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The household. Vol. 8, No. 3 March 1875

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, March 1875

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THE

HOUSEHOLD

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 8. BRATTLEBORO, VT., MARCH, 1875. No. 3.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1875, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE HOUSEHOLD.
A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
CROSBY BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

TERMS:—\$1 00 per year in advance.
Postage 10 cents extra.



HIDDEN SPRINGS.

See the rivers flowing
Downwards to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free;
Yet to help their giving
Hidden springs arise,
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread;
Load the air with perfumes
From their beauty shed;
Yet their lavish spending
Leaves them not in dearth;
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures,
From fair nature learn;
Give thy love—and ask not,
Wait not a return.
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty
God will give thee more.

CONCERNING FRONT DOORS.

BY ELLEN LYMAN.

“I WONDER that people in the country, especially at farm-houses, are at the expense to have front doors at their residences at all, seeing they are so seldom used,” said a friend, who was inclined to express her sentiments quite freely upon any subject that struck her attention.

“But they do usually have them,” was the rejoinder, “as it is very proper that all houses should, and you have liberty to seek admission at people’s front doors, when you visit them, and thus set an example if no more.”

“That is all reasonable to talk about,” replied our friend, “but let us see how it works;” and then she went on with the subject in a somewhat comical, but rather truthful manner, her leading ideas which we took down in our mind’s memoranda for the benefit—or otherwise—of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD.

“This is something as it works;” she went on, “Suppose you are driv-

ing in your carriage and wish to call or visit at places of friends or acquaintances or some business matter—such as buying eggs and butter—inclines you to drive up to the door. Can you likely reach the front door from the driveway? In nine cases out of ten is not the front yard to be approached only through a foot path, which in winter is blocked by snow, and in summer overgrown with grass, showing you at once that there is no frequent entrance by that way? But suppose you venture to approach the formal front door, as, if you are a stranger at the place you will scarce feel at liberty to go to people’s kitchen doors, if you do seek the front door are you likely to get in? You seldom find a bell or knocker, and indeed, the front of the house looks so totally uninhabited that you are sure you shall not be heard if you knock at the formidable front door. However, you try; you rap, and rap till your knuckles ache, and then give up in despair. So you thread your way out of the little front yard and then through the gate or opening into the back yard and find yourself knocking, this time, at the kitchen door; you are sure somebody lives in the kitchen, or perhaps it is a family room in the back part of the house where you will find the inmates. This time your knock is heard and the door opened for your entrance; but the mistress of the house you can see, is embarrassed that you have “caught her in the suds,” and you quite as much so, certainly if you are a stranger or mere acquaintance; then you perhaps try to apologize for coming to her kitchen door, though she, as well as you, knows that there was no reasonable chance for you to get into the house in any other way.

“For my own part,” goes on my friend, “I am not particular at which door of people’s houses I enter, provided they care nothing about it; but as I like to do as I would be done by in such a case, I always look wistfully at the front door, certainly if I am not sure I will be welcomed at the back door, and if I find an entrance there impracticable make the best I can of the emergency. We most of us have intimate family friends or next door neighbors whom we can receive without formality, and whom we would not object to have enter our kitchen at a time when our work was keeping us there. But usually we prefer to have people ring at the front door, and then we can receive them where we like best. For my part I do not wish Mrs. Overnice to see whether or not my kitchen stove is blacked so brightly that she can see her face reflected in it, for I may have had to spend my time and strength in

other duties that obliged me to forego an extra polishing, and as a woman’s kitchen is properly a work-shop—not designedly a family living room—it cannot be always in order if she would accomplish anything else in the mean time. Mrs. Overnice has no small children to make a general disorder, and has a grown up daughter to assist her in her family cares, which may make a vast difference in her ability to exercise her peculiar faculties in house-keeping.

WALKS ABOUT THE PREMISES.

The chief thing that distinguishes the house of the farmer from that of a person living in a city or town, is the absence of any walks about the house. Sometimes there is a firm sod, but ordinarily this is cut up by the wheels of wagons and the feet of cattle, till it is in the best possible condition to form mud. After every rain, stepping out of the house means stepping into mud and mire. Stepping into the house means taking along with you as much clay, black earth, and manure, as can be taken on the shoes.

Of course, no feet can be comfortable, no house can be tidy, under such circumstances. In cold weather we have no mud, but we do have a very uneven surface to travel over, and often snow to wade through. When we consider how much can be saved in the way of comfort and tidiness by the use of walks, it is a wonder that so many farm premises are without them. They would insure dry feet, clean floors, beside adding to general health and comfort.

If walks are made of brick, stone, or gravel, laid nearly level with the surface of the ground, they should be at least four feet wide, so as to allow of planting flowers along the sides of them, and still have sufficient room to walk without having dresses touch the plants. If the walks are made of either of these materials, pains should be taken to secure the prevention of the growth of grass and weeds. This may generally be accomplished by removing the earth below the roots of the grass and putting on a thick coating of leached ashes or refuse lime, with sand or gravel well pounded down.

In most respects, however, the best, cheapest, and most convenient walks may be made of common pine plank. Good supports may be made of two by four scantling set on edge. A walk of this kind will cost but little, and will last for years without repairs. Being elevated from the ground, it is always quite dry, while it is very convenient to clean the snow from in winter.—Chicago Times.



HOUSE OR HOME.

BY H. E. S.

WHEN I was a child of twelve, spending my first and only year at a boarding school, my room was shared by a girl of my own age whose one exhaustless topic of conversation was the beautiful home of the uncle who was also her father by adoption. “Uncle Lewis’ house,” his carpets, his mirrors, his horses, his dogs, his Shetland ponies, and above all, his grounds, including a lake and a park wherein were real deer like those in English parks, filled my imagination with wonderful pictures. I had read most of Walter Scott’s novels as well as a few of Bulwer’s, and the mention of English deer brought vividly before me the picture of a fair and stately English Hall, surrounded by broad acres of peaceful lawn and heavy timber sloping to the edge of a lonely, lovely lake, where graceful deer might be seen bounding along or gazing with blameless vanity at their own forms reflected in the water. A ruined castle with moat and draw-bridge would have suited me better, but even the unreasoning fancy of a child had to acknowledge that this would be too much to ask.

My little companion often urged me to go home with her to stay from Friday afternoon till Monday morning. Of course I wished to go to see real deer in a real park, and after much entreaty at last secured written permission from home to do so.

It was a very hot Friday in July, dusty and choking when we drove through the broad gateway and up the long avenue bordered with the shade trees of the future. Doubtless by this time those maple twigs tied to supporting stakes and innocent of more than a leaf or two at the top, may have become capable of standing alone, but at that time an avenue of bean poles could not have been more unpromising.

And, alas, for the stately English Hall of my imagination. Here was only a very large double house flanked by a wing on each side and having a long flat-roofed extension in the rear. It must have cost a great deal of money, this mass of glaring white wood and iron, but I could not appreciate the expense and there was certainly nothing else to admire. The interior was even worse than the ex-

terior. The broad, marble-floored hall, with its caken staircase and silver plated balustrade, its bare white walls, was as cold and desolate as a cave in an iceberg. The four long parlors with their soft carpets of hideous coloring, their stiff sets of rosewood furniture upholstered with yellow damask, the white walls loaded with mirrors in heavy gilt frames and destitute of all the little nick-nacks which make a room look livable, were such cheerless uninhabitable regions. It was the same throughout the house, there was not one comfortable, home-like apartment in it; not one corner that had a friendly, welcoming look; not one nook where one could nestle saying, "I am tired, here I will rest." Rest? one would as soon think of resting in an advertising van.

"Uncle Lewis" proved to be a coarse, swaggering man, delighting in getting the worth of his money by resting his muddy boots on the delicate damask of the sofa, and feeding a small pack of dogs on the dining-room Axminster carpet. The two sisters who presided at the table and were supposed to keep the house seemed about as much at home in their surroundings as would two chickens in a mill pond. They were good, kindly women who would have been happy and useful had they been left in the possession of plain, quiet comfort, but who were entirely miserable thus suddenly placed at the head of a small army of servants whom they knew not how either to control or to let alone, and in charge of costly things too splendid to use and too ugly to enjoy.

One is not supposed to reflect very much at twelve years old, but one may see clearly and feel strongly, and one of the most sadly grotesque scenes I ever remember was in the dining-room of this house. At the long table loaded with cut glass, painted china, and showy silver ware, presided the master of the feast without a coat, and with big diamond studs blazing on his tumbled shirt front, alternately feeding and swearing at his dogs. Down the sides were ranged several loud talking men and women, fit guests of such a host; at the head, side by side sat the widowed and the maiden sister, abashed at their brother's coarseness, at the rude arrogance of their waiters, at the snubs of the vulgar guests, and above all abashed at their own unexpected and undesired finery as reflected on every side in the enormous mirrors, while at one corner of the table, unnoticed if not unnoticing, sat one exultant and one silent little girl.

Though the English hall with its gentlemen and gentlewomen had receded to the realm of imagination, the lake and the deer park might still prove a reality. I had yet to learn that where vulgar pretence has once taken root it is all pervading. But alas, the park was but a flat ten acre lot, treeless and shrubless, around which some twenty laborers were at work on an incomplete stone wall. The deer for whose use the park was destined being lodged meanwhile in meek-eyed misery in stalls in the barn. The lake proved to be but a small, shallow pond walled about with stone and fed through lead pipes. Now "a rose by any other name may

smell as sweet," but all the christenings in the world cannot make a sunflower into a rose, a bare pasture lot into a park, or this pretentious dwelling place into a home.

From my heart I pitied poor Louise to think that this was all the home she knew. Home! beautiful, sacred word, how could she have any conception of its true meaning? I secretly wondered that she did not beg to be adopted into the family of her Uncle's tenant-farmer whose farm house stood a little in the rear of the big white mansion.

Low, with long roof sloping almost to the ground on one side, painted a red so darkened and softened by time that it looked less a red than a warm brown as seen between the thick growths of sweet-briar, hop vines and morning-glories that clambered from the ground to the roof peak, and with blindless windows admitting the sun over sturdy rag carpets or bare floors, it was really beautiful while the costly white pile was only pretentiously ugly. There was a feeling of comfort about the lowly house; such a homeliness in its very atmosphere; nobody was trying to make believe he was somebody else; nobody was afraid of the clothes he had on, or was trying to get his money's worth by abusing them.

In the great house was a piano on which no one could play; here was a violin from which its master drew sweet tones every evening. In the great house was a room known as "Uncle Lewis' study," where were easy chairs and spittoons and mirrors, and rosewood cases filled with decanters and meerschaums and fishing tackle, but never a pen, a book, or a paper, not even a copy of "The Sportsman's Chronicle" was there. In the small house was a capacious closet built in the chimney wherein were, not the latest books, truly, but books that were good and rich; novels like Fielding's and Sir Walter Scott's; poems like Milton's and Pope's and Shakespeare's, that shall be fresh for a thousand years to come; books that mind and heart alike shall grow rich upon. And the books were well read, too, by father and mother and children, for all could talk about them in a way that made them very interesting to the childish visitor whom they so kindly welcomed. On the tea-table was not costly china or silver, but around the board sat a happy if tired family, and if the master and mistress wore no diamonds, at least the one had on his coat, and the other was not in awe of her faded calico gown.

Home! poor Louise had invited me to go home with her; to see the fine house, the costly furniture, the avenue, the park, the deer, the Shetland ponies (they were pretty little creatures) and the grand new carriage. These were all there after their fashion; that is, the fashion in which they were made by their owner's taste and purse, but where was the home? Home, a loving, happy home, there was not and there could not be; for home is a thing that cannot be bought with money, and that was all that poor Uncle Lewis had to offer in exchange for it. I can hardly wonder that he drank and swore and blustered, for his whole life with all its treasures of

youth, truth, and affection had gone in pursuit of very vanity. He had heaped up riches and what pleasure was there in them under the sun? While his sisters wept and trembled, for they had loved him well, and their lives had gone in wishing and waiting for that which never came. In many climates their brother had toiled and schemed to get this money, and now it availed him only to build a house, while his tenant farmer had stayed in his own land, had not labored more than it is for the happiness of all to labor, and if he had not much money had treasures that money could not buy, a wife, children, a happy home.



WILD FLOWERS.

Sweet flowers that spring from vale and hill,
Without a thought, without a care,
Untended e'er, yet thriving still,
Fragrant and pure like Nature's prayer!

When wakes the brown Earth from her rest,
Like dusky maid from tropic clime,
Ye in her hair and o'er her breast
With cunning blossoms weave and climb.

Beside each rock and by each stream
Your fairy petals stoop to kiss,
And bid the tiny wavelets dream
Of insect joys and coming bliss.

By desert rock and lonely glade
Where but the sun or stars look down,
Where foot of man hath seldom strayed,
Ye still do plait earth's vernal crown.

Shine, stars! as dropped from upper sky;
Look, eyes of blue! from vale and mead;
Leading our wandering thoughts on high,
A unsealed book that all may read.

—Lydia L. A. Very.

CULTURE OF TULIPS.

THE tulip is so perfectly hardy, flourishes so well under the most ordinary care, and is so varied and brilliant, that it never fails to give the greatest satisfaction. The tulip is dashing and showy, of the most brilliant and varied and delicate coloring, and desirable even as single specimens, but it is when grown in masses that the finest effect is produced. Nothing in the floral world can equal the dazzling brilliancy and gorgeousness of the bed of good tulips. These who are acquainted only with the common, poor tulips, seen in the country, know nothing of the character of a good tulip, or the magnificence of a mass of these superb flowers. Everybody succeeds so well with tulips, and they are not expensive.

Any good garden soil will do for the tulip. A rich soil is not necessary, though well rotted manure, rotted sods, or leaf-mold may be applied when the earth is poor. See that the drainage is good before planting. Plant in October and November. Make the soil fine and deep. Set the early flowering kinds five inches apart, and the late varieties six inches. Cover three inches deep. After tulips have done flowering they can be taken up and planted close together in any corner of the garden until it is time to replant in the beds in the autumn, or verbenas or other bedding plants can be set out between the rows, and before they

cover the ground the leaves of the tulips will be sufficiently ripe to be removed, and the ground can be raked off neatly.

Tulips are divided into two general classes, early and late, and these again into several others. The earlier tulips flower in this latitude in April, and by a proper selection of early and late sorts a good display can be kept up for nearly two months, if the weather proves tolerably cool and moist.

Early Tulips.—The earliest of the early class are the Duc Van Thol, single and double. They are in bloom here in April. The single varieties are of fine colors—white, yellow, scarlet, crimson, etc., growing about six inches in height, and make brilliant, dazzling beds, that continue gay a long time. They are also excellent for growing in the house during the winter, three or four in a pot. The double variety is about the same height, red, bordered with yellow. We recommend those not acquainted with them to try a few Duc Van Thols for winter flowering in pots, or boxes, or baskets. Let the soil be very sandy, and if mixed with a little moss, all the better.

The Tournesol follows the Duc Van Thol, with very large double flowers, keeping in bloom a long time, and very desirable in all respects. Two varieties, orange and red, and very fine yellow.

Following the Tournesol, is a large class of single early tulips, containing very many splendid varieties. They flower early, before the sun becomes very hot, and hence continue in perfection a long time. These can always be depended upon for a brilliant and enduring bed. No class of tulips will give greater satisfaction. Our list of named varieties in this beautiful and popular class embraces everything desirable yet produced by the most celebrated Holland growers.

Double Tulips.—The double tulips are becoming more popular every year, and this popularity is not undeserved. Some are beautifully formed, with delicate shades and stripes; others are as large and brilliant as the old red pæony; while others of equal size are fine yellow, rose, white, etc. Our list of named varieties is the best ever offered in the country.

Parrot Tulips.—The parrot tulips are exceedingly brilliant. The petals are long, loose and fringed. Most varieties have three or four colors, as crimson, yellow, orange and green; and the effect of such a mingling of bright colors may be imagined. Those who plant the parrots, and are unacquainted with them, will be surprised at their magnificence. Our list embraces all the distinct varieties known.

Late Tulips.—Of the late tulips there are many varieties, the distinction between each more or less clearly defined. These are the great favorites with florists the world over and are truly magnificent, with tall, stately stems, usually eighteen inches in height, and large, well formed, highly colored cups. The late tulips are divided into Bizarres, Byblooms, and Roses. The Bizarres have yellow ground, marked with any other color. Byblooms have white ground, marked with purple and violet. Roses have white ground, marked or variegated

with rose, scarlet, crimson or cherry. There are some two hundred named varieties of this class, but many do not differ very materially from others of a different name, though all are exceedingly fine.

Our engraving shows the tulip bulb, plant, and a flower of natural size.—*Vick's Floral Guide.*

THE WINTER FLOWERING OF ZONAL PELARGONIUMS.

Unlike many growers of these charmingly varied and useful decorative plants, I grow my collection mainly for autumn and winter blooming, instead of for summer flowering. It is during the months of October, November, and December especially that our conservatories are destitute of the cheering influences of flowers. I like bright colors during the dull leaden days of winter, when all is dark and gloomy without; and the rich hues of scarlet, rose, crimson, and red are abundantly supplied by zonal pelargoniums. In March last I obtained about two dozen of the newer varieties of zonal and nosegay pelargoniums, all of them growing in small 60 pots. As soon as the roots became somewhat pot bound they were shifted into 48 pots, and flowered; and though I had left the selection of varieties entirely to the nurseryman who had supplied them, I am bound to say it was so good that there was not one among them I cared to discard.

During the time the plants were getting established in the 48 pots I allowed them to bloom, but as soon as there were signs of the plants becoming pot bound they were again shifted into 32 pots, and the plants put back so as to form nice "bottoms," as it is termed. The plants are now thoroughly establishing themselves in the large pots; they are making a vigorous growth, and blooming well and freely, and by keeping them fairly dry I hope to have them in flower up to February. Nor is this all, for when the plants are cut back, the cuttings so obtained are inserted singly in thumb pots, in which they soon root, and are then shifted into small 60 pots. Many of these have developed into nice young stocky plants of a vigorous growth, and are throwing up trusses of fine flowers. In the case of both the young and old plants, as soon as they have done blooming they will be allowed to dry off, and in April the soil will be shaken out from the roots, the roots trimmed, and put into 48 pots, and again shifted into 32 pots as before, for autumn flowering. When the bottoms become too large they can be thrown away, and their place supplied by some of the cuttings struck as above stated. Some of the varieties, too, can be rejected as they become distanced by the superior merits of other types.

Some of my favorite varieties are—Wellington, Henry King, very fine crimson hue, flowers of splendid form; Richard Dean, very fine; Harry Turner, very fine brilliant red; Lawrence Heywood, Cham, Carrie Cochran, Marchioness of Hereford, Mercy Gro-

gan, Forbury nosegay, Glitter and splendor—all shades of red, crimson and scarlet; Circulator, very fine; Charles Dickens, a beautiful salmon-rose nosegay, the petals distinctly margined with red; and Polly King, one of the finest salmon-colored varieties yet raised; these have shades of salmon. Master Christine and Mrs. Keele, both pink flowered varieties, the former very free of bloom. Of pure white flowers slightly blotched with carmine, there are Mrs. Sach, Reine Blanche, Alice Spencer, Marginata, a beautiful variety; Madame F. Hock, and souvenir de St. Etienne, the purest white zonal I have yet met with.

I do not advance this as a model or complete collection; I have found the several varieties to be very distinct in character, and all are more or less characterized by great freedom of bloom. My last variety is one of the finest zonals I have flowered; it is named Purple Prince, and the rosy crimson flowers, which are of very fine quality, are handsomely tinted with purple.—*R. D. in Field.*



TULIP—BULB, PLANTS AND FLOWER.

ing nicely by the middle of September.

Answer.—The growing season for smilax is through the autumn and winter months. In March its leaves fade, the stocks wither and die. Its resting season is therefore through the summer months and the bulb should be kept in the cellar with only water enough given to prevent it from withering. In August the young shoots will start and grow rapidly, and by the middle or last of September you will have fine smilax two or three yards in length. C. E. A.

MR. GEO. E. CROWELL,—*Dear Sir:*—I saw in the January number of THE HOUSEHOLD, page 3, a way to keep flowers fresh. Inclosed you will find another way that I think flowers can be kept much longer.

To keep wreaths, crosses, and loose flowers fresh, sprinkle well with cold water, wrap them in a newspaper and put in a box to exclude the air, and place in a cool, dark cellar, and if sprinkled every twenty-four hours, the flowers will keep fresh from six to ten days. C. E. A.

and for the beauty of which I am so largely indebted to the members of THE HOUSEHOLD for their valuable suggestions.

The little Dick of which I spoke in the October number became so feeble that he could not eat his seed and for two weeks called for bread every time he saw it placed upon the table and finally he had no relish for that, his breathing became very difficult, we made a comfortable bed for him and watched him one day and a portion of the night, the next morning we found him dead; we all mourned for him but it was a great consolation to know that he never reproached me with unkindness or overkindness, not even with his dying breath.

Adieu, dear Beauty, I hope we shall hear from you again and that your mind is relieved in regard to the fate of your companions. LENEVE.

Newark, New Jersey.

THE LAUGHING PLANT.

In Palgrave's work on Central and Eastern Arabia, we read of a plant whose seeds produce similar effects to those of laughing gas. It is a native of Arabia. A dwarf variety of it is found at Kaseem, and another variety at Oman, which attains to a height of from three to four feet, with woody stems, wide-spreading branches, and bright green foliage. Its flowers are produced in clusters, and are of a bright yellow. The seed-pods are soft and woolly in texture and contain two or three black seeds of the size and shape of a French bean. Their flavor is a little like that of opium and their taste is sweet; the odor from them produces a sickening sensation, and it is slightly offensive.

These seeds contain the essential property of this extraordinary plant, and when pulverized and taken in small doses, operate upon a person in a most peculiar manner. He begins to laugh loudly, boisterously; then he sings, dances, and cuts all manner of fantastic capers. Such extravagance of gesture and manner was never produced by any other kind of dosing. The effect continues about an hour, and the patient is uproariously funny and comical.

When the excitement ceases, the exhausted exhibitor falls into a deep sleep, which continues for an hour or more; and when he awakens, he is utterly unconscious that any such demonstrations have been enacted by him. We usually say that there is nothing new under the sun; but this peculiar plant, recently discovered, as it exercises the most extraordinary influence over the human brain, demands from men of science a careful investigation, as well as from the dispensers of the *Materia Medica.*

—It may be laid down, as a general principle, that a larger proportion of white flowers are fragrant than those of any other color; yellow come next, then red, and lastly blue; after which, and in like order, may be reckoned violet, green, orange, brown and black.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GEORGE E. CROWELL,—*Sir:*—C. L. would like you to answer through your paper, what will kill earthworms in house plants without re-potting them? And oblige, C. L. S.

Algon, Iowa.
Answer.—Apply one or two spoonfuls of hard wood ashes. C. E. A.

Can any one tell me if a japonica can be rooted, and if so, how?

SISTER BESSIE.
Answer.—The camellia japonica is easily propagated by all florists. With the inexperienced it is often difficult to succeed in rooting them. If cuttings are taken from well ripened young wood and treated in the same manner as all other outtings are when rooting, you can, with careful nursing and patiently waiting two or three months, succeed in rooting them. C. E. A.

L. J. W. wishes some lady would tell her how to treat the smilax; some one who has had experience; at what season of the year should the bulbs be dried? I wish to have my plant grow-

TO "BEAUTY BELLE."

If Mr. Crowell does not think enough has been said about canaries, particularly by me, and has space which cannot be better filled, I would like to offer the following in self vindication.

Dear Beauty Belle, I read your pleasant little speech, so gracefully made; and I will tell you what my little boy said to his papa when he came home. He said, "pa, I want you to hear this, I think he is awful saucy to mamma." Now, I did not think so for I know if you could visit us in our happy cottage home, in which dwell other pets beside birds, all tenderly cared for and expressing their love in so many ways, especially to my humble self, you would like to live here too. My best beloved pet said to me the other day, "ma, why is it everything seems to like you better than me? The rabbits follow you and the dog likes you best, too."

I do not keep a cat, although I am fond of them, because I like my feathered pets to enjoy flying about occasionally from room to room, among the plants which they enjoy so much



THE NEW SPELLING.

IN the May number of THE HOUSEHOLD, page 106, the depravity of the public taste in our manner of spelling was animadverted upon, and attention invited to the efforts of the American Tachygraphic Society towards a reform of this abominable system, or unsystem. A letter from T. L. in the June number, page 134, suggested the publication of a new and phonetic dictionary.

A better expedient is presented in a leaflet from the Rapid Winter Association, Andover, Mass. This plan is mainly the result of careful study and observation on the part of Prof. D. P. Lindsley, the well known philologist and author of tachygraphy; with the co-operation and approval of Prof. Dewey of Amherst, ex-president Hill of Harvard, and other scholarly philologists. While recognizing the phonetic as the only true theory, namely, that each letter should have but one sound, and each sound one letter, Mr. Lindsley does not ignore the stubborn fact that so great and abrupt a revolution as a complete conformity to this theory would bring about, is impracticable. The disease though desperate is chronic, and requires a gradual and not a savage remedy.

Everybody concedes that it is absurd in theory to use a for five or six sounds, g for j, or c for k or for s; but—such is the tyranny of fashion, "right or wrong," that any extreme change, even for the better, which is very novel to the eye, is an offence to the mind's eye. Thus, for instance, kwik for "quick, nolej for "knowledge," or Wenzda for "Wednesday," would be intolerable, because "so—eh—outré—you know." Hence the failure of the effort made several years ago to reform our spelling by the re-introduction of certain old Saxon letters for th and for many vowel sounds.

So after briefly quoting Franklin, Gladstone, Max Muller, Horace Mann, and others, upon the need of a reform, Mr. Lindsley, with characteristic modesty, simply says: "Persons willing to use the new orthography in their writing may make any or all of the following changes." These are twelve. They require no new alphabetical characters, and may be briefly summarized as follows:

Omit a from the diagraph ea when pronounced as e, short. Ex.: *hed, heven, erth.*

Omit o from the diagraph ou when pronounced as u, short. Ex.: *glorius, jurny, dubl.*

Omit silent e after a short vowel. Ex.: *hav, giv, servil.*

Change o to oo in *proof, moov, etc.*; and ou to oo in *soop, yooth, etc.*

Change oo to u in *blud, fuid, etc.*

Change ei and ie to ee when pronounced as long-e. Ex.: *acheev, receev, beleev, feeld, feend, etc.*

Omit final ue in *catalog, fateeg, tung, etc.*

Omit gh when silent, and supply its

place with f when pronounced as f. Ex.: *dafter, baut, tho, enuf, etc.*

Omit the silent letters in *cood, wood, and shood.*

Write f for ph in *alfabet, filospfy, etc.*

Write k or c for ch in all words in which ch is pronounced as k. Ex.: *arkitekt, monark, kemistry, cronicle, etc.*

Write sh for ch in all words in which ch has this sound. Ex.: *shaitz, sharade, shagrin, etc.*

It will be observed that Mr. Lindsley writes "cronicle" instead of *kroniki*. He is evidently reluctant to venture upon a rejection of c for k, owing to the vastness of the number of words containing *con* and *com*, and the consequent greater offence to the eye. But when the initial step is taken, this will readily follow.

The next step would be to write t for ed in the end of words in which it sounds like t, and d for ed in words where d is heard, as *releast, livd*. In the latter case, some of the preceding letters may be changed; e. g., *troflet, ransakt, taimed, inditust*; using in such changes, the simple vowels for their short sounds, respectively, and ai for a-long, ee for e-long, ei for i-long, oa or oe for o-long, and iu for u-long.

Any one wishing to examine the scheme more in detail can easily obtain a leaflet, probably at less than a dollar a hundred.

Our excuse for the length of this article must be the grave importance of the subject, as expressed by Prof. F. A. March before the American Philological Association at Hartford.

"It is of no use," he said, "to try to characterize with fitting epithets the monstrous spelling of the English language.... The time lost by it is a large part of the whole school time of the mass of men.... Count the hours which each man wastes at school in learning to read and spell, the hours spent through life in keeping up and perfecting his knowledge of spelling, in consulting dictionaries,—a work that never ends,—the hours that we spend in writing silent letters; and multiply this time by the number of persons who speak English, and we shall have a total of millions of years wasted by each generation. The cost of printing the silent letters of the English language is to be counted by millions of dollars for each generation.... Besides a changeless orthography destroys the material for etymological study, and written records are valuable to the philologist just in proportion as they are accurate records of speech as spoken from year to year." B. F. B.

A WORD ABOUT MUSIC.

Ever since Cora's request appeared in the August number of THE HOUSEHOLD I have been hoping that some one would respond, but as no one seems to have done so I have thought of another plan to urge it, viz.: to write something myself and thus provoke some one to do better.

Shakespeare says: "The man that hath no music in himself Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

While I am not prepared to say that

I agree with this law to the full letter, yet we cannot deny that there is much of truth in it; indeed to a surprising degree it is correct.

Music does exert great power for good. Look at two families alike in every other respect and see the immense advantage that family has which is filled with music and musicians. Time which might otherwise be spent in quarrels and disputes is filled with song and gladness.

"Days of dreary drudgery may be lightened Evening's rest so greatly heightened" by a good family sing.

Parents, the benefit of supplying your children with musical merchandise cannot be over-estimated; mothers, if you would have industrious, helpful daughters give them musical recreation and I assure you they will work enough better to pay; fathers, your sons want amusements: will you provide it at home, or will you let them seek it themselves in the grog shop and gambling saloon? If you are able, get each a different instrument and have a little band in your own family. Who can number the happy hours spent in this charming way, or separate the hearts bound together by their musical concert. If you are not able to get your eldest daughter a piano, eldest son a violin, next a flute, etc.—of course consulting the taste of each in choice of instruments—get at least one guitar. I have several instruments which I play but from none do I get that solid enjoyment that I do from the guitar, although it cost less money than any of the other pieces. I love the guitar and long to have it more generally known and used, and why should it not be? It is inexpensive, exquisite for instrumental music, and one of the sweetest accompaniments for the human voice. A good one can be procured for \$10, and the best for \$75. So almost any of the families of our Household Band can afford to have one whether they have other instruments or not. If no guitar teacher is near a person can learn much alone with proper application and such a work as N. P. B. Curtis' Guitar Instructor, price three dollars, or if that is thought too expensive, Howe's, at fifty cents, of course the former containing much fuller instructions.

We read considerable at the present day about the folly of keeping girls at music when they have no taste for it, consider the practice a nuisance and give it up as soon as they are married. It is folly! I protest against it and in this way: Cultivate in your children while very young a love of music; take an interest in the little pieces or even exercises they may learn, and right here let me say—if you don't feel able to get a good piano do not I beg of you get a poor one if you are able to have a good organ or melodeon.

I have confined this article to those who are to furnish the instruments, encouragement and time, and if Mr. Crowell will allow me perhaps I will speak another time to those who are studying this noble harmonical science. EUTERPE.

THE REVIEWER.

HARPER'S for February is full of fresh and seasonable articles, a number of which are

profusely illustrated. "New Washington," by George Alfred Townsend, sets forth with pen and pencil the extensive changes and improvements that have been made in the national capital since the war. "Wonders of the Lowlands" is an interesting survey of the work of the mound builders in the Mississippi Valley. Hon. John Bigelow in "De Witt Clinton as a Politician," throws new light on the character of the statesman, and on the politics of his time. The fourth paper of the Centennial Series discusses the progress of mechanical invention in the departments of domestic machinery, arms, and ordinance, the telegraph and other application of electricity, fire-engines and fire-alarms, gas and ice manufacture, mining machinery, sugar-making, glass and paper making, artificial limbs, etc. Other attractions of the number are James Parton's "Ancient Caricature," Lyman Abbott's "Christian Missions," Moncure Conway's "Professor Fawcett," Emilio Castelar's "Republican movement in Europe," Miss Thackeray's new novel, "Miss Angell," and poems by Elizabeth Stoddard, Anna C. Brackett, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and others.

PERKINS' ANTHEM BOOK.—Price \$1.50; \$13.50 per dozen. Published by OLIVER Ditson & Co.

The first thing that will strike one, in examining this new collection, is its very common sense arrangement. Being intended for common choirs, and not for a skilled quartette, (although there is much appropriate music for such an organization), most of the compositions are easy. The text is generally from Scripture, and the set pieces, anthems, sentences, etc., nearly one hundred in all, are just what is wanted for an opening piece, voluntary, or whatever the name is which may be used to denote a piece sung exclusively by the choir, and not by the congregation. There are multitudes of those short solos or duets which are so common in tunes and anthems, and may be sung either in chorus or by solo voices. In addition there are about thirty solos and duets of some length and character, intended especially for one or two voices. The music is nearly all of the best quality, and those in need of a new anthem book would be quite safe in choosing this.

LITTLELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of The Living Age, for the weeks ending February 6th and 13th, are full of interesting and valuable reading. They contain Nasmyth's Physical History of the Moon, from the Edinburgh Review; Mr. Lowell's Poems, Cornhill; Saxon Studies, by Julian Hawthorne, Part IV, Contemporary Review; German Home Life, Fraser; The Shakers or Girlingites, Spectator; The Mental Effects of the Cold, Spectator; A Vandal Venice, Pall Mall Gazette; The Literary Partnership of Canning and Frere, Fraser; False Economy, Victoria Magazine; together with "Miss Angell," by Miss Thackeray, "Fated to be Free," by Jean Ingelow, and the continuation of "Three Feathers," by William Black, and the usual select poetry and miscellany. With fifty-two such numbers, of sixty-four large pages each, (aggregating over 3000 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; or still better, for \$12.50 any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies is sent with The Living Age for a year, both post-paid. LITTLELL & GAY, Boston, Publishers.

WELLS' ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY for 1875 contains many Portraits, Biographies, and Characters, of leading men; all the Presidents of the United States; Canon Kingsley; James Lick; Pere Hyacinth; Von Kaulbach; John Tyndall; John Laird; Characters in Shakespeare; Our Eyes—Blue, Black, Grey Green, Large, Small, Almond, etc., with more than twenty illustrations; all about Sleep; Eating to Live, and Living to Eat; Blushing, Cause and Cure; Our Faces Open Books; Horse Phrenology; a Cheerful Face; What Am I Good For? and much other useful and entertaining matter. Large octavo, full of pictures, sent first post for 25 cents. Address S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.

THE SANITARIAN is one of the most valuable publications of the times. It is filled with articles of general and popular interest, which are well adapted to disseminate a knowledge of those laws of life and health which would greatly contribute to the sum of human happiness and well-being. Our age has abundant reason to avail itself of such literature. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

O, SHALL I EVER MEET THEM AGAIN? L. O. EMERSON.

1. I dream of my home, tho' far o'er the deep, Still do I sigh each weary step I go; I think of my friends, while
 2. I long for the fields that bloom'd in their pride; Still do I hear each bird which sang in glee! But where are the forms that

sad - ly I weep, As mem - 'ry recalls each heart that I know. Sweet, sweet times that come no more; Echoed in my ear in my
 stray'd by my side, — The whis - pers of love, so dear un - to me!

wea - ry pain; Those fair, ear - ly joys, those fa - ces of yore, — O, shall I ev - er meet them again?

Still I fond - ly dream, dear ones, of thee, Still I am sighing all in vain! The bright sun - ny smiles, the
 Still I fond - ly dream, dear ones, of thee, Still I am sighing all in vain! The bright sun - ny smiles, the

ad lib.
 voi - ces of glee, — O, shall I ev - er meet them a - gain? O, shall I ev - er meet them a - gain?
 voi - ces of glee, — O, shall I ev - er meet them a - gain? O, shall I ev - er meet them a - gain?

We have recently received the following pieces of music from the well known house of W. H. Boker & Co., Philadelphia. Swan Song, from Lahengrin; Belle Fonte Galop, by Miss Mary D. Thomas; The Red, Red Rose, a song, by F. G. Cauffman; Casting all on Jesus, a quartette, by F. J. Boller; No

Friendly Voice to Greet Me, song and chorus, by H. P. Danks, and Uncle Sam, the Great Military Song, by J. J. White. Also, from Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, we have Pearly Gates and Golden Bars, a song and chorus, by M. C. Thayer; On the Banks of the Hudson, polka, by Wm. A.

Fallman; You may Pet me as much as you please, a ballad, by Harrison Willard; Flora, mazurka-caprice, by Miss Sophia Flora Heilbron; Kutschke, polka, by Ludwig Stasny; City of Peking, galop, by Chas. E. Pratt; We Sail To-morrow, Darling, a ballad, by J. W. Wheeler; Breach of Promise, song, by

Mr. Howard Paul; Be Faithful to your Absent Friend, duet and chorus, by Dr. Henry Hyatt; Molly, My Darling, Come over the Sea, song and chorus, by Sam'l N. Mitchell; When will my Boy Come back to Me? song and chorus, by Chas. E. Pratt, and Oh! How Delightful, waltz, by James L. Molloy.



MRS. HOWARD'S TALK ABOUT FAMILY SEWING.

BY U. U.

MRS. ARNOLD had gone to spend the afternoon with her friend and neighbor, Mrs. Howard. It was in the latter winter days, or rather on the verge of spring, though still cold weather in the New England town where these ladies lived. But wintry as it was without, and the snow still covering the ground, Mrs. Arnold found her hostess deep at work upon summer garments, and she had but that moment been trying a dress of light fabric on to one of her daughters, while a good display of clothing might have been seen upon the bed in the bed-room, close by the sitting-room, where she was at work.

Mrs. Howard began, woman-like, to apologize for having so much work around; "but I was just planning today," said she, "and taking a general oversight of the field before commencing operations in good earnest for summer, as I must soon do."

"You are coming out in summer fashions early, are you not?" asked the visitor, in a pleasant, neighborly way.

"I am not so sure about the coming out at present," was the reply, "or about the summer fashions either, though we are beginning to get some glimpses in our pattern and fashion journals, of what will be the general styles. But as to that, it makes little difference in the work I am now doing, as I must do about as I can with these last year's garments, for us all around."

"You believe in taking time by the forelock in sewing, as in other things, I see," replied Mrs. Arnold, who though a most excellent woman, and good housekeeper was always being driven to death with her family sewing at the very time it was needed to be worn. "For my part," she went on, "it is more than I can do to keep up with the season's work without going ahead into next season till it has come."

"Why," said Mrs. Howard, "this is just the slackest time of the whole year for work; our winter sewing was all done by mid-winter, and I have been taking things quite at my ease since, as far as having work drive me is concerned. But now the days are growing longer, which warns me that summer will be coming by and by, and if I am half ready for it now, I shall not have nearly as hard a time in the busy season, as I otherwise should. Spring work, such as house cleaning, making flower garden, and additional housework will soon be along, leaving me little time then for sewing, more than the necessary mending from week to week.

"But," said Mrs. Arnold, "it never seems as though I knew what was to be wanted for the season till the time comes; and as for getting new cloth to make up, it is as much as I can do to purchase it when it is positively

needed. It is always rather close times for money in the dull seasons, and we wait till we must have new garments before the money is handed over for them."

"Why," returned Mrs. Howard, "we always plan for that ahead, and unless more than ordinarily crowded, manage to make part of our purchases ahead, which is a saving all around. Here I have been getting new cotton and making up into under clothes to be put on, especially for the children, when they take off their flannel, and thus save the older, half-worn clothing for the heated season, which makes it more comfortable in every way. The merchants are glad to sell goods cheaper at the dull season, and I much prefer to go without a new winter suit, if I must, to save the money to get indispensable necessities to make up at my leisure, instead of being hurried to death by and by. I have been getting prints and cambrics, which we shall soon be making—for Anna will help—and we know about as well now as we shall in months to come how we shall want our common dresses made."

"It does not make so much difference about them, I know," said Mrs. Arnold, "but for some reason I never can get them, or commence the making, till they are needed, and then often must wait till late in the season before I can make a new garment for myself, as the children must be cared for first."

"Well, as I manage," said Mrs. Howard—"if you will not think me egotistical to talk so much about my work—I have our common dresses, and also Johnny's summer school clothes ready before needed, and then when it comes time for making and repairing our better ones, which we, of course, must have in the later fashions, we can do it more at ease than to be crowded with everything else at the same time. And even when I need to hire part of my sewing done, I manage in the same way, thus giving the seamstress work in dull times, for I find it helps both them and myself to do so. But as a usual thing, I hire little done, and I find in the busy season that it is difficult to get work done when I want it, as it is to find time to do it myself."

"Yes, I know how that is," said Mrs. Arnold, "for such help is not as plenty in our country homes as in cities, where so many are wanting work. But cousin Emma says that she makes it a matter of charity to plan to have as much of her sewing given out in the hard months, that are sure to come in the last of the winter, to women who live by their needle. She hires considerable work done out of the house and considers it far better to help the poor to help themselves, than to give outright to those able to work. And she finds also, that it is a great help and convenience to herself to have as large a share as possible of her sewing done before the garments are actually needed to be worn."

"And," continued Mrs. Howard, "if all ladies were as thoughtful for themselves, and for those in their employ, as she is, it would be better for themselves, and such a help to the poor."

"Yes, I dare say so," replied Mrs. Arnold, "and really I am beginning

to quite fall in with your way. But here I am, hindering you from your plans, for you were preparing for a good afternoon's work, if all those garments were to be taken into consideration."

"O no," was the cheery answer, "another day will do as well for that. Here is a suit of my own," she went on, taking up a dress from the bed, "that I must make out one for Anna for a school suit, as best I can, and have it all ready when needed. Then here is one of Anna's for little Bess, while there are others for all of us, to be repaired, mended, and taken into consideration at leisure. And the boys' garments are also to be overlooked; my plans as far as possible made for them, all of which I can do more easily for the very reason that my work is not driving me, and thus driving all the wits out of my head, as being over-hurried will do."

"That is so, as I well know," replied the visitor, "though I had scarcely thought how the hurry of the season could be avoided."

"And then when our repairing is done, or, as fast as it is completed from week to week, I begin to have the garments starched and ironed, and ready in the press to be put on when required. It is our way in the fall, which is always a busy time, to have our summer garments washed and laid aside without starching, ironing, or mending at the time. In fact, we just tuck them snugly away into winter quarters, and let them remain unmolested till about these days. But to think of leaving them, as some housekeepers do, till April or May sunshine bids them come forth, and then to have all necessary repairs to make, and the ironing up, would be a double task indeed, while along now it is comparatively easy to do it in our own time."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Arnold, "but how about getting ready for winter? can you take time by the forelock there?"

"To considerable extent I find I can. For you see if a share of my summer sewing is done in the latter winter days, I do not have it lingering along till fall, and thus can begin in the latter summer, or early autumn days, to prepare for the winter siege. In this case, our flannel undergarments can be ready for wear and such other things as are not required to be particularly fashionable. Stockings, and mittens, and thick gloves, etc., etc., which in the spring may have been laid aside out of repair, can all be gotten in readiness, and a general estimate made then, of what will be needed in the family to wear for the coming season. Of course, some things are to be guided by the needs of the moment and the caprice of fashion, but much can be forecast in August or September as well as two months later, when cold fingers and toes, and shivering bodies, begin to call for our warmer garments. Then how comfortable to have some of them, at least, all in readiness to don at a moment's warning."

"Just so," said Mrs. Arnold, "and though some of us older housekeepers, who have always been behind the times may not be able to change our ways to any considerable extent, it

would be well for younger ones to take hints from your way."

And overhearing all this talk, I just took notes for the said young housekeepers of THE HOUSEHOLD.

PLAIN WOOLEN DRESSES.

During the season of storm, wind and snow, costumes of plain woolen material are of the first necessity, to by far the greatest number of women. To the few that shine as "bright particular stars" on the fashionable horizon,—and these, we suspect are hardly likely to seek our modest notes for information of the latest modes,—their evening dresses, exquisite creations of lace and tulle, silk and satin, to say nothing of

"Brocades and velvets, and other material, Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;"

may occupy the first place in thought, and quite overshadow in importance even the elegant suit of camel's hair and matelasse cloth in which the fortunate beauty appears on the street on fine days or speeds down the avenues in carriage or cutter when walking is impracticable.

But the majority of women are not petted darlings of fashion. The busy housewives, careful managers who must expend their limited means with caution, and poorly-paid working-girls, make up the great army of the sex, always. A "noble army of martyrs," too often, sacrificing themselves, their time, health, and strength to the whims of fashion, even in defiance of the warnings of their own good sense.

However, we, as fashion annotators, would certainly never condemn the desire that fills every woman's breast to look as well as she possibly can with the means allowed her. The ambition is quite commendable in itself and our object in writing our fashion notes for the use of our sisters, is to enable them to gratify this ambition without unreasonable trouble or expense.

Woolen dress materials, of the nicest grades, are really, not metaphorically, sold now "at prices to suit the times." The times are indeed hard, the money market is dull and depressed, but fine merinos of pure wool retail at 65 and 50 cents per yard, empress cloths and beautiful English serges at 40 cents, and a pretty winter dress is probably as easily procured now as at any previous season. All of these materials are serviceable and in good taste, and if the dresses fit nicely and are prettily made and trimmed, they furnish most "stylish" costumes.

This season, especial favor has been shown to the darkest shades of positive colors, in the selections of "la mode." Reddish or golden browns, purple-tinted blues, olive-greens, and various other tints that have won much popularity in the past are quite set aside now. Nut browns, deep rich blues and greens, stone grays, the indescribable shades known as slate color, wine or plum color, and invisible green, have for the time usurped their places. Cardinal red is worn much, for school dresses by young girls, and house dresses by older persons, while black is worn by matrons,

maidens, and school-girls, more than all the colors counted together.

As most women expect their woolen dresses to answer both for house and street wear, they make them up as complete costumes. For this double purpose it is advisable to regulate the length of the skirt by some appliance or fastening. For the house the skirt should touch the floor, or even be slightly trained, but if provided with a convenient string, either drawn through a shir in the skirt near the top or through rings attached, it can be readily shortened to a reasonable length for street wear.

Make the skirt of your dress, then, long enough for house wear; do not cut it very full, but, we beg of you, allow it sufficient fullness to permit of your walking comfortably in it. In the name of good taste, common sense, and decency, we protest against the extreme scantiness of the fashionable dress-skirt of the present and the last season. Sensible physicians stigmatize the use of swaddling bands for infants as foolish and barbarous. How much more uncivilized and absurd to swathe the limbs of mature persons so tightly as to prevent all healthy action! But this is a needlessly lengthy digression. We will suppose that your skirt is already cut and with all the fullness that good taste and graceful drapery require. In making it up we would advise you to line it throughout. It is by many considered unnecessary to line the skirts of any but very fine dresses, but the extra wear that can be obtained from a lined skirt quite pays for the few yards of cheap lining essential. Bind the bottom with dress braid, and finish with a skirt protector. It is also well to face the lowest flounce of a dress with skirt braid, which prevents all unsightly fraying. For the trimming, it should be alike all around, or if the back breadths are laid in box-pleats, according to a very elegant present style, there should be no other trimming allowed. One broad flounce all around the bottom of the skirt, turned up on the right side with a French hem, and with one or two shirred puffs above, finishes a skirt nicely. Or the flounce may be laid in close side pleats below the puffs; when complete this trimming should cover from ten to fourteen inches of the skirt. Another plan is to have two bias ruffles, put on with shirring, some distance apart, and a knife pleating of the same width between them. A narrow knife pleating is also a very pretty finish to the wide flounce.

For the upper portion of the dress you have your choice between the polonaise, the basque and overskirt. If you select the former we advise you to get a pattern of one of the long styles with a basque back. If you choose one of these, you can trim it around the bottom with a narrow knife pleating, with woolen fringe or with simple cording, or even three or four rows of machine stitching on the half-wide hem. Finish the basque back with a plain piping or pleating on the square lappels, or buttons with simulated button holes, or with loops and small pockets. If you select the cuirass polonaise, the same general directions for trimming will answer, save that you must simulate the out-

line of a basque on the surface of the polonaise, with pleating or with fringe.

But, on the other hand, if you choose the basque and over-skirt, you will find the cuirass shape quite to your mind, and you may make it either single or double breasted, as your fancy may advise. Or, you may choose the pleated basque, so becoming to slender ladies. This pleated waist has become so popular that ladies are using it for silk dresses. For an over-skirt you should choose the long apron front. This can be trimmed with a knife pleating around the bottom only, if you so wish, or you can follow a fancy now very prevalent, in trimming these aprons with three curved or pointed rows, that give the effect of borders for three aprons. This trimming can be in the form of overlapping folds of the material, or knife pleating headed with a narrow fold, or bias bands, or fringe, or braiding. This style of trimming is only pretty, however, for tall and slender ladies. Short ladies should trim these over-skirts with lengthwise bands, or rows of braid, or galloon; and those who are very short and stout would do well to finish the front breadth with perpendicular rows of trimming, and dispense entirely with the separate aprons.

The cuirass basque should fit the figure very closely, and requires no trimming about the waist. The edge may be finished with any trimming, either a simple cording of the material, a pleating, woolen fringe, or lace. The pleated basque has even less need of trimming. The addition of handsome buttons, however, is required, and a belt can often be worn to give an elegant finish to the corsage. The neck should be high and finished with the popular standing collar.

For the trimming of sleeves the styles are legion, but the foundation is always a simple, narrow coat-sleeve. Lengthwise trimmings are seen on some of the sleeves of imported dresses, but this fashion is so unbecoming that it can never become really popular. One of these styles is to have the outside seam scalloped, and a button and button-hole in each scallop; or a puff of the material is set in the outer seam from armhole to wrist. This is a pretty device to follow, if the arm is very short; and if you wish to correct the opposite defect, horizontal bands and rows of braid can be placed around the sleeve. Puffs on the upper part of the sleeves are very much worn, and are very pretty; small puffs are also sometimes placed on the lower part of the sleeve. Double and triple cuffs, all turning back from the wrist, are very pretty, and so are two cuffs, one turning forward and the other back, or knife pleatings falling over the wrist. Piped bias bands, very plain, but very pretty, are also still in favor.

A word or two about the making of these shirred puffs so generally used as the heading of flounces. The favorite way to make these, for silks especially, is with many rows of gathering; this mode, however, is objectionable, because it causes the catching of so much dust, and, besides, it is not easy to gather heavy fabrics in this way. A better plan is to draw a single puff some four inches wide, on

a cord, with a narrow frill at each edge. When a puff is made in this way, with a frill on each side, it should be very full and laid flat upon the dress beneath.

Large pipings are also a noticeable item in the present styles for making dresses. These are used for trimming, as we have said before, and are also especially in dresses for young girls, often put in those seams which connect the different parts of waist, that is, make the outline of the form. Sleeves should always be set into the waist with large piping, and the same should edge collar and cuffs. All dresses should be cut now with short shoulder-seams, and high rounding top of the coat-sleeve with narrow back—the French pattern, without forms, is the best to use,—and side seams deeply sloped.—*Fireside Friend.*

KNITTING AND TATTING.

You were deploring the follies of the present age and telling with something very like a sneer in your tones, if not on your face, how you had just seen half a dozen young ladies sitting down for an afternoon with nothing but tating in their hands, and thinking how much better it would have been if they were knitting stockings instead.

Did you ever sit down for half an hour (you would have called that long enough) among a circle of stocking knitters? And did not their tongues go faster than their needles? telling how "Mrs. Jones was making a new dress, the second one this month," how "Miss Hardy wanted a beau," and "they were afraid that Mrs. Sargent had married an awful scold," and that there was "something very mysterious about that pretty widow, Mrs. Snow, who had just moved into the new house on the hill."

Afterward you would find it a paradise to rest among that bright bevy of tating makers, and you would find that when girls are tating it is quite impossible to be tattling; the two things are as far removed as light and darkness. Knitting, yes, there you are in a great arm-chair with your ball of blue yarn in your lap, (in your old dress of course) lounging back lazily, and thinking of nothing. Or, if you are not such an inveterate knitter as to have lost all faculty of thinking, you see before you a pair of grimy, dirty hands and from them go to wondering if you can get the next pair of stockings done before these have openings at toes and heels as well as at the top, and ache in prospect of the mendings and washings that are to come, wondering why you are doomed to the dirt and degradation of blue stocking yarn, while Mrs. Smith across the street can find time to go to all the lectures and even make edgings! And before you know it you are sour and cross, and Mr. Gray comes home for a quiet, pleasant evening to find your heart and face as well as your hands begrimed with blue stocking yarn.

But if you are only tating; sitting with your face to the west, the dainty lace-work gliding from under your fingers—they are white and clean now—while between the countings of one, two, three, four, purl, you are hum-

ming snatches of "What a beautiful world," and hardly knowing it, because your thoughts have gone out from and beyond this world—stopping a moment it is true, with the lace-work before you, to see that pretty vision of a little face all smiles and dimples, with this very same piece of tating around the white neck and the chubby baby hands almost lost in a network of the same—the low baby laugh and the happy baby face fading away together, your soul among the pure, glad things of heaven, among the fleecy drifting clouds—the loops and purls of your lace carried you there in one moment changing into mist and sunshine—your quick fingers as busy as ever, the shuttle going back and forth all the same, but you far up with the clouds—drifting, drifting, drifting—until they sink down into the far west—down, down, down,—until they are lost in day's golden death, to come forth into a brighter day's glorious morning.

And so you find yourself back again happier and better, to the bit of daintiness in your fingers and the darling baby face beside you, back to feel that it is a glad sweet thing to be a woman, and that there is not another in all the world quite as happy as you are at this moment. LOIS LAURIE.

A GOOD COMPLEXION.

Nothing is so exceedingly annoying to a young girl as an imperfect skin. If we address anyone we imagine that person's attention to be immediately drawn to our one source of discomfort, a broken out face; if they speak to us, we are positively diffident on account of our misfortune.

Dear girls, the writer has had experience in this, and can sympathize with you. For three years my face would continually keep breaking out with a sort of rash, lot large unsightly blotches, for such I never had, but I feel sure that if what I used did help me it would benefit those who were worse.

I tried everything of which I had ever heard, and plenty of which I never had, but without avail. I became disgusted with everyone in the world, especially myself. Every day I met girls, coarse and illiterate, who knew and cared nothing about education and refinement, whose faces were as smooth and rosy as any could desire, but I was destined to wear this, an irritable and pimply skin, and I became exceedingly morose and low-spirited.

But one day, a day which will never fade from my memory, while reading a magazine the word "oatmeal" caught my eye. I determined to procure some; that very evening I brought home four pounds, and from that time, (last September) have not ceased to use it twice a day. Take the dry meal, a little on a preserve plate, pour on just enough cold water to make it thin, strain through a little sieve, and dipping a cloth into the water, wash over the face once or twice and let it dry; this does not take over five minutes, and the result is what? All my friends exclaim about my beautiful complexion.

Please follow my example, and you will not regret the trouble when you see the result. L. A. L.



BREAKFAST COOKERY.

IT is a well-known fact that no country in the world possesses better materials for cookery than ours; yet there is perhaps no country where the cooking is, as a general rule, worse. Why is this? I answer, generally because the mistresses of houses are so lamentably ignorant on the subject. Still, ignorance is a fault which can always be remedied—a little teaching, some thought, patience and practice, will teach the most deficient, even if she have ever so little aptitude for cookery. The love of cooking is, I think, born in some women, though some are foolish enough to imagine that it is unladylike to indulge in its practice; our great-grandmothers did not think so; therefore, I really do not see why we should, though far be it from me to wish to imitate them in everything.

Pye-Chevasse writes at some length on this subject; he ridicules the notion of it being unladylike to be occupied with cookery and other household duties—he even says that they are necessary to health. In one of his popular works he says:—"It might be said that the wife is not the proper person to cook her husband's dinner. True; but a wife should see and know that the cook does her duty, and if she did perchance understand how the dinner ought to be cooked, I have yet to learn that the husband would for such knowledge think any worse of her. A grazing farmer is three or four years in bringing a beast to perfection fit for human food. Is it not a sin, after so much time and pains, for an idiot of a cook, in the course of one short hour or two, to ruin by vile cookery a joint of such meat? Is it not time, then, that a wife herself should know how a joint of meat ought to be cooked, and thus be able to give instructions accordingly?"

Having, I hope, successfully proved the necessity of a mistress looking after the cooking, or at least superintending it, I will proceed to say a few words on the subject of the meal we call breakfast. Eggs frequently form a principal item in it, and they are usually eaten in one of three ways, i. e., boiled, poached, or fried. Now there are at least fifty different modes of cooking eggs; therefore, why not try some of them? We have most of us eaten an omelette, but how many of us have eaten really a good one?

A poor cook will make a firm, hard, pale mass with a kind of water gravy round, which she in her ignorance calls an omelette. Show the production to the humblest little French cook, and if she is not too polite she will laugh in your face when you tell her what the name of your dish is. The reason that our omelettes are wrong is that they are usually so complicated. Another reason is that when we fly for instructions to our cookery books, they generally misdirect us by introducing ingredients which should be ut-

terly foreign to them; and the mode of cooking is not very clearly given.

Now this is the way a French woman showed me how to make a plain omelette. Take one-quarter pound of good fresh butter or lard, six eggs, the fresher the better, half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley if liked, a little very finely minced onion, pepper and salt to taste; use a very clean frying pan, put into it the butter or lard, and bring to a boiling point; then, having well beaten all your eggs together with the parsley, onions, salt, and pepper, pour the mixture into the pan. When the part nearest the bottom of the pan sets, raise it carefully with a fork, and let the uncooked part take its place, and go on till your eggs are cooked. Be careful not to cook them too long, or they will be like leather; an omelette when completed should combine a savory gravy of its own with a certain degree of firmness. When the mass is slightly browned on the under side, give it a dextrous turn in the pan, and as you tilt it into the hot dish you must have ready to receive it, with a tap fold it in two, and then you have your omelette complete. Now this requires just a little practice to accomplish, but it soon comes; the great secret of success is to have the eggs very fresh, the butter quite boiling in the pan, and an equal heat over the bottom of it. Once a plain omelette is achieved, of course endless varieties are introduced, as various herbs chopped up and mixed with the eggs, oysters, kidneys, fish, and so on.

Another very tasty way of serving eggs for breakfast, is as follows:—Prepare as many little cases of strong paper (ramequin cases do beautifully) as you have eggs, well butter the sides and bottom of each, sprinkle with finely chopped herbs. Put a small piece of butter in a dish that will conveniently hold the cases—as a shallow pie dish—arrange them in it, break an egg into each, pepper and salt them, then cover each egg with bread crumbs mixed with grated Parmesan cheese, cook them gently in a slow oven till the eggs are nicely set, and serve in the dish very hot; a napkin may be neatly pinned round the dish.

Hardly-boiled eggs, cut in half, the yolks removed and well mixed with butter and anchovy paste, are also very nice. The whites should be re-filled with the mixture, also the outside must be covered with it; they are then egged, bread-crumbed, and fried a nice brown. Care must be taken to preserve the shape of the half piece of egg, or the appearance of the dish will be spoiled; they may be served on toast or not, as preferred. Hard-boiled eggs, if the sauce is well and carefully made, are always good; so are curried eggs; and, indeed, a variety of sauces may be devised for them, which make a number of additions to our breakfasts.

BOILED WHEAT.

Excellent dishes for breakfast, dinner, or supper, can be made from unground wheat boiled. The freshest and cleanest wheat, with the plumpest kernels, should be selected. The white and the amber-colored wheats

are also preferable on account of having a thinner skin. Time is saved, in picking it over, to have it first run through a smut machine and then washed, though the cooking over is indispensable. Put it to boil with five or six parts water to one of wheat, by measure. Cover close, and after it begins to boil set it where it will barely simmer. Cook it four or five hours, or until the kernels mash readily between the thumb and finger.

Hard wheat of any kind will require still more time, and some kinds may be cooked all day without softening. When done it should be even full of water or juice, which thickens and becomes gelatinous on cooking. Salt and send to the table warm, to eat with meats and vegetables at dinner. It can also be eaten by itself, trimmed with sugar or butter, or both, or syrup, or milk. It molds nicely, and may be served cold at breakfast or supper, or it may be steamed up and served hot at breakfast. The long cooking it requires of course precludes its being served fresh at that meal. After it has once cooled, however, it can not be made so soft and liquid as at first by any subsequent cooking. Like other starch, when it once sets it loses its liquidity.—*Science of Health.*

LIVING TO EAT, AND EATING TO LIVE.

Eating is a necessity of life, but the spectacle presented at some tables when the family has assembled for a meal might well suggest the question, do those people know why they eat? To be sure, no little knowledge is requisite if we would supply the wants of nature in a proper manner; but is there any hardship in informing one's self with respect to so important a matter as the preservation of a strong, healthy body? Is health, and its accessory ability to perform life's duties well, a minor consideration, quite inferior to a knowledge of arithmetic, or geography, or of the mechanics of music? An eminent English observer has said that "a man must live forty years before he knows how to eat." True enough according to the prevalent mode of gathering the knowledge of what is fit or unfit for our stomachs as we go along in life, thus making our system a sort of experimental laboratory for the analysis of all sorts of so-called pabulum. And how few survive forty years of constant experiment with their alimentary function!

The masses are yet quite ignorant of the philosophy of nutrition, and riot in their ignorance. The housewife may be skilled in the preparation of toothsome dishes, but very rarely knows what is suitable or unsuitable among her materials for the uses of the body. If the article "tastes good," that quality is generally a sufficient warrant for its appropriation.—*Annual of Phrenology and Physiology.*

—Do not use cracked dishes, such dishes absorb oils or fats from the different kinds of food placed upon them.—These fats soon decompose in the pores of the dish, and no amount of cleansing can remove the nauseating and poisonous deposit. Such dishes

are filthy and unfit for use. The peculiarly unpleasant taste sometimes noticed upon pie crust is caused by their being baked upon old, cracked dishes, from which the rancid fat from previous baking has been absorbed.

THE DESSERT.

VAGUE.

I bear about by day and night
The most acute of maladies;
To picture it in black and white
The object of this ballad is.
Permit me, gentle reader, please,
To breathe in your auricular—
I suffer from a fell disease
Called nothing in particular.

To render it the more intense,
And nearly unendurable,
My doctor says in confidence,
'Tis totally incurable.
My mind has threatened ere to-day
To lose its perpendicular,
And fall a melancholy prey
To nothing in particular.

—London Fun.

—"We see, says Swift, in one of his sarcastic moods, "What God thinks of riches by the people he gives them to."

—"My dear sir, I will pay you in time—and since time is money, the longer you wait the surer you are of your pay."

—A boarding-house keeper mixed some patent medicine in his hash because it was advertised as a cure for consumption.

—A young wife, caressing her lap-dog, cried out with transport: "Oh, my jewel, you are the dearest puppy in the world—except my husband."

—A teacher who, in a fit of vexation called her pupils a set of young adders, upon being reproved for her language, apologized by saying that she was speaking to those just commencing their arithmetic.

—A party of Fort Wayne young gentlemen dined sumptuously at a restaurant, and each one insisted on paying the bill. To decide the matter it was proposed to blindfold the waiter, and the first one he caught should pay the bill. He hasn't caught any of them yet.

—A certain judge having been called on at a public meeting for a song, regretted that it was not in his power to gratify the company. A wag that was present observed: "He was much surprised at the refusal, as it was notorious that numbers had been transported by his voice."

—A minister at a colored wedding who wished to be humorous, said: "On such occasions it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we will omit it." To which ungallant remark the bridegroom pertinently replied: "On such occasions it is customary to pay the minister \$10, but in this case we will omit it."

—An old lady, recently, in some court before which she was brought as a witness, when asked by one of the judges to take off her bonnet, obstinately refused to do so, saying, "there is no law to compel a woman to take off her bonnet." "Oh," replied one of the judges, "you know the law, do you? perhaps you would like to come up and sit here and teach us?" "No, I thank you, sir," said the woman, tartly, "there are old women enough there now."



NERVOUSNESS.

Number One.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

THE nerves of the human body, like the bones, the muscles, and the blood vessels, each of themselves constitute the general outline of that body. These nerves, indeed, are so abundant, so thickly interwoven into the skin that the smallest needle never pierces the skin without wounding one or more of the minute branches from a main trunk, inflicting pain. Indeed, there can be no physical pain only so far as it is the result of such an infliction, such a wound. These nerves are as necessary to perfect physical being as are the muscles and blood vessels. No sensation exists, no motion can be made without the aid of one class, either those of sensation or of motion; when these are in their normal condition, in the perfection of their original state, as created, motion is as natural as breathing, while the exercise of all of our powers, labor, digestion, breathing, etc., produce only pleasure. But when these are diseased, inflamed, and irritated, pain and intense suffering are the natural, or the necessary results. As the warm blood—the life—makes its restless circuit, if these are in a morbid state, this current seems on fire, scorching the sensitive surfaces. If the nerves of the lungs and chest are inflamed, every breath, which should only produce pleasure, is agony. If the organs of digestion are deranged, a process which should not even disturb the quiet slumbers of an infant, it puts the whole body under contribution, and bids defiance to sleep, rest, comfort, even taxing the powers of endurance. Nay, more, even the mind and the soul are involved in this catastrophe, each made subservient to the mandates of the stomach, too often the “seat of government” of the body. Its voice will be heard and its sway must be felt for the pettishness, the melancholy, the irritability and moroseness of the confirmed dyspeptic, are among, and ever must be among the special characteristics of this princely disease (once) but now stalking in the wretched abodes of despised plebeians.

Nervousness, therefore, is a disease as much as rheumatism or neuralgia, (nerve ache.) Its special features and manifestations are no more under control than the symptoms of these other diseases. The cramp is no more an involuntary motion, entirely beyond the sphere of volition, than many, if not all of the manifestations of disordered nerves. The nervous victim, therefore, is entitled to as much charity as the dyspeptic, and even more, it may be, since its causes may be more complex and its control more difficult. Very much more of charity and forbearance and patience are demanded in connection with this unfortunate development of disease than are usual in most communities. It is as certainly a disease as the measles or

fever, and even should be treated as such. No one is any more at fault for being a victim of hysterics, than for being a miserable, melancholy, peevish, almost unbearable dyspeptic. Indeed, dyspepsia, oftener than otherwise, has a low origin, a sensual cause, that of an over-indulgence of the lower appetites, as one of its causes, at least, often synonymous with gluttony. As in the treatment of all diseases, it is important to look carefully after the causes, as one of the means of removing the effect. No intelligent physician will think of removing dyspepsia (a fatigued and overtaxed stomach) without attempting to abridge the indulgence of the appetite. In this he often fails, since so many have more stomach than mind, care more for its indulgence than for all beside, and also since so many expect medicine to perform miracles. These are rarely gratified, and like the “sow that was washed,” must still wallow in sensuality and hug their torturing maladies, growling, fretting, scolding, unhappy and making others so, morose and unreasonable in every respect, victims and victimizing, till death closes the sad earthly scene.

But untamed and untamable neuralgia, is a disease far more easily felt than described. And here it may be stated that the dull, heavy phlegmatic, the lazy and stupid are rarely the victims of this disease or of hysterics. In some sense these demand a finer organism, more nerve, more sensitiveness, more mind, less of the mere animal. Women, therefore, who are blessed with a finer organization than man, keener sensibilities, more delicacy of structure, a more refined nervous system, are the more special victims of this disease. As a compensation for this, she is not only able to suffer more, but to enjoy more—adjusting the “balance sheets.” Some of these diseases of the nerves are shrouded in mystery, and this is as true of neuralgia, perhaps, as of any other while in some forms an unreliability may be the most marked features, as in the cramp and St. Vitus’ dance, in which the nerves of motion are not subject to volition. In this the pains—if that word can express the almost unearthly tortures of this disease—are sudden and startling in their appearance and in their disappearance, reminding one of the freaks and the suddenness of electrical phenomena. From the peculiar symptoms it might seem that as “electrical currents” pass over these “wires” of the great system of nerves, inflamed, irritated and sensitive as they so often are, they awaken pain wherever there are sensitive or diseased points. Now, a twinge of pain darts all along a nervous trunk, extending from joint to joint, and now the whole system is thrown into commotion and anguish by an attack entirely remote from the supposed diseased part. The intensity of these pains or tortures seems to indicate their relation to the mind, having a common relationship to the brain, alike the seat of the mind and the source of all nervous power.

Let it still be remembered that these pains, these freaks of nervous patients and victims are by no means imaginary, but as real and as excruciating as any connected with the more ordinary

forms of disease. We may as well expect the fever to subside at the command of the will, the tortures of the gout to be banished at pleasure, as to expect the victim of hysterics to control her feelings by her will. She is diseased and that disease should receive the attention accorded to all others. She is not a fool or a hypocrite and should not be treated as such. She has no more control over her feelings than others—ordinarily not as much, and often may do as well as she can under the circumstances.

A MEDICAL MISER.

An anecdote is told of Velpeau, the eminent French surgeon, who was a miserly disagreeable man, and died a few years ago. He had successfully performed, on a little child five years old, a most perilous operation. The mother came to him and said:

“Monsieur, my son is saved, and I really know not how to express my gratitude; allow me, however, to present you with this pocket-book, embroidered by my own hands.”

“Oh, madame,” replied Velpeau, sharply, “my art is not merely a question of feeling. My life has its requirements, like yours. Dress, even, which is a luxury for you, is necessary for me. Allow me, therefore, to refuse your charming little present, in exchange for a more substantial remuneration.”

“But, monsieur, what remuneration do you desire? Fix the fee yourself.”

“Five thousand francs, madame.” The lady very quietly opened the pocket-book, which contained ten thousand franc notes, counted out five, and after politely handing them over to Velpeau, retired. Imagine his feelings!

THE DELUSION OF EARLY RISING.

There is no greater delusion than that which imagines early rising important for health; no greater error than that which places it among the virtues. While early rising has been sung in poetry, and advocated in proverbs from time immemorial, it has been secretly and rightfully cursed by its unhappy victims ever since civilization conceived the idea of comfort. But we are all so bound by the law of custom, so endeared to a proverb or a musty sentiment, that our lips continually give faint assent to the value of early rising, even while we long at heart to resist the tyranny which imposes it upon us. What a frightful aggregate of discomforts accumulate upon a man who practices it through life—who every day is ushered from sleep into the raw, blank, chill, dull atmosphere of early morning, and begins his day’s existence before the sun has dispelled the fogs, dried up the vapors, warmed the air, and made ready, like Nature’s great servant-of-all-work, as it is, the earth for our use! Early rising means a hurried dressing in a dim, half-lighted room—a sleepy, yawning, stumbling descent down dark, cold stairways—a rapid breakfast in a grey, cheerless, sunless room, while cold shivers run down the back, and a sensation of *degeness* creeps over the entire body—and then a pre-

cipitate plunge into the mists, and vapors, and general rawness of the streets.

There is no sweetness in the day begun in this way, and no health either. The sun should be up before us to give us light, and yarmth, and comfort; our breakfast-rooms should be cheerful with his beams, and our breakfasts should be partaken with the ease, the comfort, the deliberation, the social enlivenment, that can come only when we rise at a rational hour. A breakfast eaten by candlelight, or snatched in the gray, chilling dawn, is an abomination. Early rising, hence, opens the day with keen discomforts. It is productive of numerous social ills; it sours the stomach, promotes irritability, disorganizes the nerves, creates bad temper, and makes of domestic bliss a mockery. A voyager, long suffering from sea sickness, declared that, if once on land again, he would devote the rest of his life to hunting up and flogging the man who wrote

“A life on the ocean wave.”

Similar sentiments animate our heart when we recall that ancient distich, “Early to bed and early to rise,”—but it is not necessary to quote what we all know and have suffered from.—*Appleton’s Journal*.

HOW TO RETAIN A GOOD FACE.

A newspaper correspondent has some good ideas on the importance of mental activity in retaining a good face. He says: We were speaking of handsome men the other evening, and I was wondering why K. had so lost the beauty for which five years ago he was so famous. “Oh, it’s because he never did anything,” said B.; “he never worked, thought, or suffered. You must have the mind chiseling away at the features, if you want handsome middle-aged men.”

Since hearing that remark, I have been on the watch to see whether it is generally true—and it is. A handsome man who does nothing but eat and drink grows flabby, and the fine lines of his features are lost; but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor at work, keeping his fine lines in repair, and constantly going over his face to improve the original design.

CHILBLAINS.

Will THE HOUSEHOLD permit me to answer Sunshine’s request in regard to chilblains, or frosted feet? Take muriatic acid, and dilute with water. Try it on your nails; if it does not turn the nail yellow it is not too strong. Apply repeatedly with a small swab. It is a sure and safe remedy, and I have tried it on myself and others with marked success. Be sure not to apply too strong, but dilute it just enough not to turn the nail yellow.

Washington, D. C. B. S.

—A man, who had for years suffered from rheumatism and been unable to labor, recently lent a hand in extinguishing a burning barn and was thoroughly drenched with water, remaining wet three hours. To his astonishment he now finds himself entirely cured of his disease.



BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.

BY PRUDY.

Come, look at the dainty darling!
As fresh as a new blown rose,
From the top of his head so golden,
To the dear little restless toes:
You can tell by the dancing dimples,
By the smiles that come and go,
He is keeping a wonderful secret
You'd give half your kingdom to know.

Now kiss him on cheek and forehead,
And kiss him on lip and chin;
The little red mouth is hiding
The rarest of pearls within.
Ah, see! when the lips in smiling
Have parted their tender red;
Do you see the tiny, white jewel,
Set deep in its coral bed?

Now where are the sage reporters,
Who wait by hamlet and hill,
To tell to the listening nation
The news of its good or ill?
Come we've with your idle gossip
This golden blossom of truth—
Just half a year old this morning,
And one little pearly tooth!

—Little Corporal.

SOMETHING THAT PAID.

BY ALICE E. BRYANT.

WHAT do you want, Freddy?"
"I want you to come out
and see my play house."

"Oh, my, I can't think of it. Run
along and play alone, Freddy, mam-
ma's busy."

Freddy turned slowly away.

"Couldn't we go over to Aunt Lu-
cy's this afternoon, mamma?"

"No, indeed, don't talk to me about
going anywhere with all this ironing
to do before dark. Run away and
play now, and don't bother."

Freddy went down the steps with a
sigh, that was what she was always
saying, "run away and don't bother,"
he did wish he didn't always have to
be a bother, he was so tired and dull,
if only he had some one to play with
him, but he never had except when
cousin May came over to see him,
those were delightful days; other
times he played alone till it grew
very dull, then he would watch his
mother in her ceaseless round of work,
work, hardly sitting down till dark,
then sewing as if her life depended
on it. If only God had given her
more time he thought, so he would
have some one to play with and talk
to him and so they could go out in the
fields and pick flowers or berries, how
he would have liked it; and he wished
she could ever get time to answer his
questions about things he wanted so
much to know, about the birds and
bugs and the flowers, but she always
said, "don't ask so many questions,
Freddy, mamma's busy." His little
heart was running over with things to
say and nobody wanted to hear them;
to Carlo and the pony he had confided
many of his secrets and troubles but
they had not been a very appreciative
audience.

Freddy's sensitive nature was hun-
gering for loving companionship.
Meanwhile, Freddy's mother went
about her work from sunrise till dark

busy as a bee; she prided herself on
being an excellent housekeeper and
doing every bit of her work herself.
"No servant girls should ever be ad-
mitted to her kitchen to slop around
and make more work than they saved,"
so she washed and scoured and
scrubbed and her husband toiled hard
on his farm adding a little each year
to his worldly goods and that was all;
they worked hard yet neglected to
cultivate with love and sympathy the
most precious plant that gladdened
their home.

The long summer afternoon had
worn wearily away. Mamma's iron-
ing was done and she was seated in the
twilight, knitting. Freddy climbed
into her lap and said:

"I tired, mamma, I want to be
brooded."

"Want to be, brooded, Freddy,
what a baby; sit up and be a man, you
are not sick, are you?"

No, he wasn't sick, so he climbed
into a chair and looked about him;
nothing was to be seen but the clock,
the table and chairs in their usual
prim order. Finally he bethought
himself to go and get the picture
book his uncle had brought him on his
last visit.

"Wouldn't mamma please read him
a story?"

"Why, Freddy, I ought not to
spare the time, how I wish there was
a school near enough for you to go to
and learn to read yourself. What do
you want to hear about?"

Mamma read the story he selected,
then put the boy to bed taking time to
listen to his "Now I lay me," which
she did not always do.

"There'll be lots more time in
heaven, won't there, mamma?" he said
when he had finished.

"I hope so dear," she replied and
kissed him which made him very
happy, then went away thinking of
his queer remark and wondering why
he made it.

The next day Freddy was rejoiced
to hear that if papa would harness the
pony they would drive over and spend
the afternoon at Aunt Lucy's. Though
she had no farm work to do, Aunt
Lucy always kept a girl, and spent
much time with and for her children,
not in making a great many embro-
dered and ruffled garments to adorn
their little bodies and please their
vanity, but in cultivating their minds
and hearts, by teaching, talking and
playing with them.

"I mean to make the right bringing
up of my children my chief impor-
tance," said Aunt Lucy to her sister
when they were talking about it that
afternoon, "you know it does not
trouble me as it does you if my house
is not in perfect order and every bit
of work done just so. I let Maggie
have her own time and way about the
housework, she knows what I expect
and does very well; the children have
their time for study and work too,
then they are at liberty to play where
and what they please with the only
injunction that they are to put their
playthings away when they are through
with them."

"Don't they trouble you a great
deal by asking questions?"

"They ask a great many and I en-
courage them in it; how are children
to learn unless they ask questions,

pray tell? its a good sign, shows they
think some; I take more comfort than
you ever dreamed of, just talking
with Mamie and Walter. They are
so original, then it makes children so
happy to have a mother take an inter-
est in their games and sympathise in
their troubles."

Just then Freddy came in his face
shining, and exclaimed,

"Just see what Walter made for me,
mother, a fox and geese board, its a
splendid game, he showed me how,
you have lots of corn and one bean,
will you play with me, mamma, when
we get home?"

"Why, Fred, the idea of my playing
a game, I don't believe I could ever
learn it."

"Yes you can, I'll show you, the
corn are the geese, and the bean is
the fox, and he catches all he can."

Freddy taught his mother the game
and she played with him between day-
light and dark every night and sent
him to bed with a happy, smiling face.

"Poor little fellow," she thought
as she sat looking at him one night
after he had fallen asleep, "how
lonely he has been in this old house
with no playmates or playthings, how
I have neglected him, toiling and
slaving to lay up for him and then
leaving him to come up like a weed; I
haven't done my duty, that's so. I
can't let things go or have a girl round
as Lucy does but I can slight some
things and take time to teach him and
play with him some. He can't have
but one childhood and here I've been
cheating him out of that. His father
and I are growing hard and old work-
ing so every hour in the day. I wonder
when we are going to enjoy our
earnings if it is not as we go along, I
declare I will do differently."

And she did. Freddy lived in a hap-
pier world after that; she read to him
over and over the delightful stories in
his picture book, they had jolly games
of fox and geese, they took charming
rides after sunset when work was
done, Freddy driving old Charlie and
shouting as loud as he pleased.

Sometimes mother grew very weary
of the ceaseless chatter of the little
tongue but she never brought grief to
to the tender heart by saying "run
away and don't bother." She learned
to understand him fully and how to
treat him, she saw it pleased him to
be of some assistance to her so she
called him to pick up chips, bring
water in his little pail and numberless
little chores which kept the little five
year old boy busy and happy in the
consciousness that he could be trusted
to help. He was emphatically moth-
er's boy, he came to her with every
new thought and scrap of information,
and she felt she never before had been
acquainted with her own child, and
she found it paid.

"THY GENTLENESS HATH MADE
ME GREAT."

BY MRS. L. GOODRICH.

"Thy gentleness hath made me
great," were the words of the Psalm-
ist to his Lord, when he was acknowl-
edging God's power to help, and his
dependence upon that all powerful
source of every good. And who is
filled with inspiration, good and great,
who thinks otherwise of God, than as

a Being, gentle, filled with kindness,
mercy, and justice? And does not a
similar relation exist between the
parent and child, especially the
mother?

Every mother sets up her standard
which she wishes her child to attain.
How is she to labor for it? A mother
wishes her child should be obedient;
now should she fly into a passion when
the child refuses to obey, and say,
"you must mind me?" Mother do
not be too jealous of your authority,
it may be you can exercise it unduly.
Because it is your child must it mind
you, because you say, without any re-
gard for its child-feelings or happi-
ness? Though "bone of your bone,
and flesh of your flesh," it has a na-
ture of its own, dispositions of its
own, and a character to form of its
own, and you by undue authority,
may possibly stand in the way of its
happy development.

But the child must be taught to
obey, you say; no, I say, not taught
to obey, because every child has the
principle of obedience within, and
will obey something or some one; and
obedience should be cultivated to-
wards you, because it is supposed
you know what is best for the child's
welfare, and what is right for it to do.
Now how are we to do this? will not
our gentleness help attain it? try and
see, if a, "please do for mother," will
not better prompt cheerful obedience,
than a, "start yourself!"

But you must see that your requests
are reasonable. Children are reason-
able beings, and will not cheerfully
obey unreasonable requests. As far
as possible avoid requesting a child to
do what is repulsive, and be sure to
avoid meaningless threats, for they
will prove more than useless.

And mothers do not be afraid of
that bugbear, humoring children; I
do not think there is much danger, if
proper discretion is used. Suppose
you do let a child have its own way,
if the child wants nothing wrong,
where is the harm? Before you refuse
a child's wishes, stop and think if
there is any reason why you should
refuse, except your own selfish incli-
nations; and if you let these control
you, can you expect your children to
grow up unselfish? And where is the
harm of letting a child have its wishes
when it wants nothing wrong.

To illustrate: I let my little girl,
four years old, make a pie, when I am
making them, of course it is a bother,
but which is best to be considered, my
selfish inclinations, or her happiness,
or would it be best to send her to find
her happiness somewhere else, than
by her mother's side? judge ye. If
we want our children to be great or
good—for goodness is true greatness
—we must deal with them gently, for
like begets like, and if we are rude,
passionate, unjust and selfish, we
must expect the same traits to be
manifested in our children.

And now, mothers, how many of
you will try to make your children
great by your gentleness? How many
of your sons and daughters will say:
"What I am I owe to my mother?"

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

I have been a subscriber of THE
HOUSEHOLD for nearly a year, and be-

coming much interested in it I felt a desire to add my mite with the rest. I noticed in a late number an article written by Anna Holyoke in regard to infants, that interested me very much. Now as infants are to be a part of our HOUSEHOLD, what better subject can mothers find to write and think about than this? Would that mothers throughout our land would care more tenderly for the treasures God has intrusted to their care, and less of the outside show and glitter of the world.

I am a young mother and have a baby boy, the picture of perfect health. I have taken the entire care of him myself and have never allowed anything to interfere with his regular habits; and when I look at him, so well and strong, I feel repaid for the 'many hours' care I have given him. It is true I have had to neglect other duties at times, but the care of my child is of more importance than most other duties. If every mother would personally care for her children, prepare their food with her own hands, plain and wholesome, how much healthier and happier would her children be. Then let us mothers of THE HOUSEHOLD take the care of the nursery into our own hands, and not leave the best gifts God has given us to the care of uninterested ones.

In what better way can we spend the first years of our married life than in devoting them to our children? Can we not, if necessary, forsake the ball-room and fashionable society for a while and live for those that are so near and dear to us? Blessed years of motherhood! are they not our happiest years? Who would exchange the love of their little ones for the wealth of the world? It is rest for the tired head to hear childhood's innocent prattle, rest for the tired heart to know our children are near us.

How many mothers who have lost their darling ones are mourning and refuse to be comforted? Said a lady, who had recently lost her only son, "Oh, if I could have my boy again I could feel satisfied. When he was living I aspired for so much more than I had of worldly things, but now I care for none of them; it seems as if I had lost everything worth living for." I turned away, thinking how many others are in the same situation, and how many that are pleasantly situated, surrounded by beautiful children, are still unsatisfied, still wishing for something unattainable.

Oh, mothers, let us prize these treasures while they are ours, and if the future course of our children shall lay through dark and stony places, which we do not know, while they are with us let us care for them tenderly and strew their pathway with roses instead of thorns. Mrs. L. A. S. Concord, N. H.

MOTHERS PUT YOUR CHILDREN TO BED.

There may be some mothers who feel it to be self-denial to leave their parlors, or fireside, or work, to put their children to bed. They think that the nurse could do it just as well, that it is of no consequence who 'hears the children say their prayers.'

Now, setting aside the pleasure of

opening the little bed and tucking the darling up, there are really important reasons why the mother should not yield this privilege to any one. In the first place, it is the time of all times when a child is inclined to show its confidence and affection. All its little secrets come out with more truth and less restraint; its naughtiness through day can be re-proved and talked over with less excitement, and with the tenderness and calmness necessary to make a permanent impression.

If the little one has shown a desire to do well and be obedient, its efforts and success can be acknowledged and commended in a manner that need not render it vain or self-satisfied. We must make it a habit to talk to our children in order to get from them an expression of their feelings. We cannot understand the character of these little ones, committed to our care, unless we do. And if we do not know what they are, we shall not be able to govern them wisely, or educate them as their different natures demand. Certainly it would be unwise to excite young children by too much conversation with them just before putting them to bed.

Every mother who carefully studies the temperament of her children will know how to manage them in this respect. But of this all mothers may be assured, that the last words at night are of great importance, even to the babies of the flock, the very tones of the voice they last listened to make an impression on their sensitive organizations. Mother, do not think the time and strength wasted which you spend in reviewing the day with your little boy or girl; do not neglect to teach it how to pray; and pray for it in simple, earnest language, which it can understand. Soothe and quiet its little heart after the experience of the day; it has had its disappointments and trials, as well as its play and pleasures. It is ready to throw its arms around thy neck, and take its good night kiss.

ONE WAY TO STOP CRYING.

Mrs. Diaz tells a comical story of two twins who looked so much alike that the neighbors could not tell which was Jimmy and which was Johnny, and so called them the "Jimmy-Johns." And this is the account of one of their "ways."

When the Jimmies were little toddling things, just beginning to walk, they were constantly falling down, tipping over in their cradle, and bumping their heads together; and Mrs. Plummer found that the best way to stop crying at such times, was to turn it into kissing. The reason of this is very plain. In crying the mouth flies open; in kissing it shuts. Mrs. Plummer was a wonderful woman. She found out that shutting the mouth would stop its crying, and to stop the mouth, she contrived that pretty kissing plan, and at the first sound of "bump," would catch up the little toddlers, put their arms around each other's necks, and say: "Kiss Johnny, Jimmy, kiss Jimmy, Johnny." It was enough to make anybody laugh to see them, in the midst of a crying spell, run towards each other, their

cheeks still wet with tears, and to see their poor, little, twisted mouths trying to shut up into a kiss!

MY ANGEL.

Five summers ago an angel came
And nestled softly in my arms;
So beautiful this angel was,
Not words could ever tell her charms.
God gave my angel wings;
To Heaven she's flown;
With seraphs now she sings,
Near the white throne.

OLIE.

THE PUZZLER.

We will send a copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to the one who first sends full and correct answers to The Puzzler for any month.

ANSWERS:—1. General Debility. 2. Sweet Home.

3. I V Y 4. S O N G
V I A O P E N
Y A K N E P A
G N A T

5. Household. 6. Mend-i-cant. 7. Manslaughter.

8. W
D I P
A I S L E
D I S C U S S
W I S C O N S I N
P L U N D E R
E S S E X
S I R
N

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of thirty letters. My 16, 26, 30, 20 is a city in Asia. My 10, 13, 7, 16, 5, 4, 21, 18, 15 is a river in Asia. My 22, 3, 11, 27 is a river in Europe. My 29, 6, 17, 1, 19, 4 is one of the islands of Europe. My 25, 8, 5, 11, 2, 13, 28, 24 is an important town in North Carolina. My 23, 6, 5, 9, 12, 14 is a town in Vermont. My whole is one of the United States and its motto. M. D. H.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My 1st is in wood but not in bark, My 2nd is in eagle but not in lark, My 3rd is in midday but not in noon, My 4th is in luna but not in moon, My 5th is in star but not in sky, My 6th is in heather but not in stye, My 7th is in myself but not in me, My whole most people wish to be.

SQUARE WORDS.

3. A flower; for baking; to throw; extremities.
4. One's house; oblong; a public walk; a girl's name.

CHARADE.

5. She comes, as a spirit, all silently comes,
In the midnight dark and cold,
And her path you may trace, in the morning prime,
By her trailing garment's fold.
Fair, fair is her form, as the sunlight falls
On her glistening garment's sheen;
Cold, cold is her touch, as the brow you kissed
Of the babe who died yestreen.
Yet warm is her heart, though her hand be chill,
And her work she doeth well;
Close, close to her bosom she foldeth asleep,

The lily's silver bell.
The mountain crests, in the summer sun,
The crowns with the diadems,
In the valley dark, in the winter drear,
She piles her crystal gems;
On the unknown graves of the soldier hosts,
She kneels like a mourner at prayer,
Till her grief be spent, and her glistering tears
Dissolve in the summer air.

MARY.

PUZZLE.

6. In earth, air, and water, my first is found,
Although in a circle, my second's not round;
My third is in fresh, but in faded too,
And my fourth is in right, and wrong also.
My fifth is in each, but not in all,
From THE HOUSEHOLD, my sixth comes forth at your call.
My seventh is in little, and still it's in great,
My eighth though in early, always comes in late.
Seek my ninth 'mid the mountains of the "Old Granite State,"
My tenth is in Grant our Chief Magistrate;
My eleventh forms part of each day in the year,
My twelfth is in Washington, to our hearts ever dear.
My thirteenth in the ocean is hidden from view,
In the end is my fourteenth; and I leave it for you
To place these in order, and find the name
Of a poet of universal fame.

DECAPITATIONS.

7. Behead gloomy and leave a game at cards.
8. Behead shoal and leave to consecrate; behead again and leave to permit.
9. Behead to frown and leave a monk's hood; behead again and leave a bird.
10. Behead beauty and leave a course; behead again and leave a unit.
11. Behead over-exertion and leave to teach; behead again and leave falling water.
12. Behead to satisfy and leave to let; behead again and leave rest.
13. Behead pungent and leave a market; behead again and leave skill.
14. Behead ponderous and leave to be wild; behead again and leave part of a Catholic prayer.
15. Behead a bill and leave the heart; behead again and leave metal.

ANAGRAM.

16. Rtehe si a dhyas eids fo fiel,
Nad a nunys dsei, sa lvel,
Dan 'sti ofr nya neo ot ays
No chhwi eh'd sohoce ot wdille;
Ofr ryee noe tnou lhfsmic,
Mctmsio a vrgusoei nsi
How rbsa het dsbslee nhnusise uto
Nda stsh hte sdhsaow ni.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

17. A vowel; a girl's name; a county in Indiana; a girl's name; a consonant.

Names of seven well-known Authors.
18. Ttttttmmmmnnnoocoolllyyyussrrrr-
rwwhaeeegbbbflic. MAB.



ADVICE TO THOSE GETTING MARRIED WHEN MONEY IS SCARCE.

If you should e'er get married, John,
I'll tell you what to do—
Go get a little tenement,
Just big enough for two;
And one spare room for company
And one spare bed within it.
If you'd begin love's life aright
You'd better thus begin it.

In furniture be moderate, John,
And let the stuffed chairs wait,
One looking-glass will do for both
Yourself and loving mate.
And Brussels, too, and other things
Which make a fine appearance,
If you can better afford it, they
Will better look a year hence.

Some think they must have pictures, John,
Superb and costly too;
Your wife will be a picture, John,
Let that suffice for you.
Remember what the wise man said:
"A tent and love within it,
Is better than a splendid house
With bickering every minute."

And one word as to cooking, John:
Your wife can do it best,
For love to make the biscuit rise,
Is better far than yeast;
No matter if each day you don't
Bring turkey to the table,
'Twill better relish by and by,
When you are better able.

For all you buy, pay money, John,
Money earned every day.
If you would have your life run smooth,
There is no better way.
A note to pay is an ugly thing
(If thing you please to call it)
When it hangs o'er a man, who has
No money in his wallet.

And now when you are married, John,
Don't try and ape the rich;
It took them many a toilsome year,
To gain their envied niche;
And as you gain the summit, John,
Look well to your beginning,
And then will all you win repay
The care and toil of winning.

—Selected.

HOUSECLEANING.

BY JOSIE KEEN.

DOES not the very title to this article seem formidable to you, dear householders? Yes, indeed! For housecleaning, though among the inevitables, is one of the dreaded things which will come around sooner than we are at all ready to enter into its many discomforts.

And yet, when a house is thoroughly cleaned from garret to cellar, how sweet and fresh it seems, and how much satisfaction one feels in looking upon their finished toil. The well rubbed furniture looks as if it had taken a new polish to shine upon us. The paint is white and glossy without a fly speck, or single defacing mark; and as to the carpets, why, they are ten degrees brighter, and can be swept without raising a cloud of dust to settle upon everything—creeping even into the lungs and choking one almost to death.

These, and many other things, help one to feel reconciled to the extra spring work. And so we will buckle on our armors and see what we can do as valiant soldiers in fighting the enemy. A vast army that has penetrated every part of our domicils in the form

of smoke and dust, moths and cockroaches, ants and—, well, we will not offend delicate ears by mentioning the little red rovers which will persistently creep into the best ordered houses and hide themselves in cracks and crannies. All these things must be routed out, or, like the Egyptian plague, they will either devour us, or destroy our peace of mind.

But, dear readers, why may it not be done moderately, little by little? Many seem to think it necessary to throw the whole house in a state of confusion when the spring cleaning is undertaken. Windows and doors are left open in every direction until the cross drafts sets one and another to sneezing, and perhaps getting a regular attack of influenza.

This is really unnecessary, and does not help on the work. It is a far better plan to begin—say in the attic. For if the weather is still too cool to take down stoves, shut off furnace flues, and take up carpets, much time may be saved by donning a good warm shawl or sacque and going up into the garret to look over the things there. In the spring time there is also all the heavy winter garments—which probably have been well aired in the March winds—to be carefully folded up and laid away. Before doing so, it is a good plan to scatter a few crumbs of strong gum camphor in the folds of a woolen dress. This will keep out moths better than anything of which we know.

Furs may be kept perfectly free from moths, after having been well aired and thoroughly looked over, if they are simply tied up in strong newspaper, and then hung up in some dark closet. Printer's ink, it is said, does not agree with the constitution of moths.

In looking over old trunks, etc., one is apt to draw forth from their depths, garments which are almost as good as new—simply laid aside for another season, yet found quite outgrown. These, nicely repaired, will be the very things to send away in a missionary box to some child whom they may just fit, and thus spare a deal of work to some hard toiling missionary's wife. Every mother knows how soon a pretty dress, jacket or pair of pants—if laid away for a few months—may be found totally incapable of fitting their own healthy, growing child. Don't let such garments accumulate, or become food for moths, when, of course, they will prove good for nothing. But at once think of some one whose heart may be gladdened by them, while you receive the blessing of having done good.

When the attic and store room has been well looked over, down into the cellar seems the next appropriate place to renovate, for it is never best to leave it until the weather becomes really warm and spring like. Ere this all the decayed vegetables need to be carried out—empty demijohns, casks, etc., well scalded, shelves well scrubbed, and everything made as fresh and sweet as hot water, soap and chloride of lime can make the contents of the cellar. If there is any whitewashing to be done in the laundry or elsewhere, a durable wash which will not rub off, can be thus prepared: Mix half a pail full of lime and water; take half a pint of flour, make a starch of it,

and pour it while hot into the white-wash, stir it well, and add a little salt.

Now, if the weather is suitable, carpets can be taken up and shaken. Do not, however, undertake too much at a time. Let your good husband and children find a snug resting place as long as possible in library or sitting room, where they will not continually tumble over pails, mops and brooms; or become half suffocated with a pile of dust flying about in every direction.

Many housekeepers, and good ones, too, seem to think it necessary to literally turn everything inside out, and upside down, when attending to their spring or fall cleaning. And so bedrooms, halls, court-yards, and every available space is littered up in such a manner that it actually makes "confusion worse confounded." The work was commenced on Monday, and Saturday night comes round with nothing apparently accomplished. And oh! such a feeling of weariness and dread of the next week's righting up of everything. Whereas, if but one or two rooms had been undertaken, thoroughly cleaned and settled, what satisfaction there would be at the close of the week—what an exultant, "there! I have got so much done, and I see my way clear for doing the rest." A little recreation can then be taken, if necessary, and other rooms undertaken at leisure.

In this way there is not that actual dread of something happening while all is turned upside down. Have not many of you heard the pathetic exclamation, "O, dear! what would we have done if such and such a sudden sickness, accident, unexpected arrival of guests, etc., had occurred in our family? Why, we were all in the duds; every carpet up, and not a spot fit to put any one in!"

With moderation all this might be avoided, and the work more thoroughly done. If your furniture is stained or looks dull it can be renovated in this way: Take one pint of linseed oil, one glass of alcohol; mix well together; apply to the wood with a linen rag; rub dry with a soft cloth, and polish with a silk cloth, or a piece of fine old flannel; this will make it look almost as bright as new.

As the alkali in soap often injures paint—helps to wear it off, as well as gives it a dull appearance, it is better cleaned in this way: Place some of the best whiting to be had on a plate, then have ready some clean warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, and apply it to the painted surface, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease. After which wash the paint well with clean water, rubbing it dry with a soft chamois. Paint thus cleaned, looks as well as when first laid on, and without any injury to the most delicate colors. It is far better than using soap, and does not require more than half the time and labor.

If you find grease spots on your carpets, silk or woolen goods, they can be removed by procuring some carbonate of magnesia, saturate a little of it with benzole, and spread it thick over the soiled spots; then take a sheet of porous paper—soft brown paper will do—lay it over the ben-

zonated magnesia, and pass a flat-iron, moderately warm, back and forth several times. The heat of the iron passes through and softens the grease, which is then absorbed by the porous magnesia, which can afterwards be rubbed off. Soapstone dust may be used in the same manner, and answers nearly as good a purpose.

If your china or crockery of any kind needs repairing a strong cement can be made out of half a pint of milk with a sufficient quantity of vinegar added to curdle it. Separate the curd from the whey, and mix the whey with the whites of three or four eggs. When well beaten together add a little lime through a sieve until it acquires the consistency of paste. It dries quickly and resists the action of fire and water.

When commencing this article we had hoped to give some directions as to how to both destroy and to keep away obnoxious insects, but our recipes have been mislaid, and our memory does not serve us as well upon these points as upon others. We must now bid you farewell, and good success to your housecleaning.

HOW WE BEGAN HOUSE-KEEPING.

BY DOLLIE.

One beautiful September evening Harry and I were married. It was one of those rarely perfect nights in early fall. After our pretty church wedding, and home reception, we started on the inevitable trip that newly married people are expected to take, for what reason I know not, but such is the fact, that no sooner are they pronounced man and wife than away they must be whirled on a solitary wedding tour. However we passed our allotted time very pleasantly among old friends, and one chilly evening found ourselves home once more glad to settle down as sensible married people.

Now be it known, it was always a pet hobby of mine that young people should keep house and make a home for themselves, and sorry am I to say that on this point Harry and I differed, but so firmly was I convinced that if he could once be persuaded to try he would never care to board again, that I persisted in my pleadings and at last gained the day. Our means were limited and it really seemed like a great undertaking to furnish a house within them, but thanks be to the counsels of a wise, economical mother, it could be done. It was a very happy day in my life when a small house was found that just suited us, with a nice yard and all modern improvements.

Now began the work of furnishing. For our parlor we decided on a light, small figured Brussels for the floor, which was to be made at the carpet rooms, but we were to put down ourselves, and when it came all ready for the floor, the fun we had over it! Harry invited his two brothers and a friend to assist at the performance, and how they pulled, tugged and strained to get that carpet down smoothly; they broke the patent carpet stretcher and nearly broke their backs, until finally they were struck with the bright idea of getting a smooth plank, and with me seated on it push it across the

floor. The wrinkles yielded and finally the carpet was down. Then the windows with white shades and homemade lambrequins looked as tasty as one could wish, and when our simple furniture was set in, the pictures hung, etc., I wouldn't have changed my parlor for the finest in the land.

Now to my dining-room, the floor of which was covered with red and white matting, which with our oak table and chairs looked very simple but pretty. But now comes the trying part. Among my wedding presents was a good deal of silver, and now where to put it? The room really needed a side board which was entirely beyond us. Something must be done, so down to the furniture rooms we went as fast as we could go, to see what could be made to take the place of the longed for side board. We espied a solid oak bureau washstand, with three deep drawers, and as if to help us out of our trouble by its side stood three shelves. We found by taking off the sides of the stand and screwing on the shelves we had a side board complete for the small sum of \$12. The shelves held my silver and the drawers I used for table linen, etc.

Our bed-room was furnished with matting, venetian blinds and cottage furniture. My spare room was adorned with an ingrain carpet and odd pieces of furniture not a complete set. The master piece of the room however was its toilet table, the foundation of which was a three cornered piece of pine with legs, over this was white cloth, and over the cloth tarlatan was hung making it look very light and airy. In the corner where it was to stand was driven a picture hook and on it was hung the mirror, then with some old lace curtains mother gave me I draped the glass, looping them back and fastening to the corners of my table with a bow of ribbon. It really was beautiful and just the thing.

After we were all cosily settled what a nice little tea party we had, and how my cooking was praised, (for I did my own work,) and how proud I was, and how proud a certain young man was that sat at the head of the table. After supper was over the company had to be taken to the back yard to see Harry's chickens and their coop, etc., then his hen was exhibited that laid an egg every day except Sunday, whether from religious instinct or not we have never been able to tell. As our young friends left us that night we sat talking and looking round our pleasant home we both came to the conclusion that after all housekeeping was the only true way to live and our own home the pleasantest spot on earth.

BREAD MAKING.

MR. CROWELL.—*Sir*:—I thought I would take the opportunity to write for your paper, in regard to bread making—as far as my experience goes. Young housekeepers are anxious (or ought to be) to learn how to make good bread, and be sure to make the "staff of life" and not the nuisance of life. Even old housekeepers are glad to have good bread on the table and it gives us cheerful hearts, and smiling faces to see it passed around and hear the younger members of the family exclaim, Oh! what good bread this is, again. If misery loves

company, I know happiness does; and it seems to be contagious I believe. All seem to be pleased when food is made palatable to be set before us.

I have been praised a good deal for my good bread, but I calculate it will speak for itself so I will not say much myself only tell how I make it. The secret lies in having good yeast, and enough of it, and good flour; without these ingredients the material is wasted. In the afternoon I put two cakes of yeast to soak (any kind that is fresh and good) in half a pint of cold water; after supper pare six large potatoes, cut them up and boil in a little more than enough water to cover them; when done, pour the water off in the pail the sponge is to be mixed and mash the potatoes fine in the kettle, then put the potato water over the potatoes again and run them through the colander by adding about a pint of cold water with them. Mix the batter quite stiff with a tablespoonful of salt.

Let the mixture get almost cold before putting in the yeast; set it in a warm place over night and mix it so stiff in the morning that not the least particle will stick to the hands, and knead it as long as you have time or strength to spare, the longer the better it is. Let it stand away from the stove where it is sufficiently warm enough without freezing and let it rise very light; then knead it out in small loaves, pie loaves, I generally make and a tin of biscuit; let it rise again until light, then bake it in a very quick oven. If it is made right it will rise up to the top of a Stewart stove oven; I have had it do so very often.

My tin of biscuit I leave in the kneading pan and shorten with lard or butter, mix it in thoroughly and let them rise where it is not too warm, knead them again and put them on a tin baking pan and let them rise until light in a stove closet, then bake them, and oh, the praises I have received more than pays me for all my work. To think I have made some wholesome bread without being sour and heavy. I rejoice that I have done some good in the world then and made some hearts glad. Skillful housewifery was always my theme; I hope every young woman will aim for that. To this end take THE HOUSEHOLD and read it carefully and profit by it. I have heard some remark that they never would do without it as long as it was published, and that I consider a good sign. They are good housekeepers. Mrs. J. K. S.

Bainbridge, Ohio.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am but a recent addition to your number, although my acquaintance with and affection for you dates back two or three years. I have often wondered who the man was with insight enough into women's tastes and needs to conjure up such a brilliant scheme as the editing of THE HOUSEHOLD. I am book-keeper and clerk in a private office, and bring my paper with me to my desk, reading it in the intervals of labor, and finding it the most refreshing of anything that I can take up at odd moments.

The lively discussion opened by Maud's letter of some months ago interests me deeply, for I too have my literary aspirations, and find myself

somewhat cramped by circumstances, the principal one being the immediate necessity for bread and butter. But I am sorry to see that two of those who are wielding the pen in Maud's behalf are likely to become the victims of a mutual misunderstanding, and would respectfully move, in the interest of THE HOUSEHOLD peace, that the subject be dropped, inasmuch as its discussion seems to be no longer necessary, and it is, withal, one of those matters that every one must settle for himself more or less independently.

There are two things indispensable to success in this work; talent and perseverance. Now if Maud is assured of possessing the former, what more is necessary? Doesn't God demand the cultivation and use of whatever talent he has given us? and if so is it not Maud's duty to write? Then if it be duty, prayer will bring perseverance, and earnest effort culture, and both success. As for the pay—"the laborer is worthy of his hire," and no one who does God's work will ever be the loser for it.

In regard to her present duty, Maud, if candid and honest with herself, must know better than anyone else what that is, and if she does it faithfully, even though it seems opposed to her advancement, she will surely find the shadows fleeing away before her e'er long, for if "in all our ways we acknowledge Him, He will direct our paths."

But let Maud be sure that she accepts this same guidance; not because it is our first and highest duty, only, but because no one can ever attain his highest power who has not the divine blessing and sanction on his labors.

I hope Maud will not get bewildered amidst the lot of good advice that has been given her, and yet—inconsistently, you may think,—I want to add a little to it, or perhaps I should say, sum it up. You will need to study, Maud, earnestly and continually, but remember that "there is no genius save the genius of labor;" take for your motto: "*Labor omnia vincit*," and then—go ahead! CLAIR.

MR. CROWELL:—A reader of your paper says: "I wish I had the gift of writing for the press, for I should like to offer my protest against the manner of life among the ladies of our country, I mean the class who do their own work as far as they are able." A few years ago ladies with small families did their own work and found leisure for social life, reading much and in many ways improving their own minds as well as contributing largely to works of benevolence and pleasure for others. Now those same ladies with no more calls on their time are driven, worn and exhausted, perfect slaves to their sewing and other extras which do not contribute an iota to the comfort or real happiness of their families.

Why will not intelligent ladies be more independent and return to the plainer made garments which were so much more neat and tasteful? and to more simple meals which are so much more conducive to health and real comfort? When we return to our old simple habits, (and do not strive to imitate those who have an abundance with which to hire labor,) we shall

have time to rest our weary nerves, and to enjoy much that now we have no time for, or if we attempt it, we are so tired we do not feel paid for the effort. We need rest we shall never have while our minds are given to trying to be in fashion in dress or style of living. The more we try to imitate, the more we see we can only follow at a distance.

Dear sisters, let us not waste the precious time and strength which God has given in this way. Use his good gifts as not abusing them, do that which will make those about us happier and will stimulate them to a higher, better life. H. E. W.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—I send you with this note a little manuscript intended to carry hope to some discouraged heart and to rouse the dormant spirit of enterprise and perseverance that will be so much needed this winter. It is much to be regretted that scanty purses will prevent many who love THE HOUSEHOLD from renewing their subscription at present though feeling that it meets their wants—wants that have for years cried out with no response but the echoes of their own sad hearts. How much we need it and need it oftener than it comes.

Unlike the husbands, and fathers and brothers of the family we cannot meet in clubs and associations, often at least, certainly not if we have little ones to watch over, to amuse, to instruct, and when night comes on, to tuck up snugly for peaceful slumber and sweet repose. So as we cannot meet together to discuss the vexing questions, how fortunate that we may through the medium of THE HOUSEHOLD reach the same results.

HATTIE A. D.

Fitchburg, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—May I find a little place in your warm, cosy family? what should I do without your help every month, especially the "Earnest Words to Parents?" I have two dear little ones, I am striving to bring up in the right way; I am often discouraged, but then some words from you come and I try again. I think Mrs. Dorr's letters to Maud has called forth unnecessary comment. Mrs. D. gave just the answer I should have wanted had I been in Maud's circumstances. Mrs. Carney and Christabel were good too, but I do not like their remarks on our dear friend.

I can sympathize with sister Allie for like her I have had to fight against low spirits and loneliness. I am a stranger in a strange land and I know if it was not for the home feeling of your dear paper I should be unable to do my duty. As it is, I get along pretty well though often have to make myself appear cheerful to my husband when, like Allie's, he comes home tired from his office. I know it rests him to see me happy and I am conquering the old feeling at last. I have not been to church with him for a year and we seldom go any where together. If misery likes company, my experience may help her, but I guess Mrs. Dorr and others will give her some good advice. My letter is too long already so I will leave off now. When shall we hear from Maud again?

NELLIE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I think you are one of the necessities of life, and told my husband I just couldn't do without you, no, not if I had to wait a while longer for my new hat. I have always read Mrs. Dorr's articles first, and have been tempted to beg you to ask her to tell how a happy home may be made when there is not even one darling child in it. It is more than four years since our one precious baby left us. I think it the happiest lot in life to have a dear happy home, a heart rest and a body rest. You, dear HOUSEHOLD, help one very much with your suggestions, to improve our homes. Long may you visit us, is the fervent hope of

DORA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I first became acquainted with you through the Christian Standard, and am so well pleased that I can't think of getting along without you this year. I find in it such good solid reading from beginning to end. Mrs. Dorr's and Mrs. Carney's letters alone, are worth the price of the paper. There are "Earnest Words with Parents," and last but not least is good "Aunt Leisurely." I am so well pleased with Dr. Hanaford's letters, just the very thing, I hope to hear from him often. I have tried several recipes and find them good. I would like some good recipe for a pudding.

Well, I believe I have no complaints to make. I have got a good husband, two healthy boys, a blue-eyed girl baby two years old. All these I am very thankful for, and hope I may be instrumental in raising our children up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." I do all my work, cooking, washing, sewing, everything; I don't enjoy very good health either, but I "keep a stiff upper lip," which helps me through many a hard day's work. I have begun at the first of the year book-keeping in the kitchen. I think it a good idea thanks to "Gypsy Trainee," and advise other sisters to go and do likewise.

This is the first time I ever wrote a line for a paper in my life, but I could keep still no longer, I wanted to thank Mr. Crowell for his excellent paper. I fear I have already taken up too much space.

Mrs. J. A. H.

Fayette Co., Indiana.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have just read Marah's letter. My heart aches for her, and I would so gladly say something to relieve her of her burden. I think I can, in a measure, sympathize with her, and I hope she will not take it unkindly when I say that her husband is not alone in the wrong. I can well imagine with what bright hopes Marah left the shelter of the home-roof for the one her husband had provided; and that in all she did this thought was uppermost in her mind, "will it please my husband?"

Her home was her world; while her husband must win for himself a place and a name in the world outside his home. His home was his place of rest after the toil and care of the day. And feeling secure in the treasure he had won, he neglected to continue to the wife those little attentions so valued by her, which she had received from the lover. Was it because his love for her had so soon begun to

wane? No, it was weariness, thoughtlessness, and perhaps a something not far removed from selfishness.

Marah's sensitive and loving heart keenly felt this neglect; and her brow became clouded and sad. And this had its counter effect upon him. It irritated him, and thoughts like this would flit through his mind, "I have something else to do than be petting her all the time."

Poor husband! He imagined that his wife was too exacting, that she expected him to give her much of his time and attention, and so he choked the utterances of love which welled up in his heart, to show her that she was foolish and childish.

Poor wife! A kiss or a loving word, given in a moment, would, at any time, have cleared the shadow from her brow and brought sunshine and gladness to her heart.

Let a woman know and feel that she is loved by her husband, and she will endure sickness, poverty and isolation from the world, if need be, with cheerfulness and fortitude. But how the shadow on Marah's brow darkened and the gulf between two loving hearts widened, I have learned by her letter. Silence and distrust crept in, and the light of their lives now, is only as the "sun shining through a cloud." I say two loving hearts, for I doubt not if Marah could but read her husband's, she would find there a desolation like to her own, and a yearning for her love.

Marah must not let her love grow cold; she must cherish it more than her life. Let her inform herself in what interests her husband, and make one strenuous effort to win back his confidence and re-instate happiness in their home. If done at all, it must be by patient, earnest and continued effort. What pleased him in the days that are past must please him now, unless a sudden and unusual change has come over him. But let me close with a quotation from a well-known English author.

"In matters of sentiment, it is the misfortune of us men, that even the most refined of us often grate upon some sentiment in a woman, though she may not be romantic—not romantic at all, as people go—some sentiment which she thought must be so obvious if we cared a straw about her, and which, though we prize her above the Indies, is, by our dim, horn-eyed, masculine vision, undiscernible. It may be something in itself the airiest of trifles; the anniversary of a day in which the first kiss was interchanged, nay, of a violet gathered, a misunderstanding cleared up; and of that anniversary we remember no more than we do of our bells and coral. But she—she remembers it; it is no bells and coral to her. Of course much is to be said in excuse of man, brute though he be. Consider the multiplicity of his occupations, the practical nature of his cares. It is very difficult for the wisest men to understand thoroughly a woman."

ELEANOR FABUR.

GEO. E. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—The latter part of October I received a circular from your office offering me this Co. agency for THE HOUSEHOLD. Protracted sickness and death in our

family have prevented me from making any attempt to canvass for subscribers, or make reply to you. However much I desire THE HOUSEHOLD to be as welcome in every home circle, as it is in ours, I cannot, consistently with my home duties—I am a farmer's wife, with two little children, and many, many cares—undertake to become its authorized agent—its self-constituted agent I have been, for four or five years doing diligently in its favor whatever I might.

I wish I could spare the time not for the inducements you offer agents, but from love to the dear HOUSEHOLD and sympathy with its purposes. If you could only see the great change it has wrought in a single home I know of, within two years, you might more easily imagine the good already accomplished in thousands of similar homes.

Mrs. B.

Kenosha Co., Wis.

EDITOR OF HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a reader of your paper for more than a year, and hope soon to become a subscriber. I think THE HOUSEHOLD the most instructive paper I know of, at any price. I like every department in it, and all the writers, particularly Aunt Leisurely. I suppose it would not be honorable for me to ask, or you to give, the name of the lady who writes under the signature of Aunt Leisurely, as she preferred to give the public only a nom-de-plume, but whatever her name and situation in life, from my heart I say God bless her. I was cast down and well-nigh discouraged, her sustaining words in the August number of THE HOUSEHOLD, helped me to "buckle on the armor of hope and encouragement and commence anew the battle of life;" therefore for myself and the loved ones dependent on me, I say again, God bless her.

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EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Those girls in whose interest the Louisiana girl wrote, in the September number of your paper, have the sympathy of one at least. And I think I can in a measure appreciate their thirst for knowledge. Let us hope they may find a way by which they can, to a greater or less extent gratify their laudable desire for culture.

But while they are waiting for the opportunity, their duty is plain, and while it is duty, there is but one way, and that is, to perform it. And the more cheerfully the services are rendered, the more pleasing will it be, to him who gives them their work, and the less the labor will seem a task.

We cannot always tell what might be the results if we were differently situated, but one thing is quite certain, if these girls had the opportunity for mental improvement, they would avail themselves of it. But it is just possible, if they had nothing in the way of going on and on, as fancy led, they might neglect the one thing that most concerns them.

God knows what is best, He does not willingly afflict. These privations may be a needful means of drawing them more nearly to him, and of bringing them to realize more their dependence on him, rather, perhaps, than to glory in their own wisdom, thinking not from whence it came.

And if we are living in daily and hourly communion with him, how much better our society than any which can be found in the world.

The opinion of those men who would call the girl, "sitting at the master's feet," learning constantly lessons of wisdom and patience, and learning to trust God perfectly, even though she does lack confidence in her own powers, "stupid," or "insipid," is hardly worth her notice.

We may think if we could enjoy similar advantages, to some, seemingly, more highly favored persons, we would ask nothing more. But if we should be placed in the coveted position, we would hardly find it all we had anticipated. "Christ is the only satisfying portion," and if we leave ourselves and our interests, trustingly with him who truly feels for us, doing all the time whatever is shown us as ours to do, we shall be far from unhappy, and indeed find real enjoyment.

Mrs. S. C.

MR. EDITOR:—I wish to make a suggestion to A Louisiana Girl. She complains of a lack of time for study and the cultivation of her mind. If, as she herself says, there is nothing which they (ladies) would like so well as study, why will they persist in making the thousand and one quite useless little things, the making of which takes up so large a portion of their spare moments? I have heard ladies complain of a lack of time to read, who thought nothing of working by the hour day after day upon a knit bed-spread, quilts of a thousand pieces, tating, tidies of the most elaborate style—but I cannot begin to enumerate the list. Let it not be thought that I am too practical by nature to see the utility of what is simply beautiful or ornamental, no more, no less. For I admire and love the beautiful whether in nature or in art. But I do not think that that lady is necessarily the finest dressed whose dress displays the greatest amount of labor in its fabrication. And I do not see why the remark does not apply equally well to a bed-spread or to the ornaments in a room.

If we dwelt in an ideal world perhaps beauty would come before utility. But in this world utility is of primal importance. Let the girls then learn to sing, play, dance if they will, make tidies and all ornamental and beautiful things if they have time. Let ladies who have children, instead of putting in five, be content with three tucks in the baby's dress and read during the moments or hours saved. The pursuit of the beautiful is a noble pursuit but it can be carried too far. And in thus writing I have not stated an impractical theory of my own, I have seen all of this done by two or three ladies of my acquaintance.

A word to young girls. Read! I have heard many young men in speaking of a young lady say: "She is pretty but does not know much." I am aware of the fact that the same remark will apply with almost equal force to a certain class of young men.

Mrs. L. S. has tried to make a "poverty harp" and has not succeeded. Perhaps the silk was not stretched tightly enough, or, it may be, too tightly. Perhaps it did not swing

clear of the window frames. Possibly the wind was unfavorable, though I can hardly think so, if there was any wind at all. The one which we made produced both major and minor chords; never I think a discord. The tone was exquisite like that of a violin in the hands of a master. Often we could hear down stairs a harp in the chamber. Let Mrs. L. S. try again.

ROBERT.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—I wish to send some recipes for the benefit of young housekeepers. I shall try to be very explicit, and to those whose judgment has been ripened by long experience these recipes may seem needlessly minute. I shall send nothing which I have seen printed in THE HOUSEHOLD before although almost everything desirable has been printed there. To minuteness I shall add economy, for the help they may be to those sisters who wish to save money for books or perhaps add somewhat to the fund which is to buy a home for themselves and their little ones.

A NICE AND ECONOMICAL DINNER.—Some day after having baked meat for dinner you will find you have a large bone with but little meat upon it, and perhaps a half bowl of gravy; you may also have some other small bits and pieces of beef steak or boiled meat. Put all these in a stew pot together early in the morning, add considerable water and keep it boiling all the forenoon; one hour before dinner remove all the bones or pieces of gristle, season your meat well with pepper, salt, and two onions sliced very fine, add more water and let it come to a boil; have ready as many potatoes as you wish for dinner nicely pared and cut in three cornered pieces—if you slice them they boil to a mush. About twenty-five minutes before dinner time put them in with your meat and boil until just done; I always make a nice steamed crust to eat with this dinner. An hour and a quarter before dinner time I take a pint of sifted flour and into it I put a rounding teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a pinch of salt; I then dissolve one-half teaspoonful of soda in a cup of milk and stir it in; add enough more milk to make it quite soft, butter a soup plate and turn in your mixture, put this in your steamer and cover closely; steam over boiling water one hour. When done you can set it upon the table in the plate and with butter, or break it up lightly and pour over it the liquor from your meat and potatoes. Do not cut it with a knife but break it apart with a fork; if you are too busy to make this crust toast some pieces of bread and pour over them the liquor from your meat and potatoes.

HAM BOILED WITH VINEGAR.—When you boil a ham add to your water two or three cups of sharp vinegar, or two or three quarts of old cider. It makes a most delicious pickled ham and destroys its greasy taste.

TO USE BITS OF FRIED OR BOILED HAM.—Chop them fine, both fat and lean pieces, or all fat may be used if care is taken not to use too much. Add several times as much chopped cold potato as you have ham; turn into a hot spider in which is a little ham gravy and do not turn the potato until it is done a nice brown, then turn and brown the rest of it—nice for breakfast with sharp pickles.

COLD BEEFSTEAK.—Sometimes it will happen there are nice large pieces of steak left from dinner; if you broil it over it is tough, and so I put it all in a spider with water and let it simmer gently through the morning. At dinner time I lay it on a platter, put a little butter on it, and pour around it the gravy it was boiled in, or if the pieces are small and rather fat, I chop it fine, return it to the spider, season with pepper and salt and dip out upon pieces of stale bread which have been nicely toasted.

EXCELLENT AND ECONOMICAL GRID-DLE CAKES.—Take two cups of sour milk and mix it thick with flour or buckwheat; set it where it will keep warm twenty-four hours, it will then have risen quite light; dip out two large spoonfuls into a cup and set it away to put into those you make the next day. thin

what you have left with water, have a hot grid-dle, for herein lies one of the first and greatest secrets of successful cakes; just before frying them, put in a level teaspoonful of soda well dissolved, and a handful of flour or meal if you like Indian meal in cakes and some salt; do not let them dry through but fry fast and don't get them too thick. If unfortunate enough to have sour bread or bread that won't rise from any cause, don't bake it but put it all in a jar and add two quarts of sour milk, mixing it well with the dough; every morning take out what you wish for cakes, thin with water, add a handful of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, and take my word for it, you will never wish for better cakes and will be sorry when the sour bread dough is gone. Be sure and not put in your soda until just before you fry them.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS WITHOUT EGGS.—One and one-half cups of flour, one-fourth of a cup of home made yeast, and warm milk enough to make a thin batter; let it rise over night in a warm place, in the morning add one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, nutmeg, and two-thirds teaspoonful of soda. To this add four tablespoonfuls of melted lard, being careful it is not hot, mix middling soft and cut round or they will fry out of shape; you can use the biscuit cutter to cut them out and the pepper box cover to cut out the hole in the center although something a little larger would be better; be sure and have your lard hot and fry them fast. I never had any but were very nice and I think this recipe infallible.

SQUASH OR PUMPKIN PIES WITHOUT EGGS.—To be sure they are nicer with eggs, but where eggs are from three to four cents apiece and can't be found at that it is very pleasant to know that nice pies can be made without them. One quart of milk will make four thick pies, and I put in a rounding teaspoonful of ginger, a good pinch of pepper, a small cup of sugar and enough squash or pumpkin which has been boiled and sifted to make it quite thick, thicker than the thickest cream; I now salt it well and add enough good West India molasses to finish sweetening it, fill your crusts and grate over the tops of your pies some nutmeg, bake with a steady fire for some time and until the crusts are well done. Do not fill your crusts until they are all ready to go right into the oven.

ABOUT PIES.—One quart of flour will make the crusts for three large apple pies or five squash pies, and the less water you use in mixing your crust the less lard you will need to make them tender and don't knead pie crust a bit, it makes it tough and smooth as leather. While speaking of pies let me ask you if you have ever made mince pies of apples not pared, and if you have not, do try some, of course you will cook your mince meat a long time before using it even if you do pare your apples and this cooking makes the skin of the apple as tender and healthful as need be; you surely save the water your mince meat is boiled in to mix your meat and apple together. It contains all the best juices of the meat. Although it may be somewhat out of season I wish to tell some who think berry pies are tasteless, that if they will put a tablespoonful of sharp vinegar in each pie they will find them much improved and no one will detect the vinegar. It is especially good in dried blue berry pies or in apple pies where the apples are rather tasteless. Before I finish talking about pies I wish to tell some of my young sisters who are farmer's wives how to make

NICE PIES OF VERY SMALL YOUNG APPLES.—Pick up the wind falls and wash them in cold water, slice the apples from the cores without peeling them and stew until well done. Sift through a sieve, sweeten to taste, and if rather tasteless add a little vinegar, season with a pinch of salt and nutmeg or lemon and fill your pies. These are excellent in the summer and can be made of very small apples. I have recipes for nice cracker, lemon, corn starch and other pies but presume you all have them.

A great many farmer's wives get very tired of cooking fish the same way all the year round; I wonder if my ways are different from theirs. Here is a nice way

TO BAKE SALT FISH.—Salt trout is the best; freshen in water forty-eight hours, changing the water often; pour boiling water upon the scales and they will come off easily. Lay the fish outside down in a well buttered

dripping pan and bake thirty minutes. Make a nice gravy of milk thickened with a little flour, add some butter and pour over the fish after laying it nicely upon a platter.

BOILED COD FISH.—Freshen forty-eight hours in cold water changing it often, pare some potatoes many more than you wish for dinner, put them in a large kettle and when they commence to boil lay your fish over them and boil it until the potatoes are done; make a gravy as given above for baked salt fish, or you can use water in place of milk adding more butter; in either case do not salt your gravy if you pour it over the fish as the butter is usually salt enough and the fish too.

FISH BALLS.—After your dinner is over you will, if you have cooked enough, have both fish and potatoes left. If you are fond of fish take equal parts of fish and potato. I like them best made of one part fish and two parts potato, chop both fine, and make them rather moist with milk. If you had butter gravy left from the dinner put that in, and only enough more milk to make them about as thick as biscuit dough. They are good without eggs, better with one, and best with two. If you put in an egg beat it well; add some pepper, flour your hands and mould it into cakes about the size of a biscuit, but not very thick. Flour a large platter and as you shape them give them one roll in flour but don't let much stick to them, and fill the platter. Sit away in a cool place. In the morning fry some three or four large slices of pork until the fat is all fried out; have your fat hot, and into it lay your fish balls; keep them over a good fire until brown just as you and I like them, and then turn them over and brown the other side. Don't put butter in them as the pork makes them rich enough. Send them to the table hot, and put the crisp fork upon the platter with them. Fish and potato are also nice chopped fine, with or without eggs and fried in fat same as fried potato, and is less work.

ANOTHER NICE WAY TO COOK FISH.—Pick it up fine, let it stand a while in plenty of warm water; take quite a quantity of milk—water is good, but milk is better,—and thicken it a little with flour. Toast some pieces of dry bread, and lay them upon a platter. Boil some eggs, enough for the family; then put your fish in the thickened milk and let it just come to a boil. Pour this over your toasted bread; cut open your eggs, and take them out of the shells, laying the inside around in the fish; sprinkle over them pepper, and put bits of butter upon the eggs. Where eggs are very plenty one is usually beaten up and put in the milk with the flour to thicken it. Of course this dish may be varied by omitting the boiled eggs, or the bread, or both.

CUSTARD CORN CAKE.—This cake is very nice for a Sunday morning breakfast with fish balls. One-half cup of sour milk, one and one-half cup of sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful soda, one tablespoonful melted butter, same of sugar, and about four small handfuls of Indian meal. This will seem very thin, but when baked in a hot oven twenty minutes it is very moist, and much like a thick custard. Eat hot with butter.

A NICE WAY TO BAKE APPLES.—Take large greenings, set as many as possible in a very large pudding dish; fill the dish half full of water. After the apples are well cooked upon one side turn them over, and put into the water two-thirds of a cup of sugar. Let them cook until done, being careful to have water enough so there will be sufficient juice to make them look like a preserve. A quince cut in pieces and baked with them gives them a delicious flavor. These apples will be nice for tea; sometimes I peel them before baking.

STEAMED FRUIT PUDDING.—Stew your fruit with but little water, make a nice paste as for cream of tartar biscuits, using a little more shortening; roll it out thin and square, spread thickly with fruit until within an inch of each edge, roll it up like a jelly cake, press the edges neatly together, dip a pudding cloth in boiling water and then flour the inside of it, and lay in the pudding, leaving room for it to swell; tie the ends, and slip it gently into a kettle of boiling water after putting a plate in the bottom of the kettle so it will not burn on; boil from one and one-half to two hours, according to size of pudding. If your fruit is sour, and it is better so, eat it with maple sugar or sweet sauce;

if sweet, eat cream and a little sugar with it; cut it from the end. Stewed currants, plums, minus stones, etc., are nice, or almost any kind of fruit.

BRIDE'S CAKE.—It has a right to the name, having been used as such four times this fall, with perfect success. It has the appearance of snow, its only fault being that it gets dry soon, as all cake made with corn starch will. Two cups of pulverized sugar and one of butter stirred to a cream; beat to a stiff froth the whites of seven fresh eggs. Add eggs to the sugar and butter; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in one cup of milk and add to the sugar and butter and eggs. Lastly, put two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar into one and one-half cups of corn starch and one and one-half cups flour; stir all well together and bake with a firm, steady heat. This makes two loaves. If you wish seasoning use a little rose water.

ORANGE, PEACH, OR FRUIT PUDDING.—Cut up five good sweet juicy oranges, or what is better some nice peaches, of course they must be free from seeds or stones and the skins removed, put them in a very large pudding dish; pour over them one-half a coffee cup of white sugar. Now set a pail containing a pint of milk into a kettle with a little boiling water. Stir together the yolks of two eggs, one-half a cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch and a little cold milk; when your milk boils in your pail stir this in and add a little salt, let it thicken, pour this over your peaches. Now beat the whites of the two eggs to a stiff froth, add a tablespoonful of pulverized sugar, pour over your pudding and set in a hot oven just long enough to brown. Eat cold.

PLAIN TAPIOCA AND APPLE PUDDING.—Soak until thoroughly dissolved, using warm water, four heaping tablespoonfuls of tapioca, add a level teaspoonful of salt, and fifteen whole cloves; make it very sweet and about as thick as thick cream. Pare a dozen large sour apples, dig out the cores and put in some sugar, pour the tapioca over them and bake one hour. If you wish very nice, beat up the whites of two eggs, add one tablespoonful pulverized sugar and set in the oven to brown. This pudding is nice, hot or cold. I have many other recipes for plainer puddings, but think they have been, or most of them at least, published in THE HOUSEHOLD.

I have a recipe for a parsnip chowder which is so nice, and so much liked by all who like this root that I will give it.

PARSNIP CHOWDER.—Put five slices of nice fat pork in the bottom of a kettle, let them fry until the fat is well fried out; clean seven large parsnips and cut them up; pare and slice ten large potatoes; lay the parsnips upon the meat, then add some pepper and salt, then the potatoes and more pepper and salt, put in water enough to just come up even with the potatoes or perhaps a little more, and let this all boil forty minutes. Make a crust, the same as the one given to steam, in my first recipe, only not quite so moist, roll it out thin and cut in slices, lay this over the top of the potato, cover the kettle closely and let it boil twenty-five minutes, if there is enough water to hit the crust dip out some, as the water is apt to make your crust heavy, and it must only steam over the potato, and not boil in the water. Save all the juice you dip out, and after your crust is done return it to your chowder. I never knew any one fond of parsnips who was not pleased with this chowder.

I will now close this long catalogue of recipes. If you think best to publish them all, Mr. Crowell, it will take up some space to be sure, but I suppose your paper is all "space" until some one does take it up. If any sister wishes further information please tell her to ask.

SISTER JESSIE.

P. S. I put in one or two pudding recipes which are not very economical, they are to be made on extra occasions, you know. In my recipes for using cold meats I have made no mention of chopping it up with potato. Every one knows how to make hash. If one has much cold pork to dispose of it is best to boil it tender, fat and all, let it get cold, skim off the top of the gravy it was boiled in and set it away to fry potato in; chop up the meat, add considerable flour, some sage, pepper, salt, and the gravy it was boiled in; make into thin cakes and fry on a hot spider, and you will surely relish these home made sausages.

JESSIE.



WORDS.

Words are lighter than the cloud-foam
Of the restless ocean spray;
Vainer than the trembling shadow
That the next hour steals away:
By the fall of summer rain-drops
Is the air as deeply stirred;
And the rose-leaf that we tread on
Will outlive a word.

Yet on the dull silence breaking,
With a lightning flash, a word,
Bearing endless desolation
On its lightning words, I heard.
Earth can forge no keener weapon,
Dealing surer death and pain,
And the cruel echo answered
Through long years again.

I have known one word hang star-like
O'er a weary waste of years,
And it only shone the brighter
Looked at through a mist of tears:
While a weary wanderer gathered
Hope and heart on life's dark way,
By its faithful promise shining
Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit calmer
Than the calmest lake, and clear
As the heaven that gazed upon it,
With no wave of hope or fear:
But a storm had swept across it,
And its deepest depths were stirred,
Never, never more to slumber,
Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle
Than the breath of summer air,
In a listening heart it nestled,
And it lived forever there;
Not the beating of its prison
Stirred it ever night or day,
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it pass away.

Words are mighty, words are living;
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels crowding round us,
With heaven's light upon their wings:
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in the skies.

A MISTAKE OR TWO.

BY ALICE W. QUMBY.

MRS. AMES was a fair and winsome woman in her early thirties, the wife of a prosperous business man, the mistress of an elegant home and the mother of a trio of beautiful children such as are the delight of parents' hearts. Her domestic bliss had scarcely known a ripple, so deep was the mutual love which reigned in her home, a host of friends petted her and a fashionable circle paid her homage, while she had no wish ungratified, no burden unlightened, that money or affection could reach. It is no wonder then that she still retained so much of the freshness of her lovely girlhood, for there was never known a fountain for the preserving of youth and beauty like the healing streams of love and sympathy. Yet the shadow of a cloud seemed hovering about her that autumn afternoon as she sat there in her low rocker intent on some marvel of delicate workmanship, and if you had looked at her long you could hardly have failed to notice the lines of care that settled into her face or the wistful look that gave to her a restless, anxious expression; and leaning closer into the window she sighed unconsciously, as if there was some unan-

swered longing that however vague it might be was yet embittering her life.

This same window opened on to one of the pleasantest streets of a lovely rural village—only it was rarely open for its sombre blinds were habitually shut against the bright, free life without. The little parlor smiled complaisantly in its rich upholstery and tasteful decorations, yet there seemed to rest upon it a nameless chill and it almost shivered in the dull light that struggled in through those relentless blinds.

She paused as if to breathe and then in the next minute took up her work again hastily, bending over it more closely, for time meant little to her save the opportunity to employ her hands or perhaps to cultivate her social graces and an unoccupied moment seemed to her lost; so she pushed the blinds open a little, and placing herself so as to get all the benefit of the few struggling rays of light, her fingers flew rapidly at the self-imposed task.

Mrs. Ames was the victim of her own thoughtlessness and misguided ambition, yet she sat silently in the shadow never making even one single effort to resist the chill that was coming over her, never pausing to ask herself one question as to the whither or the wherefore of all these things. Poor deluded woman. For fully half an hour she sat there stitching at the dainty embroidery that fluttered through her fingers, stitching with an energy worthy of a better object than fostering the pride of the little girl for whose garment it was designed, or even gratifying the vanity of her own immaculate taste. Then there came a soft tap on the parlor door and two of Mrs. Ames' particular friends announced themselves.

"We knew just where we should find you," affirmed the first, smiling confidently, "with your unending needle work. You've hardly an idea what a radiant afternoon it is, my dear, so gloriously bewitching that Lou and I were enticed into a long walk, away down Maple avenue where we've actually grown young reveling in the olden time memories and feasting on the beauties of the ripening year. Oh, it is a thousand times nicer than sitting down in the parlor and trying to create something beautiful, this enjoying the beauties which a Master Hand has created for us."

And her fresh, glowing cheeks bore testimony to the truth of what she said.

"I should have delighted in the walk," and there came an eager smile to her face, "but I hope to finish this bit of embroidery to-night; see, it is nearly done and will be so much prettier than anything I could find in the market."

She smoothed it out affectionately, throwing the blinds wide open in her enthusiasm and laying it in the full light.

Her friends admired it to her satisfaction, commenting on the beauty of its design and the nicety of its execution, marveling at the patience it embodied.

"I don't know how many half finished pieces of this kind have collected themselves in my drawer," remarked one with a toss of her pretty

head; "I should think I might finish them for they are neither of them as much work as this, I am sure."

There was a far-away look in the eyes of the first speaker as she repeated:

"It is a great deal better to expand our souls by enjoying the beauties held up before us by the Master Artist than to shut one's self up to the effort of trying to create something beautiful. A great deal better." Then suddenly as if recollecting herself, she began to remark on the tasteful appointments of the pleasant parlor, noting a fanciful bracket that had just taken its place on the wall, supporting the reclining form of an imaginary goddess as she smiles haughtily from her bespangled throne.

"Oh, Minnie, you ought never to shut away the sunlight from this pretty room," she added earnestly; "all these things look a great deal sweeter in the witching light."

"Maggie is quite an enthusiast," commented her friend.

"But her enthusiasm cannot keep furniture from fading, I presume," remarked Mrs. Ames with a little sigh of regret.

"It can do something a great deal better though," affirmed this same Maggie—"save me from believing that shining, untarnished surfaces and bright, unfaded colors are the most desirable of all blessings;" and she smiled so pleasantly that the words which might otherwise have seemed a little sharp were only refreshing in their kindly, artless utterance.

A little while longer the ladies sat and talked together in the sunny warmth of Mrs. Ames' parlor, the room which was so sunny now that even that lady herself felt the altered influence and wondered what made her so much happier than she had been an hour before.

The evening train brought a long expected arrival and when Minnie Ames felt herself gathered in the warm embrace of her favorite cousin, she thought her happiness was complete. Her senior by several years, cousin Rachel had always been to her as an elder sister for Minnie was the only daughter in her father's family, and the two were thrown together much in their early girlhood. But they had scarcely met for years, so widely different had their fortunes been, and now there were many long and touching stories to be told and listened to by the devoted cousins. Mrs. Ames had only bright pictures to hold up before her sympathiser with enough of the shadow subduing the light to make them true to life, enough of the tempestuous to keep the air pure and invigorating.

But as the days wore on cousin Rachel did not fail to notice the shadow that now and then settled over her spirits, giving to her such a half-yearning, half-dissatisfied expression that she wondered if even in this Eden like home there could be a hidden skeleton, a venomous parasite drinking the juices of Minnie's domestic happiness. It was in vain at first that she sought to hunt out this insidious enemy and she began to suspect that her usually confiding cousin was actually taking pains to cover from her yearning eyes some cankering sore.

So firmly did the conviction seize her that she grew very unhappy, feeling like the victim of some mysterious treachery, and was about to appeal to Minnie in her distress, when at last she began to realize what the adverse influence in the house really was, and like a true woman resolved to assail it with an unflinching hand.

She noticed that it was in the front rooms where the anxious mistress was most solicitous for her ideas of propriety, where the spirit of order reigned supreme and the sunlight rarely entered: here in the most comfortable part of the house that they all felt least at ease, that Minnie most frequently took on that troubled expression and that she herself felt less of buoyancy and more of depression.

"Just here lies the trouble, I know," she said to herself one day. "This reverence in which they hold pretty things, especially Minnie herself, fearing, lest they get soiled, or misplaced, this vague notion that it is more genteel to live in the twilight, more genteel to keep the windows darkened and sit in the shadow—this is just what so often throws a cloud over our spirits. Alas, that we are sometimes so blind to our highest good."

They had been out walking one afternoon in the crisp air, when, coming from the bright world into the dimness of their shaded parlor, Rachel made some playful remark about the dolorous contrast, and walking to the windows, threw the blinds wide open, exclaiming:

"Come in, blessed sunshine! we need you, I am sure."

An expression of surprise flitted across Minnie's sweet face, but it was gone in an instant as she made some commonplace remark about the events of the day.

But Rachel was not to be so easily diverted from the one idea that had possessed her of late. So turning toward the woman with one of her most persuasive smiles, she inquired:

"Don't you think we are making a mistake, Minnie, when we shut the beautiful sunbeams out of our homes and condemn ourselves to a level, sombre light instead? We surely need the influence of his bright, cheering rays, we are not so strong that we can afford to deprive ourselves of anything which may enliven us."

"I don't know, Rachel," she answered, evasively, "perhaps those who do it love the sunshine as well as you or anybody, and are only yielding to what they regard a necessity, for it cannot be denied that these 'beautiful sunbeams' have a sad way of fading whatever they touch."

"What they regard a necessity, indeed; for colors do not fade half as badly as we sometimes think, and the added cheer of the light more than makes up for what may be lost in this way, a great deal more."

"It has a wonderful faculty too of showing off all the deformities there may be in a room, besides whatever of dust may have accumulated there," she added, with a laugh. "Oh, I am sure I never could keep my rooms in such immaculate order and neatness that they could bear such a fearful exposure!"

"Talk about deformities," replied

cousin Rachel, ignoring her nervous effort at jesting, "nothing even looks so well as when the rich sunlight glorifies it, bringing out beauties which would be hidden in the shade and throwing a halo over our common lives. Try it, dear, and see what a wonderful charm there is in the golden sunshine.

"Our souls need it, too, for whether we realize it or not, we certainly are invigorated by its breath, the air is purer, inspiring us with new life, making the world look a thousand fold brighter.

I know all this to be true, Minnie, and a great deal more than this," she added, fervently, after a little pause, encouraged by Minnie's thoughtful aspect, "for I feel it in my inmost being; and I believe we should make our lives a far more acceptable offering to Him who demands our all if we would live with our windows open toward the sunlight and our hearts alive to its influence. Precious sunshine, bringing health, happiness and joy, is it not strange that we ever treat it as if it were an enemy?"

"You put the case very strongly, Rachel," Mrs. Ames replied, "but I am in no mood to dispute you—indeed I never thought much about it before. It does seem so countrified, though, to have a glare of sun in one's parlor; nobody does who has blinds to shut it out, and we do not love to be odd or unfashionable, you know."

"Yet there are times, Minnie, when we rejoice in being odd and plume ourselves on our independence. The country has no monopoly of the sunshine, thank God, so there is nothing countrified in admitting it to our homes, and if there were, it could not possibly affect the question we are considering, one iota. That home into which the sun shines, all else being equal, is vastly the most elegant and refined, for it has a subtle charm which every guest perceives and is fascinated, which is to its inmates as a sweet and tender benediction."

Minnie went on sorting her worsteds and was silent. She did not feel quite ready to acknowledge the force of what Rachel was saying, and yet she could not dispute it.

"When we open our hearts to this richer beauty—the beauty that is blossoming out everywhere in the light—we shall not be so often yielding homage to our narrower ideas of beauty and fitness, shall not be inclined to fritter away our precious hours in the effort to reach some false standard of grace and elegance."

"Oh, Rachel, you surely cannot mean me, now?" and she lifted her eyes with a half-inquiring expression, while her pretty face flushed painfully.

"I was only thinking how hard you work sometimes to gratify your love of the beautiful, and I have noticed with pain since I've been with you what a slave this passion is making of you. The taste is itself a blessing, when it has not become vitiated by neglecting its higher promptings, but it is always pitiful to see one trying to satisfy it with human devices and turning away from the true beauty which it really craves. It grieves me to fear that you make this mistake sometimes, Minnie dear, and because I love you tenderly let me entreat you

to put away these divers embellishments that tire your fingers and your brain so, letting the sunlight in to glorify the beautiful things you have already, taking time to sit oftener in its radiance till it shall shine all through your soul and warm and enrich your life. Promise me," she added with a kiss; and the warm pressure of Minnie's hand assured her that her words had not seemed idle or unkind.

Rachel's visit was almost over; but in the few days that remained, Minnie never once shut the blinds when she had left them open; she even opened them herself one bright morning, she sat down oftener and folded her hands as if at rest, had more leisure to visit the nursery and seemed happier when surrounded by her children.

"It is not in vain," Rachel repeated to herself as she looked lovingly back the morning of her departure. "How many, like sweet Minnie Ames, are condemning themselves to dark rooms, alas, how many!"

Cousin Rachel was sadly missed, but the aroma of her influence lingered as a sweet savor, and by degrees sensible little Mrs. Ames began to let the sunshine in, opening half a window-blind at long intervals at first, then the other half, till by and by no room was shut against the sweet enchanter. And gradually she discovered that she was quite as well off with plainer clothing for herself and her children, that these garments were in equally as good taste with fewer stitches and less pains-taking. She cared less, too, about adding to the store of the fanciful decorations for her rooms which had absorbed so much of her time and strength, finding it pleasanter to fold her hands and enjoy them than to be always hurrying to add to their variety.

Husband and children breathed the warmer, purer atmosphere of their homes and were refreshed, friends rejoiced in the increasing amiability of the gentle woman, but Mrs. Ames alone understood the transformation, and from her inmost soul she blessed cousin Rachel for her timely suggestions and the richer, sweeter life they had opened to her famishing soul.

OUR COTTAGE GROUNDS.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—You know how natural it is when, by a good deal of labor and much thought one has been able to arrange one's house and grounds to one's satisfaction, to call in one's neighbors and friends that they may see how much one has accomplished and perhaps even be helped in making their own plans by the successes or the mistakes one may have met with.

Now may I not justly claim the great family of THE HOUSEHOLD as my friends, if not as my neighbors? And may I not call them in to see how care and thought helped by but little money have been able in ten years to make a comfortable and beautiful home, where once stood a house, solid but ugly, blindless, piazzaless, paintless, with a few out buildings placed in the most unsightly and inconvenient locations, with but little fruit, few trees and no flowers?

The one advantage connected with the place when we—my sister and I—took it, was its situation on the summit of a breezy hill on the Connecticut shore overlooking Long Island Sound. By tearing away all the old buildings and constructing new ones, employing architects and landscape gardeners, and expending a small fortune, we might in three years have made a perfect Paradise out of our thirty-five acres of rough farm; but we two women to whom the spot had fallen by inheritance, had nothing besides the place that we did not earn by our daily labor; one of us as correspondence clerk for a firm in a neighboring city, and the other by the more fascinating, and equally laborious but more ill-paid avocation of "contributor." So we think the pride with which we gaze upon the result of our efforts is not wholly unjustifiable.

The portion of our thirty-five acres that we could spare for ornamental uses was as limited as our purse, but by dint of careful arrangement look more extensive than they are.

The house, an oblong structure sixty feet long by twenty-four broad, received but little external alteration excepting the application of a coat of paint in two shades of brown; the enlargement of some of the windows and placing of blinds upon all; and the addition of a plain piazza along the front or south side. About twenty-five feet from the front of this piazza is the fence, made not of pickets, but of narrow boards laid horizontally from post to post, which divides our yard from the public road leading to the water. Along the west side at a distance of thirty feet from the house extends a similar fence till it joins a rough stone wall, moss covered with age, which forms the northern boundary of our yard seventy-five feet from the rear of the house. This is joined at right angles by the garden fence, also of stone which runs from north to south, and is fifty feet from the east end of the house. Here then we have a lot one hundred and fifty-six feet deep by one hundred and forty broad. On it, besides the dwelling-house, we must have ice-house, wood-shed, corn-house, pig-pen, horse-shed, poultry-house, barn, barnyard, bleaching-ground, carriage road, kitchen garden, and flower garden. Close quarters, but all are there and do not look crowded.

At the east and north-east of the dwelling the ground slopes very suddenly in a sort of natural terrace. Below it lies the kitchen garden which is still farther protected by another natural terrace at the north surmounted by a thick native growth of hemlocks. From the north of the house, making a straight line with the eastern end, extends a small wing used for a milk room. On the west side of this wing—only ten feet wide—the floor is on a level with the ground. On the east side the basement wall is eight feet in height; so under this milk room we have built our ice-house. North of the milk room and adjoining it, is the wood shed, twelve feet from north to south by sixteen east and west. Beyond this, always to the north, are the stone steps leading to the garden, and beyond these again the poultry house, fifteen feet by

twelve, and pig-pen six feet by twelve. At right angles with this, facing the south, is the horse-shed with corn-house over head, twenty-five feet by fifteen; this opens on the south side upon the carriage road, on the west side into the barnyard. This last lies at the south of the barn which is about forty feet by thirty.

Where there is sufficient space in front of a house a carriage sweep seems desirable there; but as we had not this space we curved the carriage road gently from the gate which is in the south-west corner of the yard to the rear of the house. Here a branch leads to the horse shed, while the carriage sweep turns at the west of the barn. In the centre of the irregular circle described by the sweep is a beautiful young horse-chestnut tree, while in the pointed end stands a no less beautiful catalpa.

From the carriage gate way curves also a graveled pathway about four feet in width to the front door, thence along the front of the piazza to its east end where the path again slopes away with easy gradations along the top of the terrace which is here growing less deep to a small gate leading to the water.

At the western end of the piazza is a rustic arbor whose presence so very near the house was hardly a matter of choice. Persons familiar with our rough coast will not need to be told that rocks, big and little, pretty and ugly, gray or moss covered, form a very striking portion of our scenery. Right in this spot is a rather high and nearly flat rock of no particular beauty in itself to render it desirable, and far too large to be removed except by blasting, which would be dangerous so near to the dwelling. It has no little pockets or crannies which could be filled with earth and thus prove nestling places for plants and vines. No! there it stood a great, bare, hard, unremovable fact. After holding a council of war over it we came to the conclusion that nature had placed it there as a ready-made imperishable floor for an arbor. So we built over it one of the so called rustic sort; setting rough cedar posts with the bark peeled off at regular intervals in the ground around it. From these, rafters of the same sort slope up to a point in the centre. This was a man's work; the secondary and lighter labor of nailing on similar but smaller sticks in various fancy fashions, leaving open door-ways at the north and south ends, was performed by ourselves. Around this arbor are planted several grape vines, which, though yet quite small, appear to be thrifty, and we rejoice in the prospect of, at some future day, being sheltered from the sun's warm rays by their spreading leaves. For present protection we have planted a hop-vine which with its rapid growth covers the whole top of our arbor and does not interfere with the health of the young grape vines. Broad seats are made on two sides of the arbor by fastening boards to the poles which form its frame work at a height of about one foot from the mean level of the rock.

On these seats the shortest can be accommodated, for if not suited at one end they are sure to be so at the other. In the centre, by way of a

table, is placed another rock, which formerly lay near, having a surface of about three feet by two and a height of two and a half feet. Towards the centre of its otherwise nearly flat top, is a large and deep pocket; this I fill with earth and in the summer plant there a sturdy scarlet geranium which will endure the shade and impart an air of brightness without interfering with the cool look so delightful in an arbor, and sow around it mignonette which fills the little spot with its perfume. Close by the carriage gate stands a tall, straight cedar tree, which for some unknown reason maintains but a sickly existence. At its foot we have planted a fine young trumpet creeper, but until it is old enough to enshroud the unsightly dead branches in its scarlet bloom we depend upon morning glory and Maderia vines which answer almost as well. Instead of a fence in front of our house we would have preferred a hedge of Norway spruce, but knowing the native antipathy of cows to evergreens, we have backed our plain fence by a row of spireas, altheas and barberry bushes planted alternately. Thus in the early spring the pretty little yellow-bells of the barberries will appear at short intervals along the hedge; in June will come the red and white masses of the spireas; in August and early September follow the showy altheas, and in the autumn the barberries again make the hedge brilliant with their bright red leaves and useful scarlet berries. These shrubs are all free from destroying worms and have a rich healthy foliage, but are all, especially the barberries, apt to grow in a scraggly fashion unless kept well pruned. Ours are kept low that they may not interfere with the view from our lower windows.

The space just about the house is all that can be spared for flowers, hence we have had to crowd our beds more than we liked, still the effect is not bad. Filling the angles made by the junction of the carriage road and graveled walk, is a large bed of petunias, forming a thick bank of bloom and perfume which lasts all the summer. On each side of the walk to the house are narrow beds edged with star of Bethlehems and blue bells and filled with low growing flowers, as verbenas, portulacas, mignonette, sweet alyssum and pansies. In front of the dining room windows, in the centre of the house, is a mound rising in concentric circles upon which are planted those flowers that require the strongest rays of the sun.

In a long narrow bed close to the west end of the house are the delicate English snow-drops, lily of the valley, white day-lilies and other low growing white flowers, as in that spot, shaded as it is by two or three large trees west of the carriage road, and by the arbor on the south, nothing would so well contrast with the dark brown of the house.

Along the edge of the piazza, in the narrow space between it and the graveled walk, are planted honeysuckles and climbing roses. As the space between piazza and fence is but twenty-five feet, it will readily be seen that there is not much room left for lawn among the flower beds, but what little

there is of it is always kept smoothly shaven and very green.

At the rear of the house, with the barn and horse-shed on the north, other out-buildings on the east, and carriage road on the south, is a space about thirty feet square, with a thick soft turf, which serves for a bleaching ground. Here posts are set in constantly enlarging squares (something like the circles of jelly in roly-poly pudding) so that a line starting from the central post can be drawn through holes in all the posts and fastened with a large knot at the last one. When the line is not in use the knot at the end may be untied and the whole wound upon a large spool turned by a crank, and sheltered in a little house at the top of the central post. These posts are of cedar wood oiled and varnished. On the top of each is fastened a cocoanut shell filled with earth, and containing a slip of myrtle, or ivy, or a clump of bright-eyed pansies, and very pretty they look, smiling down upon us.

Barn-yard and horse-shed are already nearly hidden from the house by the thrifty young evergreens we have planted just south of the road leading to the horse-shed, and we hope will shortly be entirely so.

We no longer see the old-fashioned kitchen garden laid out in big squares for vegetables, divided by broad walks edged with flower beds, their "ragged robins" and "jumping Johnnies" kept trimly within the bounds, set by two rows of well-clipped box, and with a scraggy pear or plum tree set squarely at each angle. Experience has taught us that both economy and taste require a separation of the ornamental and the useful, and we now prefer to inhale the perfume of our roses free from the contaminating odors of the onion bed.

Our kitchen-garden being sheltered on the northern side by a natural terrace surmounted by a thick native growth of hemlocks, and on the western side protected by dwelling and out-buildings, is necessarily a warm spot and always produces early vegetables.

At the northern end, close under the shelter of the evergreens and terrace, are many young grapevines trained on rustic lattices; others are planted on the west side and trained against the out-buildings. South of the north row of grape trellises, running from east to west, are rows of the smaller fruits, currants, raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries and strawberries.

On the eastern side, next the fence, are two asparagus beds each forty feet by five. In among the grapevines are small permanent beds of sage, thyme, parsley, etc., and in the same neighborhood is the hot-bed. The celery trenches run close by and parallel with the asparagus beds. All the other vegetables are planted in long rows, so that a plow or cultivator can be easily passed between them.

Across the narrow country road in front of our dwelling in a place once occupied by barns and cattle yards, is a spot admirably adapted for fruit raising, being sheltered on the north and west, partly by the house, and partly by the natural slope of the land, and having been enriched by many generations of cattle. Here we plant-

ed, during our first spring, a large number of young apple, pear, peach, cherry and plum trees, most of which are now just coming into bearing. But as fruit trees are rather ugly than otherwise, excepting when covered with blossoms in the spring, or laden with fruit in the fall; and as the ground on that side of the street is so much lower than that where the house stands that tall shrubs planted there will not interfere with the view from our lower windows, we have planted next to the roadside fence of the orchard a hedge of various beautiful shrubs. Some of these will begin flowering about the time that the blossoms are falling from the fruit trees and will continue in a lovely succession through a great part of the summer and autumn.

Spireas, white and pink; laburnums, golden and lilac; "tree honeysuckles;" hawthorns, red and white; wigelia-rosea; pyrus japonica; the sweet, old-fashioned saringa, with the equally sweet and old-fashioned lilacs, white, red and Persian; the late flowering altheas; the fiery burning bush; the luxuriant clematis; the brilliant sumach, and the gay bitter-sweet, alternate along the whole extent of rough, grey stone wall, which they render beautiful. Do any think that the presence of the two shrubs last named demand an apology? They have only to be seen in their autumnal beauty for us to wonder that these natives of the soil are not general favorites.

We think our friends will all agree with us that our dwelling, though unpretentious and inexpensive is now really beautiful. The chief outlay was in the building of the piazza, the painting and "blinding" the house, moving of out-buildings and planting the orchard, the whole costing a trifle over eight hundred dollars. And now we feel that we have things in "good shape" to continue our—ahem!—farming operations. Wish us God speed, dear HOUSEHOLD band!

HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

BY LAURA LITTLE.

Tender memories round thee twine,
Like the ivy green round the vine;
Over land and sea we may roam,
Still will we cherish thee, our own dear home.
A. A. Grayley.

At the gate at last, Belle. We will enter. Ah! the walk used to be wide and clean; it is grass-grown, now, and here and there I see a weed. I have the key but my hand trembles a little; wait a moment upon this old stone step. With the fresh morning air we will take in this familiar scene once more. Oh, yes; the pond flashes prettily in the sun. "From shore to shore" the ducks pass plunging and splashing the water as they go. How green the grass everywhere. See, the rose-vine on the door hangs thick with sweet flowers. Yonder vine with the handful of blood red roses at the very top, telling of beauty and fragrance freely given in better days, is now dying. The columbine, sweet-rocket and myrtle still thrive; old friends and true.

This used to be home. What is it now, I wonder? Beautiful to-day with blossoms are the apple trees under

which as a child I have swung and played. The yellow dandelions spot the fresh grass just as brightly. Beyond, up the hill, I see the same rustic seat, the quince and currant bushes, the cherry trees casting their snowy leaves upon the earth. By and by we'll go up there.

Well, we'll go in; unlock the door, please, somehow I shrink as one might in opening the narrow house of the long dead. How close the birds come, so long have they had the place to themselves our presence disturbs them. I wonder if the robins still build on the russet tree near the eastern windows?

Over the threshold; the air is close, very close. That is good; throw open windows and blinds and let in the blessed sunshine and God's free air; I must turn my face to it an instant, for I catch the perfume of the flowering currant and lilac by the pump; the little cinnamon roses growing all along under the fence gleam brightly among their dark leaves. How still! once there was a welcome given upon the threshold, now though we are seated, no sound of greeting is heard. The room is unchanged; the same paper upon the wall, the same pictures, the same furniture, ornaments, everything the same yet nothing the same.

Just here, Belle, from this sofa, a freed soul went out to life eternal; suddenly dropped the earthly and put on the heavenly garment. It was October. It had been one of her most perfect days, an autumn sunset was painting the sky, the many tinted clouds lighting up the western windows, cast their rays across this large room, giving the faces watching us from the wall a look of life; the eastern windows caught the stream of sunlight and the plants in them of a shining green, so recently were they from the outer air, were bathed in it. How well I remember—remember it all!

Looking out upon the earth in its brilliant beauty, upon the setting sun as it touched here and there around the room, he turned his beaming face to mine, "How beautiful!" he exclaimed. Slowly he walked back and forth a few times, very happy, softly humming a household song the while. Dropping my work, I joined him, with my hand through his arm talking cheerfully of the morrow. As we came back here he paused and sat down, and then while the skies were yet bright with but a momentary pain, a sudden falling of the head upon my arm, left me—alone. "Like a shock of corn fully ripe" was my father gathered.

The next room? I will go soon; I must open the door gently as I used; yes, I will go first.

My dead! my dead!
Here she lay, pale, patient, smiling. Here I sat or lay beside her—the thin hands seem to cling now—watching, hoping, praying for her life. God gave her everlasting life. He is good.

Time was given for last thoughts, wishes, commands; time to call beloved ones around her bed; to hear their well known voices speak the name they learned upon her knee; time enough to make all things ready; for prayers, tears, searchings, farewells, praises, even, and then the

weary body found rest, the ransomed soul perfect peace. "Her children arise up and call her blessed."

Oh, mother! mother!

I used to think large families desirable, a blessing, I am not quite as sure now. When of age they must separate, one go this way, another that, and time and circumstances often makes them almost forget what they once were to each other. Sometimes too a serpent creeps into the little circle, just now so happy, so loving, so bound together; and stinging one, but failing to sting another, suddenly becomes enraged and strikes on all sides. Sorrow, confusion and dismay are brought into the family band; they scatter, estranged, each goes his own way. But it is not always so, and perhaps these family trials are among the "all things" out of which good is to be wrought to the believing soul when so tried.

There were nine of us children; the three eldest had each a different birth-place; six were born in this room; our leader a sturdy boy, generous, affectionate, strong-willed, guided by a keen sense of right and justice, tossing obstacles from his path something as schoolboys toss snow balls, move they must, if only from one hand to the other, for a time and then with a strength born of that indomitable will, off they whiz and the unflagging feet press on unhindered. You know him, Belle, the pride and comfort of our blessed dead, who, as Jacob blessed Joseph and his sons ere he passed away, so did they bless this son, their Joseph and all his. A troop of girls followed, four, and then the wee lamb came, soon to grow weary, soon to be gathered to the Shepherd's bosom. I can just recall the waxen face and tiny hands within the coffin and the sudden want and dreadful silence that we little ones felt had fallen upon us, when they carried out to the grave our baby.

Prayers, tears, cries will not avail. Live on we must though the dearest faces have vanished from our earthly vision forever. Live on, our appointed time through all the weariness and longings even to the end, God's time. He will expect us to live it well, too.

Up stairs? not to-day, Belle; heart and brain are weary now, we'll go out under the sweet-smelling trees upon the hill and sit down on the old seat.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

TEMPERANCE AGAIN.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

Fully indorsing the sentiments presented by our friend, Mrs. Carney, I may be allowed to take a few of her thoughts as texts, with no fear that too much can ever be said or judiciously done to remove this giant evil. In our fallen humanity it is almost as natural to favor the use of the "fire-water" in some way as it is to breathe. There is a strange idea that it must be used, that we should soon die without some stimulant, we must use it as a bath, or we must put it with various medical preparations, and then if the compound does any good, or is supposed to, the spirits are sure to get the credit. But do you ask why it is so often recommended by physicians?

Well, various reasons. It is the fashion just now, at least, the use of whiskey for lung diseases, and yet in a practice of about twenty-five years I have never seen a case of cure of which I felt certain. Patients recover from sickness and feel very much surer of the successful remedy than do the attending physicians. It is quite certain that the doctor sometimes gets the credit due to nature, but often is robbed of his just dues in this regard.

Are you surprised that medical men should have fashions, that all is not science? Well, we are human, like others, and may err. But do not the fooleries of fashion gain access to any circles save where ignorance reigns? The major part of any community are controlled by the demands of the fickle goddess far more than by common sense, and it must be expected that while so many are clamoring for ardent spirits in medicine or as medicine, weak-spined doctors will accommodate them. And yet it is probable that but few, comparatively, really believe that what so universally proves a curse when taken as a drink can be so very safe when taken as medicine. It might seem that the change in the name, to some persons, is about as potent as the "philosopher's stone." Some, also order it, because fond of it themselves, and yet very few of all who give it really would administer it to their children if sick.

The idea that it is a purifier of the blood, as claimed by some, is too absurd to merit even a passing notice, especially while we remember that by far the greater part in the market is a fictitious article, a "vile compound," of some of the most poisonous articles in use. Indeed, how can we counterfeit a poison (all alcohol is poison) without the use of other poisons?

Again, how can a sane man—knowing to what extent these liquors are adulterated—dare to take them as medicines. Such medicated compounds mingling in the stomach with other remedies, all blindly thrown together, with no knowledge of their compatibility? The paper maker or the glue maker, who would pursue such a blind course, combining ingredients of which he knows nothing, would be deemed a fit subject for the mad-house—unfit for business. Those drugs are prepared with care and skill, and no intelligent physicians will dare use them thus recklessly, with the poisonous drugs of the adulterated spirits, so many of which have only about one-fifteenth, and even less of the pure article.

Once more. Is it safe to send for a physician who may be drunk? We never know what such a man may do with his drugs while in that senseless and irresponsible state. He may misplace or combine the most deadly drugs and never know the difference till he has sacrificed a loved one, and destroyed the health of many others, nor can you know just how far such a man is under the influence of his drams even when he seems to be free from its deadly power. Indeed, no man in the habitual use of such a powerful excitant and poison can be reliable at any time. His brain can

never be as clear as if no poison had ever entered it—no unnatural excitant disturbed its normal action.

From twenty-five years of medical experience, I do not hesitate to say that I should not dare to give the more usual liquors to my own children, and also, that I would not continue the use of even the purest liquors beyond one or two doses—just to arouse sufficiently that digestion may be restored, since it is a well acknowledged principle that all stimulants eventually debilitate. Their proper use must be accidental and temporary, or harm must result. And if I supposed that I might make one drunkard in fifty to whom I might give spirits, I should not feel justified in the dangerous experiment. Even if true that some few might die from the want of it, the number would be almost infinitely smaller than the present sacrifice.

Physicians are often regarded as intelligent men, the proper instructors of the community in matters relating to the preservation and the promotion of the health. As such, they must ever exert an influence for good or for ill. At the present time, it must be admitted, many, many of this class, partly in consequence of this medical fashion, are exerting a powerful influence in favor of intemperance, more, it is feared, than that of a similar number of the dealers, since their object and interests are known. The drinking habits of the "whiskey doctors" and their frequent and often unnecessary recommendations and prescriptions of liquors cannot but exert a bad influence and do harm.

TYPES AND BLANKS, OR "ONLY A BLANK."

BY OLIVE OLDSTYLE.

A dear friend was speaking of her past life, which, contrary to her own tastes and aspirations, had been entirely taken up by petty cares and a constant round of home duties. "I have longed," she said, "to be of some use in the world; my spirit has chafed and fretted over what has seemed to me to be a lost life; now I am trying to be resigned to be only a blank." Only a blank! I pondered the words, and have been thinking that there may be many who partake of our monthly feast, who feel that they are "only a blank." But are blanks really of no use? Ask the printer.

If you will step into a printer's office, you will see on a sort of desk lots of little pieces of metal. Examine them and you will find on the end of each a letter. You know what they are and you say, "what useful things! what would the world do in this age without them?" You look at them with interest, and rejoice that types were ever invented. But here are some little blocks shorter and smooth at both ends, what are these? "Only blanks," and you are not much interested. You take up a book or paper, how beautifully clear and distinct every word appears, what pleasure you take in reading, and how much you admire the work of the types.

Here is a book for you to read, the work of some of the first printers. In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. You say, "I cannot read

that book, the words all run together."

But you must pick out the words. "O that is too much work, why did they print it in that unintelligible way?" Well, you see those old printers had the types, but not the blanks. It is the blank which separates the words and brings order out of seeming confusion. Are they of any use? As you read you see the work of the type and admire its usefulness, while the blank which filled its place and did its work just as well, is perhaps forgotten because it left no mark. If the blank had stepped forward and tried to do the type's work, it would have made only a blot, but it kept quietly in its appointed place and the printer appreciated its worth, and all readers were benefited.

Dear restless souls, who feel that you are of no account, and that your lives add nothing to the pages of this world's history, be not discouraged. The great Architect, the Director of this world's affairs, has assigned your place, and He knows for what purpose. You may be somewhat hidden, and your deeds may not appear prominent and plain to thoughtless eyes, and even you may not understand all the whys and wherefores, and you may not realize your usefulness; yet it may be that your presence is very necessary to preserve order and harmony in your immediate neighborhood. The world needs many quiet, unobtrusive people, who do their work faithfully, though it may be done in a corner; and the Lord approves the corner workers, as well as those who labor in the open field. And if He approves, is it not enough? This hidden labor is not unnecessary, and our Father knows it requires grace, patience, resignation and fortitude, to perform it, as well as that in more public positions; and He will give grace and strength to those who seek his favor, and will reward, not according to the greatness of their deeds, but for obedience, faithfulness, and trust in Him.

There is a place for every one, and every place must be filled or society would suffer; and if we fill our place however humble it may be, we labor for the public good. If all were preachers, where would they find hearers? If all were leaders, there would be none to lead! If all were teachers, who would wish to be taught? If all men entered the learned professions, who would till the soil and how would all be fed, for great men must eat as well as little folks? If all women were lecturers, or engaged in public work of various kinds, who would take care of the homes, the sick, and the little ones? and if all were writers the world would be flooded with reading, and young and old would suffer for food and raiment. So, my sisters, let us who are "only blanks" be content, and strive to fill the place assigned us faithfully, and when the morning dawns we may be permitted to see that our lives have not been all in vain.

—These words of Epictetus are worth remembering: "If any one speak ill of thee, consider whether he hath truth on his side, and if so reform thyself that his censures may not affect thee."

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Fifty-two.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

"I would not live away: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its
cheer."

When I was a girl of eighteen, belonged to "the choir," and lifted up my voice musically every Sunday, I was prone to find in hymns like the one quoted above, a snare and a stumbling-block. We were exhorted to sing with the "spirit and the understanding;" we were told that to do less than this was mockery, mere lip-service, displeasing to God and a desecration of the Holy Places; and then we, who for the most part were merry, light-hearted boys and girls to whom it was a joy to be alive, and to whom mere existence was a delight, were desired to rise in our places, and say (or sing) that we did not wish to live always, and, on the whole, rather preferred to leave this miserable world, and go somewhere else!

For my part, not being kith or kin to the Wandering Jew, I thought there was small danger of our living always; but I was pretty sure I wanted to live a good long time, and I hoped I should! What did the congregation think about it? The pulpit had read the hymn, and the choir had sung it,—and now how did the pews look at the matter? Was there any one within the sound of our voices who really wanted to die?

I leaned forward, and from my high perch in the gallery looked down upon the heads below. A dim and misty light stole in through the painted windows. Some of the lower sashes were open, and the balmy, clover-scented air played with white and brown and golden locks, and fluttered the leaves of the hymn-books. Out of doors, birds were trilling roundelays; soft winds were rustling the tree-tops; the sun was shining gloriously; light, fleecy clouds floated aimlessly against the blue; the very grass in the graveyard was green and bright, and the headstones seemed transfigured. I could hear the ripple of the river, and its rush and hurry as it swept over the dam. How beautiful it all was! Sweet sights and scents and sounds were everywhere, and earth seemed fair as a dream.

How was it with those good, pious people down in the pews? They looked placid and comfortable, and as if, on the whole, they were having a pretty good sort of a time. Did they really feel the words we had been singing? Were they crying out in their hearts "We would not live away; no, welcome the tomb"? They had lived thirty, forty, fifty years many of them. Some had passed their allotted three score and ten. Doubtless they knew a great deal more about it than I did. Was life, then, such a bitter thing? Storm after storm rising darkly over the way, lurid mornings, woes and tears, shadows and darkness,—were these mere figures of speech, or were they stern realities? I wondered if the author of that hymn had really been any more anxious to die than I was? I wondered if Death had suddenly confronted him while he was

elaborating those very lines, if he would not have screamed and fainted; or, remembering that discretion is the better part of valor, if he might not have turned and run?

It seemed to me that however people might sing, or pray, or talk in prayer-meeting, when it came to the point very few of them were in much of a hurry to exchange this world for any other. Let any bodily ill touch them, let any epidemic rage, let any swift and sudden danger stare them in the face, and they were as anxious to escape as any of us. That seemed to be the state of the case. Dear old father A—talked about his longing for heaven, and brother B—sighed, with closed eyes and folded hands, for the glories of the New Jerusalem. Earnest, sincere, in every way excellent as they were, all who listened to their prayers and exhortations would have supposed that the shortest road from this world to the next would please them best, and that they would go "cross-lots" if by so doing they could shorten the distance! Yet when father A's horse ran away with him and came within an inch of whirling down a precipice, how tremulously the dear old man thanked God that his life was spared, and that he was still on "probationary ground!" And when brother B—, who had been carried to the brink of the grave by typhoid fever, came slowly back to life again, who so glad as he!

Why shouldn't he be glad? I was glad, too, and so was every one who knew him. But then—what did they put such lugubrious hymns in the hymn-book for? and why did the saintly people who wrote them talk as if life was such a curse, and death such a blessing?

Then came the hardest question of all. What was one's duty about it? Ought we to be able—we young folks up in the gallery—to endorse the sentiment of such hymns, and to sing them with the spirit and the understanding? Was this hard test, the real test? Could one be a christian, and yet not be ready and willing to die?

Ah, friends! the question that troubled me that, day has troubled older and wiser brains than mine ever since death came into the world. From immemorial ages a certain class of poets and painters and preachers have tried to depict death as a fair, calm angel, opening to us weary mortals the golden gates of paradise. They have tried to throw over all the sad details of the death-chamber, the shroud, the pall, the bier, and the grave, a certain veil of glamour and romance, and thus to reconcile us to the inevitable. How many of you were taught when you were children, that horrible hymn beginning:

"Ah, lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants on earth
Can with a dead body compare!"

Untruer words were never written, even though they were written by a good man. The human heart, the human instinct, if you will, revolts at death, and shrinks from contact with it. For a healthy nature, that has not been crushed by some one of the overwhelming sorrows that sometimes sap the very foundations of life, to wish for death, is simply unnatural; and it is high time that such songs as

"I want to be angel, and with the angels stand," were turned out of our houses and Sunday-schools. No child that is fit to live wants to be an angel. It wants, rather, to be a healthy, happy, rosy little romp, playing ball, and trundling hoop, and hushing doll-babies to sleep. It wants to sing, and dance, and laugh, and shout, and have a good time generally; and pretty often it wants to be naughty, and needs to be scolded, and then it wants to have its tears kissed away, and to be made much of!

And what is true of the little ones, is also true of us "children of a larger growth." Let us not mistake morbid melancholy and sickly sentimentalism for religion, nor suppose that when we have reached such a state of unhealthy exaltation that we declare ourselves to be longing for death, we are really any the better prepared to die—or even to live.

But to very many of us, in spite of reason and philosophy and Christianity, this is a painful subject. Many a gentle, timid soul shrinks back involuntarily at the thought of the dark river and the rolling flood; and be the spirit ever so willing, the flesh is weak. And it is not easy to forget or to ignore the essence of what many of us were taught in our childhood, i. e., that a christian should be at all times willing to die. Had not St. Paul said that he chose rather to depart and be with Christ, which was far better?

But just as long as human nature shrinks appalled before the closed gate of a mystery it cannot solve, just so long will human nature shrink from death. Is it strange? Death is the commonest fact in human existence. It is the one thing that must happen to every one of us. Whatever else we do, or fail to do, we must all die, sooner or later. Yet it is also the one inevitable thing, of which we know actually nothing. Of all the myriad myriads who have passed beyond the veil, not one has come back to answer the yearning question, what is death? For even the Katie Kings, and the Hontos, and the Bessies, and the rest of the spirits that profess to return at the beck of the so-called mediums, fail to answer that one great cry of the human soul. They tip tables, and hurl inkstands, and play the banjo; they smoke, and eat oranges, and use slang and bad grammar. But up from the whole mighty host, Indian, Greek, Jew and Gentile, learned and unlearned, bond and free, there comes not one single, strong, clear word, born of common-sense and reason, to tell us what death is, and what follows after it. They talk, some of them, at least, in vague and glittering generalities of "flowers" and "music" and "spheres" and the "summer-land." But they do not tell us what we long to know; they do not tell us where our dead are, or what they are doing. Nothing tells us that, neither reason, nor science, nor religion, nor revelation, and after all the progress of all the ages, death is just as much a mystery to us as it was to Adam.

Is it any wonder that we shrink from it? and that, if we tell the truth, most of us are compelled to say that we choose life with whatever it brings of disappointment and losses and

crosses, rather than the rest of the grave?

Yet, friends, there is one thought that should bring peace and comfort with it. Nearly all persons die, when the time comes, quietly, peacefully, even happily. The experience of a friend of mine, touching this very point, never fails to give me strength and courage. Perhaps it will strengthen some other trembling soul that loves life so well it shrinks from the embrace of death; and in that hope I give it here.

She was a young woman of about thirty-five, full of a-bounding life and spirits, gay, joyous, ready for every good word and work, but with all her goodness neither saintly nor over-sublimated. You never thought of her as "wanting to be an angel;" and therein lies the very point that may make her little story helpful and encouraging to you and me.

One day, as Peter's wife's mother did, she "fell sick of a fever;" very ill she was, too, hovering for weeks on the further limits of the border-land. No one thought it possible that she could recover, and she herself gave up all hope of living. The grave seemed very near to her.

As I said, my friend had never been especially saintly, though she was a sincere christian. She had always dreaded death—and because she dreaded it, she had sometimes questioned her own soul, demanding its secrets in fear and trembling. If she were a christian, would she fear to die?—Now, in this her hour of extremity, she marvelled at herself; and it is not too much to say that her friends marvelled also. What had become of all her doubts and fears and tremors? She talked of the death she believed approaching, as calmly as she would have talked of a journey to New York. Her chamber seemed a charmed and holy place, and upon her forehead was the seal of the peace that passeth understanding. "I am so happy," she said; "nothing troubles me any more."

At length she slowly came back from the heaven she had so nearly won, to the confines of earth again, and it almost seemed, unwillingly. But with the returning wave of life, came back the old love of life—the God-implanted love that could alone make existence endurable.

"I do not want to die now," she said, after her restoration to health, "any more than I did before I was sick. But I have lost my old dread of death. When the time comes, I shall be ready to go to the arms of the Everlasting Love that I then felt were open wide to receive me. That settles it."

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A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT.

[Extract from a Report made by John L. Garwood, M. D., Analytic Chemist.]

"There is, with one sole exception, no such thing as a pure family soap made in the United States, for sale. Pure soap may be made for the use of the manufacturer, but as we have said, not for sale, with one exception.

Next to an excessive proportion of water which is the Pactolus where soap-makers find their greatest gain, is rosin—that familiar product of the pine-tree, that however necessary on the fiddle-bow, is as useless when incorporated with soaps as it would be snugly hidden away in the capacious depths of our washwoman's pocket; and its direct tendency is to "yellow" fabrics; and as its use by the soap-maker makes necessary the use of the harsh and caustic alkalies to "kill" it, it would be really for the best interest of the consumer (if we must buy rosin of the soap-maker, when we ask for soap), that he should give it to us in a separate package, in which shape it might be put to some proper use. Flour is used very largely by soap-makers to mix with soap to add weight. So is clay and various other earths, silicate of soda, sulphate of lead and a hundred other kindred substitutes for an equal quantity of pure soap which is replaced in bulk at a very small fraction of the cost of the pure soap. A chemical analysis has shown that twenty-three samples of different soaps averaged over fifty per cent. or one-half adulteration, useless to the consumer in every case and in a large majority of instances positively injurious to any fabric.

It is safe to say that with the one exception we have referred to, the real pure soap in any compound adulterated soap we buy, costs us double the price we apparently pay for it. A pound bar for which we pay 8 cents contains but a half pound of soap, and a half pound of something injurious, useless, and dishonest, and we pay the soap-maker 8 cents for a half pound of soap, and he makes us a present of something we do not wish. Sixteen cents a pound for soap is, therefore, what we pay, though our bill says 8 cents. The obvious reason of this is to give a largely increased profit to the soap-maker, though at the expense of our clothing as well as our pockets.

Dobbins' Electric Soap can be bought for about thirteen cents a pound, and is strictly and perfectly pure, as white as the finest imported Castile and we personally know by actual test that one pound of it will go as far and do as much work as three pounds of any other soap made. Therefore it is true economy to use it. We have not spoken of the greatest saving to be found in its use—the saving and preservation of clothing, through the fact that it has not the slightest trace in its composition of anything in any way injurious to the finest fabric—nor in the saving in time, labor, and fuel through its use, but they all exist, as a trial of the soap has shown us and will show the most sceptical. It is in fact one of the few things that tells a better story of its merits and capacities than any pen can do. *It tells its own story.* Its use is rapidly driving other poorer soaps from the market, and its manufacturers, I. L. Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., find their capacious factory hardly able to produce, though running night and day, soap sufficient to fill the orders they are receiving from all over the country from Maine to California. We have cited this article and this house, simply to point an argument we were going to advance, and that is that it is a mistake our manufacturers make when they believe that their profits will be increased and their business enlarged by a system of adulteration and falsification.

There is sure to be a reaction—the demand for their goods falls off, and finally ceases. They are not building up for their goods that reputation that will alone ensure their sale year after year, and while such articles as Dobbins' Electric Soap steadily increases as every day some new consumer learns their value, these poor adulterations spring up only to die a natural death and be heard of no more.

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For the Fifth
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to wrap each paper singly—you have no idea of the large amount of work it causes every month. No matter if you don't get but one name besides your own. That will be two and that will make a bundle. Read what we will do for you: To the single subscriber who shall send us the largest list of yearly subscribers from their own postoffice we will give

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For the Fourth, a copy of
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4thly and to Conclude.

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1868. 1875.

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New Type!!

New Contributors!!!

New Subscribers!!!

A Better Paper for Less Money!

We take much pleasure in announcing to our readers that in addition to retaining all of our present excellent corps of contributors for the coming year, we have secured the services of several new writers of rare ability, the whole forming a list unequalled by any similar magazine in the country, and insuring to the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD for 1875 a volume of unusual attractiveness and value. Among our new contributors will be found ROSELLA RICE, who under the nom de plume of Pipsisselway Potts, wrote the well known and universally admired series of articles entitled "The Deacon's Household," and ETHEL C. GALE, formerly a prominent contributor to *Hearth and Home*. Our readers will be pleased to know that these ladies will contribute regularly to our columns. MRS. DORR will continue her admirable series "To Whom it May Concern," in which all are concerned—in short our bill of fare is to be of the most unexceptionable quality as will be seen from the following

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS FOR 1875.

Mrs. JULIA C. R. DORR,
Mrs. JULIA A. CARNEY,
ROSELLA RICE,
ETHEL C. GALE,
ANNA HOLYOKE,
Dr. J. H. HANAFORD,
Prof. HIRAM ORCUTT, (Experience.)
Rev. BERNICE D. AMES,
Mrs. SARAH E. AMES,
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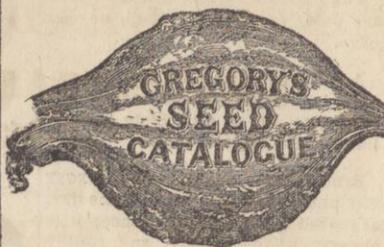
and others who will contribute more or less frequently to our columns.

We shall procure, wholly or in part, a new dress for THE HOUSEHOLD, which we hope to have ready for the new volume, and make other improvements in its appearance from time to time as may be desirable and practicable.

At the same time, notwithstanding the extra expense we have incurred and the increased value of the paper in consequence, the price will remain the same, though many publishers are adding from 25 to 50 cents to their publications without making any improvements, on account of the new law requiring prepayment of postage after January 1, 1875. In fact THE HOUSEHOLD will ACTUALLY COST A LITTLE LESS than heretofore as we shall send it for the coming year prepaid for

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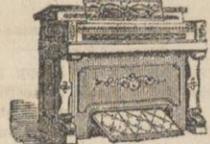
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TRY IT! SAFE, RELIABLE, AND ONLY 25 CENTS. Sold by Druggists, or mailed free. Address

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WHOLESALE AGENTS: Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., Rust Bros. & Bld. M. S. Burr & Co., Weeks & Potter, Boston. Henry & Co., Waterbury, Vt. At Retail by Druggists, everywhere. 10-6

CENTRAL VERMONT RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT. TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Leave Brattleboro at 4:20 and 8:42 a. m.; at 2:00 and 8:30 p. m. MAIL TRAIN.—Leave St. Albans at 6:20 a. m., Brattleboro at 8:30 p. m., connecting at New London with steamer for New York.

NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave Ogdensburg at 12:10 p. m., Montreal at 3:30 p. m., St. Albans at 7:00 p. m., Brattleboro at 4:20 a. m., for Springfield, New York, &c. MAIL TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at 4:20 a. m., Brattleboro at 8:42 a. m., arriving at New London at 5:15 p. m. MIXED TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at 5:30 p. m., arriving at Brattleboro at 10:15 p. m. EXPRESS TRAIN.—Leave Brattleboro at 2:50 p. m., reaching Miller's Falls at 2:50 p. m. GOING NORTH.

Leave Brattleboro at 7:15 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 4:55 p. m., 10:20 p. m. MAIL TRAIN.—Leave New London at 5:00 a. m., Brattleboro at 10:30 a. m., for White River Junction, Rutland, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal, and Ogdensburg. MIXED TRAIN.—Leave Brattleboro at 7:15 a. m., for Bellows Falls and White River Junction. EXPRESS TRAIN.—Leave Miller's Falls at 11:20 a. m., arriving at Brattleboro at 12:20 p. m. ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.—Leave New London at 8:10 a. m., Brattleboro at 4:55 p. m., for White River Junction. NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave Brattleboro at 10:20 p. m., for White River Junction, Rutland, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal and Ogdensburg. Pullman's Drawing Room and Sleeping Cars are run on night trains between Springfield and Montreal. J. W. HOBART, Gen'l Sup't. St. Albans, Vt., Dec. 12, 1874. 3uf

Household Premiums.

We offer the following list of PREMIUM ARTICLES to those who are disposed to aid in extending the circulation of THE HOUSEHOLD. With the number and name of each article, we have given its cash price and the number of subscribers, for one year each, required to obtain it free:

Table with columns: No., PREMIUM, Price, No. of Subs. Includes items like One box Initial Stationary, Indelible Pencil, Embroidery Scissors, Name Plate, brush mk, etc., Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife, Autograph Album, Package Garden Seeds, Package Flower Seeds, Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, Winter Wren or May Flowers, Butter Knife, Turkey Morocco Pocket Book, Set Jet Jewelry, One vol. Household, Six Teaspoons, Pair Tablespoons, Six Scotch Pl'd Napkin Rings, Rosewood Writing Desk, Rosewood Work Box, Gold Pen with Silver Case, Photograph Album, Any two vols. Household, Six Tea Knives, Pie Knife, Soup Ladle, 1 doz. Teaspoons, Family scales, Six Dining Forks, Family scales, Six Dining Forks, Family scales, 1 doz. Tea Knives, Sheet Music, Alarm Clock, Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g, Gold Pen and Pencil, Carving Knife and Fork, Spoon Holder, Accordeon, Croquet Set, Family scales, Clothes Wringer, Webster's National Dictionary, Syrup Cup and Plate, Six Tea Knives, Fruit Dish, Gold Pen and Holder, 1 doz. Tablespoons, 1 doz. Dining Forks, Photograph Album, Stereoscope and 50 views, Elegant Family Bible, Violin, Eight Day Clock, with alarm, Ohld's Carriage, Cash, Castor, Flutina, Cake Basket, Chromo, Sunlight in Winter, 1 doz. Tea Knives, Photograph Album, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, Crayon Portrait, Guitar, Silver Watch, Ice Pitcher, Tool Chest, Silver Watch, Zero Refrigerator, Harper's Pictorial Bible, Cash, Lawn Mower, Tea Set, Sewing Machine, Lamb Knitting Machine, Ladies' Gold Watch, American Cyclopedia, Sewing Machine, Irving's Works, Dicken's Works, Gent's Gold Watch, Cottage Organ, Cooper's Works, Cash, Piano, Piano, Piano.

Each article in the above list is new and of the best manufacture.

A full description of the Premiums are given in a circular which will be sent to any address on application. Specimen copies of THE HOUSEHOLD are sent free to those wishing to procure subscribers.

New subscribers and renewals are counted alike for premiums.

It is not necessary for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states and sent as convenient. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted, send a copy of this list and name the premium selected. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver.

THE HOUSEHOLD.



DON'T FORGET that we want a SPECIAL AGENT in every county in the United States. Many are applying for these special agencies and all are pleased with the terms we offer. If you can attend to the business in your county it WILL PAY YOU WELL to do so.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. Do not wait for an agent to visit you, but enclose \$1.10 in a letter, giving name and post office address plainly written—including the State—and direct the same to Geo. E. Crowell, Brattleboro, Vt. Don't send Personal Checks, we cannot use them.

WE CANNOT CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF A PAPER unless informed of the office at which it is now received, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.

SEE OUR OFFER of Organs and Sewing Machines for their value in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD. We hope to send at least one of each into every county in the United States and Provinces in the next twelve months.

THE HOUSEHOLD is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which the subscription was paid. Persons desiring to renew their subscriptions will please remember this, and by taking a little pains to send in good season save us a large amount of labor.

OUR PREMIUM ARTICLES in all cases are securely packed and delivered in good condition at the express office or post office, and we are not responsible for any loss or injury which may occur on the way. We take all necessary care in preparing them for their journey, but do not warrant them after they have left our hands.

ABOUT TWO MONTHS only remain before the award of our Special Premiums. While many are competing for these premiums, the hard times and unfavorable weather combined have seriously impeded their progress and the probability is daily increasing that some large premiums will be awarded to quite small lists. There is ample time remaining for a good agent to enter the field and secure the first premium.

PERSONS who neglect to inform us of any change required in the direction of their papers until several copies have been lost must not expect that we will send others to replace them. We mail the papers in every case to the address as given us, and make all changes in the direction of them that may be required of us, but cannot make good any losses which may occur through any neglect on the part of the subscriber.

THOSE OF OUR READERS whose subscriptions do not expire with this number and who have not already sent us the postage for the remainder of their time will please do so at once that we may give them proper credit as we place their names upon our books for the new year. Send ten cents for the full year and in that proportion for shorter times. This is a matter of but few cents to each one, but it amounts to hundreds of dollars to us. The new postage law, like many others, will doubtless cause some confusion at first, but after it gets into working order it will, very likely, be found an improvement upon the old one.

AGENTS WANTED.—We want an agent in every town to solicit subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD. A good sized list can be obtained in almost any neighborhood, and a valuable premium secured with very little effort. We have sent many beautiful chromos, albums, etc., to persons who procured the requisite number of subscribers in an hour's time. It is not necessary, however, for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states and sent as convenient. A cash premium will be given if preferred. See Premium List in another column.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 60, 77, 86 and 111 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will

be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

NO CHROMOS. We are happy to state that we have thus far been able to keep up our subscription list to a healthy standard without going into the chromo-humbog business. We cannot afford a good picture and THE HOUSEHOLD at the price asked for the latter alone, and a poor picture we will not offer, though we have had them urged upon us many times at a few cents per dozen and warranted "equal to those given as premiums by some of the best publications in the country." No, thank ye, we don't want them. We will however send any of our readers such pictures as they may wish, post paid on receipt of the retail price, from the "premium" two cent club to the genuine chromo worth from \$5.00 to \$25.00, and send THE HOUSEHOLD for 1875, prepaid, for \$1.10 whether they order any picture or not.

ANY ONE MAY ACT AS AGENT in procuring subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD who desire to do so. Do not wait for a personal invitation or special authority from us, but send for a sample copy, if you have none, and get all the names and dollars you can, and send them to us, stating which premium you have selected. If a premium is not decided upon when the list is forwarded, or if other names are to be added to the list before making the selection, let us know at the time of sending, that all accounts may be kept correctly. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of this list and name the premium selected. It is no use to order a premium until the requisite number of subscriptions have been forwarded in accordance with the instructions given in our Premium List. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver. In ordinary circumstances a premium should be received in two weeks from the time the order was given.

A TRIAL TRIP. In order to give every housekeeper in the land an opportunity of becoming acquainted with THE HOUSEHOLD we have decided to send it on trial THREE MONTHS—postage paid—FOR TEN CENTS, to any one not already a subscriber. This offer affords an excellent chance for the working ladies of America to receive for three months the only publication in the country especially devoted to their interests, at a price which will barely pay us for postage and the trouble of mailing. We trust our friends who believe THE HOUSEHOLD is doing good, and who are willing to aid in extending its influence, will see to it that everybody is made acquainted with this offer. This trial trip will be especially an aid to our agents in affording each one an opportunity of putting THE HOUSEHOLD into every family in his county at a trifling cost, where it will be read and examined at leisure, which will be the very best means of swelling their lists of permanent subscribers. We make this offer for a few weeks only, so get on board while there is room.

NEGLECTED COUGHS AND COLDS.—Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "Common Cold" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," if neglected, often works upon the Lungs.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the preparation known as crushed wheat prepared by Messrs F. T. Smith & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. To those suffering with Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Indigestion and kindred ailments, and those of sedentary habits, it will prove invaluable. It can be used in very many ways, such as for puddings, soups, gruel, muffins, cakes, dessert, cold, with milk, sugar or syrup, or fried in slices, or in fact in almost every manner that rice, oat-meal, corn-meal, barley, tapioca, sago, or any similar article can be used, and in which the skillful housekeeper will find a most desirable substitute for all. For a breakfast dish it is unequalled, and should be on every table. Directions for cooking will be found on each package.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR MILES OF STOVE POLISH. Morse Bros. of Canton, Mass., proprietors of "The Rising Sun Stove Polish," received orders for and shipped in 1874, three hundred and ninety-six (396) tons, two million two hundred and eighty-one thousand and twenty (2,281,020) packages, of their product. This sale of one year, placing one cake of "The Rising Sun Stove Polish" four inches long in a line directly after, and touching the other, would extend one hundred and forty-four (144) miles, and twenty

(20) feet, which gives an idea of the enormous demand for and consumption of this justly celebrated article.

THREE MONTHS (postage paid) for ten cents. See A Trial Trip, on this page.

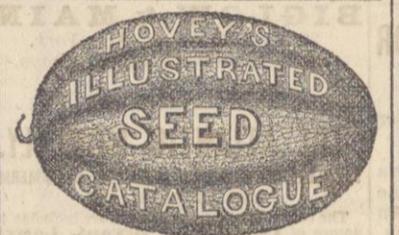
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50 FINE VISITING CARDS. Printed, put up in nice case and sent by mail to any address for 50 Cts. Sample sent for 3 cent stamp. G. E. SELLECK, Brattleboro, Vt.

MANY are leaving ordinary pur- suits for an agency with us. Send 3c. stamp Address, Durfee & Bushnell, Brattleboro, Vt.

SEEDS AND PLANTS BY MAIL. If you want the finest SEEDS or the healthiest PLANTS, you should examine carefully our Illustrated Catalogue, giving descriptions and prices of our very large stock of everything desirable in both seeds and plants. All warranted as represented. Sent free to all wishing to purchase. J. T. SMITH & SON, BRATTLEBORO, N. H. 3-1d

MARKET GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS. Our New Catalogue with prices for Spring of 1875, is now at the disposal of all who wish for it, and will be sent POST FREE ON APPLICATION. It contains lists of the choicest varieties, carefully grown from best of stock, specially suited for the most select Market Garden and Hot-Bed use; Farms, Private Gardens and Greenhouses. Address, SCHLEGEL, EVERETT & CO., 16 So. Market St., Boston, Mass. 3-2e



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FLOWER SEEDS. SPOONER'S PRIZE FLOWER SEEDS. SPOONER'S BOSTON MARKET VEGETABLE SEEDS. Descriptive Priced Catalogue, with over 150 illustrations, mailed free to applicant. W. H. SPOONER, BOSTON, MASS. 3-2f

SEND one cent stamp for Seed Circular to SARAH H. MARTIN, Marblehead, Mass. 2f

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BURRINGTON'S Vegetable Croup Syrup. Is a remedy for Whooping Cough, Common Colds, particularly Fevers produced by Colds, and never fails to cure that dreadful scourge of infancy and childhood, the Croup, when timely administered. Beware of imitations. For sale by the proprietor, H. H. BURRINGTON, Chemist and Pharmacist, Providence, R. I. Also by druggists generally. 1-4d

Beautiful Everblooming ROSES. Strong Pot Plants, Suitable for immediate Flowering. Sent Safely by Mail, post-paid. Five Splendid Varieties, purchaser's choice, \$1; 12 do., \$2. For 10c. additional, we send MAGNIFICENT PREMIUM ROSE. Our elegant Spring Catalogue for 1875, describing more than two hundred finest varieties of Roses, and containing full directions for culture, with chapters on Winter Protection, Injurious Insects, &c., is now ready, and will be sent FREE to all who apply. Address, The Dingee & Conard Co., ROSE GROWERS, WEST GROVE, Chester County, Pa. 3-adv

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability and Cheapness, Unequaled. MORSE BROS., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. A COUGH, COLD, OR SORE THROAT REQUIRES IMMEDIATE ATTENTION. and should be checked. If allowed to continue, IRRITATION OF THE LUNGS A PERMANENT THROAT AFFECTION, Or an incurable lung disease is often the result.

Brown's Bronchial Troches, having a direct influence on the parts, give immediate relief. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases, TROCHES are used with always good success.

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CATARRH.—A form of CHRONIC THROAT DISEASE, consisting in inflammation, which begins behind and a little above the palate, and extends up into the nose. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have proved very efficacious in this troublesome complaint.

SINGERS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS will find Troches useful in clearing the voice when taken before singing or speaking, and relieving the throat after an unusual exertion of the vocal organs.

OWING to the good reputation and popularity of the Troches, many worthless and cheap imitations are offered.

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