

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JULY 7, 1885.

THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

HELPERS.

In childhood's days our girlish joys
Increase when shared with brothers—boys—
On many a coveted plain we stand
Unreached, save by their helping hand,
And many a high-prized pleasure gain,
Without their aid we would ask in vain.
Too' they plague and tease 'till the "girlies" cry,
With protecting love their hearts beat high;
O'er life's rough places they help along
Because we are weak, and they so strong.

But when women grown, we often find
Changes occur in each youthful mind;
If my brother from my side has strayed
To play cavalier to some other maid,
Accept fate's fiat, with good grace
Give some other girl's brother the vacant place.
Although I may like this change of plan
I'll cling to my brother while I can.
My advice might dissuade him from paths that
are wrong,

For one who is weak sometimes leads the strong.

Youth passed, its joys, fears and unrest;
Love's vows by Hymen sweetly blessed,
No need to shiver, sigh or moan
That I must bear my grief alone;
A husband's love, his strength and pride,
Ready to help is by my side.
He has sympathy ready if you will impart
Your troubles of body, of mind or of heart;
It is his pleasure to help you along
Because you are weak, while he is strong.

In times of trouble I have found
The test of help from friends around;
When pain and sickness I have known
They then the kindest care have shown;
If cast down by misfortune's blow
They tenderest sympathy bestow;
In health and in prosperity,
In sickness and adversity,
Our gratitude to friends belong,
When we were weak they have proved strong.

Those weak in body or in mind
Considerate help from friends will find;
If moral weakness sounds alarms
Then boastful strength will fold its arms,
Indifferent to their rise or fall.
But few will heed the sinner's call,
Or sympathy or help bestow,
Though it might save a soul from woe;
But rather join the happy throng
Who jeer the weak, while they are strong.

Some there are, like the Pharisee,
Who boast superior degree,
Whom venial trespasses appall;
Tempted, they'd be the first to fall.
For mortals it is well there's One
Who will see ever justice done;
Who knows the tempter's power alone
And what resistance hath been shown;
Who can distinguish 'mid the throng,
Who are the weak and who the strong.

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place, in earth or heaven,
There's not a task of mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, ye or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

OUR QUARRELS.

I read with interest A. L. L.'s letter on "Differences," am glad she has opened the subject, and hope those who have misunderstandings with neighbors or relatives will reflect on her words, and be led to see how foolish and wrong such differences are. Yet I much fear that those who most need to take the moral to their own hearts will fit the coat to a neighbor's shoulders, ignoring its application to themselves. These "differences," were they but differences in the sense which implies want of uniformity of opinion, would be less harmful, for humanity would be a stupid study were all minds framed in one pattern; but unhappily, they are far more often open quarrels, marked by cessation of intercourse, retaliation, slander and "all uncharitableness." For when we have once opened our hearts to unfriendly feelings, a train of evil impulses and thoughts follow fast and thick, and the demons of pride and hatred take possession of us and crowd out the remembrance of former kindnesses.

What sort of friendship is it that cannot survive a mischief-maker's innuendo, or that lends a willing ear to detraction of a friend? Are years of happy companionship and friendly acts and confidence to go for nothing before a slanderous tongue? Knowing as we all must the almost inevitable exaggeration of every tale that comes to our ears, are we still to believe it, and let it break off our friendship? We should have no mischief-makers if people would but do as A. L. L. has counseled, go to a friend and either ask or explain the cause of offense, for tattlers never attack those whom they know will investigate the truth of their tales before giving them credence.

It is hard to understand how two who have been friends for years can be estranged in a day by the insinuations of a third person who may never have been really admitted into friendship with either. This often happens, yet I do not believe it possible where the truest friendship, that which seeks ever the highest good of the other rather than of self, has existed. When estrangement follows, is it not because the fullest love and confidence has been wanting, and because, too, of the suspicion which lurks in our hearts, bidding us ever beware of those we would love and trust most? If there were not already a little envy and jealousy in our hearts we would pay no heed to

stories, nor let the evil genii of Pandora's box possess us.

The man who has a "hard row to hoe" is a little jealous of his neighbor who has an easier lot; the mistress of the humble home envies in secret the fine house and furniture of a richer friend. Often the feeling is hidden or repressed, seeming hardly to exist, till some mischief-maker's malicious tongue insinuates somebody "feels above us" and then how quickly trifles range themselves as evidence. How jealous we are of our poor dignity, and what a very poor article it is when it cannot enable us to hold our own in our friendships, though our friends be rich as Dives! It is only a noble nature that can trust another, equal or unequal in station or circumstances, with the true faith of friendship.

These differences are saddest of all when they occur between those bound by ties of blood to each other, yet, generally, there are more contentions between relatives than between those not akin; and jealousy and envy more frequently lie at the root of the difference, and property more often than either. I have known an antiquated feather bed to alienate sisters, and a sour apple tree on a line fence breed a feud between neighbors. And so it goes, till we think the saddest thing in life is its quarrels. Brothers and sisters pass with averted face; children ignore the duty and gratitude they owe their parents, and forget the sacred name of mother; and parents banish son or daughter from the home hearth, on account of differences which are so trivial that the very angels must weep to see how little matter "stirreth up strife." When the heart is full of resentment its first impulse is to ignore the ties of blood and kinship. The elder son, displeased at the merry-making, would not call the repentant prodigal brother, but said "This, thy son," but the father returned the relationship to his conscience by saying "thy brother."

Reconciliation implies a willingness to be just. The first step toward amity is to admit the possibility that we are not entirely right and the other entirely wrong. The moment we do not expect all forbearance and submission to come from the other, and realize there may be something for him to forgive us, that moment we lift the latch of the shut door of friendship. Unwillingness to forgive is a sad flaw in the character. The Great Teacher founds His gospel on the law of love. Even Buddha, whose followers we

call pagans, taught this divine doctrine of forgiveness long before Christ came. An unforgiving Christian is far from the true Christianity.

BEATRIX.

WOMAN'S HEALTH.

A short time ago our Editress spoke of her experience in receiving very discouraging answers as to the state of health prevailing among farmers' wives, in reply to questions as to some old time friends, and on this state of affairs bases the question: Why is it that farmers' wives are so frail, since presumably their surroundings favor a different state of things?

I am not able to present any philosophical reason for it, but would rather enquire if the statement is correct; that is, if farmers' wives as a class are more delicate, or in a worse state of health than their sisters of any other class. I have mentally looked over my acquaintances in city and country, and while I find in all ages and conditions many whose appearance indicates a lack of robust health, and many more whose "complains" and appearance are at variance, (I mean no want of sympathy with the latter class, many of whom are sufferers,) I find the proportions average about the same, without reference to locality or conditions of life.

The experience of others may be entirely different, and the subject is one worthy of study; yet to seek a solution of the *why* is premature, until the *what* is established. I hope correspondents will agitate the question.

"Observer" in the "Hearth and Hall" of the *Post*, quotes "Beatrix of the FARMER," accepts the matter as fact, and finds the solution in the overworked condition of the average farmer's wife. But I meet this difficulty. I find many ladies, equally frail in appearance and of equal vitality; one will manage a family during the same time and under the same conditions as the other, and will come up smiling and fresh, if tired; while the other is moping, tired to death, bewailing her woeful lot, making discords in every symphony of life; and yet her work will never be finished, always doing—never done, while the other finds time for rest, perhaps for recreation.

The words of Life are written for us by circumstances largely beyond our control, but the music to which we sing them, we largely write ourselves. More of the success of our endeavors is due to the spirit in which we approach them than to anything else; secondly, proper management holds the key.

One person makes her work a labor of love, or, if she cannot quite reach that altitude, she makes it a matter of conscientious duty, and from such standpoint surveys the ground, gives care and thought to plan and detail, faithfully carries out such arrangements, and without fuss or hurry reaches the end.

Another, disgusted with the idea of the labor, filled with the degradation it imposes, grumblingly attacks it as a debasing task, only to be borne because not

to be evaded, and through it all carries a sense of personal injustice and misery that makes a martyr of herself, as she sees and feels it; and alas, she makes martyrs of all who may come in contact with her. Work done under protest of this kind is ill done, in a hap-hazard style that leaves all in turmoil and confusion, adding to the discomfort of the worker, and in reality adding as much to her physical as to her mental burden. I verily believe worry injures more women than work does, and I think that locality has little control of the case.

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

THE ETHICS OF BORROWING.

We have had some comment by A. C. G. on borrowing, as practiced in rural neighborhoods, but nothing concerning its relation to the household. "He who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," quoth Poor Richard; I think the sage was somewhat in error, for sorrow comes more frequently to the lender than to the borrower. The worst possible nuisance in the world is the chronic borrower, the woman who is everlastingly slipping in the back door to borrow a "drawing" of tea, a bowl of sugar, or "pinch of sody," articles of every-day use which a decent forethought would keep constantly on hand. One might endure with a modicum of patience the continued assault upon the groceries were this all, but the chronic borrower continues the assault all along the house-keeping line till every portable article, from flatirons to the parlor chairs, has made a pilgrimage to the borrower's home, on one pretext or another. Even one's wardrobe is not always safe, though such loans are, for obvious reasons, less frequently requested. Yet I have heard of a case where an embroidered white crape shawl, treasured by its owner as the gift of a dead sister, was borrowed to add splendor to a trip to "the city," and returned soiled by perspiration where it had been drawn about the neck and torn where it had been pinned, with profuse thanks, but not one word in regard to the damage that had been done.

However indefatigable the chronic borrower may be in levying contributions upon her acquaintances, it is foreign to her character to make due returns. A poor memory invariably accompanies the borrowing habit, resulting in gain to the one party and loss to the other. The chronic borrower's code of ethics is elastic enough to permit her to return an equivalent in quantity but not in quality. To borrow loaf sugar and return whitey-brown, to replace good tea with an inferior article, are old and well-known tricks of the borrower's trade. Those who have suffered under such impositions till patience ceased to be a virtue have rid themselves of the annoyance by keeping on hand the brown sugar and cheap tea till the next call for a loan, when the dish was filled with the borrower's goods. Soon the remark was made, "Seems as if you don't use as good tea as you used to!" The answer was ready: "Well, that was some

you returned to me, and as I had not used it, I let you have it again." To borrow her own groceries did not seem to suit well, and for a short time at least there was a "cessation of friendliness" not ungrateful to the victim. A story is told of a Quaker woman who lived up to the Scripture injunction "From him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away," and was preyed upon by one who took advantage of this amiable doctrine. Even *her* pious soul was at last vexed into action. Sugar was high priced and the borrowing fiend had a sweet tooth. Whenever the borrowed bowlful was returned it fell short of full measure, and being kept by itself rapidly diminished. When the box was about empty the good lady ventured to point the moral by saying her "lending sugar" was exhausted, and explaining why.

There is less excuse for borrowing in the house than on the farm, and little can be said in extenuation of the latter, except in the case of accident. The thought that either man or woman ought to give to the interests under their charge, should preclude the necessity of asking such favors. If it is likely to be a busy time on the farm, the supply of groceries should be increased so as to last through it; the flour barrel should be replenished, and all probable needs provided for. Nor will it hurt any one to intermit tea or coffee for a meal or two, if the supply runs out, till some one can go to town. Such self-denial is better than acknowledging negligence, and asking a favor which may incommode others, and a little discipline of that sort aids the memory. And if we borrow something which is of better quality than we are in the habit of using, it is no excuse for returning a cheaper article that it is "good enough for us." Rather purchase sufficient of the same to pay our just debts honorably. Carelessness and negligence make us do mean things sometimes; it is idiosyncratic with others to be honest in certain large ways and dealings, and close and mean in lesser ones.

The book borrower is the type that most offends me. People who never by any chance buy a book are the most persistent borrowers of those who do buy. They have never a dollar to spare for such a purpose, but sponge their intellectual food from those whose self-denial in other ways enables them to indulge in a new volume now and then. Since the only return they can make is the return of the book after reading it, it is safe to call them the most selfish of a selfish class. Often the book is never returned, often it bears traces of ill-usage in the shape of grease spots and finger marks. Often too the borrower lends the book, "and the friend hath a friend and the friend's friend hath a friend," and when it reaches the owner again it rivals in dogs' ears and general dilapidation a volume of fiction in the Detroit Public Library. Only the owner has a right to loan a book; only the owner should proffer a loan of that character.

"Few favors make fast friends." This is true, for it is a curious peculiarity of

humanity that if the hundredth favor is refused, the ninety-nine previously granted are as if they never had been. And so, while it is undoubtedly a fortunate circumstance to live among good neighbors, on whom we may feel at liberty to call in the hour of our greatest need, it is best to keep them good neighbors by seldom requesting favors at their hands, for the differences of which A. L. L. has told us not unfrequently arise from the borrowing habit.

BEATRIX.

FOR THE GIRLS.

The bead collarettes which were so fashionable a decade or more ago have returned to fashionable favor, not quite, however, in the same form. A band is now entirely covered with beads of one size upon which are set larger ones at intervals. From this band are looped festoons of beads, widening to fit the shoulders, about three-sixteenths of a yard deep. Sometimes the bands only are worn close about the neck, fastened at the side with a bow of watered ribbon. The upper and lower edges of the band are outlined by the large beads. Another fancy is to cover a band with folds of thin silk, *crepe du chine* or gauze ribbon, and then add several rows of points of the material used, which are like half squares gathered on the bias edge, and the point ornamented with a cluster of beads.

One of the prettiest ways we have seen for transforming a dark silk into a dressy toilette is by a full cascade of lace down the front of the basque, abundantly decorated with loops and sharply pointed ends of bright ribbon.

The full chemisettes of white wool goods noticed in "What to Wear" recently, are fast growing in favor. The goods is gathered to a band about the neck, inside which is worn a *ruche* or collar, while the basque buttons over the chemisette at a point about half the length of the waist from belt to throat. They are very pretty and becoming.

A modification of the old-fashioned Spanish girdle is worn now. This is of black velvet, pointed both in front and behind, the points stiffened with whalebone. On a slender waist, over a white or *ecru* dress, especially if the dress has velvet bows, this girdle is a pretty addition to a toilette. Some young ladies make basques of the gay striped silks to wear with white dresses. The sleeves suit the skirt, the neck is V shaped, and there is a sash drapery of the silk behind. The waist is pointed in front and round behind.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Please tell us what curtains would be suitable for the windows of an unpretentious parlor. Are lace lambrequins the thing, or should there be curtains; and what kind of shades?

I would like to know what to do with my tulip bed. The bulbs have been undisturbed for a number of years and are dying out. How and when should they be re-set and at what time in the spring will it do to clear away the tops? Can it

be before they die down, so I can follow the suggestion given in the House hold to set in, and cover them with verbenas? The trouble is to find room for all the beautiful flowers we want to cultivate. I can add my testimony to the excellence of Mrs. N. H. Bangs' method of canning corn. I am hoping some one will tell us how to can peas and any other garden vegetable that we have found by experience it is difficult to keep by the ordinary methods.

OCEOLA CENTRE.

E. B.

SCRAPS.

WORK is the normal condition of humanity. No one can live a healthy, happy life without employment. Unhappiness is born of idleness and inactivity, while Madame de Stael defines happiness as "a state of constant occupation upon some desirable object, with a continual sense of progress toward its attainment." Yet nothing so drags a woman from her normal level as overwork. Hence it is important to her never to confound the proper relations of things, to discriminate wisely between essentials and non-essentials, and then have the moral courage to let the latter go undone. Increase of style means increase of labor. We must be content to live simply. How much of woman's work is done as concessions to custom, to society, to what "they say!" We must "have things as our neighbors do," no matter how much added work it entails. In spite of the multiplicity of household conveniences, work has outstripped them. Contrast a washing of the present day, with its consequent ironing, with the family laundry work before the sewing machine enabled us to indulge in such luxury of plaitings and puffings! Where are the women who will dress their children plainly, to save their aching feet and lame backs? "The children" must be as well dressed as the neighbors', because of the comments and comparisons that will be made. Some one has said "The greatest insult we can offer to narrow-minded individuals is to differ with them in manners and customs. Verbal differences they can endure; a difference in mode of life excites condemnation." We must wash on Monday, convenient or the reverse, if our neighbors consecrate that day to soap-suds; we must have pie for breakfast, or expect doubts as to the integrity of our motives; in other words, we must try to do as others do, not because their ways are better than ours, or suited to our circumstances, but simply because their ways are sanctioned by custom. Hence it is that so many frail women, in town and country alike, are overworked, less by the needs of their families and the necessities of housekeeping, than by the fear of the criticisms of the community. The woman who dares order her housekeeping with strict regard to her own strength, her own growth, the true welfare of her children and the purse of her husband, ignoring all outside comments, is needed everywhere. We want fewer of those

who, as Henry James says, when they die will leave nothing but their clothes.

THE most foolish thing a young girl can possibly do is to consent to a secret marriage, which is to be kept from her friends. If there is one reason why the marriage should take place at all, there are many more why, if performed, it should be openly and at once acknowledged. Never let a lover, however dear, however plausible his reasons, persuade you into a secret marriage, girls, for grief and regret will surely follow. Distrust the lover who would thus tempt you from your duty to your parents. There may be reasons for that secrecy which you in your innocence do not suspect, and ere the honeymoon has waned you may find yourself "wedded but no wife." If friends oppose, and marry you will in spite of prayers and protestations, at least do it openly, acknowledging the act at the time. The secret must come out sometime and busy tongues will wag, and scandal will not be still if you try to hide it. You will suffer in reputation in the opinion of many who judge, as the world will always do, according to their own evil thought. There will be innumerable "though you be pure as ice and chaste as snow," and the less your thought of evil the more acutely will you feel them. There is never a good reason why a marriage should not be immediately acknowledged; it is not "smart" nor "cute" to conceal it, and to do so may be the beginning of trouble, and will always serve as a handle to enemies or those who are prepared to discover evil everywhere. We must be mindful of public opinion, since it is far stronger than we, and must be careful not to put ourselves in a false position, since any evil disposed person can soil a reputation by suspicions which enemies will believe and friends never hear of to deny.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE great cause of spoiled canned fruit is putting up that which is not entirely fresh.

COMMON hard soap may be used to fill up cracks in the floor, or the crevices between it and the washboards. No insects will venture to push through it.

SOMETIMES it is desirable to remove the odor of kerosene from cans or vessels in which it has been kept. A little chloride of lime, dissolved in warm water, and left in such dishes, will deodorize them very soon.

It is recommended that those who pack eggs in salt for use during the winter months, turn the eggs two or three times a week. This is done by turning the boxes. If the eggs are left in one position the contents settle and adhere to the shells. Keep the boxes of eggs in a cool place.

OFTEN the tops of fruit cans become corroded or covered with a substance

which looks like a deposit of lime. This should be removed before the cans are used again, and to do so it is only necessary to fill the tops with strong vinegar, let them stand half an hour or longer if necessary, and the deposit can be removed by washing.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Husbandman* gives a simple remedy for alleviating bronchial troubles, which if it does not effect a cure is at least perfectly harmless, and may afford relief for a time. It is simply inhaling steam. She places a wire screen (such as is used to cover dishes) over the face, then wets a flannel cloth in just as hot water as possible, lays it over the screen, then a dry one over that, and lets the patient inhale the steam. It will relieve hoarseness and soreness in a very short time, she says.

DON'T forget that one of the cheapest and best disinfectants you can use is the common copperas which you can buy at four or five cents per pound, and don't forget to use it freely. Dissolve a pound of copperas in a quart of hot water and sprinkle it freely wherever and whenever there is a bad smell. Do not wait for the smell to intensify itself, saying "I really must attend to this," and then put it off till another season, but keep the copperas in the house and attend to its use at the proper time.

PROF. COOK says: "We have found pyrethrum very excellent to destroy the house flies. It is so easily done that my wife for the past season has not only killed these pests in our own house, but has done the same for several of our neighbors. To kill the house flies it must be thrown into the room in the form of fine dust. There are kept in the drug stores all over the country, little dust-blowers that serve admirably for this purpose. We have but to blow the dust out of the little dust-bellows four or five times and leave the room, which had better be tightly closed. We usually do this just as we are about to retire. In the morning the flies are all lying on the floor, dead or helpless. As this first paralyzes the insects, causing them to fall to the floor, and as some will after hours recover, it is well to sweep them all up and throw them into the fire. This need not be done till morning. I have found that pyrethrum may be used in the same way to destroy the annoying mosquitos."

If, instead of taking all sorts of nauseous drugs and patent medicines in the spring to cure "biliousness," which is simply an impaired condition of the blood caused by imperfect digestion of the hearty, heavy diet of winter, people would eat lemons freely, they would find the health restored, the sallow complexion cleared and the blood purified, without the deleterious effects of the drugs. Take the juice of two or three or more lemons daily, an hour before meals; it is a good plan to take the juice of one at least half an hour before breakfast. Few stomachs are strong enough to bear

the clear juice without unpleasant sensations, the acid is so strong; therefore mix a couple of teaspoonfuls of sugar with it and add two or three tablespoonfuls of water. Thus prepared it is much more palatable and efficacious than medicines. The Household Editor has tried this till she "knows it's so." A good many attacks of "bilious" and "malarial" fever might be averted by the free use of lemons for a couple of months in the spring. Lemons are also good for rheumatic people; and a sick headache may often be cured by the juice of a lemon in half a cup of strong coffee, without sugar. Try this simple remedy for biliousness or indigestion, and be convinced.

THE Household Editor hopes our contributors will not forget the little paper even though domestic duties are multiplied these long, warm days. If each waits for another there will be a dearth of letters. We hope to hear soon from many of our members who have not written for some time, but whom we know are full of good ideas for the helping of their sister women.

BERTHA, of Saline, says: "I am an interested reader of the Household, and find very many things which help me greatly as a young housekeeper. I read them through, then put them away carefully for safe keeping. I have tried some of the recipes, and not one has failed. The recipe for pot-pie which I send with this is excellent and never fails."

Wool's inquiry about the method of preparing wool for quilts seems to have been quite completely answered. "Superior," of Ypsilanti, suggests that the wool be sent to a woolen factory, after being washed and the burs, if any, picked out, and there put through the "picking machine," which will make it very light and easy to handle. Mrs. N. Cone, of Flint, puts the wool into a suds as hot as the hands will bear, pressing it out into another tub of clean suds and repeating the process till the oil and dirt are out. She then sends it to the carding machine to be carded into bats. A correspondent of the *Colorado Farmer* reports she made both wool mattresses and comfortables by pulling the wool by hand, after it had been thoroughly washed and dried, until it was soft and light. Her mattresses she packed tight as possible, while in the comforts the wool was spread lightly and loosely quilted. Unless some of our readers can give new information on this subject, we will consider the question closed for the present.

Contributed Recipes.

POT-PIE.—One pint sweet milk; four teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, two teaspoonfuls soda; one egg; a pinch of salt. Stir stiff with a spoon and drop in the kettle, a spoonful at a time.

MOLASSES CAKE.—Half cup molasses; half cup sugar; half cup warm water; one and a half cups flour; one teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful of ginger; one egg; butter the size of an egg.

BERTHA.
SALINE.

Useful Recipes.

STEWED LAMB.—Take the neck or breast, cut into small pieces, and put in a stewpan with some thinly sliced salt pork and enough water to cover it; cover closely and stew until tender, skim off all the scum, and add a quart of green peas, adding more water if necessary; when the peas are tender, season with pepper and butter rolled with flour.

CUTLETS OF COLD MUTTON.—Cut the remains of cold loin or neck of mutton into cutlets, trim them and take away a portion of the fat should there be too much. Dip them in beaten egg, sprinkle with bread crumbs and fry them a nice brown in hot dripping. Arrange them on a dish and pour round them either a good gravy or hot tomato sauce.

MUTTON PIE.—Cold mutton may be made into very good pies, if well seasoned and mixed with a few herbs. If the leg is used cut it into very thin slices; if the loin or neck, into thin cutlets. Place some at the bottom of the dish, season well with pepper, salt, mace, parsley and herbs; then put a layer of potatoes sliced, then more mutton and so on till the dish is full; add the gravy, cover with a crust and bake for one hour.

AN ECONOMICAL DISH.—Wash a calf's liver; remove the skin and cut off the white fat from the under side. Lard the upper side with fat salt pork. Brown in a baking pan two tablespoonfuls of flour in hot butter or drippings; place the liver in the pan and let it brown on both sides. Add one carrot cut in halves, one onion in which six cloves have been stuck, one bay-leaf and the rind of a lemon. Pour three cups of water or broth in the pan and bake for half an hour, basting often. Then add one teaspoonful of vinegar and one of lemon juice, and salt and pepper; baste two or three times. Strain the gravy over the liver, garnish with round slices of lemon and serve.

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