tailor made suits are provided with an outside garment, suitable for street wear at any time; that is the beauty of the tailor made suits; they can be worn anywhere, at any time, being "the fashion" for everything but full or demi-dress occasions. The jackets this spring have loose fronts, which are considerably longer than the tight fitting backs; they are trimmed with the galloons which come to match all the new colors. These cost from 20 to 30 cents per yard, or \$2 and \$3 per piece of eleven yards, for two and two and one-half inch widths. The fancy braids with threads of gilt and

silver are much used, especially a basket braid of gilt with various colors. These must be used sparingly, as they give a tawdry, "theatrical" air to a dress when used in profusion. Many of these jackets are simply finished with machine stitching, and are very neat and ladylike. Buttons are small and of silk; metal buttons are not desirable for such garments. Newmarkets for spring wear have tight fitting backs and loose fronts, with the edges machine finished. A new model has a yoke, to which the skirt is box-pleated, and is worn with a belt. Dress mantles are short and small, more frequently in colors than in black; many are made to match the dress with which they are to be worn. They are quite short in the back, have three seams which fit them to the figure, and the sides and front are cut together to form a small sleeve; the fronts reach at least half way to the knee, but are often longer. A model seen at one of our stores had but one seam in the back, from which the sides sloped downward to form a point, being cut upward again to the sleeve. A beautiful garment seen at a late opening had very narrow back forms, with sleeves of jetted grenadine lined with cardinal surah, and long tab fronts. Only the sleeves were lined with the colored surah, the remainder of the garment being made of velvet figured black surah. Trimming, jetted chenille fringe. Most of the new mantles in serge, tricot, etc., are figured with velvet, making very pretty and stylish wraps. Trimmings are the still popular chenille fringe, something new in crimped silk called "moss trimming," and frills of French lace with passementerie headings. Galloons are also used on these mantles, and in silk garments full pinked ruches of the material. Shoulder capes are still to be worn; the new style has fronts which cross like a fichu, and fasten under a knot of ribbon, a very pretty fashion. All have very high collars about the neck. Jerseys have taken fast hold on public favor; almost every lady adds one to her wardrobe for wear with skirts to which the basques are worn out. The plain wool jerseys, or those braided with fine soutache braid, are more in favor than the silk or the elaborately jetted ones, so much worn last season. A vest of velvet is sometimes set in, and the bottom trimmed with rows of narrow velvet ribbon.

A CONTRIBUTOR wishes to be told how to cook cracked wheat, in the best manner.

MY FLOWER GARDEN.

The faces, fragrance and companionship of Flora's children are and have always been very dear to me, though up to four years ago I knew but little of their habits or culture. At that time I resolved to have a few fair flowers, if not defeated by my own ignorance. I ordered thirteen sorts of annuals, mixed varieties, of Vick, the first of May, but it was late in the afternoon of a day well toward the last of the last week in May, when Bob announced "E. L. Nye, your flower beds are ready to receive that precious posy seed. I suppose you will soon be stronger than Mrs. Slack's winter butter; and healthier than Dr. Mary Walker."

This was heartless sarcasm, but I did not pay him off, because it had been no fool's job to make those two good beds, sixteen feet square, in the front yard. First the heavy sod had been removed, and then the clay beneath, so hard that it must be chopped out with the pick, was taken out to the depth of twenty inches, next boards were fitted in to form a neat frame, making a sort of deep box, which was filled, first with a deep layer of compost from the horse stables, and on this was placed a generous covering of rich garden soil, and resly I was too glad that they were at last ready to be anything but highly amused by Bob's sarcastic prophecies. I was, however very tired, having "turned off" one of those enormous forenoons' works, that have a fashion of "turning up" so promiscuously in every farm house. A few *dolce far niente* hours were just what I needed, and should have enjoyed but for those seeds waiting to be sown. So I said to myself, "It is so healthful! this working in the dirt! I shall feel a hundred per cent refreshed by it."

So I took the pretty little packets and began to make little drills, and to sow the seed in the exact order in which I wished the plants to appear in the beds, but had not been engaged in this extremely healthful diversion 15 minutes before I became wretchedly conscious that it was making me most fearfully sick! I thought of the ridicule in store for me if I made a fizzle of the first step. My grit came to the front, and I said "Live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish, I sow these seeds if I lie down in the dirt to do the work." I sowed 'em, every one; and further, I went to the orchard and brought brush, and covered the beds to save them from being disturbed by any

marauding bipeds or quadrupeds. Then I resigned myself to the agonies of a sick headache, that extended from the apex of my cranium to the minutest nerve in the nether side of my pedal extremities. And when shortly after, Bob came up from the field and found me desperately clinging to a post on the back stoop, retching and panting till the old stoop heaved, and the post shook with sympathy, he laughed loud and long, and said in a real comforting way, "Out door work and posy beds are improving your health, ar'n't they?" and then he laughed again. And I answered, "Oh dear! but you know I never could endure the smell of—of—! Oh dear! and I'll bet I won't have a single flower. Oh-h-h!" And as I crept off up stairs to bed I heard Hi and Bob both laugh and say something about "healthy for her." But fine showers and warm sunshine soon brought tiny shoots into view here and there in my little furrows; soon they were full of shoots, every seed must have germinated. I had many plants to give away, and ah! how they all did grow! And what delight I found in their companionship, and in the pastime that working among them afforded! The season was in every way favorable to them. Sweet Alyssum was the first to bloom, and then there was a succession of new buds unfolding into the loveliest of flowers, and "E. L. Nye's flowers" became quite famous in a little local way. Bouquets were gathered and sent miles away, and close at home, and the more the shears snipped off the blossoms the more blossoms there were waiting to be gathered. And I gathered from under the early snows of fall and winter many beautiful bouquets of the rich velvety French marigold, and the sweet faced, fragrant petunia. And last, but not least, brothers Hi and Bob came to love the flowers too, and to take an interest in them second only to my own; so much so, that I now have five large beds in the front yard, and they never make fun of my ability as a gardener now, but help me with such parts of the work as I have not strength to do myself, without so much teasing as it took to get the first beds made.

The second year I got my seeds from Mrs. M. A. Fuller, and have continued to get them of her every year since. And every year something new and beautiful, something that I did not expect, surprises and delights us and all our friends, in my little flower garden. I have just about made out my list for this spring, and shall avail myself of Mrs. F.'s very generous offer in a late Household; as I have always found her goods to be exactly what she claimed for them; and I have had every season, in spite of drouths and floods, a rich reward for all the labor I have given. I have made many ridiculous blunders, the worst one of all being the planting of six blossoming tuberose bulbs bottom side up. I have never made a second trial with such bulbs, much as I wish for some tuberoses. As for the healthfulness or unhealthfulness of the work, it never made me sick but the once, and the "why" of that is too

patent to need explanation; but I have found much happiness, and happiness is health—both in care and companionship of these wonderful, beautiful, growing, and speedily perishing things. Unconsciously, without effort on our part or theirs, we are by them carried out of ourselves and away from the toils and cares that perplex and burden our lives. Therefore it is good for me, and for all women who love flowers, to cultivate a flower garden in the sweet summer time.

E. L. NYE.

HOME IN-THE-HILLS.

SEEDS FOR THE FLOWER GARDEN.

Although we are enjoying little sunshine for the last of March, and though no doubt every heart in the country is longing for a change to brighter weather, we know the time is not now far distant when we may enjoy with even greater zest than usual the flowers of spring and the early work in the garden.

There are few perennial or herb seeds that are not slow to germinate; in fact the most of the herbs commonly grown are hardy perennials. All slow-sprouting plants should be started early, if not sown in autumn, and just as soon as the soil can be worked. Any chance freezing will do no harm; the most of them will come self-sowed when the plants are established. Many delay ordering seeds, and delay again after receiving them, and the weather becomes warm and the soil dry before they are planted, and then it is so long before they germinate that they are likely to be hoed up and lost, and the florist is blamed and seed condemned as worthless. There are vegetables that may be planted very late in spring, and one light shower will start them. Cucumbers and radishes will do so, but peas and tomatoes must be sown early, and so with flowering plants. While some require little care, others should have bottom heat to succeed well, or be started in the house. For sweet peas, our most charming and fragrant climber, there should be a trench dug twelve inches deep, fill it half full of well rotted manure, a part from the hen house, cover with good soil and sow thickly. A bed should be chosen where there can be no water settle, or the peas may chance to rot.

Among sweet and medicinal herbs, the fern-leaved parsley is as beautiful as a plant, and the leaves the finest grown for garnishing. I use them frequently for flat bouquets. The seed must be sown early, and where only a few seeds are sown a glass dish inverted over them will hasten the germinating process. Pennyroyal is, I think, well known everywhere, but when cultivated would scarcely be recognized, it grows so thrifty, and the flowers are so much more conspicuous. The excellence of this plant as a febrifuge and emmenagogue may not be quite well understood.

Most of the herbs of which I have offered seed are hardy perennials, and the annuals are not tender. They require rich, well cultivated soil, and must be

kept clear from weeds, and thinned out if they are sown too thickly. I will classify the different varieties in regard to habit. The perennials are balm, hyssop, lavender, rosemary, sage, sweet fennel, sweet marjorum, thyme, parsley and wormwood; all others are very hardy, and the most of them will come self-sown if allowed to seed.

Mr. Ferry times the sowing of herbs in April in seed bed, and says transplant in June. I have usually sowed seeds the last or middle of April, but the weather must decide; and it saves labor to sow where they are to remain, in a small garden. Caraway and dill are raised for the seed as spices or confections; lavender for its perfume and distillation. I think the uses of the others are well known. The herbs should be cut when in bloom and allowed to wilt in the sun, then spread on papers in the shade and thoroughly dried, when not sold freshly gathered. This rule will apply to herbs usually saved for family use, which are too frequently gathered any time before frost, tied up, and hung in the garret to "waste their fragrance." Catnip is a very useful herb, and the time and way to gather it is when the flowers are faded; strip the flower heads from the stems and dry them, as these only are used.

Seeds of herbs, perennials and climbers at six packages for 25c; 13 for 50c; 30 for \$1. Packages of mixed varieties, 10c each. Choice pansy, carnation, stock, verbena, hollyhock, oxalis, double portulacca, *Calendula meteor* and rubectia, 10c per package, three for 25c. Good bulbs of double Pearl tuberose, 10c each, three for 25c; house-grown Maderi vine bulbs, 10c each, four for 25c. Send postal note for sums of 25c or over, smaller sums in one and two cent stamps. MRS. M. A. FULLER.

Box 297, Fenton, Mich.

WHAT ONE FARMER'S WIFE DOES IN WINTER.

After getting the children off to school, sweeping, and attending to many other duties only women know about, I took up the Household, and what should I see but the "wail" from Huldah Perkins, "What do farmers' wives do in the winter?" It would be easier for me to say what we do not do, there is so much less of it. Do, indeed! why spend two dreadful hours every morning thawing things, to begin with, where we cool them in warm weather at five o'clock. Then the washing, ironing, mopping, churning, baking, cooking, and most discouraging of all, the sewing, which will not stay done; a woman has no sooner got the family all comfortable, from the head of the house down to the baby, than she has to commence over again, for if the garments are not worn out they are out-grown. Then there are the social calls, the company, which comes at unexpected times, like the measles. A friend who was visiting here yesterday, with five others, said: "You look thin; I guess you work too hard; with your family of seven, and average family of seventeen, you ought to have help." Perhaps he got the figures a little

high, but the idea conveyed was correct. No small care in our family in winter is sickness, bad colds, croup, worms, burned and cut fingers; and then the multitude of wants which no one but mother can attend to, and none but the mother of a baby can realize! My cry (unlike that of the Pioneer lady) is more time or less work, I would prefer the latter. Couldn't we divide up some way to equalize it a little? Any suggestions looking to that end will be gratefully received.

SOUTH LYON.

ANONYMOUS.

THE OLD, OLD QUESTION.

Among the many subjects now under discussion, the question how women can not only earn, but obtain money, interests me. I have puzzled my head, laid plans and thought for hours on that same deeply interesting subject. The Household letters have been read with eagerness, and I would thank the writers, and at the same time I would like to point to the other side of the question. In the Household of Jan. 13th., Reality makes this assertion: "Every wife knows she is inferior to her hired girl in this respect, she at least has the privilege of buying what she pleases, without the accompanying 'Remember it is hard times,' 'Can not you get along with less?,' and adds we all feel the wrong, but how are we to help ourselves? Now I would advise all wives, and especially the farmers' wives, to let the matter of earning drop. I used to think I must find some way to earn money, but the markets are over-run with eggs, and fruit in its season, and as to raising chickens, which requires a great deal of care and trouble, I cannot see how our already busy farmers' wives are to get the time, or capital. Not that I do not appreciate all that our editor has said, and think a woman with a little capital and a small family, where every moment is not employed, could make a good profit, but in my own experience I have come to the conclusion that when money is wanted, the best way is to ask for a horse and buggy, and state what you wish to buy. If money is to be had I generally get it; if not I just get ready and go to town, and buy what I require, purchasing only what we need. I have no trouble to get it charged to the "gude mon," who pays when it is most convenient. Men cannot give money any time of the year to their wives, or to pay hired help; there are times when the pocket is empty, though the heart may be ever so willing. Now in my opinion this is the better way; of course to be independent is more to our liking and disposition. I always dislike to say "You may charge the bill of goods, I have not the money now," but that is the only way. It is the husband's duty to pay for the wife's clothing and other expenses, and I think this trying to support ourselves, yet do all the work for the family and receive no money, is not right. I agree with all that has been said on dividing the profits, but if that is not done just buy what is needed and have the bills charged.

But above all things let our lives be lives of patience and forbearance; let us not mourn over the seeming faults of our husbands and friends, but try to be content, then try to remember that to each of us

"Life is too brief for trifling,
There is work for each and all
Let us 'be up and doing,'
Heeding our Master's call.

"For duties grave and earnest,
Each opening year must bring,
As each one brings us nearer
To the 'eternal spring.'

"Then, when these annual seasons
Have ceased their earthly round,
May we among the reapers
With precious sheaves be found."

BRIDGEWATER.

MAYBELLE.

MORE ABOUT CHICKENS.

I am not ashamed to own I love chickens while growing, and on the table, too. It has always been a pleasure for me to care for them, and I would like to raise turkeys, too, were it not for the opposition I meet from my better-half. I have always had good success, and feel well paid for all my trouble; besides, the work takes my mind from the cares of the kitchen. I have spent hours watching my little chicks, and admiring their beautiful heads, the way they run around searching for food, and how freely the mother hen gives to her pets before she will partake herself, showing a mother's love and care.

It is impossible for me to have good luck in keeping my chickens unless I have the coops near the house, where I can attend to feeding them regularly, coop them at night, and feed them before the dew is off in the morning. My husband has always wanted me to let my chicks take care of themselves at the barn. I set two hens in a manger and each hatched twelve strong chickens. I fed them several days, as long as I thought best to leave them without getting to the ground, and then took them out; they were a pretty flock, and I felt sorry to leave them at the barn, because I realized what the result would be. In a few days they began to drop off, a cow stepped on three in one day. I went out one night to see if I could see them; there sat one hen on the manger, and her little ones huddled together in one corner on the ground. I pushed the hen off and went to the house disgusted, saying I never would have anything to do with chickens at the barn, such work as that would make me nervous and give me dyspepsia.

I attended to those I had in coops, and in the fall had some nice chickens to sell; they were the Plymouth Rocks. I believe in feeding them three times a day as long as they are shut up, but when they are let out, twice a day will do. I always keep their meal wet so it will swell; and if it gets sour it does not hurt, they will grow nicely. I give them a change often, and plenty of water or milk. Last year I fed screenings, and had good luck. When large enough to leave their coops I feed them in my park, which I made by driving lath into the ground, but I always feed the hens, too. I am satisfied there is as much money in raising chickens and

selling eggs as there is in anything else on a farm, according to the capital invested, and both should be used on the table more freely. MRS. EDWARDS.

HORTON.

SOME USEFUL HINTS.

If any one wants a cloth steaming hot to relieve neuralgia or other pains, do not blister your hands by wringing it out of hot water. Wring the cloth out of cold or warm water and lay it in an empty tin pan or wash basin, set the dish on a hot stove; in three or five minutes the cloth will be as hot as the patient can bear it.

Did you ever make a rag carpet without coloring the warp and rags? The doctor's wife made one that way, and it looked clean and nice. The stripes were made of old brown calico dresses and green gingham aprons. Each color was sewed by itself, and a narrow stripe of white. Only cotton rags were used, as a cotton carpet will wear longer than one made of cotton and wool rags. The woolen rags are nice to work up into mats for the bedrooms.

The White Vienna Kohl Rabi is a nice early vegetable that comes soon after asparagus. Start the seeds in the hot-bed, the same as tomatoes; when about three or four inches high, transplant in the garden, about one foot apart. When the balls are from one-third to one-half the size of a teacup they are large enough to cook.

I am interested in gardening and would like to know how to raise cauliflowers. I am going to set out an acre and a half of blackberry plants this spring, six by eight feet apart. Would it be all right to grow the cauliflowers between the berry plants? The land was plowed and harrowed last fall. I have doubts about the soil being rich enough to raise cauliflowers. Is it a good plan to use fertilizers in the hill? If so, what kind? JUSTINA.

[We see no reason why the cauliflower and blackberry should not flourish side by side during the infancy of the latter, if the soil is rich enough to support both. The cauliflower requires much the same soil and treatment as the cabbage, which needs a deep, fertile, moist soil. Read A. C. G. on the use of fertilizers in the hill in a late FARMER. We believe it would be much better to thoroughly enrich all the soil, since the blackberry plantation will need plant food for several successive seasons. HOUSEHOLD ED.]

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

I have a suggestion for Farmer John: Buy a large scrap book, and use it for preserving things of value found in the FARMER from time to time; my word for it you will find it much more convenient than looking over a large file of papers, even as small as the Household. I am sure the wife or daughter will take pride in arranging and pasting them in.

I would like to ask a question: When entertaining company over night, whose place is it to mention going to bed, the host's or hostess's or the visitor's? I think the former, and have always done tha

way; but a friend of mine visiting friends, after riding forty miles had to sit up until twelve o'clock before anything was said about going to bed; but when the visit was returned the gentleman spoke of going to bed at early bed time. As they were quite stylish people she would like to know if that is the proper way to do.

Will the Editor please give us her opinion of the modern skating rink.

What has become of our correspondent at Wessington, Dakota?

PLAINWELL.

AUNT NELL.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

If the juice boils out of your pies, wet a cloth an inch wide in warm water, and put around the edge. For chicken pies it must be wide enough to come well over the edge of the pan.

Try sifted coal ashes for cleaning your knives and forks. If you do not burn coal, beg a pailful of a friend who does, sift it and put it away in a cracked can, or some other old dish and have it ready for future use.

Will somebody tell me why my scarlet lily does not bloom. I have two, one I let new sprouts grow around, and the other I do not. They are both quite old, but have never had a blossom.

BROOKLYN.

ALICE R.

CHAT FROM A NEW MEMBER.

When our Household Editor a short ago inquired for such a number of absent contributors, and wished for more new ones, I concluded to try my pen, and have my say in a few words.

I see in last week's Household that how women can earn money, has come up again. I would ask what can a woman do for herself, when she has by the strictest economy and self denial, laid by a few dollars towards purchasing some long coveted article of furniture, or a new cloak to replace the old rusty one of which she has long been ashamed, when her husband comes in "smiling," and asks for two or three dollars to pay a hired man, or tells her he lacks so much to pay his taxes, and she, like a faithful and helping wife gives it to him, but he forgets to pay it back; and if his wife dares, trembling, to ask for it, is met by the response, "How come you by that money? I guess it was mine, and I will keep it." All will agree with me, that he belongs to the class of men who says "What is my wife's is mine, and what is mine is my own." I know a man who, when one of his sons works out and earns a few shillings, has the money paid over to him; he says there can be but one purse in his family.

Pansy's thoughts on visiting and visitors, are mine precisely. I think short visits (unless among relatives) are enjoyed most by both parties.

I am among those who are obliged to use rag carpets for my family sitting-room, because I do not feel able to buy,

and also because I believe them the most desirable, where there are men with heavy boots, such as farmers generally wear. In selecting prints and gingham, for everyday wear, I purchase bright and durable colors, use care in washing and drying, and when I sew and wind them, am careful to have the right side out, by being thus careful I save much dyeing. I never dye much but white rags. I can say without boasting that my carpets are called handsome. As I have to make one this spring, I would like some one to give a recipe for coloring a good brown on cotton.

GRAND BLANC.

[We will be glad to have the tried recipes you mention. Sister Mary's coloring recipes in the last Household will supply your want.]

"M." of Lapeer, says: "I will venture to suggest that the reason the lady's taffy grained was because of stirring when nearly done. I used granulated sugar as the recipe said, and had no trouble with it. It should be pulled with the tips of the fingers only, most people use the whole hand and spoil it, I think."

We are compelled to condense some of our correspondents' letters somewhat this week, owing to an unusual supply of "copy." Will try to find room to answer several queries next week.

JOHN'S WIFE gives housekeepers a hint that to dampen a cloth, dip in soda, and rub on tinware will brighten it nicely. Zinc lined sinks are quickly cleansed with a little kerosene. She suggests Huldah Perkins can spend spare time in making a crazy quilt. She has had excellent luck with chickens, prefers Plymouth Rocks, and advises making them very tame. In setting the hens, mark the eggs with a pencil, then keep watch for unmarked eggs and remove them. If the hens are tame this can be done without disturbing them. She also warns housekeepers not to be too ambitious in cleaning house, saying it is best to take one room at a time, and settle that before proceeding to the next.

Contributed Recipes.

SPONGE CAKE.—Beat one cup of sugar and two eggs thoroughly. Add one heaping cup of sugar, with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder well stirred in. Stir it thoroughly, then add 12 teaspoonfuls of sweet milk. Bake in a long shallow pie tin. If you wish it extra nice, make icing in the following manner:

Boil one cup of granulated sugar and five tablespoonfuls of sweet milk five minutes; then remove from the stove and stir constantly till it begins to thicken; then apply to the cake as soon as possible. If it does not thicken, it has not boiled long enough. For Rose Mary. ALICE R.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth; one pint of thick sweet cream whipped to a froth; two and a half cups sugar; quarter box of Cox's gelatine. Put the gelatine in half a cup sweet milk and boil until dissolved; cool; stir into the above and flavor with lemon. Set the whole on ice, or the

coolest place you have until ready for use. This has been tested and found good.

CREAM COOKIES.—One and a half cups sour cream; one and a half cups sugar; one egg, not beaten; one teaspoonful saleratus; half a teaspoonful cream tartar; a little salt; flavor to taste. Put the sugar, cream tartar and saleratus into the flour; mix well before adding the other ingredients. Sprinkle granulated sugar on top, roll lightly and bake, not too slowly.

X. Y. Z.

BATTLE CREEK.

RECIPE FOR CORN BREAD.—Mrs. Edwards of Horton, furnishes us the following rhyming recipe for corn bread, which she says is taken from her scrap book:

One cup sour milk, one cup sweet;
One good egg, that you will beat;
Half a cup molasses, too,
Half cup sugar add thereto;
With one spoon of butter new,
Salt and soda each a spoon.
Mix up quickly and bake it soon.
Then you have corn bread complete,
Best of all corn bread you meet.
It will make your boy's face shine,
If he is like that boy of mine.
If you have a dozen boys,
To increase your household joys,
Double then this rule I should,
And you'll have two corn cakes good.
When you've nothing nice for tea,
This the very thing will be.
All the men that I have seen,
Say it is of all cakes queen;
Good enough for any king,
That a husband home can bring;
Warming up the human stove,
Cheering up the hearts you love;
And only Tyndall can explain
The links between corn bread and brain.
Get a husband what he likes,
And save a hundred household strikes.

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