

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JUNE 9, 1885.

## THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

### ALWAYS A RIVER TO CROSS.

There's always a river to cross;  
Always an effort to make  
If there's anything good to win,  
Any rich prize to take;  
Yonder's the fruit we crave;  
Yonder the charming scene;  
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,  
Is the river that lies between.

For the treasures of precious worth  
We must patiently dig and dive;  
For the places we long to fill  
We must push, and struggle, and drive;  
And always and everywhere  
We'll find in our onward course,  
Thorns for the feet, and trials to meet,  
And a difficult river to cross.

The rougher the way we take,  
The stouter the heart and the nerve;  
The stones in our path we break,  
Nor e'er from our impulse swerve;  
For the glory we hope to win  
Our labors we count no loss;  
'Tis folly to pause and murmur because  
Of the river we have to cross.

So, ready to do and to dare,  
Should we in our places stand,  
Fulfilling the Master's will,  
Fulfilling the soil's demand;  
For though as the mountains high  
The billows may rear and toss,  
They'll not overwhelm if the Lord's at the helm  
When the difficult river we cross!

Josephine Pollard.

### SYMPATHY BETWEEN YOUNG AND OLD.

Every mother has a prior right to be her daughter's best friend. Confidence should be hers by divine inheritance. The tie between mother and daughter is second only to that between husband and wife, and not less sacred. To the credit of our womanhood be it said that the bond is usually of the most enduring nature. Even the wayward, headstrong girl who disdains advice and scorns restraint, comes at last, when her own daughters stand about her, to understand and sympathize with her mother, with a new and keen sense of that mother's trials. And every mother exerts an influence not only upon her own daughters, but upon some other mother's daughters who are her child's friends. For no matter how close the tie between child and parent, youth craves the society of its kind, and every girl has some companion of her own age to whom she confides those mysterious and important secrets concerning what "he said," and with whom she indulges in the gay chatter and fun so natural to girlhood. In any friendship the stronger mind has the ascendancy

and moulds, to a greater or less degree, the weaker and more yielding. Do mothers, I wonder, consider with sufficient seriousness what influence these friendships may exert upon their daughters' character? or conversely, what weight *their* daughter's example may have upon some other mother's girl? Do they take into account the nature of their own influence exerted upon the young people with whom they come in contact?

Is it not wonderful that what *we are* should make its impress upon what others are? Is it not a fearful thought that our mistakes, our errors, may all unknowingly to us lead other souls astray? That even our secret thoughts, which unconsciously mould and influence our individual characters, may still more unconsciously but not less directly influence the moral and spiritual part of another individuality? I know of nothing more beautiful, and at the same time more terrible in its responsibility, than this power of impressing ourselves upon the lives of others. We are continually and necessarily reaching out and touching other lives. Society reminds us of the linked chain armor in which every steel ring is so interlaced that the breaking of one link loosens many others.

Next to the mother's influence there is no more potent power for good on the young girl's life than her friendship for some faithful, great-hearted woman, who shall with velvet touch restrain too great license, encourage or repress, by her gentle tact divert from the undesirable and lead toward the good, without permitting the wayward spirit to know that it is leashed. A mother's love often makes her blind to a child's faults; with the clearer prescience of friendship others may judge more wisely. And young people will not infrequently give heed to the admonitions of a friend when parental advice would be unheeded; the friend represents society, voices outside opinion, while the parent represents the immediate home circle; and many who ignore what is thought of them in their own homes have not courage to defy public opinion.

We need more sympathy between young and old, more womanly sympathy for the girls. An old Roman philosopher said "God divided man into men, that they might help one another." Those of us who have come to womanhood should be lenient to the faults and follies of the younger, and instead of condemning, endeavor to amend them. A woman

ought to be ashamed to speak or think evil of a girl simply because her excess of vitality leads her beyond the bounds of conventionality. There are girls in every community whose feelings are outraged, whose innocence is questioned, and whose young lives are blighted by the unkind and unjust criticism of older women who misconstrue their words and acts, making them suffer from "the lie that is half the truth," which the poet tells us "is ever the hardest to meet." We never know how far an evil word will spread, nor can we measure its effect upon another's life. It is no light thing, I assure you, to speak ill of a girl, standing at the gateway of womanhood, with her life yet to live.

George Eliot says: "The middle-aged, who have lived through their strongest emotions, but are yet in the time when memory is still half-passionate and not wholly contemplative, should be a sort of natural priesthood, whom life has disciplined to be the refuge and rescue of early stumblers and victims of self-despair." Women who are beginning to be conscious that they are "growing old" can do no better work for womanhood than to interest themselves in the young girls just coming into society, strive to win their confidence, and make them feel that they stand, not as censors watching for faults, ready to blame with bitter words, but as interested friends, anxious for their welfare, full of sympathy for all their little troubles, ready to help or advise. With such friends, "our girls" might be spared much that in later years makes them flush with shame that they "didn't know better." That there are so few such friendships is the fault of both, want of sympathy and mutual understanding, which the older, as wiser and more experienced, should carefully cultivate. The essentials to success are to make the girls feel that we can understand both their joys and sorrows, that we are to be trusted implicitly, that we have a tender, *real*, loving interest in them. Our own hearts must be full of love and sympathy; we cannot reach the heart or influence the acts of another unless our hearts throb with pity and the wish to benefit. Our own lives must be pure and noble, filled with unselfish endeavor; we must never "preach;" maxims quickly chill the tender plant of confidence.

And the older woman must fight the desire to withdraw into herself, and live her own life unto herself. It is the im-



pulse to conceal what is deepest and strongest in our natures, inherent in humanity, which is the greatest obstacle in the way of our friendships. We stand side by side, yet with an impenetrable wall of reserve between us. We watch our friendships least we give too much of friendly feeling; we fear to be misunderstood; we crush back the impulses that would take us into other lives. We give husks of conventionality rather than heartfelt friendliness which would beget its kind. We may never know what comes of our irresponsiveness to others' needs. Who that has read *Adam Bede* fails to see that the delicacy which restrained the kindly, wise old Rector from inviting "Arthur Donnithorne's" half-hinted confidence, is responsible at least indirectly for the disasters that followed. Had Arthur's weakness been strengthened by the good Rector's counsel, he might have withstood temptation. How can we know how many young hearts, broken by anguish, or hesitating between two ways, have half instinctively turned to us for help, and gone away disappointed?

BEATRIX.

#### DIFFERENCES.

I have often wondered why it is that so many good people, even professed Christians, are so often at variance with relative, friend or neighbor. Many a time we see people who have lived near each other for years, and in intimate intercourse, neighborly interchange of courtesies and little helps, apparently giving and receiving happiness, suddenly change. No more visiting, no more merry chats over the fence in resting time, no more neighborly exchanges. What is the matter? Some busy body has told Mrs. Longtongue that Mrs. A——'s hen had stolen her nest over the fence in Mrs. B——'s garden, that Mrs. B—— has used the eggs and "never let on to the owner." Of course, Mrs. Longtongue tells Mrs. A——, having previously exacted a promise that "she won't let on who told her." It is often added, "that Mrs. B—— has boasted of it, and Mrs. B—— is duly informed that Mrs. A—— has said Mrs. B—— had stolen the said eggs.

Now the plot is ripe for mischief. Neither of the ladies will lower her dignity to inquire of the other the truth of the matter. They meet with scornful looks, averted faces, or haughty insolence, and "nurse their wrath to keep it warm." Past instances, of too little account to excite anything but a moment's annoyance, come to the help of disturbed feeling, and with newly awakened fancy, grow in importance until the person wonders they were not sooner impressed with their heinous enormity. Husband and children on both sides are generally drawn into the maelstrom of passion, and take sides with vicious earnestness. Each one feels so badly used that they cannot refrain from talking it up with other cronies, and as, unfortunately, each of us have faults, the crony can generally contribute something from her own knowledge of the person accused that will tend

to give aid and comfort to the other's estimate.

If, by some fortunate happening, the matter is dropped for a season, it is too sweet a morsel to lose, and some *friend* rakes open the cooling coals, adds fresh fuel, and a feud is engendered that may last for years, or a lifetime.

It is customary to lay all the blame in such cases on the gossiping meddler, but I aver this is rank injustice. Such a character should be severely condemned, but if friend were true to friend and themselves, "Othello's occupation" would be crippled, if not gone.

If Mrs. A——, when told what Mrs. B—— had done, had replied, "I have known her for a long time, and in that time have never known her to do anything dishonest, and even if this is true, I have had too many favors to make a fuss about a few eggs, and thus lose my friend," the gossip would have been silenced. If Mrs. B—— had replied to her informant, when told of Mrs. A——'s accusation, "I think you are mistaken. It is not like my friend to make such an assertion; I will step over with you and see what she says about it," I think the slander would be shortlived.

If no one would listen to a gossip, and at once declare their intention of informing the accused person of the story, and do so, gossip would lose its charm, and scandal-mongers disappear. Especially should this be the rule between friends when meddlers would set them at variance. There are few, even of the best of friends, who cannot see faults in the other which, if spoken of unguardedly to a third party, and the comments passed round, returning authenticated as the spoken word of a friend, would not wound cruelly, for, unfortunately, we cannot "see ourselves as others see us." Now if instead of getting angry and hurling stinging words in return, we calmly think the matter over, and take into account the known exaggeration of the most careful, we may conclude it was not so very bad after all, and if we will listen to conscience, we may find we have been guilty of as great injustice to this friend, or some other, and putting it to the account of debit and credit, conclude to keep our friend despite her faults. If, however, the case is too flagrant to pass over in silence (usually the proper course), be silent to the gossip and seek your friend, never condemning without giving an opportunity for explanation. Are we any of us so perfect that we can afford to lose a friend because of one, or even many faults? Be careful that in arraigning a friend we do not place ourselves under greater condemnation.

These matters gain greater force if it is a relative that is concerned. How much ought we to bear from and forgive one of our family rather than let the demon of discord enter our family circle? Son, daughter, brother, sister, friend, pause and think: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us."

A. L. L.

GREENFIELD.

#### A PLEASANT PICTURE.

When I read the article in a late Household, by "Sister Slack," it called to mind a pleasant picture, and I determined to tell the members in general, and Sister Slack in particular about it:

One day a lady and myself took dinner with a mutual friend unexpectedly to the hostess. We went home with her husband as he was going to his dinner. When we went in, dinner was waiting, but we were warmly greeted and made very welcome; a smile and pleasant word was given to the young husband; the baby of eight months in the mother's arms, reached out its chubby arms to papa, expecting a play spell. While we were removing our wraps baby and its papa had a boisterous play, then we sat down for the noon-day meal.

There were no excuses made in regard to the meal, or allusions to the unexpectedness of our visit, no remarks regarding the appearance of the rooms or children, and here were two little fellows besides baby. The meal passed pleasantly without any frown or reprimand to the children. I speak of this because they are not model children, but simply natural, healthy, wide-awake boys, with numberless questions to ask and many things to tell, but they were left quietly alone and did not interfere at all with our cheerful conversation. Some mothers would have been constantly on the alert for something amiss, thus irritating the children, become nervous themselves and been annoying to the guests, making them feel that their unexpected visit was inopportune.

After dinner each little boy had a favor to ask of papa, or something to tell him. All was listened to pleasantly and patiently, and each little heart made glad by pleasant replies, for this man enters into sympathy with his little children, and they are not afraid to talk to him.

After dinner our host returned to his work, and our hostess let her table remain uncleared, while she sat down and visited with us, as we could not remain long. We stayed an hour, and went away feeling that we had enjoyed our impromptu visit very much. The particular beauty about this home is the home-like air that pervades it.

There is no frown upon the face of the young wife when her husband brings home a friend or acquaintance unexpectedly. She is no sloven, neither is she "more neat than wise," but a happy medium; and is not miserable if her husband or friends come in and find her room in disorder with chairs or playthings that do duty as imaginary horses, plows or railroad cars, for the busy, restless little fellows who call her by the sacred name of mother.

This woman has little time to give to society, as she keeps no help, but she does not let her mind become dull and rusty that she may keep her children and house immaculately neat.

She says after the children are safely in bed at night she reads, as that is the only



uninterrupted time she has, and *she will read some.*

This woman makes a happy home for husband and children; she makes her friends feel at home and comfortable when they call, and she is independent enough not to care what "Mrs. Grundy" says.

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TECUMSEH.

### THE NEW HOUSEHOLD BABY.

Some little time ago A. L. L. moved that the little grandson and namesake of the late Editor of the FARMER, R. F. Johnstone, be adopted into the Household family, and her motion was promptly seconded, and a description of the new honorary member has been asked for by several. "All babies are pretty much alike, aren't they?" I asked once of a young mother, to be promptly crushed by the swift and positive answer "Indeed they're not." If I fail in giving a correct description of the small laddie who will some day pretty soon be taught to say "Grandmamma Beatrix," I expect there will be trouble with the proud parents; but I'll try to describe him, as well as my limited knowledge of baby perfections will permit. He has seen fourteen months of life in this queer old world of ours, and though he has met and conquered the measles and chicken pox, and divers and sundry colds and colics, seems to enjoy the new existence. He is a blue-eyed baby, with fair hair, and skin like milk, with a shade or two stolen from the rose leaf in cheek and chin. He bites with seven small pearl, "and more a coming," and pulls his father's moustache with a dimpled fist which has the customary predilection for being slightly "off color." Being of an aspiring and ambitious mind, he disdained to creep, but walks about, somewhat uncertainly, sitting down unexpectedly sometimes, but always thinking it very funny when that happens. He has good sound lungs; to this I cheerfully testify from personal knowledge, though he has the reputation of being very good natured and seldom exerting his voice to its full range. We judge him to be of rather an iconoclastic turn; he loves to make a journey round the room, pulling everything within reach to the floor, and will make the grand circuit in remarkable time for so young a "kid." To scatter the contents of his mother's work basket is a piece of delightful mischief. Told "not to touch" the other day, he smilingly overturned it just the same, looking up with a roguish glance as if to say "Just see things fly; isn't it fun!" He was made to pick up the scattered spools and put them into the basket again, which he did soberly but obediently; when the last one was put in he expressed his ideas of such proceedings toward a youth of his tender age by hiding his face in his mother's lap and sobbing as if his heart was broken. Of course he said "pa" and "ma" at a phenomenally early age; all babies do. At present he converses fluently in a dialect of his own which only his mother pretends to at all comprehend. He tells you a long story which seems immensely

funny, emphasizing it by pointing his finger at you in what is really a very personal manner, and turning suddenly, hides his face in his mother's neck as if quite overcome with the comicality of the joke he has just been getting off. From this early development of story telling proclivities we expect he will turn naturally to the newspaper business as he grows up. He is healthy, happy and hearty, sunny-tempered and sweet; his admiring parents consider him the most remarkable infant of the nineteenth century, while the hope of his grandmamma-by-brevet is that he may grow up to be as good and true and noble as was the man whose honored name he bears.

BEATRIX.

### GAMES FOR CHILDREN.

I should like to ask a few questions in regard to games for young people, and have replies made through our little Household. Is there any harm in playing authors' cards, dominoes, and checkers, and if so, *in what does it consist?* I believe there is no more harm in the above games than in croquet or marbles; to my way of thinking, there is more harm in marbles, because of the winning and losing, but my boys, now young men, were never harmed by playing marbles.

There are three of us, who teach in the same Sabbath school, who are interested in this subject. One asked my opinion, and I said I believed it far better to allow these games than forbid them; for if not allowed, and the young folks are kept from all amusements they will turn to dime novels, sly away to read them and receive more harm. The other of the three ladies mentioned does not believe in allowing any such amusements. I told my friends I would find out the opinions of older and wiser people than we. I think that to give the young people amusements at home, or at their social gatherings, will draw them away from low company; but if refused home pleasures, they will be driven away from home to pass their evenings. The young and rising generation must be looked after, and that is what our Mission is trying to do.

OLD KNITTER.

DETROIT.

### WASH DRESSES.

The newest fashions for making wash dresses vary little from those in vogue last season. The old fashioned "Garibaldi waists" which everybody wore twenty years ago, are much used for inexpensive dresses; the bands on the shoulder are omitted. The high collar and narrow cuffs are finished with several rows of narrow linen braid. Other dresses made over a lining have a cluster of gathers at the top of the front just below the collar and also at the waist, while the back is in fan shape, with fullness extending to the shoulders from the waist line. There are side forms added. The narrowest of tucks are used in the perpendicularly tucked waists. The surplice waist, lapped to one side, is the prettiest of styles, especially in lawn or batiste. The fronts

are tucked or edged with lace, and gathered to the back at the top. Yoke waists are tucked or embroidered, the yokes being tucked horizontally or perpendicularly as preferred. Yokes differing in color from the rest of the dress are no longer worn. All these styles are belted down, the waist being cut one-eighth of a yard below the waist line and a shir string run in, the skirt to comes up over this. Plain gingham and satteen dresses are cut *en basque*, but without linings. The seams must not be left unmade, but sewed as if the garment was being made up wrong side out, then the right side turned together and by another seam the edges are covered.

### BORAX FOR ANTS.

I saw in the last Household an article concerning exterminating ants by the use of kerosene. The writer thinks he will use the same remedy in the house if needed; but I have used borax in the pantry, and think it answers every purpose. I think it was in one of the first Households that a correspondent wrote "If you are troubled with ants try borax. Lay a few lumps around the places they frequent." As I was troubled with both the large black ants and the little red ones in the pantry, I thought I could but try it, so I laid a few small lumps of borax on the shelves, and have scarcely seen an ant there since, though they used to run over everything.

LEONE.

BIG BEAVER.

### WOOL FOR QUILTS.

My mother, a lady eighty years old, says the best way Wool, of Onondaga, N. Y., can prepare her wool for quilts is to sell it and buy nice batting.

I like our little Household very much, I have mine all sewed together in book form for ready reference. Long may it live is the wish of

Mrs. C. F.

YPSILANTI.

### AN INQUIRY.

Will the Editor, or some of the readers of the Household, please inform me how to can sweet corn, peas and beans. Can they be canned in glass fruit cans the same as fruit? Also, how is jelly made without the use of sugar.

HURLOCK, Md.

KATIE.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A STRIP of tarred paper, such as roofers use, placed under the edge of a carpet, is said to be a sure preventive of moths.

THE following is a list of abbreviations known in knitting lace or other fancy patterns: k, knit plain; n, narrow; p, purl or seam; t, twice; to, together; tto, thread thrown over; s, slip; s and b, slip and bind; st, stitch.

THE husband or son who is handy with tools can make a great many useful and labor-saving appliances, not only in aid of his own work but for the house. Some.



thing very desirable is a hat rack for the front hall or for the kitchen, which may be made on a rainy day, instead of "going to town." Make it in the form of a harrow, about three feet square, of wooden bars crossing each other at right angles. Then put in wooden pins at the crossings, on which to hang hats and scarfs. A piece of mirror may be fastened in the centre. Fasten firmly to the wall. It looks best when the bars are crossed so as to make the spaces diamond shaped.

A MASSACHUSETTS man who has a choice herd of Guernseys, sells the butter product in the Boston market at 70 cents per lb. He buys the milk of grade cows from adjacent farmers, makes it into butter by the same process, and retails it at 45 cents in the same market. It is said almost every parcel of "gilt edged" butter sold in Boston is from the dairy of some wealthy owner who makes the work a recreation, and with whose methods the average farmer cannot hope to compete. Yet, nevertheless, the cry comes from town for better butter, and from farmers for better prices. Is no adjustment possible?

DR. R. C. KEDZIE advocates the preparation of sugar syrup for table use at home; by using just the relative proportions of sugar and water to form a saturated solution at the ordinary temperature. This is easily done by dissolving six pounds of sugar in one quart of water. He says a syrup prepared in this way from pure sugar and clean water, is obviously the purest syrup that can be made, and contains nothing unwholesome or injurious. It is the syrup used in his family for many years. The taste at first is somewhat insipid, and lacks the rank taste of molasses and of syrups made from unrefined sugar, but after a time the palate becomes accustomed to this pure sweet and prefers it to all others. By the aid of heat, a much larger quantity may be dissolved in the same water, but when the solution cools the sugar will crystallize out after a time, and form a crust on the sides of the vessel.

MAYMIE, of Saline, must remember our "cast-iron rule" not to publish anonymous communications.

A. H. J. recently complained she could not make the chocolate melt, so that she could coat her "creams" with it. Shave it up quite fine, as you would maple sugar to be melted. Set the bowl in the top of the teakettle, not letting the water touch the bowl. Guess 't will melt then; have to, you know.

THE Household Editor desires to call attention to the inquiry of our Maryland correspondent, Katie, respecting the canning of vegetables. Usually the supply of vegetables for winter use is limited to canned tomatoes and dried sweet corn. If peas, beans and corn can be put up at home, in a satisfactory manner, we all want to know it, and our housekeepers who have experimented in this line will confer a favor upon Household readers, if they will give their experience. Even

if they have failed, the detail of the method tried may bring out new ideas and perhaps point out the way to success.

CONSTANT readers of the MICHIGAN FARMER will remember that last summer a new process of canning fruit was mentioned in the Household, and that several ladies tried it and reported success. The new method is called the "cotton batting process," and is simply to cook the fruit as usual for canning in glass cans, put it, while hot, into bowls, cups, or any open dish, lay a piece of white paper cut to fit upon it, and then cover the dish with a couple of layers of ordinary cotton batting securely tied on. A paper may be tied over the batting to keep off the dust, etc. We would be glad to have our readers try this plan, which has been widely published. Will Pansy, Prudence, Mrs. J. Bale, Mertie and L. B. P. please consider themselves a committee appointed by the Household Editor to test this plan of canning during the coming fruit season, and report to the Household next January, perhaps?

#### Useful Recipes.

##### COOKING MEATS.

We append some methods of cooking meats, which have been tested by good housekeepers and found economical and palatable. Beef is almost always baked, mutton boiled and chickens fried, by inexperienced or careless housekeepers who are ignorant of better methods. The following may be "new departures," but are worth trying:

**BEEF A LA MODE.**—Six or eight pounds of beef from the round, cut thick. Take out bone, rub the meat well with the following spices mixed together: One teaspoonful each of pepper and ground cloves; one-fourth cup of brown sugar, three teaspoonfuls salt; rub thoroughly into beef, which must stand over night. Next morning make a stuffing of one pint of bread crumbs, one small onion chopped fine, a spoonful of sweet marjoram or thyme, one-half teaspoonful each of pepper and ground cloves and salt; add a large cup hot water in which has been melted a heaping tablespoonful of butter and stir into crumbs. Beat one egg light and mix with it, press this into the hole in the beef; if there is more than needed, make gashes in meat and stuff with the remainder. Now bring into shape with a strip of cotton cloth, sewing it firmly. Put beef into the pot and half cover it with cold water; put in one onion stuck with cloves, a large teaspoonful of salt, and one-half teaspoonful of pepper, and stew very slowly, turning while cooking; cook as much as five or six hours or till the meat is tender. The water in the pot should have been reduced to about a pint. Skim off every particle of fat; thicken with heaping tablespoonful of flour smothered with water; stir in a tablespoonful of catsup and pour over the meat when served. The thick part of a leg of veal may be treated in the same manner. What is left makes good hashes or croquettes.

**Mock Duck.**—Get about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  pounds of a good rump steak, cut pretty thick so as to be juicy. Make a stuffing as for duck, that is, mix with bread crumbs a very little finely chopped onion, butter, pepper, summer savory and salt, and the yolk of an egg, and milk enough to moisten the whole. Spread the dressing over the steak, except the ends, roll up, tuck in the ends, and fasten with a needle and thread. Thus prepared, it is laid in a deep, small pan, with a close fitting cover, a

little stock is then poured upon it, and it is simmered slowly about two hours, after which remove it, put it in oven and bake an hour, basting frequently to keep it moist.

**VEAL CUTLETS.**—Veal is a meat particularly suited for warm weather, but it needs to be highly seasoned. Cutlets taken from the leg, and cut in a thick slice, can be made into a delicious relish. Wipe the meat with a dry cloth, and cut out the bones and skin, and divide into pieces four inches square. Beat them almost into shreds with a meat pounder. Fry several slices of pork until crisped. Dip the cutlets, after scattering a little salt and pepper over them, into cracker or bread crumbs. Place them in the hot fat and fry a nice brown. Then add a tablespoonful of flour, stirred thin with cold water, and half a chopped onion, or a cupful of canned tomato, and a cupful of boiling hot water. Mix all together, and simmer slowly on the back of the stove for three-quarters of an hour, stirring it occasionally, so it shall not become scorched. Have a hot platter ready, and place the cutlets upon it, and strain the gravy over them, and garnish the platter with thin slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley.

**BACON AND EGGS.**—Cut some bacon into small, thin squares, put them into a saucepan and set over a gentle fire that they may lose some of the fat. Place the dice on a warm dish and put a ladle of melted bacon fat into the saucepan. Set it on the stove and put in a dozen of the squares of bacon. Tilt the saucepan to one side and break an egg in it; manage this very carefully and the egg will soon be cooked. It should be very round and the little pieces of bacon will stick to it. Keep the egg on a hot plate while you cook as many more as are required. This is a nice breakfast dish.

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