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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

BE A WOMAN.

Oft I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out the other duty—
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something
Made of hoops and silks and airs,
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy rugs and chairs?
Is it one who wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
"Woman" is the brightest star.
If you, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less strongly
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman! Brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind and soul and body
Blend to work out life's great duty.
Be a woman; naught is higher
On the gilded crest of time;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.
—Montague Marks.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

Certain it is that the question of help in the farmhouse kitchen is an important one, one that has considerable influence on the operations of the farming community. Ambitious and enterprising men are obliged to curtail their operations and limit their enterprises to the ability of the wife who must bear the brunt of the kitchen labor; for a man with either heart or conscience will never enter into a new undertaking without considering what it will mean to his wife, what new duties it will bring to her and her strength to perform them.

Desirable help is scarce and high priced in town; it is harder to obtain in the country where the work is harder and the isolation greater. There is, however, no lack of girls; girls who want work, yet are insulted if you suggest housework. I heard the other day of a young woman who waited upon a business man in his office, importuning him for employment. She *must* have work, she said; her father had lost his place, her brother was also idle, it was necessary she should do something toward her own support. Yet when she was offered a place in his family, to assist his wife, she flounced out of the

office without even the courtesy of "good morning." The average girl will go into a store or anywhere else at a profit of nothing a week rather than into anybody's kitchen at three dollars every Saturday night. Why? Simply because household service is ranked lowest in the social scale. The shop girl and the servant girl are as wide apart, socially, as my Lady Lofty and the woman who trudges in the dust of her carriage. There are some queer things in the world; one is that a woman may sweep her own rooms, cook her own dinner, wash her own clothes, in her own house, and retain her social dignity; but if she performs the same work in another's house she loses that indefinable something we call caste.

An undue exaltation of brain work over hand work prevails everywhere, making our social gradations. The world over, brain workers rank higher, socially, than hand workers. The valuation is false, for brains and hands are interdependent; faithful handwork requires brains for its execution, and brain labor must be supplemented by manual tasks to keep up the physical strength essential to its greatest vigor. It often seems to me as if the less brains a girl has the more she despises housework. Yet it is less the fault of the girls than of those who teach them to go anywhere, do anything, rather than go into the kitchen. Even a writer as sensible as "Jenny June" is usually, says: "The world is gradually becoming woman's oyster as well as man's; and if she is wise she will open it with her brains, instead of her hands."

Under existing circumstances, those unwritten but inexorable laws which assign social standing, there is something to be said on the girls' side. I am speaking less now of the foreign element who essay housework and drive our housekeepers frantic by their ignorance and stupidity than of the bright American girls, poor, in need of money, yet resolved never to "disgrace" themselves in another woman's kitchen. To a young person, unduly but quite naturally sensitive to public opinion, it is most mortifying, most humiliating, to hear some one say in company or on the street, "Who is she? Oh, only Mrs. Blank's hired girl!" I don't think I should like it myself. A four-year old sent from the kitchen because of some misdemeanor, by the power there, screams back "You're only my mamma's hired girl." The mother reprimands the child, but never says a word to correct the idea that the "hired

girl" belongs to another and an inferior class of humanity. Kate Gannett Wells, in her book "About People," very amusingly satirizes our social gradations, and remarks that the lower people are in the social scale the more jealous they are of their dignity, the more careful not to mix with those "beneath them."

It is useless to deny that the average girl looks forward to marriage as, if not the chief aim of woman's life, at least the usual fate of all attractive and charming girls. She expects to marry, her friends expect it of her. I heard the remark made recently, "Young men aren't going into the kitchen for their wives nowadays." You can't blame a girl, educated to believe she must "make a good match," if she declines to do what will injure her prospects of so doing. Knowing Prince Prettyman will not think of looking among the pots and pans for her, she proposes to take her chances with the rest in the great matrimonial mart, that at least the Prince may have the opportunity of noting her charms. It would be statistically interesting to know how many of these housekeepers who inveigh so loudly against the reluctance of the girls to go out to service, would be willing to allow their own daughters to assume a domestic's duties in a neighbor's kitchen. How many well-to-do farmers' wives would be willing their sons should go courting a neighbor's "hired girl," even though she were his equal in all respects? A few would consider the girl's virtues, more her position. Parents naturally wish their children to "marry well," yet their idea is usually rather to marry property than "well" in that better sense which means domestic experience, good roundabout common sense, adaptability, and best of all, mutual affection. The girl who knows how to order a home, how to cook palatable food, how to make her own clothes, is a far more suitable wife for a young man who has his way to make in the world, even if he finds her in somebody's kitchen, than the white-handed, empty-headed, indolent miss who would grumble from morning till night because life is not a perpetual picnic. We have, happily, no titled aristocracy, nor yet a class compelled to servitude; any man may rise from the ranks to the highest place among his fellow men, but society is more cruel to womenkind; or perhaps, since women are social leaders, their petty jealousies, spites and prejudices conspire to keep their fellow woman down, unless she is so gifted by

nature that she will not be put down. Farmers' families know less of these social distinctions than any other class, yet even they are far from free from prejudices of caste. Somebody has both wittily and wisely said the real democratic feeling lies not in self-assertion, "I'm as good as you are," but in equality, "You're as good as I am."

For my own part I have respect and esteem for those girls who disregard these petty, ignoble ideas respecting domestic service. The humblest work, well done, adds honor to the doer. It is far more honest and honorable to be a good efficient hired girl than a poor school teacher, or sit idly at home while an overburdened father works hard that we may eat and be clothed. But till an unwilling world is convinced that intelligent household service demands more culture and brains than daubing in water colors, or spoiling fair white china, I expect we shall mourn because the girls refuse to engage in work which gives people opportunity to "look down upon" them.

BEATRIX.

OUR MOTHER.

At the close of one of those occasional busy, trying, vexing, tangled days, I found my heart filled with discontent, and repining thoughts that might have found expression in words, had not I turned and looked into the calm and peaceful face of our mother, who for three score, ten and seven years has been numbered with the people of this earth, and whose life, "Morn after morn, these long years through," has been filled "with trifling tasks so often done, with cares which come with every sun," and without complaint has borne the tiny stings of every day. And now in the quiet evening of life, living more in the past than the present, amid old scenes and friends of her youth, she seems waiting.

Only waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the light of earth is faded
From the hearts once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

As I listen to her interesting accounts of the trials, hardships and the poverty of pioneer life in Michigan fifty years ago, my own sink into insignificance, and I am ashamed to call these hard times. I find myself asking the question shall we, like her, in passing through the sorrows and trials that come into the lives of all, learn the most difficult of all lessons, patience and charity, that charity that suffereth long and is kind, endureth, hopeth, beareth, believeth. Perhaps these more than any other of life's lessons are learned alone from mother, the mantle that falls from the mother upon the child. Not only by her words are we taught, but by her life, her character, silent but potent influences which remain with us even unto death. An aged lady in speaking of her mother who passed away over fifty years ago said, "In these my declining years, when weary or sick, I yearn for the sympathy and care of my

mother. I long to have her hold me as when a child." To me it was one of the most touching tributes to a mother's memory I ever heard. Yet equally touching is the recorded fact that the last word more than any other on the lips of our dying soldier boys, was "mother." These instances show how the memory of mother's love and watchful care is constantly with us, her influence has made its impress for eternity, and this thought brings to us, into whose hands have been placed the care of children, an overwhelming sense of responsibility. And the evils of the present hour, the uncertainties of the future world, make the weight of this responsibility unbearable; it would crush us, were we not permitted to cast our burden on the Lord, and know that he will hear and answer our cry, "Father guide us; may our lives be to our children what mother's has been to us, and may we in our last days, like her, be conscious that we have done what we could."

PALO.

JANNETTE.

A TALK TO THE GIRLS.

I have been reading the articles in the Household, on "How women can earn money." In some cases it is almost a wail of anguish from woman's heart. I do not know how it can be remedied in those cases, but will it not be wise in every mother who has daughters to see to it that each and every one has some means given her whereby she can earn her own living? In other words, cultivate a specialty, and for fear the mothers will say "all bosh," I want to talk to you girls myself. I shall take the ground that you have a specialty to cultivate, and first you must find out what it is; this accomplished go to work. You must work hard; you must do your own paddling. Set a stake a long way off and work up to it; in other words have an aim. It has always been said that "the boys outstrip the girls," and the reason lies right here. You may stand side by side in the schoolroom, pass examination creditably, receive your diploma, and go home. The boy goes out in the world with the idea in his mind that if he ever amounts to anything he must work for it; he puts his education to practical use, and that is where our ministers and lawyers and statesmen come from. If fortune does not come to them they hammer it out, blow by blow. What do you do? Dawdle away the time drumming on the piano or organ, perfectly oblivious to the fact that mother is working out in the kitchen, bang your hair, and wear ribbon by the piece. Your diploma is put in some very conspicuous place, and you look up and down the road for that prince to come and take you off to his castle in Spain. Now he may never come, or if he does he is very liable to drive past, and you will go on dreaming, which is the worst thing a woman can do; mental indolence will become habitual before you are aware of it, "one's thoughts flow onward in a pleasant gurgling stream, a sort of intellectual lullaby, coming no-whence, going no-whither." It was once considered a virtue

for women to spin and handle the needle, no matter how high their rank. The cotton gin and sewing machine have revolutionized these things. The world is very liberal in its views, it wants your very best thing, you can cultivate your highest gift and utilize it; this is a practical form of philanthropy, for every step upward that you take gives the woman next below a chance to rise. Prof. Swing says:

"The rhetoric thrown at women of property for not doing their own work, could only be useful in an age of fashionable idleness, but in a busy age, it is a part of nature's law that what are called the better classes shall leave for the poorer classes some labor to be done, just as the Mosaic law left some sheaves in the field for the gleaners. The world's work is to be apportioned according to the need and capability of its workers, and the higher order of power must not encroach upon the task which nature seems to have set apart for the employment and support of the less capable."

If you cultivate your specialty you will secure your independence; you need not ask the world's pity, you will have its respect, and if you deserve it, its honor; or if you choose to hide your light under a bushel or fold your talent in a napkin, the world is too thoroughly selfish to come and tell you to bring it forth, but you will feel her lash on your back, see frowns instead of smiles, poverty in place of riches. Your best gift will earn your bread and butter. "Be not simply good, be good for something." Carlyle says "The man who owns a sixpence commands the world—to the extent of that sixpence." Many a sermon has been preached from the text "This one thing I do." On the top of the great St. Bernard, a lady asked the hospitable father, a noble young monk, "How is it that you, so gifted and well taught, are spending your life away up here among eternal snows?" He answered, "It is my vocation." These are very uncertain times; riches take wings suddenly; plenty may be your fortune to-day, poverty to-morrow; what will you do, if it comes to your door? Remember it is not so much what you do, if you do it well; "The value of skilled labor is estimated on a democratic basis, nowadays." William Vanderbilt's French cook receives the same salary as our President; the President of Harvard University, the cook in the Parker House restaurant, and the editor of *Harper's Bazar*, each receive four thousand a year. Perhaps you are dreaming still of "a gallant, gallant lad, die, who will shield you in his plaidie frae the cauld, cauld blast." Ah! but we see homes where yesterday the family circle was complete, to-day the "gude man" is gone, and the wife must depend on brain and hand for bread. Not in one home, but in ten thousand homes intemperance enters, and the husband and father sinks lower and lower, spending his evenings and nights at the drinking dens, while the wife sits at home through the long weary hours waiting his return—the wife whose brain or hand keeps the little children from want, now that their "strong staff" is broken, and their beautiful rod."

"It is a principle in public as well as private economy, that the wisest foresight provides for the remotest contingency." No matter how rich you are, perfect yourself in some one thing, master something with which you can earn your bread in case you should be obliged to. The years you so spend will be your best years, cultivating the best gift God gave you. Those *ad interim* years which separate the graduate's diploma from the bride's marriage certificate, can they possibly be invested better than in the acquisition of some useful trade or profession? Margaret Fuller said: "No woman can give her hand with loyalty until she has learned how to stand alone. It is not so much what comes to you, as what you come to, that determines whether you are a winner in the great race of life. Never forget that the only indestructible material in destiny's fierce crucible is character. Say this, not to another, say it to yourself; utter it early and repeat it often: Fail me not, thou."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGALINE.

DRESSES FOR THE GIRLS.

The *Bazar* says girls from twelve to sixteen years of age have adopted what is called the Eton jacket as part of their summer dresses, wearing it with an under waist, a kilt skirt and sash drapery. This Eton jacket is a very short jacket, hardly reaching to the waist line, sloping away in front over a vest, and close fitted like a basque behind. The front only is trimmed. The vest is prettiest made of pleated or gathered silk under the jacket. The skirt is made in narrow kilt pleats. The sash drapery is made by drawing a single width of narrow material across the front and hips and arranging it in two loops and long ends behind. For wash dresses the plain round skirt, tucked, with sash bow at the back, made of the dress goods, the ends tucked and edged with embroidery, is worn with a yoke waist, the yoke being tucked or striped with insertion, in which case the belt is also of insertion. White mull dresses are shirred at the neck and above and below the belt, with skirts tucked nearly to the shirring, or with two or three lace-edged ruffles. A ribbon sash is worn. Bright jackets of red, blue or golden brown serge are made for wear over white on cool days. Nun's veiling dresses are made with plain basque waists, buttoned or laced behind, with pleated skirts, the prettiest trimming being many rows of narrow satin ribbon. The overskirt has an apron front, with sash bows and ends behind. Girls eight and twelve years old now wear the Gretchen dress at first worn only by those of four and five years; this has been described in the *Household*. Flannel dresses are made with kilt skirts and sailor blouses. Black and navy blue dresses are worn almost universally. Wraps intended for girls from seven to twelve are made of mixed chevrons or plaid flannels, with three wide box pleats in front and back, are cut as long as the dress skirt, and belted down with a wide belt. A dress quite

popular has three straight widths gathered to the waist, with no belt, but a simple sash of the goods sewed to the under arm seams and tied behind; this sash is cut across the goods, its length being from selvedge to selvedge. The newest child's apron consists of two straight widths of yard wide goods, hemmed, with two or three narrow tucks; the top is turned over and shirred on tapes to fit front and back. Small half arm holes are cut at the seams, and strings attached to tie over the shoulder, making a loose garment something like a Mother Hubbard without the yoke.

CITY OF NEW ORLEANS.

New Orleans is a city of about 250,000 inhabitants, is built in a bend of the Mississippi River, hence the name of "Crescent City." On the opposite side of the river is the city of Algiers, containing some 15,000 people.

New Orleans covers a large area of country, as, except the closely built up business portion, the residences have large grounds and yards around them. In the southern portion of the old town the old style of high walls, arched gateways, and inner courts prevails, giving it a foreign appearance strange to the Northern visitor. These spacious grounds are shaded with magnificent live oak and magnolia trees; the last, although out of bloom, are very beautiful, with their thick, waxen green leaves. Several varieties of roses were in bloom, and many strange flowers mingled their sweet perfume with them. The orange trees show ripe and green fruit and flowers, and add to the beauty of the scene.

The ground on which the city is built is low, being below the level of the river at high water. The drainage is by open ditches at each side of the streets, into small canals, and opening back into Lake Pontchartrain, three or four miles back of the city. These are very sluggish, often become obstructed, when they are converted into noisome stagnant pools, foul with filth, and emitting the most villainous smells. Thus the serpent of disease lies coiled among the beauties, inviting pestilence to enter and possess the land. Most of the streets are narrow; all, including alleys and courts, are dirty. There are some wide streets, having two roadways with a double line of shade trees between. In some cases a drainage canal runs between the trees, in others a street-car track fills the space.

New Orleans has a first-class street-car service; lines radiate to all parts of the city, cars run every three minutes, fare five cents. On one line, operated by steam, the fare is ten cents. The cars are all "bobtails," but drivers are attentive. No gentleman thinks of giving up his seat to a lady, although he would "jump out of his boots" to pass her fare. Smoking on the cars is strictly prohibited, and a driver who should allow it would, if reported, be at once discharged. The management make great efforts to supply plenty of cars for all occasions. There are 150 miles of street-car lines in the city.

The soil is wet and porous. No wells

can be dug or cellars made. Rain water is universally used; great iron bound wooden tanks, often reaching up to the eaves, are seen at every house. It is said that the United States Custom House has settled down one story. The dead are interred in tombs, which are blocks of masonry, with receptacles for coffins, one or more tiers in height, which when occupied are sealed up. Others construct a vault with a small room inside, into which the recesses open. The cemeteries are thus literally "cities of the dead." There are several fine parks and monuments; Jackson's, in Jackson Square; Lee's, in Lee Circle; Clay's, on Canal Street, and Franklin's, on Lafayette Street, are very fine. The St. Louis Cathedral, built in 1724, is a veritable curiosity, as is the French market near it. No city of its size has so many places of amusement. There are many points of interest in and around the city. A visit to Shell Beach, on the Gulf of Mexico, is well worth the expense and time necessary. Taking the cars at ten o'clock you soon come to the United States barracks and drill ground, and other objects of interest are pointed out as you pass. You are allowed forty minutes to inspect the "Old Battle Ground," where the breastwork line is still plainly visible. A portion of the grounds was set apart for a National cemetery during the late war, and 19,000 brave "boys in blue" now rest in that hallowed ground, known as Chalmette Cemetery. Long lines of white headstones, closely planted, run seemingly as far as eye can follow. We gain clearer ideas of the magnitude of the sacrifices made for the Union after such experiences. Everything is kept in neat order; the grounds are enclosed with massive walls of masonry, and a keeper resides on the premises.

Near the fortifications we were shown the headquarters of Gen. Jackson, a low wooden house, and further on, the house in which Gen. Packenham died, a two story brick, now much dilapidated. Sugar plantations, fine houses, magnolia and orange groves and tropical plants were numerous. Further on we saw St. Bernard, the oldest town in Louisiana, and its cemetery with tombs one hundred years old. As we near the Gulf we pass numerous lagoons, and see Fort Beauregard in the distance. At last we reach the salt water, and gaze on the bank of shells piled high and running along the coast as far as we can see. There is a pier built out nearly half a mile, we walked out to the end, took a breath of salt water air, left our autograph, tasted the water and returned.

On our way back we saw an alligator swimming through a piece of open water. The cars stopped at a cane-brake to allow passengers to gather some cane and moss. Their eagerness called out the remark from a Southerner on board: "Those d—n Yankees want everything. They would carry off the forest if they could." We collected a good number of shells, a supply of moss and other curiosities, and were well pleased with the interesting trip.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

MOTHERS are often driven to their wits' ends to invent some amusement which will keep the children quiet and stop the teasing for "something new to play with." A dissected picture is a good thing, and one can make a homemade one by pasting a picture on pasteboard and then cutting it in irregular bits. A horse or a cow will please the boys; a bouquet of flowers or a well dressed lady the girls.

WE have a new use for chicken fat, advocated by experienced housekeepers. It is said to be superior to the finest butter for making the most delicate cake. The chickens are to be boiled, and no salt used; there will then be not the slightest flavor of fowl. Of course the fat must be used while it is fresh and sweet, and, since it is so solid, probably a trifle less in quantity than of butter. Will some of our good housekeepers try this, and report results to the Household?

ONE of our exchanges tells how to make an oilcloth out of an old carpet: "Take old rag carpet, or any kind will do. Tack it down somewhere where it will not have to be moved. Be sure to have the edges straight. Then make some thin starch and with an old brush go over it, being careful to brush the starch in good. When dry, paint it three coats; light brown or dust color is the best. Paint it once a year after that, and you will have something that will wear for years. It can be mopped like a floor and scrubbed, too, if necessary. The less woolen rags in it the better."

TAKE a low, oblong box, or order one made to suit you, having a hinged lid or cover. Cover the inside with paper muslin and the outside with some pieces of ingrain or Brussels carpeting; or with any heavy cloth, cushioning the top for a foot rest. On each end fasten an upright piece of wood, which may be an old table leg if nothing better comes to hand, or a straight strip of wood, which should be stained or else ebonized. Have these strips cut off slanting on top just the right height for convenience, and firmly morticed into an inch plank, which forms a shelf for a dictionary or other heavy book. A pretty scarf thrown over this makes it quite ornamental as well as useful. The box is used to keep slippers in. This is a convenient thing to have, and any clever man or boy can manage the woodwork while the wife or sister does the upholstering.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Indiana Farmer* tells how to freshen and renew an old black silk or cashmere dress: Rip it apart and pick out the threads, brush thoroughly to remove the dust. To ten quarts of water add two ounces of aqua ammonia and bluing enough to make the water very dark in color. Take the pail of water and the pieces out to the clothes-line, dip each piece up and down in the water a few times and hang it on the line wrong side out, putting the pins close to the edges so as not to leave marks. Do

not wring the pieces on any account, let them drip. As soon as the pieces are partially dry, but still quite damp, be ready to iron them. Pin a dark woolen cloth over the ironing board, making it and the blanket under it perfectly smooth, as every fold will leave a glossy mark on the cashmere. Press carefully on the wrong side till thoroughly dry, and you will be surprised to see how clean and fresh and black the goods will look. Re-made in a different style, with fresh trimmings, one can delude Mrs. Grundy into believing she has a new dress.

SEVERAL correspondents have given substantially the same method of packing ham as that furnished by Aunt Nell, in our last issue, hence, while grateful for the ready response, it is unnecessary to repeat. Mrs. D. W. P. advises packing a few slices tightly in a jar, using a potato masher to pack solidly, then pour in melted lard to fill all crevices, add more meat and fill with lard, and so on till the jar is full. In this way she is sure there are no interstices unfilled.

Contributed Recipes.

HOW TO DISPOSE OF THE CRUMBS.—"What do you do with your crumbs?" said a pathetic voice a few days ago, and I looked up to see the flushed, anxious face of my sweet little neighbor, who is bravely trying to be a full help-mate to an ambitious husband. It carried me way back to the golden period of my life, when with girlish pride and a crushing sense of the dire responsibility I first assumed the role of housekeeper for a few months during the enforced absence of a dear invalid mother. My previous training in that line had been pretty good, but somehow crumbs and yolks of eggs had a disagreeable way of accumulating in spite of me. In the years that have since rolled by I have learned to prepare some palatable dishes chiefly from the above ingredients, and venture to offer the results of my experience to the Household, and shall limit the quantity to "just enough for two." First be sure and crumb your bread fine, then soak at least three hours before using in just enough milk for the bread to absorb all the milk. Mash to a fine pulp, when your bread crumbs are ready for use.

BREAKFAST OMELETTE.—One cup prepared crumbs; two tablespoonfuls milk; two eggs, or yolks of three eggs well beaten; season with salt and pepper. Beat all together thoroughly. Have ready in a frying pan a large spoonful of butter hissing hot. Pour in the mixture and keep clear of the pan while it is cooking by working a knife carefully under it now and then. In eight minutes it should be "set." With a cake turner double it down upon itself; invert a hot flat dish over the pan, and turn it out. Serve hot. The "men folks" will relish this for supper as well as breakfast. The above can be varied by putting chopped ham between the folded halves, or by seasoning with finely powdered herbs.

SUMMER SAUSAGE.—Mince fine one cupful of cold meat; add half a cupful of prepared crumbs; one well beaten egg, or yolks of two; season to taste. Make into small cakes and fry.

A variety of delicious puddings may be made from bread crumbs, though the bare mention of "bread pudding" is usually suggestive of a dry, lumpy, indigestible mass. I have had success with the following:

BREAD PUDDING No. 1.—One-half cup pre-

pared bread crumbs; one cup boiled rice; one egg; one and a half cups milk; one tablespoonful sugar; flavor with vanilla. Pour into a buttered pudding pan; bake in a moderate oven thirty minutes. All puddings should be baked in a pan placed in a larger pan partly filled with hot water.

BREAD PUDDING No. 2.—One cup milk; two well beaten eggs; half cup sugar; one cup prepared bread crumbs; beat well together. Pour part of the batter into a buttered pan; then put a layer of apples sliced fine; sprinkle with a little cinnamon; add bits of butter; pour on the rest of the batter and cover with another layer of apple, as before, and bake half an hour in a moderate oven.

The above puddings may be eaten plain, but a sauce of rich whipped cream makes them really delicious.

FRUIT PUDDING, (VERY NICE).—Half cup sour milk; one cup dry bread crumbs; half cup flour; quarter cup butter; half cup chopped raisins; half cup brown sugar; one egg; one teaspoonful soda. Spice to suit the taste; steam two hours.

SAUCE FOR ABOVE PUDDING.—Half cup butter; one cup sugar; one egg, beaten to a cream; then add two tablespoonfuls of thick sweet cream. Stir all together and flavor with nutmeg.

SCALLOPED EGGS.—Put a layer of soft prepared bread crumbs seasoned with salt and pepper, or powdered herbs, into a pie dish and set in the oven till hot through. Beat to a stiff froth three eggs; add a tablespoonful of melted butter, a little salt and pepper, and pour over the bed of crumbs. Bake five minutes in quick oven.

PORK FRITTERS.—Make a batter of one cup prepared bread crumbs and a well beaten egg. Cut fried pork into small pieces; stir into the batter. Drop a big spoonful at a time into hot lard, just as you do for doughnuts; drain in a colander in the oven a minute or two, and serve hot.

I. F. N.

DAYTON, O.

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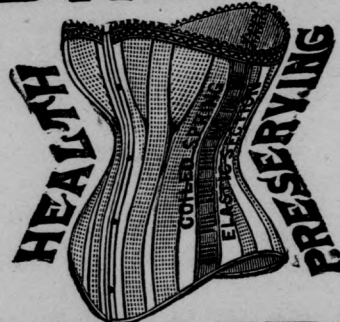
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