

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, AUGUST 4, 1885.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### GROWING.

Baby is only one year old,  
Fair and sweet as a daffodilly;  
Hair as bright as the crinkled gold  
Hid in the heart of a water lily.

Baby is only two years old,  
Tongue like a piping Bob o' Lincoln,  
Trills more songs than can e'er be told  
Or ever a birdie would dare to think on.

Baby is only—who's been stealing  
Out of my arms and off my knee  
My baby? The gypsy years came kneeling,  
And stole my baby away from me.

Ah, wasteful woman, she who may  
On her sweet self set her own price,  
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,  
How has she cheapened Paradise!  
How given for naught her priceless gift,  
How spoiled the bread and spill'd the wine,  
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,  
Had made brutes men, and men divine.

—Ruskin.

### UP STREAM.

Though the beautiful river which flows by the city of Detroit has not the picturesque scenery of the Hudson, nor the volume of the "Father of Waters," the mighty Mississippi, it has yet a peculiar beauty of its own. Geographically, it is more properly a strait than a river; aesthetically, its swift current, clear cold waters, and the islands which gem its bosom, are its charms. To the resident of Detroit "the river"—as if there was but one in the world and Detroit had it—is a constant attraction. On the "hottest day of the season" a cool breeze ripples its surface, and hundreds of people crowd the river steamers, and for dime can ride all day if they so elect. The stream of humanity which formerly thronged to Belle Isle, our "Island Park," is now partly diverted to Brighton and Manhattan, two new resorts down the river on the Canadian shore, which have the advantage of a longer ride and shorter stay at the dock, and to the bibulous-minded, plenty of Canadian beer in Canadian "schooners," which I am told hold "only a thimbleful, and that all froth."

Down the river the two resorts mentioned, Wyandotte, Grosse Isle and Sugar Island, the latter at the mouth of the river, are the principal points of interest. Recently I took a trip in the opposite direction, taking the *Idlewild* at four in the afternoon. Belle Isle's green expanses lay on the right behind us as the pretty cottages and summer residences at Grosse Point, ten miles above the city, came into distant view, and then the shore lines

faded into soft grey mist as we crossed Lake St. Clair; its surface dotted in every direction with vessels of all nautical classes, from the tiny yacht decked with flags and pennants, to the stately schooners and brigs with white sails full set, skimming like birds before the wind, and the lazy barge in tow, with the usual complement of red flannel shirts fluttering from the deck. Nobody has ever seen a barge, bound up or down, by day or night, that had not a washing out. It is supposed that the idle, inactive life of the crew predisposes them to exercise at the washboard for health's sake.

At the St. Clair Flats, nearly at the mouth of the river of the same name, is Detroit's most popular "watering place." Here are the headquarters of a fishing and hunting club, which owns most of the adjacent marshes, and a hotel, the Star Island House, for those not entitled to entertainment at the Club House. The "scenery" at the Flats is novel, if monotonous. The approach on the lake side is through a canal; a channel in the lake dredged deep enough to permit the passage of heavily laden vessels, and protected by embankments, which are lined with willows. These two parallel lines of bright green, set in the blue water, and quite disconnected with any other land, look queer enough to a stranger. Just beyond is the Club House, with "water, water all around," so that the only means of passing its brief confines is by boat. It is the paradise of fishermen, who fish all day in the channels and bays of the marshes, and at night gather to relate their adventures, and brag about the big fish they did not catch. Just beyond is the Star Island House, famous for its fish suppers, (which it is the "proper thing" to come up on the *Idlewild* to eat, returning on the *Ward*, a couple of hours later,) with a pretty lawn set to willows, and a pavilion on the dock for the accommodation of picnic parties. As the *Idlewild* swung up to the dock a gentleman sprang out of his little row boat at the landing at the side of the house, and lifted out a magnificent fish nearly three feet long, whose scaly armor shone with iridescent hues, purple and rose and silver, as the triumphant captor pointed out its beauties to the troop of friends who rushed to admire his prize. Just beyond the Star Island House, on Butler Island—though how that can be called an island which seems a waste of reeds, just level with water, I don't quite see—is being built a large and handsome club house, the ren-

devous of still another sportsmen's club; and then we pass the marshes, beloved of the wild duck, which in the season resound with the crack of shot guns, and where always the fattest and biggest bird is the one to get away. Here was a steam dredge at work, and I watched with some curiosity, the process of deepening a channel by shoveling out the bottom of the river. At the end of a beam was a large cylindrical bucket, having a bottom which could open and shut. Fancy a tomato can with two-thirds of its bottom pulled loose, and if this stretch of imagination is not too great, imagine that loose bottom capable of being shut by machinery. You scoop the tomato can into the mud of the river bottom, and the machinery closes the bottom till it is lifted out and suspended above a scow moored alongside the dredge, when the bottom drops out, so does the mud, and the bucket goes down for another mouthful. I shall not take my "alfred-davit" that this is the principle of the steam dredge, but that is how it seemed to work.

The *Idlewild* swung round a grassy bend to call at Algonac, the first stopping place in the St. Clair River, just as the sun was dipping below the horizon. It is a rather pretty village; "sleepy," as river towns are apt to be unless given to manufacturing, but neat and pleasant. At Marine City a saline odor filled the air, and the smoke of her salt blocks darkened the sky. A girl in a pink dress gave a saucy flirt of her handkerchief in return to a passenger's salute, and the pious young man with a freckled face and clerical tie sorely puzzled a lusty "dock-whollop" by asking the number of churches in the town and the per cent of people attending them. The stalwart Irishman didn't know much about churches, but bragged considerably over the salt block. At the Oakland, one of the prettiest and most charmingly located summer hotels in the State, the band was playing a waltz, and we could just hear, mingled with the lap of the water against the piers, the dancing feet keeping time to the rhythm of the music, though the glow-worm lamps that shone amid the foliage gave no hint of human presence. A little further on, semi-invisible in the deepening twilight, we passed St. Clair and Somerville School, and then through darkness and silence, broken only by the passage of some river monster with one red eye and one green one, or with shadowy sails flapping in the languid breeze, to Sarnia, on the Canadian side, and then across to Port Huron, where under the electric lights I was captured, "kissed and carried away" by waiting friends.

BEATRIX.



## SYMPATHY, AND HOW TO EXPRESS IT.

We search the lives of great men and women, admire the works they have left behind them, and wish we could do something for the world and its people. Now I think that God has a work planned for every human soul he creates; we often grasp blindly after it; in fact some never find a mission, their strength is spent in absorbing, they never dispense, consequently they are failures. Just as the sun dispenses light, so can the soul give of its goodness and knowledge. Once get into the lives about you and you will find that "What is good for the hive is also good for the bee." It is a good idea to get out of, and away from ourselves. We hear much now-a-days about "self culture." It says "Make the most of your powers," it does not add "for others' sake as well as your own." Don't you know there is an "active and passive sympathy?" One sits still and wrings the hands and cries "What can I do; I am so sorry, I can see nothing to do, but I am truly sorry," the other, instead of tears and cries, takes hold and does for suffering humanity. What if the night is bitter cold and the wind howls, we sit by our comfortable fire, and say "God help the poor, it must be terrible to be without fire such a night as this." Does that expression make any one warmer? We sit in our cool room when the thermometer is up among the nineties, and the least little breeze sifts through the screens and moves the curtain and fans our cheek, and we think how comfortable it is here with a book and fan; then comes the thought of those thousands of women and children cooped up in large cities, dying for fresh air and blue sky and green grass, little children who never saw a flower growing, or picked one. Poor little blue skeletons! May heaven bless those noble men and women who yearly send so many into country homes, giving them a little idea of what life can be.

It is not the great things—life is made up almost exclusively of little things. If you want to know people you must get near them; "go down to their level and bring them up to yours." When Christ walked upon earth and taught and healed, He did not stand along way off—He laid his hands on them. Some are so situated that they cannot do much; temperament, education, ill-health, may conspire against ambitious schemes. "The ladder leading from earth to Heaven is not made of wooden rungs, or of cold senseless material." We are all dependent creatures, each busy heart feels its wants and reaches out for help. We cannot all have large fields of labor, nor all be great workers, but all around us is some one to smile at; a gift of a book or flower, an offered chair, the turning of a window blind, a pleasant word, the little opportunities to do good will fill our time at home or abroad. "And when it is all over, and our feet will run no more, and our hands are helpless, and we have scarcely strength to murmur a last prayer; then we shall see that instead of needing

a larger field, we have left untilled many corners of our single acre, and that none of it is fit for the Master's eye, were it not for the softening shadow of the cross."

"It isn't the world-praised wonders that are best in our Father's sight, Nor the wreaths of fading laurels that garnish Fame's dizzy height, But the pitying love and kindness, the work of the warm caress, The beautiful hope and patience and self-forgetfulness; The trifle in secret given, the prayer in the quiet night, And the little unnoticed nothings, are good in our Father's sight."

BATTLE CREEK.

SUBSCRIBER.

## FRENCH COOKERY.

It always amuses me to hear French cookery praised for its economy. The French *chef*, we are often told, will take an old boot top and from it prepare a savory *ragout*. The inference is that the *ragout* is the essence of leather so modified and ameliorated by the magic of cooking that it is palatable and nutritious without further additions, whereas to the original ingredient, which gives its name to the dish, has been added spices, sauces, flavors, this, that and the other, until the cost of these make the dish anything but inexpensive. Then, reverting to the original boot-top, the assertion is gravely made that the delicious relish cost next to nothing. The "economy" of this mode of cooking was excellently illustrated in a story published in the *FARMER* some months ago, where a couple of carrots, commercial value two cents, were so "dressed" with condiments that the cost was close to or above one dollar. The husband wonders why they can't have such dishes every day, and points out the economy with carrots at a cent each, while the wife, who knew what made the dish so piquant, drops into figures long enough to reckon up for her bewildered spouse the cost of the capers, meat extract, etc., which went to the compounding of this "simple and economical dish."

French dishes do not suit the American palate. The French are light eaters. A soup, a few vegetables, and abundance of thin, light wine satisfy them. The American is hearty and hungry; he cares more for quantity than Monsieur, who demands quality to suit his taste. Literally, I suppose the waste from an American kitchen might feed a French family of the lower classes, because their made dishes, of a variety of ingredients, would suit their accustomed taste. The male American disdains scraps and warmed over messes, and dislikes the flavors and combinations of French cookery. I well recollect my first attempt to introduce a little "style" into our plain home cookery by preparing a roast of beef *a la mode*. It was regarded with grave suspicion, and I always felt certain that the integrity of my motives was questioned that night in the homes of sundry of my neighbors, who that day had eaten at my table.

We can guard against waste in the kitchen best by calculating to a nicety the quantity needed for each meal. Many housekeepers think there is *not enough* unless there is some left. The

best management provides a plenty; enough, but not too much; this is not stinginess, but economy. What to do with the scraps, the odds and ends of meat, vegetables, cake and bread is the economical woman's constant trouble, and the wisest forethought arranges for the least possible quantity to be warmed over or thrown away.

BRUNEFILLE.

DETROIT.

## READ, AND PROFIT THEREBY.

DEAR LADIES:—I am sorry to see so great a dearth of letters in our little paper, and without doubt others resolved with me, upon reading the *Household* of July 7th, to take up the pen and add a mite to help and encourage our Editor, knowing that if we fail to edify the readers, we will at least have shown our good will by making the effort to help.

The busy season of haying and harvest is upon us. Our folks have thirty tons of nice prairie hay in the stack, with more to follow, and in one week more one hundred acres of wheat will be ready for the binder, with 50 acres of oats and flax to be secured as soon as that is done; and so it follows without argument that there is a certain amount of labor and care in the house in connection with all this, and the long, warm, busy days try the strength that is not over great, and where there is only one pair of hands to keep the household machinery running smoothly, the time for writing and recreation is somewhat limited. A friend of mine said to me a few days ago: "I should think you might make your work much lighter if you would follow the hints and many good suggestions given in the *Household* more closely. Now, although I do not take the paper, I have one of those clothes pin aprons, and it's a great help, saves a great deal of backache, &c. Why don't you make you one? And Anna, I. F. N.'s article on "How to Lighten Labor" is worth the subscription price of the paper alone; but you do not let it aid you as you might, do you?"

Well, this was all good, sound, common sense, and I had to answer "No," and I fell to wondering if *Household* members all profit as much by its teachings as they might. Our little four-year-old set me a good example by adopting at once the method of A. H. J.'s little one, in putting on the shoes so the buttons and "little bit of a toe" would fall in line, and so I resolved to do likewise. Ladies, let us shake hands, and each one say "I, toe."

I want to tell you of one of my pet economies for warm weather. I mean economy of time and strength. It is in using yeast cakes instead of soft yeast, which has to be renewed so often. I have always been quite a fanatic on the yeast question, and thought I could not make good bread without the home-made soft yeast, but I have been converted to "Magic yeast cakes," and my bread is just as nice as formerly. Here is failure No. 2 in packing ham without cooking; mine began to mould in a week's time.

Now is the time to can pie-plant. Cut up and pack closely in the cans; fill wit



cold water, screw on the top, shake till the air bubbles are all out; fill up with water and screw tightly, and it is done. I have used that which had been canned a year and a half, and moved from Michigan to Dakota in the bargain, and it was very nice. Do not use any of the water in the can for the pies.

Perhaps I will come again and tell you more about Dakota, the "Wonderland," if you wish me to. Yours to serve,

MRS. G. S. C.  
PRAIRIE HOME, WOLSEY, D. T.

#### CONCERNING AMUSEMENTS.

Upon the first reading of Strong Minded Girl's article, July 21st, I said, our views clash; upon the second reading, I thought could I understand the full meaning of her words in all their relations, as she does, we might not differ. There are some subjects where the differences lie not in the opinions, but in the understanding of the terms used. However, I can but think her views upon the subject as generally understood are misleading.

First, are we to regard "the inner, calm revealing, our highest authority?" Man has an intuitive idea that God exists, but man can not have an intuitive idea of the character of God; if we know not the character of God, we can not know the will of God, hence the necessity of a written revelation; and this should be our highest authority, our guide when we seek to know our duty toward man and God. In regard to amusements what says the Word? No specific duty is enjoined; we do not read thou shalt not dance, but we do read, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." As the compass which points to the north pole may be made to deviate by the attraction of a bar of steel placed near it; so our soul, pointing heavenward, will deviate according to the power of the attraction of worldly amusements and evil.

Second: Is it "far better to depend on moral strength and the liberty of knowledge to resist temptations?" Does "knowledge bring the power of virtue and freedom?" Knowledge alone does not bring safety and liberty. If it does, then go a step farther, let our youth know the taste of wine, only taking care in regard to the "education of the faculties, their development and control." Control, as though that were always possible. But take still another step, teach them all about crime, for "ignorance is an uncertain safety." Give me the uncertain safety of ignorance rather than the certain fearful results such knowledge and its practice would bring. Knowledge is power, but the knowledge of evil is a power to be dreaded. Even though the knowledge be not acquired by contact with evil, but simply through the medium of the printed page, it is dangerous.

The accounts given in our daily papers of atrocious murders and crimes are pernicious. The first reading to our youth may be shocking, then they are read with

indifference and finally with a relish. Who can tell the end?

The third and last statement made by Strong Minded Girl, that I would like to notice is: "At the most a misspent life is a sad one; it is never the purpose of any soul to go astray." The word misspent conveys to my mind the having had, or held, with the power of use, either for good or evil, which involves the necessity of choice, and this precludes the idea of mistake, taking for granted that all the results and consequences of the choice are known. It may not be the purpose of any soul to go astray, yet it is given unto each soul to know, and to choose. If one knows good, and chooses it not, can it be called a mistake? Will we not all be held responsible for the use we make of life? I would like to know our sister's theory of intuitive knowledge, whether or not she is at one with Schleiermacher.

PALO.

JANNETTE.

#### WHO MAKES POOR BREAD?

When the FARMER comes to us each week, and the little Household falls into my lap as I unfold it, instead of beginning to read at once, I look it through to see who the contributors are and what each has written about.

When the FARMER of June 23rd came I looked the Household over as usual, and seeing that Beatrix's article was "What to Wear," I passed it by without reading it, (by the way, I did not expect to have anything new) and turned to Evangeline's "Waste in the Kitchen," as it struck me at once that it was a new departure for her.

As I read I came to the conclusion she must have had sour bread herself that morning, or she would never have made such sweeping assertions in regard to American housekeepers. She says: "In nine-tenths of the homes they set diabolical stuff on the table and call it bread." Now, Evangeline, I am heartily glad you do not live near Tecumseh, for I am afraid you would never be invited to tea again after such an uncomplimentary assertion; perhaps though you might change your views if you could drop in impromptu to dinner or tea in the many prosperous homes around here, for I am sure that nine-tenths of the housekeepers in this vicinity make nice, white, delicious bread.

I begin to think one reason why the farmers of Southern Michigan are generally so prosperous is because they have economical wives. (I wonder if they would be willing to acknowledge as much?)

Seriously, however, I do think there is waste in the kitchen, for the best of housekeepers sometimes have bad luck, and older ones than Jannette have cause for tears of disappointment and vexation. Had some of the other contributors accused the general housekeeper of waste I should not have been surprised, but Evangeline has always seemed to me as a poetical ideal. I have thought of her as the Evangeline that Longfellow so beautifully portrayed; one who would travel

to the ends of the earth and endure untold trials and privations for "love's sake," but it seems to me duty would be a hard word.

Her letters would suggest nothing more commonplace than angel's food, or the aroma of tea and coffee. They are so full of tenderness, courage and hope, and seem so restful and charming. I am sure many readers are often encouraged to bear life's burden with a more cheerful and willing spirit after reading her letters; but I fear many would be somewhat angry to hear their bread called "diabolical stuff." OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TECUMSEH.

#### SCRAPS.

OUR Strong Minded Girl asks what to the lover is the rose which his lady pressed to her lips with a blush and then folded in a letter to him. That depends. In all probability he will wonder why she enclosed that decaying vegetable, and never a dream of the baptism of love it has received will cross his obtuse mind. Bulwer says there is in man an original obtuseness of fibre as regards sentiment, compared with the delicacy of woman's. And this is true. When love dawns in a woman's heart it brings a train of holy thoughts, of doubts and fears and joys and confidence, that a man's coarser nature cannot comprehend. Even when a woman speaks, letting language feebly express her soul, man's grosser intellect is but half comprehending. Fine indeed is that organization that can understand before she speaks at all, as women sometimes comprehend women. "No man living or dead has ever understood a woman for five minutes at a time," is a man's sweeping assertion in regard to his sex. And he also puts these words into his hero's mouth: "It is the highest pleasure in life, that constant, loving study of the one person one loves. There is no pleasure like the pleasure of trying to understand what a woman wants; there is no sorrow like the sorrow of failing to do that; and there is no glory like the glory of success. It is a divine task for any man, and the greatest have thought it worthy of them." But how few men do study the woman nature, or seek to enter her heart of hearts! Yet certainly if a man has any noble purposes, any hidden depths in his nature they will develop under love's influence. This has been beautifully expressed in the following words: "Whatever flowers of goodness can find nourishment in the evil of a man's nature, choose the opening of love as the best time for blooming." If two souls are to find

"Love's large cup at overflow, yet ever to be filled,"

the man must be able to enter into the fineness and delicacy, the soul of the woman's nature and thought. The faded rose must convey to him some faint apprehension of the impulses that thrilled the giver's heart, and made her love-lit face flush "like the rose that in the garden at Damascus grows."

How irresistibly the beautiful attracts



us? Whether the beauty lie in form or color, in motion or repose, how our eyes love to linger, conveying the impression to brain and soul! I don't wonder that young men fall in love with the pretty girls; I am in love with some of them myself, though it is popularly supposed one woman can never duly appreciate the charms of another. When to beauty of face and form is added the charm of an intelligent mind and womanly heart, what man can do better than surrender at discretion? Such a beautiful girl was my *vis a vis* in a down town car the other day, I could hardly keep my eyes from her face. I could think only of a spotless, stately calla lily, as I studied the sweet countenance radiant with the beauty and pride of maidenhood; and the creamy white draperies, the soft yellow hair surmounted by the fluffy ostrich tips on her bonnet, carried out my thought. So pure, so fragile and dainty, one could but wish the roses and lilies of life might ever be her portion. If our girls only knew how maidenly modesty and dignity, a gentle reserve, not coldness, of manner became them, surely we should see less boisterousness, less loud talk and romping. "Show me a gracious virgin bearing a lily, not a leering giggler frisking a rattle."

I WAS an enforced listener to a *tete a tete* conversation between two girls of the "girly-girly" order the other evening, one fresh from a convent school in Canada, the other a graduate of one of our interior Union schools. Their conversation amused and interested me for a time, carried on as it was with the utmost abandon and disregard of the half dozen persons within earshot. The redundancy of adjective was what first attracted my attention. The moon, sending a flood of silver light across the water, was "perfectly lovely," so also was the cabbage soup at the convent. Of the stars, "Oh, aren't they too sweet; I just love the stars, don't you?" and of a new acquaintance "Oh he's just too sweet, I just love him!" "Isn't Tennyson's *Evangeline* perfectly lovely?" I just love her, she's so sweet," and on being reminded that Longfellow wrote the poem in question, "Oh yes, so he did; but isn't Tennyson sweet?" Somebody began singing the "Star Spangled Banner," a dozen voices caught and upheld the melody. "What is that? Isn't it lovely! I've heard it before, but *what is it?*" It's too sweet anyhow; I think music on the water is perfectly sweet, don't you?" The speaker had had "a perfectly elegant" time that day, and the pickles provided for lunch were also "perfectly elegant." So much sweetness at last nauseated me and I fell to wondering why education, which is supposed to educate, could not clip this redundancy of admiration and teach discrimination in the matter of adjectives as applied to totally dissimilar objects. Yet who teaches "the art of conversation" nowadays; and, indeed, do we have any "conversation?" Seems to me it is pretty much all talk.

BEATRIX.

SINCE Mrs. A. M. G. A. is acquainted with the lady to whom she addresses certain personal inquiries, will she please make her requests directly to the lady in question, who can answer them without the intervention of the Household.

MRS. A. M. G. A. says if ladies will try the recipe for pickles given in the Household of August 26, 1884, they will never sigh for a better one. Also, that salt mackerel is greatly improved by covering with sour instead of sweet cream just before it is served.

"A FARMER'S WIFE," who sends us the recipe for cucumber pickles, says it is a method she has often tested. She put up pickles in this way in 1884, and used the last in May of the current year, finding them excellent to the end. One advantage is they never mould.

A LADY at Mason wishes to know who has a FARMER sewing machine in that vicinity, as she wishes to examine before purchasing. Mr. Thomas Blakely of Mason, and Mr. John Thorburn of Holt, have FARMER machines. There may be others whom we do not now recollect.

MRS. G. S. C. wishes to know where she can get the words and music of the songs "Good Night, and Dream of Me," and "Mrs. Lofty and I." Probably of any dealer in musical goods, who if he has not those wanted in stock will order them from a wholesale publishing house at request.

"Two of Us" writes from Big Beaver to know if there is any place in Detroit where ivory stick fans can be re-covered. The Household Editor knows of no such place, and was very desirous not long ago to find some one doing just that business. On making inquiries she was told the fans would have to be sent away, and that the cost would be close to the expense of a new one. A plain white fan may sometimes be cleaned with deodorized benzine, but there is always the risk that it will come out streaked and discolored. A lady friend who had a fan which was worthless in its present condition, took it to pieces, examined its "get up" critically, bought satin and cheap silk for a new cover, and put it on. The work was done as neatly as she could do it, but was hardly a success. She painted a spray of flowers upon it, and it makes a very pretty wall ornament.

#### Contributed Recipes.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Lay the cucumbers in weak brine four days; drain off the brine and cover with good cider vinegar. Let them lie in this one week; then place in fresh vinegar, spiced to suit your taste. The first vinegar can be used several times. I have made pickles by this recipe for several years, and can safely say they are good and will keep.

UNION HOME.

LEMON CREAM PIE.—One and a half pints of milk; three tablespoonfuls corn starch; one

cup sugar; two tablespoonfuls butter; one teaspoonful lemon extract; juice of two lemons; yolks of four eggs. Boil milk and add corn-starch dissolved in a little milk; when it boils again take off and beat in the yolks, butter, lemon juice and extract; pour at once into pie plates lined with paste; bake in hot oven 20 minutes; then cover with meringue of the whites, beaten with a tablespoonful of sugar.

MRS. G. S. C.

WOLSEY, D. T.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—To one gallon of vinegar add one teacupful of sugar; half teacupful of salt; one cup horse-radish, the root broken in pieces; a few pieces of ginger root; one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, pepper and white mustard seed. Let the vinegar and spices boil and when cold it is ready for use. When the cucumbers are picked pour boiling water over them; let them stand until cold; then wipe dry, put in the spiced vinegar, stirring each time; let stand 24 hours, and they are ready for use.

A FARMER'S WIFE.

LANSING.

POT-PIE CRUST.—One and a half cups buttermilk; one and a half teaspoonfuls soda; one of salt; mix in sufficient flour to make a stiff dough. Let stand in a warm place to rise an hour or more; then cut off pieces with a spoon drop in the kettle, and boil half an hour. Have the meat well seasoned and gravy thickened. For baked chicken pie, take one cupful each of buttermilk, water and lard; one teaspoonful soda, and a little salt; this makes crust for two chickens, baked in a pan. Bake in a slow oven one hour.

AUNT NELL.

PLAINWELL.

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