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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. 9.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., MAY, 1876.

No. 5.

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## THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,  
CROSBY BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,  
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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### O, SOFT SPRING AIRS!

BY MRS. SPOFFORD.

Come up, come up, O soft spring airs,  
Come from your silver shining seas,  
Where all day long you toss the wave  
About the low and palm-plumed keys!

Forsake the spicy lemon-groves,  
The balms and blisses of the South,  
And blow across the longing land  
The breath of your delicious mouth.

Come from the almond bough you stir,  
The myrtle thicket where you sigh—  
Oh, leave the nightingale, for here  
The robia whistles far and high!

For here the violet in the wood  
Thrills with sweetness you shall take,  
And, wrapped away from life and love,  
The wild rose dreams, and fain would wake.

For here is reed and rush and grass,  
And tiptoe in the dark and dew,  
Each sod of the brown earth aspires  
To meet the sun, the sun and you!

Then come, O fresh spring airs, once more  
Create the old delightful things,  
And woo the frozen world again  
With hints of heaven upon your wings!

Selected.

### FILIGREE WORK ON FARM HOUSES.

THE fancies of some of the rural architects of this country, says the *Rural New Yorker*, are beyond comprehension and a good way beyond toleration by people of taste who have any regard for harmony or symmetry. Nor is it a question of bad taste simply that causes us to protest against the species of ornamentation, so-called, which shocks the senses wherever seen, whether in suburban towns or on pretentious homesteads. It is a question of economy as well. We have known a country carpenter to spend more time and hence involve the owner in greater expense in the manufacture of what we characterize as filigree work than in making the house convenient and filling it with labor-saving contrivances inside.

It is displeasing to any sensible man or woman to see a profuse ex-

terior decoration (intended as such), and then upon entering the home find it a bare shell with no intelligent design and no ingenuity expended in making it convenient for housework and producing contrivances for the economy of time and labor. Often have we entered such dwellings to find them just about as inconvenient as possible. Apparently no thought or calculation had been expended in any attempt to adapt the internal arrangement to the real wants and comforts of the family. It was a gaudy shell—a whitened sepulcher, in which all good taste, all idea of comfort, all design and adaptation for the common life and comfort was buried.

Substance, not show, should be the object in the building of a farm house and home. We would not ignore chaste ornamentation, but it should be chaste and harmonious with the purpose and character of the building erected. Above all, the housewife should not be defrauded of a single cupboard, drawer or device of any sort that will lessen labor, the number of steps to be taken, or aid in the proper security and isolation of the different kinds of food that are prepared, in order that the exterior of the building may be made impressive by its ostentatious adournment. Let the surprise and delight of the guest wait until the internal arrangements and comforts of the home are realized, rather than cause the impression made by the exterior (if a favorable one is secured) to be submerged in disappointment and disgust when the hollowness of the pretentious exterior is revealed.

This is the lesson we would enforce: Don't attempt to put on airs in rural architecture. Do make the home the cosiest and most convenient place internally that can be devised. Adorn the exterior as you can but depend largely upon nature to help you. Cover it with vines and climbers, and surround it with evergreens and deciduous trees and shrubs. Don't spend money on filigree and fancy paints, but in natural decorations; and make the interior lovely.

### HOUSE BUILDING MATERIALS.

Bricks in Pharaoh's day were hardened in the sun, which might answer very well in a country where there was no rain and where there were no houses higher than one story. The inventor of the first brick kiln\* may never be known, but the hardening process of fire makes brick the best material for building purposes yet devised. Brick resists fire better than iron or solid granite, and has more strength to bear weight than many

kinds of stone. A good American brick will bear a weight of fifty thousand pounds before it cracks, or is crushed. Some English bricks have borne a pressure of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds without injury.

Iron is supposed to be very brittle in winter; it will suspend a weight as heavy in winter as in summer; it is only when it is jarred, by being struck with a hammer, or thrown down on any hard substance, when it is intensely cold. It is broken only through shock, and not when exposed to steady strain. To persons building houses in which they expect to live the remainder of their days, a knowledge of the strength of brick and iron is important.

If a brick house is burned down, the loss is less than if built of iron or stone, because the stone chips off or crumbles, and the iron becomes so bent as to be entirely useless; brick can be built into the wall again, because just as good as they were before the fire.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

### GARDEN WALKS.

In starting to lay out and put to rights a new place, one of the first steps to be taken is to plan for serviceable garden walks. These should be constructed in such a way that they are always free from mud or stagnant water, no matter what the condition of the weather may be.

To attain these ends, thorough drainage is imperative. The cheapest and best way to do this is to dig out the soil the width of the walk, and to a depth of about two and a half feet. At this depth begin by laying a foundation layer of large stones, fitted closely together. A second layer, smaller in size, should follow the first, and so on, having each layer smaller than the preceding one, until the space is filled nearly level with the surrounding surface. A coating of coarse cinders, covered with a few inches of gravel and fine sand, will complete the job, and give a substantial walk, that will always be dry.

It will improve the walk and the appearance at the same time, if the clinkers and the sand on top are rolled down firmly; and in the course of a week or two, when the material settles, it may be found necessary to add some more gravel and sand, to even the surface.

—What a glorious world this would be, if all its inhabitants could say with Shakespeare's Shepherd, "Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn what I wear; I owe no man hate; I envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good; content with my farm."



### SOME POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

**I**N European countries there are always settled rules of etiquette. These differ greatly in each country, but to the citizens of each its social laws are decided and known. Here, on the contrary—perhaps owing to the very mixed nature of our population, composed of the descendants of immigrants from every civilized nation, and some not so civilized—the rules of etiquette are in so unsettled a condition that what in one circle or vicinity is esteemed the height of politeness, in another may be regarded as very little short of the extremes of rudeness, or forwardness, or whimsicalness. It is impossible in this country to take any one standard of etiquette, and rigidly adhere to it in all places, without making of one's self a laughing stock, or an object of dislike.

In the upper circles of our large cities there is some approach to a uniformity of standard, and though we cannot carry this standard with us into all places and under all circumstances, it can do us no harm to know some of the rules which those circles hold to be correct in regard to little points, such as those which Una mentioned in her letter of inquiry in the February number of *THE HOUSEHOLD*.

She says, "I live in what is called in the city 'a flat,' and have to invite my visitors, both ladies and gentlemen, up stairs. Now which shall go up first? They or I? If they go first they must pause in the upper hall till I can pass by and open the door; this has often seemed awkward, but I have been told it was impolite to precede them, so what better can I do? Of course if I kept a servant to wait on door the difficulty would be obviated."

Now the strict rule would be as Una says, to follow her visitors up stairs; but this rule in her case is "more honored in the breach than in the observance." It would be better to do as common sense dictates, and precede the visitor—offering, perhaps, a word of explanation if she fears giving offense—and then throwing open the door of her sitting-room, stand back to allow her visitors to enter first.

Una's second question is, "Are you to offer to shake hands with every one

to whom you are introduced, ladies or gentleman?" Here "circumstances alter cases." If the parties introduced are of the same sex, and have previously heard of each other from mutual friends, cordiality of heart would induce them to wish to show their pleasure at meeting by a friendly hand-clasp; if of a different sex it is better not to do so unless there is some particular reason for it. Where this reason exists the lady is the one to first extend the hand, unless the gentleman is much the elder, in which case the privilege may be his if he chooses to exercise it. In introductions under their own roof, however, the gentleman of whatever age, as well as the lady, should extend the welcoming hand to all who are properly introduced. In casual introductions a bow of acknowledgement is sufficient.

In answer to Una's third question, "Is it polite to ask persons whom you meet for the first time to call upon you?" we can only say that this depends upon many things. If you think that the friend who introduced you would wish that you should do so; or, if you have previously known something by reputation of the persons introduced which leads you to think that you would like to become better acquainted; or, if you think that it would confer a favor upon them, and you wish to confer it, yes; otherwise, no. There is no obligation in the matter. It should never be done as a mere formality.

Una's fourth question is, "Are you expected, when invited out to tea, to return the compliment and ask the whole family if it is twice as large as your own?" In returning invitations it is always necessary to invite your host and hostess, even if you know that circumstances will not permit them to accept. After them, if you wish merely to pay a debt, you will ask only a number equal to the number of your own family previously invited by them. But this is an ungracious way, and will hardly be adopted towards any whose friendship we wish to preserve. If, however, your accommodations are limited, and the family whose invitation you return is a very large one, you will—after the host and hostess—select those members nearest your own age, or those who may be supposed most to enjoy the proposed pleasure.

When young housekeepers, or new settlers in a town make their first party, they sometimes invite only those who have previously invited them. It is equally polite, and much more friendly, to invite also all those persons who have shown them any other polite attention. It is very seldom that we can be impolite through an excess of friendliness.

In answer to Una's fifth question: It may not be necessary to thank persons who inquire after our state of health; but it is certainly both natural and customary to do so, even though we may be quite certain that the query was the merest matter of form.

There are many points in which it is undesirable, if not impossible to carry city etiquettes into country places. In cities, for instance, those who have a large circle of acquaint-

ance, for reasons of convenience have adopted the rule—at first only pertaining to boarding houses—that no one of the family or its resident visitors, excepting those for whom the caller has inquired by name, shall appear in the parlor during the call. If the caller is more than a formal acquaintance, however, this rule is seldom adhered to, even in cities, except by those who consider etiquette as of more importance than politeness. If any members of a family are unavoidably prevented from coming in to see the caller, of course those members who are present will in some way—whether directly or indirectly—apologize for their non-appearance.

Bridal calls, or the first calls of a new acquaintance, should be always promptly returned.

Before leaving a place for a prolonged absence, politeness requires us to pay a parting visit to near neighbors, or to drop a note to intimate friends who cannot be easily called upon. This applies also to all who may have shown us favors or extended us polite attentions. But if health, or hurry, or any other unavoidable thing has prevented us from doing this, we should not fail to repair the omission immediately upon our return without waiting to be called upon. The same rules hold good for persons who have been making a long visit in a place and have received calls from the inhabitants.

#### SUNNY HOMES.

MRS. S. E. KENNEDY.

I know it is wrong to covet, but how can I help it, when I see my neighbor over the way opening her blinds that the full rays of the morning sun may shine brightly in at her bed-room window with all its purifying, health-giving properties, while I must be content with a sunless apartment, having but one window, and that opening almost directly into my neighbor's house?

Now I do not believe in fault-finding, but I do think that architects ought to take a few lessons in a branch of study called common sense, before attempting to plan a place of abode for human beings whose health and life depend in such a measure upon the arrangement of its rooms.

Think of it, O, ye professors of the art of building! A room where we spend so much of our time as we do in our sleeping apartments, never, never cleansed by the pure, sweet sunlight; and this is the condition of at least one-half of our city bed-rooms, and even country houses are not always built as they should be. I have one in my mind now, which actually has three bed-rooms where the sun can only shine for a few minutes in the morning, and that in the country where the sunlight is so free. Why, if I was to build a house, I think I would have it most all windows; anyway, it should be sunny. I have as cozy, sunny little sitting-room as one would need to see, but I will confess, that overlooking this blessing, I felt almost envious, this morning, as I saw my neighbor throw open her bed-room windows, to prepare the room for another night's occupancy.

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Am. Rural.

from the hot suds. This scalding includes the perches and sliding bottom of the cage; wipe dry with a clean cloth and then take sweet oil and a brush and go over the entire cage, wetting thoroughly every crack and crevice of both cage and perches with the oil. Next put cayenne pepper between the tray and the bottom of the cage.

Never use paper for cages, but keep a pail of dry, clean river or creek sand in the house and place this sand half an inch thick on the tray. Paper will soon poison birds as there is something used in its manufacture which is hurtful to them; especially is this the case with newspapers which are doubly poisonous by reason of the printer's ink. If sand cannot be obtained, dry earth, taken from a clean knoll in the meadow is about as good. The sand or earth only needs changing once a week if a cloth kept on purpose is put under the bathing dish and removed with it as soon as the birds have finished bathing. Never leave the bathing dish in the cage, for the birds drink from it and soon become sick. So much concerning the preparation and care of the cage.

If the birds are infested with mites, take them in the hand carefully and put a drop of sweet oil under each wing and on the feet. If they are not tame enough for this, watch the opportunity and when they are sitting still drop a drop of sweet oil on their backs between their wings. The mites can be exterminated only by the use of oil, cayenne and sulphur. Always keep a bag of sulphur hanging in the cage. It is best above the swing where the birds jar it and so get some particles circulating through the cage.

In making a nest make a small cushion and put both cayenne and sulphur, a teaspoonful of each in the cotton. After the mites are once exterminated the cage will need scalding only once in three months, but the perches should be oiled every time they are cleaned which should be at least every week.

No biscuit or cake containing salt or grease should be allowed, as they are almost sure to die young when given such unwholesome articles. Baked potatoes, apples, lettuce and cabbage with seed, rape and canary, boiled egg and an occasional treat of three or four hemp seed at a time will be found the best possible diet.

To teach them to speak their own names call them frequently and especially when giving them their food, they soon learn their names and will come at the call and imitate the sound, with a little pains-taking on the part of the person who cares for them.

If this article were not so long I would give W. M. A. a brief history of my nine-years-old bird and his wonderful exploits, but desist in fear of the editor's frown.

STORMY CLIFF.

#### ETIQUETTE OF THE FLOWER GARDEN.

F. Tremaine, of Rock Island county, Ill., writes the Country Gentleman, sentiments that every owner of a flower garden can endorse:

There are comparatively few who,



#### TO THE DANDELION.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Dear, common flower, that grow'st beside the way,  
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold!

First pledge of blithesome May,  
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, up-

hold—

High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they  
An Eldorado in the grass have found,  
Which not the rich earth's ample round,  
May match in wealth!—thou art more dear to me

Than all the prouder summer blooms may be.  
Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow

Through the primeval hush of Indian-seas;

Nor wrinkled the lean brow

Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;

'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters

now

To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand;

Though most hearts never understand

To take it at God's value, but pass by

The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;

To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime:

The eyes thou givest me

Are in the heart, and heed not space or time;

Not in mid June the golden courisssed bee

Feels a more summer-like, warm ravishment

In the white lily's breezy tent,

His conquered Sybaris, than I when first

From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass;

Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,

Where, as the breezes pass,

The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways;

Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,

Or whiten in the wind; of waters blue,

That from the distance sparkle through

Some woodland gap; and of a sky above,

Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with

thee;

The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,

Who, from the dark old tree

Beside the door, sang clearly all day long:

And I secure in childish piety,

Listened as if I heard an angel sing

With news from heaven, which he did bring

Fresh every day to my untainted ears,

When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,

When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!

Thou teachest me to deem

More sacredly of every human heart,

Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam

Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret

show.

Did we but pay the love we owe,

And with a child's undoubting wisdom look

On all these living pages of God's book.

• • •

#### CANARY BIRDS.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—If you will allow me, I will, in answer to W. M. A., tell what I know about canaries. Take the birds out of the cage some Monday when you have plenty of boiling suds, and thoroughly scald the cage, pouring the hot suds over it, or better still, let it stand covered with it for twenty minutes, then scald in hot lime water, or if lime is not handy use a tablespoonful of borax or alum to a pail of clear soft water, have it boiling hot and rinse thoroughly after taking the cage

either from instinct or education, regard that delicate courtesy which should be observed by all who enter the charmed precincts of a garden. A few suggestions to those who thoughtlessly violate the etiquette of the garden will prevent much mortification and unpleasantness.

If the walks are narrow, a little care will avoid sweeping one's skirts over the beds, to the injury of the flowers and the nerves of the owners as well. Do not pick unbidden a blossom, or even a leaf—it may be the very one its possessor valued most. Nothing is more presumptuous than to return from a ramble in a friend's garden with a bouquet of your own selection, unless requested in an unequivocal manner to help yourself, and even then it requires rare discretion to make a choice satisfactory to all parties. Handle or pinch nothing whatever; even a touch injures some vegetation, and feeling of rose and other buds is almost sure to blast them. The beauty of scented-leaved plants is often ruined from having their foliage pinched by odor loving friends; better pick the leaf off entirely for a visitor than for half a dozen to be mutilated by the pressure of fingers, which are seldom satisfied with trying only one. A tender-hearted young friend received a rebuke from a lady that almost brought the tears to her eyes; as she moved her hand toward an unusually fine rose geranium, the pride and pet of its possessor, in sharp alarm its owner exclaimed, "Don't pinch it!" The young lady's mortified feelings were only soothed by explaining to her that her friend was probably constantly tormented by the ruinous admiration of acquaintances, and her nerves were too irritated for a gentle remonstrance. Every cultivator of flowers can understand the annoyance of seeing a favorite flower in such danger.

Among my acquaintances is one who is welcome everywhere but among the flowers. When she approaches them it is no exaggeration to say that I am in agony. The rarest and most delicate plants are pinched and stripped through her fingers, particularly if the foliage is ornamental. When she discovered my lovely ferns and handled them unmercifully, I should have burst into tears if I had not caught the pitying eye of my husband bent upon me, who with ready tact diverted her attention to something else. When one exhibits a beautiful baby, she does not expect to have its fat limbs pinched till they turn black and blue, its hair pulled because it is soft and silken, or its lustrous eyes examined by curious fingers. Neither will the tender children of the soil endure useless handling.

If accompanied by a child, be sure it does not touch the flowers. A little rosy elf with its apron full of choice flowers and broken branches will look very much more bewitching to its mother or some uninterested artist, than to the owner of the depleted flower-beds. Believe one who speaks from experience, and do not rob yourself of a welcome to some friend's garden by trying the experiment.

When an enthusiast in floriculture triumphantly shows some elegant foli-

age plant, so gorgeously dyed and painted that it is always in blossom, do not ask whether it has a flower. A conspicuous bloom on a plant so lavishly dowered with beauty would be a superfluity which nature is too wise to bestow.

It is a luxury to have some persons visit a garden—to have the very gems of one's collection singled out immediately by an appreciative eye—to watch the play of expression intense enjoyment of your treasures gives to the mobile features; and, last, to share everything that can be divided with them, and read on a beaming face that you are fully thanked even before the lips move in words.

#### SEA MOSS BOUQUETS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Permit me to tell Abbie F. how to prepare sea moss for making wreaths and bouquets. Living as I do on the shores of the Pacific, so near the beach that I can hear the paddle wheels of the steamers as they approach the wharf, I can get an abundance of sea moss, and have preserved a great deal.

It is best to care for it as soon as possible after gathering, as the brilliant colors are apt to fade if long exposed out of salt water. Rinse the moss well to free it from sand, then float one piece at a time on a white dinner plate. I say white because that will enable you to see if it is every way perfect; a great deal of the moss we gather is quite useless; slip a piece of greased paper under the moss in the water, arrange each particle of the delicate foliage to suit, with a tooth pick or darning needle, drain the water carefully from the paper and let it dry a few minutes; with a little practice you can cover a sheet of paper all over with sprays of moss without disturbing those already on; after the paper is well drained lay it within the leaves of some old book and subject it to heavy pressure for a week or two, then take out your moss. If the paper was well greased it will not adhere; never use oil to grease paper, lard is as good as anything.

To prepare for making your wreath, pick over your moss, having as many bright tints as you can, with some white, also some coarse pieces such as do not need pressing to finish with at the bottom; draw a line on your card board around a plate much smaller than you wish your wreath; if you want it open at the top leave a space; arrange your moss, beginning at the top, and stick it to the card board with either the white of an egg, common paste or mucilage; I prefer the latter. Some put on tiny shells to hide where it is fastened, but if the moss is laid on lightly, not plastered, that is not necessary. Make the wreath heavier at the bottom, and finish with a nice shell, little crab, or if you can get it, there is nothing prettier than the tiny baskets sold for that purpose; split it in half and fill with coarse moss.

If these directions will be of any service to you, I hope you will derive as much pleasure as I have from making moss ornaments.

EDITH B.

Ventura, Cal.

#### TO MAKE STATUETTES, BUSTS, ETC., OF ARTIFICIAL MARBLE.

The original material is made of plaster of paris. After it is properly formed, it is to be carefully dried in a room the temperature of which is eighty degrees. Or if it is desired to save this labor, an image already formed can be purchased. It is then first to be immersed in a warm solution of borax and glauber salts, prepared in the ratio of one pound of borax to a quarter of an ounce of the salts dissolved in a gallon of water. After the statue is entirely wet in this solution it is to be exposed to a heat of 250 degrees, Fahrenheit, until all the moisture disappears. After it is nearly cold again it is to be immersed in a strong hot solution of borax to which strong nitric acid has been added, in the proportion of one ounce of acid to every gallon of the borax solution. This liquid must be kept warm and the images must remain in it until they are completely moistened; then they are to be dried after which it will be found they have attained a hard, marble-like appearance.

After a few days the statuettes must be warmed a little and a thin covering of Canada balsam dissolved in turpentine added to them. The turpentine will soon pass away if they are kept warm. Various hues can be imparted to the artificial marble by the addition of coloring substances to the materials used. The marble may be variegated or streaked according to fancy.

#### HANGING BASKET.

A very pretty hanging basket may be made by using the long cones of the spruce tree. Bore a hole through each cone, top and bottom, about an inch from the end. Before boring, see that the cones to follow each other fit neatly side by side; lay the cones side by side in a row, measure the length of the wires needed, allowing about an inch to spare at each end; turn round one end of the wire so that those threaded do not fall off; sharpen with a file the end of the wire to be pushed through the cones; when they are threaded, form the circle and fasten strongly and neatly.

Repeat the above process for as many smaller rims as are to be inserted, then place three or four pieces of wire at regular intervals under the top wire ring, of the inner rim of course, and over the bottom ring of the first rim; bring the ends of these binders together inside the basket and twist them tightly and neatly together. For a third ring, fasten in this manner from the second rim.

When the basket is formed fasten the cord by which it is to be suspended, to the upper wire and secure it inside the basket. If not made before the cones are dried they should be scalded to make them pliable; they will improve in appearance as the heated atmosphere of the room opens them again.

H. M. L.

#### WORSTED FLOWERS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Many months have passed away since my voice has been heard in your midst, but al-

though silent, I have appreciated the monthly visitor, and frequently turned to its pages for comfort and rest in seasons of trouble and weariness.

In reading in the January number, Meta's directions for making worsted flowers, it occurred to me perhaps some one would like to hear my plan, as it is a little different. I have made them as she directs, and would like to add that her directions for weaving the worsted with wire would answer equally well for hair flowers, as that is the way a great many of the leaves are formed. In making roses or almost any flower, I bend a piece of wire so as to form a foundation for the leaf, then take some worsted, a little experience will show you how much will be needed, cut it off longer than you wish the leaf so as to allow some for waste, then holding the ends firmly, comb it out smoothly with a fine comb until it is perfectly smooth, tie tightly to the wire and with a sharp pair of scissors trim off the edges and shape with the fingers.

When you have the required number of petals formed, arrange them around the center. It is best to have a natural flower to copy from. I think if Meta will try my plan she will be pleased with the result.

H.

#### FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—Though a stranger to your HOUSEHOLD Band I have been enjoying their letters nearly a year and when H. E. H. asked for a remedy for the white worms that infest house plants, I could not resist coming forward. Watering with lime water occasionally will surely kill them. A year ago last November I had a large lot of choice plants in fine condition, to drive dull care away during our long winter; but they kept dying and I always found they had been sapped by these worms at the root; every remedy failed till I tried lime water.

HATTIE.

Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD that understands the nature of trailing or climbing vines tell me what to plant at the north end, and west side of our house, as the out buildings keep them in the shade most of the time? To be a little more brief, what vines will grow well in the shade? Will the wistaria, trumpet creeper, or the American ivy thrive?

A READER.

My English ivy is troubled with little scale-like particles on the leaves and stalk which I fear prevents its growth. Can some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me what to do to remove them and keep them from collecting again? also how to treat it to insure more rapid growth?

MRS. H. S.

MR. EDITOR:—I come hoping I may join THE HOUSEHOLD Band. I am taking THE HOUSEHOLD for the first time this year and I like it very much. I would like to have Rowena tell about her home flowers and cotton fields. Will some of the sisters please tell me what will make a wax plant blossom? I have a large one that is four years old but it does not blossom.

ALICE MORTON.



## MY OLD GREY DRESS.

HAD just taken out a grey serge which had once been a handsome suit, and was looking it carefully over to consider how I could repair it to the best advantage, when a shadow fell before the window, and on glancing out I saw Aunt Huldah coming in at the gate, and, as I surmised, to spend the afternoon with me.

"Making over your dress?" said she, in an interrogative tone, as soon as she was fairly seated and had taken out her knitting work ready to commence operations.

"I was thinking of it," I replied, "but really, come to look it all over, and consider the matter in all its bearings, I begin to doubt if it will be economy to spend the time in repairing this when new goods can be purchased as cheap as they now can."

"But this looks as though it might make over pretty well," replied Aunt Huldah, taking up the garment and examining it through her glasses. "And if you get new instead of repairing the old, you will have it to make as well as to pay for, so I don't see why it won't be a saving to do this over for common wear."

"Well, I thought it would do," I replied, "till I examined it closely. But see," I continued, holding up the parts, "how much it is soiled, and it is not easy material to cleanse, so, at best, I could only make half a suit, which might be a wise plan had I nothing of more importance to do, and was obliged to economize so closely as to make it needful to do so."

Aunt Huldah hardly looked convinced by my arguments, but turned the dress over again, as if to find all its best parts.

"You see," I interrupted as she was thinking the matter over, "that I should be obliged to rip the whole to pieces and then to do what I could to cleanse it, and press it piece by piece before I could decide to go farther. Then I must plan, and try one pattern and another to get it out to the best advantage, and perhaps fail in the end to do anything that would at all suit me. At best, it would be a tedious job, and be nothing but a very common affair when done. Were the goods silk or rich heavy material, it would be different, but this will not pay me, I am satisfied, to do over."

"Perhaps not," replied Aunt Huldah, half doubtfully, "though I should think it would be plenty good enough for afternoon home wear; only you folks now-a-days think you must be dressed about as nicely for home as visiting, and mind nothing about wearing your best dresses as common as can be."

"Of course we wish to be respectably attired at home, and if I had but two good suits I certainly would wear one of them afternoons rather than go shabby for the sake of more changes for other occasions. Indeed, it is better to get the use of them while they are in fashion than to leave them

to go out of date, so I shall just wear one of my best suits afternoons for the present, and when new is needed, get a good dress to take its place. That is the best economy in the end."

"And throw this half-worn dress aside or cut it up for rugs?" quoth Aunt Huldah.

"Oh, no, for if it is not worth the while for me to make it over for myself, it certainly will make some one else a very comfortable dress, and the time be profitably spent in repairing it. There is Mrs. Mann, who does odd days' work for me, who will be more than glad to take it for her Jennie, and to pay me the small sum I would ask for it, in her own work. That is better than giving it away outright, as she can do the work and then will not feel it a matter of charity. Jennie needs something decent to wear to church and Sunday school, and there is enough of this, with a piece of blue I have for trimming, to make her a pretty suit. Thus you see I shall be saving myself the vexation of repairing, be getting an extra day's work, and, more than all, be doing Mrs. Mann a great favor. She has not the money to purchase many new garments but she has the time to spend in making the most of what she can get, and is also very handy about fixing up her children so they can go to school and Sunday school. I tell you, Aunt Huldah," I go on, "that I believe many of our close economists, who are able to be more generous livers, rob the poor in more ways than one in trying to do so closely for themselves. And worse than all, make slaves of themselves by overwork, and use time needed for their own higher good and the good of their families, to say nothing of outside claims upon the time of many of us as members of society."

"Perhaps you are partly right," responded she, not willing wholly to give up her own opinion, "but you see in my earlier days we were obliged to manage closely to get along, and besides goods were not bought for a mere song, a sixpence a yard, as now; and so we were obliged to make the most of what we had, and even make the material for our common dresses ourselves, besides all the knitting in a family to be done."

"But the world moves," I reply, "and machinery moves too, and only think of the vast quantity of cloth that a single factory will manufacture in even one day. Labor is abundant, so is the raw material, and thus it is only stimulating industry and trade for those who can, to purchase needful supplies. At the same time, there are enough people poorly clad around us to whom our half-worn garments would be a perfect god send, and thus the times be easier all around. Gail Hamilton says that many a woman spends precious time in mending dilapidated stockings, when it would be economy to cut the tops off for dishcloths and put the feet in the rag-bag, and is it not about so? However, a good nice pair of stockings can be made over respectably better than darned repeatedly, and not a few, beyond repair for ourselves, may be passed to some poor woman for her children if she can sew them over in good shape."

"But we are not made of money," said Aunt Huldah, "and must look out for ourselves in little things to ever get along, as well as to be thinking so much of other folks."

"That is just it," I replied. "And one way of looking out for ourselves is not to be penny-wise and pound foolish, as I should be to repair this old dress for myself, or to practice the close economies which at one period might have been a matter, not only of prudence but real necessity. I can make my time more profitable in other ways, and in any case I am not sure it would be wise for me to spend it on this and then never be satisfied with the result."

"And will your rule apply to all?" inquired Aunt Huldah, as if still in doubts of my views of economy.

"Not to all, of course, as many women in their homes can turn their time to no account—money account I mean—while their circumstances are such that new garments can be only sparingly indulged in. For such the necessity of the case makes it a virtue for them to tax their ingenuity and use their skill in remodeling, and doing all they can to be presentable as far as dress is concerned, rather than to wear old soiled, ragged clothing because too inefficient to set about the needful repairs. But where is the virtue of Mrs. Small, with their thousands, slaving as she does to save buying new material, and of spending an hour in planning how to get out a garment from a short pattern of ten cent print, when another yard would have given her a good measure to have cut from? Where is the wisdom of piecing a pair of shirt sleeves the whole length, in a slow over and over seam, as Mrs. Bell was doing the other day when I called there, while she said her head ached so that she could scarcely see to sew? A half yard more of cotton costing six cents would have saved her the useless work, and the pieces readily come in play for other uses. The Bells do not need to scrimp like that, and it is only a sheer waste of woman's time to do so. Mrs. Bell, as well as Mrs. Small, talk of being worked to death, of never having a spare hour for books and recreation, while they could do much more for their families in higher ways were it not for the persistent practice of these unwise economies which consume the time to a fearful extent. For time is not only money, but to a faithful wife and mother it means culture, social pleasures and duties, leisure to breathe at her ease, and opportunity to be something besides a mere drudge in her own family."

"Quite a sermon," replied Aunt Huldah, unwinding the yarn from her ball and then going on with her knitting. "But I've always thought every thing which saved paying out for new was economy, though perhaps I am a little old-fashioned in my notions."

"Talking about economy?" quoth Leonidas, who just here came in to have a little lounge before tea.

"Yes," replied Aunt Huldah, "and Lavina has been trying to convince me it is better to give one's half-worn clothes away than to make them over for themselves."

"That depends on whether we should be obliged to go without ourselves," responded Leonidas, "but this little economy that makes martyrs of women is sheer nonsense, and besides people are playing on that word till it bids fair to be terribly abused."

But what Leonidas said farther on the subject would take too long for me to tell you in this article, therefore I leave it till another time. However he rejoices that I am not going to repair my old dress and worry myself over it, even though I threaten to have a new one in due time to take its place.

And so I suppose that this once I need not subscribe myself, as before, A MARTYR OF THE PERIOD.

## THE LATEST MODES.

Pique promises to be again popular for children's white spring suits. The repped will be preferred to any other, and hand and machine open-work embroidery is to be the favorite trimming. A new model for these spring dresses is a combination of the Princess and the French Marguerite styles. The front has the waist and skirt all in one, and is buttoned the entire length with pique buttons, while large square pockets are placed on either side. This front is loose, or fitted with darts, according to the age and figure of the wearer. The French Marguerite shape furnishes the back, and the skirt below is usually in kilt-plaits, or may be in box-plaits. Where it is joined on, a sash, either of pique or ribbon, is arranged so as to conceal it. The square Puritan collar will be much used in these dresses. Another model gives a loose double-breasted garment in front with a French basque having square tabs at the back and a kilt-skirt below. Box-plaited blouses made with three box-plaits in the waist, which form also the fullness of the skirts, are still another fashion. A pretty design, very simple and convenient, as it is equally suitable for small boys or girls, is a garment having the effect of a jacket, though the upper portion and the skirt are all in one piece. The skirt is gathered over the hips and sewed to a band underneath the trimmings, which simulate the jacket.

Larger girls will have their pique dresses made as polonaises, to button at the back. These will also be largely trimmed with open-work insertion. Kilt-plaits are seen in places of gathers in many of the children's imported muslin yoke dresses—ten plaits in front and double that number in the back. White aprons are again in fashion for little girls. Many are modeled after the yoke slips, only shorter in the skirt, and others are low-necked and short sleeved in Gabrielle style.

In linen cuffs and collars for ladies, the high English collar, with its points rolled away in front, promises to continue in style through the spring. Bands of solid colors and plaids, in cambries or ginghams, edge many of these.

The broad, turn-down collar, which was brought out by some of the leading houses last fall, will be offered again this spring, and promises to

be the new thing in this department. These Byron collars will come in sets, with cuffs to match, but the other styles will be worn with cuffs that clasp the arms in the center and flare outward at each end. Three-cornered fichus of sheer lawn, edged with deep Valenciennes lace, and called Martha Washington kerchiefs, are being introduced. White brocaded silk scarfs—to fasten in a large sailor knot, with double-pointed ends, trimmed with Valenciennes lace—are in style to wear on the streets, outside the cloak. Ecru scarfs—fashioned in the same manner—of cream-colored brocade and corn laces are equally fashionable for the same occasions.

Satin is largely worn at the present time for evening and reception toilets, and will remain in favor through the coming season. Satin of two colors—satin combined with velvet, faille and gauze, and satin with Pompadour goods showing stripes of brocaded flowers—are among the popular combinations for reception dresses. Worsted materials, fine, pliable and lustrous, will enter largely into the walking suits for spring. These goods will come in all colors, and will show plain, striped, and some plaid fabrics. A silk and worsted material known as satin laine et soie is introduced with the new goods. This has raised figures of silk on a wool ground, and is lighter than ordinary cashmere, so it will be suitable for summer as well as spring wear. The Massoul gauze is a new material in thin goods; it is coarser than grenadine, and comes in stripes and Persian arabesques. The black is designed for summer suits, and the cream tints for evening toilets. A stylish fabric in black is the striped damask gauze, with alternate taffeta stripes two and three inches wide. Taffeta stripes are largely taking the places of those of repped silk and satin.

The leading model in spring toilets will be the polonaise. This for the most part will be made in the Princess shape, very long and but slightly draped below and back of the arms. These will be seen a great deal in plain India cashmeres, trimmed with woolen fringes of the same shade as the material. Short paletots, half-flying in the back and fastened only at the neck, to hang straight and open in front, will furnish one of the styles for outside garments. These, notwithstanding the effort to revive the fashion of wearing black outside wraps with all dresses, will often be made of the same material as the rest of the toilet.—*N. Y. World.*

#### CLOTHES MOTH.

This little insect so much dreaded by the housewife, because of its destructive habits among woolens, silks, and furs, ought, we think, in the early stages of its existence to be more easily recognized as then its ravages can be more readily prevented. There, if anywhere the popular adage is appreciable, that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

The insect exists in three distinct states. In the first or perfect state, it is provided with wings that expand about half an inch from tip to tip. The body is about one-fourth of an

inch in length. The wings are of a light buff color and shine like satin. They are long, narrow, pointed, and beautifully fringed at the ends and lower edges.

It makes its appearance in the latter part of May or the beginning of June, and may be seen from that time till the close of summer.

Their lustrous, buff color, notwithstanding their tiny size, makes them easily seen, as they rest with their wings folded closely about their bodies in the deep folds of garments or of furniture, or as they fit across our room.

The female deposits her eggs on furs, woolen or silken articles, her small size enabling her to enter the fissures of drawers or other repositories of these articles to which the uninstructed might think it difficult, if not impossible, to gain access. In nature they seem to "love darkness rather than light," and may be seen hidden away in dark corners or crevices of our rooms, trunks, drawers, etc. The eggs soon hatch and the larva begin their work of destruction. The name moth, is popularly applied to the larva only, but the name is properly given to the imago or perfect insect as well. The name miller vulgarly applied to the perfect insect is derived from the fact that this insect when caught, leave on the fingers a dust like that seen on the clothes of a miller.

The larva is white with a yellow head, and has, like all caterpillars, sixteen legs. It is always surrounded by a flattened cylindrical case, open at both ends. This case is formed of minute shreds cut from the cloth on which the insect feeds, and cemented together by an excretion from its body. The color of this case externally will be that of the substance on which it feeds; while the inner surface will be that of a lightish gray.

The pupa, or chrysalis, is somewhat curved, and has a rounded head. The antennæ, wings and legs are folded up in this case beneath the body, and extend nearly its whole length. The pupa case, or cocoon, is similar to the larva case in other respects.

To protect garments that are liable to their ravages, they should be put away in closely shutting trunks, with several pieces of camphor gum, as large as hickory nuts, put in among them; or better still, put them in perfectly tight paper bags, adding some camphor gum, to make assurance doubly sure.

The mouth of these sacks should then be pasted up so that not the least aperture is left open. Infested articles should be put in a tight sack or box; and after adding a half ounce of chloroform, the sack or box should be closed as nearly air tight as possible, and left for several hours. The vapor will kill the insects. Then put them away in the manner named above.

For furniture or carpets, heavy paper wet with carbolic acid will kill the larva already at work. This should be put under the edge of the carpets where the mischief is usually done. In the case of furniture, it should be pushed in among the folds. Should hair used in stuffing furniture be found infested, it should be saturated with a strong solution of carbolic acid.

It will not injure the articles to which it is applied, as it is not what its name indicates—an acid—but a kind of alcohol.

Our best furniture is usually washed inside, and when curled hair is used this is soaked in a weak solution of corrosive sublimate (mercuric chloride). This is a sure preventive to the attacks of all insects.

The hot sun is also destructive of the eggs and larva of the moth. So that shaking out or whipping thoroughly garments suspected to be infested, and hanging them for an hour or two in the sun will be found a cheap and effectual method of ridding the garments of them.

#### TO COLOR WITH CUTCH.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

I cheerfully respond to Florella's request by giving my recipe for coloring cutch. To color a dress: Into a brass kettle put sufficient soft water to well cover the cloth; in this dissolve one-fourth pound of cutch; wet the cloth in soap suds and put it into this hot dye, let it simmer two or three hours, stirring frequently to guard against spotting, then take it from the dye, and to set the color dip it into the following solution: One ounce of bichromate of potassa, dissolved in perhaps ten or twelve quarts of hot water in an iron or tin dish.

Let the cloth remain in this solution only long enough to become thoroughly saturated with it, (merely passing it through it), then thoroughly rinse in cold water and hang it by the edges to dry; when dried, wash in soap suds and rinse it well.

Hints useful in coloring: When dye-stuff is in hard lumps it saves time to pulverize it as finely as possible before attempting to dissolve it.

Rip all seams in a dress before coloring over, and pick out the bits of thread. To prevent spotting, see that the goods are not crowded in the dye, stir often, usually airing a little now and then, and when done rinse well and hang by the edges to dry. Always rinse in running water when convenient and the weather and water not cold enough to render doing so injurious to health.

Worsted and part wool goods should not be ironed on the right side. It is also a great improvement to hang the goods up only until they drain and then iron until they are dry. When the nature of the goods admits, it is an improvement to starch slightly, or what is perhaps better, rinse in weak soap suds. This imparts a new look that might be missed otherwise.

Few things are more annoying than cloth that crocks, as any one who has had a dress with this fault can tell us. Grandma Leighton used to say there was no need of this; that if properly treated when first dyed, if rinsed thoroughly, or until not a particle of dye will rinse out, till the water is perfectly clear, then dried, washed in soap suds and again rinsed equally well, cloth would never crock.

While we are on the subject I must tell you my experience with a crocky dress. On wearing my new alpaca, a rich dark brown, fine and lustrous, I found that it crocked so badly as to

render the wearing exceedingly unpleasant, and after a few trials I gave it up as hopeless. Finally I concluded to wash it since it could no more than be spoiled, and was useless as it was. I washed it in strong soap suds, rinsed it in several waters and hung it up to drain. Orah said she would help me iron it, and we accordingly spread the ironing sheets the whole length of the table through the middle, leaving both leaves raised so that one could stand or sit at each end and iron. We began with the small pieces, ironing all upon the wrong side, and until perfectly dry.

In ironing the skirt both ironed on the same breadth, thus being able to accomplish the whole in a short time and while the goods were in excellent condition for ironing. Upon ironing the straight breadths, wherever were the original folds in the goods we doubled the cloth together right side out, laid a newspaper upon it and ran the iron quickly and lightly over it, thus pressing in the folds again. After it was ironed dry, we found that it would not do to use a very hot iron, even with the paper between, as doing so changed the color wherever touched.

When all was completed my alpaca looked just as well (though of slightly different shade), as when it came from the store, having lost none of its beauty in the severe ordeal to which it had been subjected.

#### HAY QUILT.

An English woman of rank tells of a simple contrivance for winter warmth which she met with while traveling among the Swiss mountains. It is simply a hay quilt, and nothing in the way of bed covering in cold climates, she adds, can be warmer. It is nothing but a large square cotton bag with a few handfuls of hay shaken lightly into it; but it is as warm as three blankets. It need cost almost nothing. The breadths of a very old cotton dress run together, or old curtains or any other used out or washed out material, will do for the large double squares which should be quite as wide as the bed it is intended to cover. Any farmer would give a handful of hay, and there is a coverlet which will keep out any amount of cold. The plan is simple. Those who sleep in cold places as well as those who can aid the poor with this should make them.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to inform R. E. R. how to color light kid gloves black. Take extract of logwood, dissolve it in vinegar and water, in the proportions of three-fourths water and one-fourth vinegar. Heat the mixture in an iron basin. Put your gloves on your hands, rub on the dye with a cloth, and when pretty dry rub them faithfully with a dry cloth.

Also, how to color hair black. Dip it in hot dye like that described above, then rinse in soap-suds thoroughly. To color hair brown, take poor black tea, steep it strong, and dip. L. H.

—Coarse chip braids and straws, in the cream tints, will furnish many of spring bonnets, which will not be any larger than those of the past season.



## A STORY OF OLD.

I've heard of a legend quaint and old,  
But beautiful, though often told,  
I fain would tell it over.  
'Tis of a little orphan child  
With sunny curls and blue eyes mild,  
No earthly friend to love her.  
  
No father here to shield from harm,  
Around her form no mother's arms  
Are clasped in fond embrace.  
No sister, and no brother hears  
Her sigh, or sees the tears  
That bathe her fair young face.  
  
Week after week she toils for bread,  
Scantily clothed and poorly fed,  
To hard tasks daily driven;  
A stranger in a stranger's home,  
To her no days of gladness come,  
No love to her is given.  
  
But still she clings to one fair flower,  
Her mother's gift in that last hour,  
Ere she was called above.  
To this she gives her tender care,  
This little flower so pure and fair,  
'Tis all she has to love.  
  
But soon the white-robed angels come  
To bear the little sufferer home,  
To heavenly mansions fair,  
And seeing too the pot of flowers,  
Transplanted them to heavenly bowers  
To bloom forever there.  
  
And thus if we our care bestow  
On flowers of love and truth below,  
When we are called above  
We may find transplanted there  
To those heavenly mansions fair  
The objects of our love.

## A STORY FOR MY DARLING.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

COME, mamma, and sit down a few minutes and rest you. I know you are tired for you have been hard at work all day long. And your little girl is tired too for she has been busy all day playing and trying to amuse herself alone, for mamma has had no time to notice her, she has hardly taken time to look up from her work to see and admire her block houses, or to answer her many questions, and the little girl feels lonely, for mamma's thoughts seem now always about the baby, or about other work. So come, mamma, while baby is asleep, do sit down and talk to your little girl, it will do her so much good, and you too.

"But," says mamma, "I want to read a little to myself or else to finish my little girl's new dress." Never mind the dress for this time. She had better wear plain dresses with plenty of love and cheer in her heart, than to be dressed in the most elaborate finery yet grow up unloving and unloved with a cold, proud heart.

Good hearts do not spring up like weeds without care or culture. Oh, no, the hearts and minds, the characters of our children are formed and moulded into beauty and loveliness, into strength and usefulness, only by constant care and tender love.

Take time then, O, busy mother, to talk to your little ones, to smile upon them, to cheer and encourage them in their efforts. See how the little one tries to imitate mother. Should not that make you very watchful that

your words and acts, your heart and life be for them a copy worthy of imitation?

See how the little girl sighs as mother takes up her sewing and seems lost in thought. She looks at her doll and at her block houses which seem to have lost their charm since mother is too busy to notice them or her, and again a sigh and a low, "Oh dear," attract mamma's notice.

"Come here, Allie, are you tired? Come and sit in mamma's lap a little while." And mamma lays aside her work.

"Oh, mamma, good mamma to hold Allie, I so tired p'aying all alone. Peese tell me a story."

"A story, dear, let me see, shall I tell you about a bird, or a boy, or a pussy-cat?"

"A pussy-cat."

"Well, I will tell you a real true story about a cat. I know a little girl named Mary. She has a cat named Lady Jane Grey. This cat has four pretty little kittens, and they sleep on the hay in the barn. When they wake up in the morning Mrs. Pussy-cat feels hungry, so she looks all about in the corners of the barn to see if she cannot find any mice for her breakfast, and sometimes she finds a mouse; but if she cannot find one she feels very hungry and so she goes to the kitchen hoping the cook may give her something to eat. She smells the breakfast cooking and she thinks to herself, "Oh, what a good breakfast little Mary is going to have! How I wish the cook would only give me a little of it." So she walks nearer and nearer to the cook and by and by she rubs up close to her gown.

"Mew! mew!" says the cat.

"Scat! scat!" says the cook, and she takes up the broom and drives her out and shuts the door, for she says she cannot bear cats.

Poor kitty! She does not know what to do. She looks all around to see if she cannot find any mice but she cannot find any, and she grows more and more hungry. By and by she goes around the house to the dining-room windows and jumps up upon the window sill and looks in. There is little Mary sitting at the table just finishing her breakfast.

"Mew! mew!" says Pussy-cat.

"There is Lady Jane Grey!" says little Mary, "sitting in the window; she wants to come in!"

"Mew! mew!" says pussy-cat again.

Just then all the family rose from the table and little Mary runs to the window and opens it, and in jumps pussy-cat upon the floor.

"I suppose you want your breakfast," says little Mary. So she gathers together the bits of meat and potato left upon the plates and all the little scraps that she thinks pussy will like and puts them on a plate and sets it down upon the hearth. Then she pours a little milk into a saucer for her, and pussy likes her breakfast very much indeed.

When she has eaten her breakfast pussy washes her face and hands, for she is very neat and likes to keep her pretty fur soft and clean, and then she goes to little Mary and rubs herself against her and says, "Purr, pur-r-r," simply from a want of care? Acci-

letting me in and giving me this nice breakfast to eat."

Then little Mary says, "Now, Lady Jane, you must take your morning exercise. Let me see how well you can jump. So she holds her arms before the cat, a few inches from the floor, and the cat leaps over them very gracefully. "Very well," says little Mary, "now try again." So she holds her arms before the cat again, this time a little higher, and again pussy jumps over it. "I hope this exercise will do you good," says Mary, "and help you to digest your breakfast, and now you may go back to your little kittens if you want to;" and so she opens the window, and pussy jumps out and runs back to her little kittens, who are very glad indeed to see their mother coming back to them again.

## EXTRACTS FROM A PARENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

That little two-year old sits at the dinner-table like a conqueror in complete possession of the field. He has a clean sweep as far as chubby hands can reach. Plates, cups, sugar-bowl, everything is pushed out of his way. He certainly can do no mischief; but the prevention is simply a physical, not a moral one. Such a policy is not the best one. It is the easiest and most common, but it does not impart much strength. By such a course, what had better be done now is being deferred to the future. If the infant cannot be controlled by authority at two years of age, work for a coming day is accumulating. It is the stitch in time here that saves nine. It is better to begin a little too soon than a little too late. Let the baby at the earliest moment learn the great lesson of life—resistance to temptation. With the exception of the hot tea-pot, let the table stand arranged as convenience demands, and teach the child not to molest. Let not mamma's work-basket be put out of reach, nor the books out of sight. Leave them in their proper places, but govern the little fingers. A few weeks of determined effort will be sufficient, and an incalculable amount of vexation will be saved to both parent and child. Suppose, in spite of warning, a dish is pulled to the floor, or the work-basket overturned. One such experience managed skillfully and impressively by the parent is worth months of that discipline which is chiefly concerned in putting things out of reach. In life we are kept from evil by facing and resisting temptations, not by having them removed from our path.

It is the part of wisdom to require the child to practice this kind of self-control in the nursery.

There is no doubt that a large amount of our carelessness when we are grown is due to the fact that we were not taught and compelled to be careful in our earliest years. Daily occurrences impress the question: How is H—, about three years old, to be kept from the number of those, both old and young, for whom things are always breaking and going wrong, and who are a cause of constant annoyance to themselves and friends

simply from a want of care? Acci-

not be allowed to think so, at least not until they are convinced of the fact by the irresistible logic of events. When the results of heedlessness and mistakes are involved, explanations and extenuations are dangerous things. A little reasonable severity now will be a blessing to the child hereafter. Of course a parent will shield his child as much as possible from severe pain, but at the same time care should be taken to see that the natural consequence follows every casualty as far as prudence will permit. Parental love interposes too much between the child and the consequences of its own acts. Events are not allowed to speak with their full or sufficient force. Nature's course, although the best, is not followed. When an accident occurs, although it might happen to anybody, and especially to a child, impress it on him that he might have avoided it and that he ought to have done so. Such is, or ought to be, your reproof to yourself when you are in trouble with your own carelessness. If you can but make the little one feel that he can avoid such things as dropping his knife or fork, upsetting his tumbler, breaking his tin-house, pinching his finger, forgetting to bring in his wagon and having it stolen, you have done very much toward making him a careful man.

As it is not a good practice to exact thoughtless promises from a child, so it is a bad practice to refer the child lightly and frequently to its promises. It is painful ordinarily to hear, "What did you promise mamma just now?" "Didn't you say you would do so and so?" Such reminders seem irresistible sometimes, but they are the most hurtful where they seem the most needed. At the beginning the child is innocent of the slightest intention to promise without meaning to perform. It is only from the example of others, or by being referred to his own case, that he will learn what it is not to keep a promise, a piece of intelligence I would withhold from him as long as possible. Let him give promises, but upon a perfect and impressive understanding of what he promises. Be sure that he realizes it, and then so order circumstances that he will not forget his obligation nor think of evading it.

The proper use of infantile promises is a very important matter. By them we learn to calculate for the future, and to realize the responsibility which comes from assumed obligations. We hold the present at its proper worth in comparison with the future.

You have cause for considerable pleasure when your little one declines to agree to certain conditions for the sake of securing immediately what is desirable to him. The act indicates thoughtfulness and a comparison of values including the element of futurity. Every time he hesitates or declines to promise as short-sighted policy advises, he gives a strong guarantee for his future. Most of the lying in the world comes from speaking or acting without due deliberation. The habit cannot be formed too early of weighing consequences carefully.

A circumstance is recalled which illustrates how the practice of telling falsehoods originates so mysteriously with some children. H— was sent

to see if the house-maid had started a fire. He returned with the report that she was up stairs and could not come down to start the fire; apparently aiming to convey the impression that he had obtained that answer from her, which we knew he had not. Had surprise been expressed, or any special attention given to it, as was the first impulse, he would probably have been inclined to attempt the same thing again, from the mere novelty and enjoyment of the sensation. It was simply an effort on his part at original composition; an attempt to say something on his own account, taking remarks of his elders as models. As such it was passed by, and no evil tendency seemed fostered.

Some parents are astonished to find the habit early developed in their child of manufacturing stories, which are set down as lies. So soon does the habit appear that it seems an instance of heredity, at least from old Adam, if from no other source. The whole mystery finds a solution in the indiscreet expression of surprise and approval at the child's first attempts at invention. Natural love of approbation led him to another experiment in the same line; and so on until the vicious habit was formed, not as the result of any special depravity, but as the result of the father's and mother's training.

#### CHILDREN AT TABLE.

##### MANY CAUSES OF BAD BEHAVIOR.

We always rebel in spirit at the notice so often conspicuously posted in boats and hotels, "Children not allowed at the first table," says the *Hearth and Home*. On principle we utter our protest against it, since all well-bred men and women must have been at some period of their existence well-bred boys and girls. In practice, so far as we have had to do with the rising generation, we have especially trained them to proper behavior at the table. The table is the social center of home; and, while eating, regarded simply *per se*, is not esthetic, yet around it cluster so many pleasant associations, and so much may be done to make its appointments delightful, that the fact is that the way they eat draws the line between the barbarous and the civilized people of the earth.

"The gentleman is quiet, the lady is serene," says Emerson, does he not? And if we accept his dictum as correct, how are we to have the finished product unless we begin at the beginning? The nameless grace that belongs to the cultivated person, can not be learned from a manual of etiquette. It comes by degrees. So, madam, if you are shocked when your little girl puts her knife into the butter and helps herself to berries with her own spoon, you need not be if you have allowed her during several years to eat with Bridget at the nursery table. What else could you expect? Children are reproductions of the world around them; and if to save yourself trouble you let that world be made of the ignorant and the repulsive, you reap what you have sown when you have a harvest of bad habits to uproot and destroy. Do

men gather grapes of thorns? or figs of thistles?

Still, having so much confessed, we must say that a very short journey and a very short stay at a fashionable hotel is enough to put even so established a faith as ours to a pretty severe test. We do not blame the children. Far from it. Despite our yielding credence to the dogma that treats of original sin, we hold to it that, naturally, children enjoy being good. They are never so happy as when they are obedient and amiable. We think too that nothing is easier than to have them so, and the harsh measures to which some people are quick to resort to that end, if they could see themselves with our eyes, would seem to them humiliating exhibitions of their own weakness.

Without self-control, the person who attempts to control a child is very likely to fail lamentably. Oddly enough, the people who never in their lives possessed a particle of fitness for so delicate a task are the very people who are possessed of a desire to show their mismanagement in places where it is sure to be seen. *Materfamilias* and her half-dozen little ones file in to the breakfast-table, where, with clamor and outcry and considerable pushing and pulling, the latter are accommodated with seats.

Then ensues what may be described as an intermittent skirmish. Lottie reaching for the butter and upsetting Kate's coffee-cup (every one of the brood drinks coffee and devours pickles,) and John dipping his bread into the gravy, or screaming like a savage because his mother intercepts him on the way and prevents the act. "My children are so spoiled," the poor thing remarks, with a manner half proud and half deprecating, and the sufferers whose comfort they have wrecked have no difficulty in believing her.

If good digestion wait on appetite, and appetite depend on accessories of not only a well-appointed and palatably-dressed meal but upon the company around the board, then it is a manifest truth that invalids and nervous people at least, if not all who are civilized, even the well and strong, should be protected from incursions of youthful barbarians. It is an unpardonable thing in parents to let children grow up ignorant of the common conveniences of society, and painfully awkward and rude. For their own sakes, as well as for those of others, we entreat mothers to notice how the little ones behave at the table, to get over the mistake of enjoining company manners, and to make the prohibitory notice unnecessary.

#### MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

Many children are nursed too much in childhood. Bridget carries them when they should walk, helps them when they should help themselves, provides amusement when they should be left to seek it. Fortunate if the evil goes not deeper. If a father has attained eminence in business or a profession, through earnest effort and unremitting toil, how apt is he to shield his son from a similar life and curse him with the gift of unearned

gold! Rather let him bestow on his son his rich legacy of experience and inspire him with the highest motives in life.

A mother who has been trained to habits of industry, whose mind has been disciplined in the best schools, exclaims, "My child shall not toil as I have labored." "I'll do this work for my children," said a mother, "for they may not always have a mother." That was the best reason for teaching them the task. If these were the utterances of mothers whose minds rose no higher than the tucks and ruffles on their daughters' wardrobes, no surprise would be occasioned, for the fashion-books afford a sufficient field of literature for such, and the education of the whole being is not often discussed in these works; but parents who know the value of thorough mental culture, complemented with a practical application of it in every-day life, fail to bring their children up to a level with their attainments. They shrink from leading their children as they were led. The hill of science is less rugged for this generation than it was for the last; still it is an uphill path to-day to all real knowledge. The short road to education is not the latest scientific discovery, nor are lessons in practical life duties gained by intuition.

#### WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE CHILDREN?

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am a young mother with three happy frolicsome boys, the eldest but five—not large enough or old enough to attend school—and with no help at present, and I come tired and careworn to-night to ask, "What shall we do with the children?"

My husband is kind and indulgent to his family but it annoys him greatly to see a toy on the carpet or anything displaced, and unless they have their toys they mar the furniture and require the most earnest attention—which I cannot always give them—to keep them quiet. I wish if any mother young or old can suggest anything whereby we could have this burden lightened they would do so. I think it would benefit very many of your readers.

I would like to know if it is possible for any woman with little ones and doing their own work to keep a house, themselves, and their little ones in complete order, so as to be presentable at all times? I fail to solve that problem. I hope to hear from some of the sisters soon.

MRS. H. B.

#### THE PUZZLER.

##### ANSWERS:—1.

A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
Remote from towns he ran his Godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed nor wished to change his place.

2. Eglantine. 3. Hair dye. 4. Ragged Robin.

##### ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of nineteen letters.

My 7, 2, 14, 15 is now demolished.

My 1, 11, 15, 16, 3 is a great blessing.

My 8, 4, 16, 6, 1 is a proper name.

My 19, 6, 8, 10 is an animal.

My 9, 13, 14, 14, 8, 10 we all like.

My 17, 3, 4, 8, 7 is an animal.

My 5, 11, 6, 15, 8 is a lord.

My 19, 17, 18, 7 is a part of a house.

My whole is the children's favorite.

ADDIE.

##### CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My first is in join but not in sever.

My second is in sure but not in never.

My third is in lake but not in water.

My fourth is in girl but not in daughter.

My fifth is in Yale but not in college.

My sixth is in dunee but not in knowledge.

My seventh is in year but not in week.

My eighth is in read but not in speak.

My ninth is in monk but not in priest.

My tenth is in bread but not in yeast.

My eleventh is in fare but not in feast.

My whole is a loved and respected

member of THE HOUSEHOLD

Band.

EMILY L. R.

##### CHARADES.

3. My first is usually tired; my second is an obstruction; my third is good for the muscle; my whole is more useful than ornamental.

4. My first is a messenger; my second is a pronoun; my third is to set free; my fourth is self; my fifth is an article; my whole is in the afternoon.

5. My first is a destructive insect; my second is to stray; my third is a preposition; my fourth is a precious substance; my whole is the shell of a fish.

I. L. B.

##### ANAGRAMS.

6. Urpnoyitpot si het elrow! fo elmt, sa eth ktsal aym nimear elhw eth rolfew si uct fo, os item amy ierann hiwt su hnew potyuptorin si ou roem.

ETTA.

7. Owh Idag teh note wenh mursme's uns.

Thsewera eht yag lwdro tiwh wfrl-seo.

Nad etres dnbe wodn hiwt dognel rufti,

Dan ridbs ear ni retih wsbreo!

##### SQUARE WORDS.

8. A city in Asia; a lady's name; a sharp sound; a public tax; an emotion.

9. A city; a tool; a city.

##### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

10. To sentence; a kind of music; a planet; to invest; to clothe. My primals was a king of Israel. My finals was a leader of Israel.

##### TRANSPOSED WORDS.

11. Glnl. 12. Rotut. 13. Alehw.

14. Lamson. 15. Strap. 16. Rubtot

17. Tailbuh. 18. Oddhack.

W. G. D.

##### DECAPITATIONS.

19. Behead a weapon and leave a fruit.

20. Behead a couple and leave the atmosphere.

21. Behead a useful article and leave to peruse.

22. Behead a stream and leave vapor.

23. Behead to engrave and leave ceremony.

DAISY.

##### JUMBLES.

Names of Rivers.—24. Sssiiimpp.

25. Isousrim. 26. Arepl. 27. Kory.

28. Copomat. 29. Egenees. 30.

Angiraa. 31. Dushon. 32. Ehnir.

DAISY.



## ANOTHER BILL OF FARE.

BY ROSAMOND E.

**M**R. CROWELL:—In your April number some one gave a bill of fare for a week, at which my husband would rebel, so I send another lest some others of the Band have to deal with a like distaste for tea and cake and cold meat in their households. 'Tis a farmer's bill of fare for winter, i. e., from December to May, with a given stock of provisions in the house, supposing a visit from or to a butcher impossible, as it generally is at that season in most neighborhoods. Given.—Ham, shoulder, bacon, sausages, scrapple, roast pork, corned beef, dry beef, salt fish, chickens, eggs, potatoes, beans, beets, turnips, canned tomatoes, dry corn, dry apples or other fruit, coffee, sugar, tea, spice, rice, net, cornstarch, molasses, apples, butter, jam and jelly, pickles and catsup, mustard or horse radish, canned fruit and mince meat.

We will bake bread, pies and cakes on Fridays or Saturdays, as with our tin safe in the cellar we can keep them a week at this season, and they last much longer than when eaten fresh besides being more wholesome. I make Graham gems with new milk. One quart milk; one quart Graham flour; one teaspoon of salt. But hot cakes are too tedious for a breakfast for eleven every morning and we consider nicely browned mush both palatable and wholesome.

I do not give my children tea or coffee except upon rare occasion, but consider chocolate both meat and drink and they are all very fond of it, though I make it cool and weak with milk. When we have fresh pork, I roast the back bones, spare ribs, tender loin and squares of sides nicely, put it in a firkin or large crocks and cover with melted lard, the same as sausage; it keeps nicely and the lard when melted over and strained is as good as any. We also put some sausage in the pickle with our hams and like it as well as that cooked while fresh. We either soak and fry, or boil it till fresh enough.

**M**onday.—Breakfast; Boiled mackerel, potato cakes, pickles, bread and butter, coffee and apple butter. Dinner; fried pork, boiled potatoes, cold slaw, dry corn, tea, bread, butter, molasses, hasty pudding, or if milk be scarce, boiled rice with sugar and nutmeg. Tea; mush and milk, dry beef and gravy, coffee, bread, butter, jam.

**T**uesday.—Breakfast; fried mush, molasses, sausages, bread, butter and chocolate. Dinner; Boiled salt pork, with soup, beans, mashed potatoes, and beets from vinegar, dry fruit pie, bread, butter and catsup. Tea; Graham gems, cold boiled pork, coffee, butter, jam and doughnuts.

**W**ednesday.—Breakfast; Scrapple or boiled ham, coffee, butter, buckwheatcakes and apple butter. Dinner; corned beef, cabbage, potatoes, tea,

bread, butter, pickles and bread pudding. Tea; codfish and potatoes, milk toast, jam, and coffee.

**T**hursday.—Breakfast; Cold corned beef, fried mush, molasses, catsup, cabbage, potato baked in a covered dish and coffee. Dinner; roast pork (fresh), turnips, apples stewed, mashed potatoes, onions, bread, butter, spiced fruit and junket. Tea; cold pork, mush fried from the pot, like fritters, molasses, bread, chocolate, butter, and jam.

**F**riday.—Breakfast; toast, broiled fish, potato cakes, coffee, butter, apple butter. Dinner; ham and eggs, boiled beets, dry corn, potatoes stewed with butter and vinegar dressing, fresh custard pie, bread, butter and pickles. Tea; dry beef and gravy, rolls of shortened bread dough, cookies, butter, tea and stewed prunes.

**S**aturday.—Breakfast; fried mush, sausage, rusks, coffee, molasses, butter, stewed fruit. Dinner; fried pork, or canned beef, roasted potatoes, beans, cold slaw, bread, butter, tea, apple butter, baked pudding and fresh doughnuts. Tea; salt fish, rolls, butter, coffee, pickles, jam and cookies.

**S**unday.—Breakfast; ham and eggs, bread, butter, chocolate stewed fruit, and rusks. Dinner; stewed chicken, tea, mashed potatoes, canned tomatoes, lima beans, bread, butter, spiced fruit, and pies. Tea; bread and milk, baked rice pudding, sponge or ginger cake, cold dry beef, coffee and stewed fruit.

We always prepare our Sunday dinner on Saturday, cook it so it only requires to be heated over except potatoes, they will cook if kept after passing over night in cold water, while other things warm up. My husband wants a good dinner after our ride to church and back.

## "SENTIMENTAL TEA-SET."

We have real weddings, tin, wooden, crystal, silver and golden, on which occasions our friends may, if they choose, increase our stock of household articles, and yielding to what has become the fashion of the day, they generally do so. Some ingenious lady housekeeper has recently invented a new occasion for the giving of useful presents, which is set forth in the Providence Journal as follows:

The latest fashion in China is something entirely unique, and needs a little explanation for the uninitiated. A lady announces her intention of getting up a "sentimental tea-set." This means that she desires each of her friends to present her with a cup and saucer, whose size, quality and costliness are left to the tastes and generosity of the donor. When a sufficient number has been presented the nondescript collection is christened as a sentimental tea-set. The lady is then in duty bound to give a tea-party to her contributors and friends, in which the cheering weed is served in the motley china, gathered together in this polite way of putting one's friends under contribution.

Of course the ladies vie with each other in seeing who can collect the greatest number of offerings, and the gentlemen are warmly welcomed who come bearing in their hands costly cups of delicate Sevres, or the petite

creations of Oriental taste. We know of a lady in a neighboring city who numbers already twelve of these oddities, and she has but just begun her collection. Her tea service thus far ranges from a tiny cup and saucer a hundred years old to an offering large enough for a bowl. The intermediate range includes a ridiculous variety in form, size and material. Great was the sport at the first tea drink, while the unique display afforded an abundant subject for conversation.

We are told by those in authority that the fashion promises to be quite universal this season and we are sure it will be provocative of endless fun and perhaps just a little rivalry, for will not a woman's attractive powers be measured by the number of these fragile offerings she receives from her friends? What a resurrection of odd tea cups and saucers from long occupied hiding places will take place, and what a search there will be in the china shops for specimens rich and rare!

## BREAKFAST.

Most cooks have to make haste while preparing breakfast in winter. They get up late during the cold mornings, and hurry around to make good the lost time; therefore can not prepare many dishes for the first meal, yet this meal should be one which can be heartily relished by the whole family. In order to have it good and save time and labor, preparation for it must be made while the dinner of the previous day is cooking. Apples can be baked then, mush can be made and placed in a mould to cool ready for slicing and frying in the morning.

Enough potatoes can be cooked so that some will be left to warm for breakfast; and there are so many nice methods for warming them that one can have a variety the week through, even in warmed-over potatoes. Meats left from dinner, if not enough for another dinner, can be hashed and made ready at night, and fresh eggs are always acceptable for breakfast and require but little time in preparing. Any two of the articles named, with bread, butter, and coffee, will make a good substantial breakfast which is quickly prepared, and if properly combined will make a good variety, for the week.

## HOW TO EAT AN OYSTER.

An oyster has to be taken as a whole and respected as such. It refuses to be dealt with in detail, and he who attempts it, makes a gastronomic failure of no small magnitude. There is only one way in which an oyster can be eaten. There it lies on the shell, hard, white and plump, its convoluted edges matching the rim of the shell. You pass the thin blade of your knife carefully under it, and release the fibrous heart from its pearly connection. Then you lay your knife down, take the frontal edge of the oyster firmly between your thumb and finger, bring it up in front of your face in close contact with your lips, look at it an instant, lay your head back, shut your eyes, open your mouth, place the delicious morsel on your tongue so as to sense its fine saltiness, then let go

your hold of it, and—away it goes, as slowly and easily as a ship glides from the ways into the welcoming sea. Whoever has done this deed once, and felt the full physical rapture of it, has one memory, at least, that will never die while the sense of palate remains.

—Golden Rule.

## THE DESSERT.

—A librarian, arranging his books according to their subject-matter, put 'Irish Bulls' under the head of Agricultural.

—As soon as a man starts out for a reformer, he lets his hair grow long. As soon as a woman starts in the same business, she cuts hers off short.

—"When I put my foot down I'll have you to understand," said Mrs. Nojoker, "that there's something there." On investigation it was found to be a No. 11 shoe.

—"Doctor, what do you think is the cause of the frequent rush of blood to my head?" "Oh, it's nothing but an effort of Nature. Nature, you know, abhors a vacuum."

—It now turns out that oatmeal doesn't make brain after all, and those editors who laid in a dozen barrels apiece for summer use will be almost mad enough to give it to the poor.

—"Henrietta," said a lady to her new girl, "when there's bad news, particular family affliction, always let the boarders know it before dinner. It may seem strange to you, Henrietta, but such things make a great difference in the eating in the course of a year."

—The London gossips are telling this story, apropos of Queen Victoria's continued seclusion: At the the princess of Wales's garden party, at which she was present, the other day, the Queen accosted a distinguished officer and conversed affably with him for some minutes. At last the gallant general remarked: "I am really very sorry, madame, for being so stupid. I am sure I have seen your face and remember it perfectly well, but I cannot remember your name."

—Some of the company at tea with a Danbury family spoke of the excellence of the honey; whereupon the head of the house, who stands in repute dread of his wife, feelingly said, "Honey is the most delicious of all delicacies. It is the nectar of beautiful flowers, slipped from brilliant petals by the never-tiring bee, and moulded into a glory that would tempt the god of—" "Ephraim!" enunciated his wife, with stern solemnity, "have you been drinking again?" Ephraim groaned.

—Parson Thomas, of Dayton, Ohio, a D. D. of good repute and fine quality, has a son of sprightly parts and progressive ideas. This son had been visiting at the house of a female relation, where he took some primary lessons in the history of the American Revolution, and how the Americans whipped the Britishers. The lad returned home full of his new subject, and at the tea table said to his father: "Pa be you a British?" "Yes, my son; I was born in England." "Well, we whipped you!" retorted the



## ABOUT NURSING.

THE gift of nursing, says Phillis Browne, lies a great deal in the power of putting oneself in the place of, and entering into the feelings of another; and repressed sympathy goes a long way in the sick room. Indeed, to my mind one of the principal qualifications of a good nurse consists in the fact that she has been ill herself, and knows what sickness is. Still sympathy is not everything; and as the necessity arises at one time or another to almost every woman to minister to the need of those she loves when they are sick and weak, it is well worth while to find out in what the secret of good nursing lies, so that we may be ready to practice it when needed.

Good nursing, then, consists first in seeing that the proper remedies and medicines are administered, and afterwards in securing to the patient, without any trouble to himself, pure air, suitable nourishment, quiet, and warmth, together with perfect cleanliness about his person, his room, and his surroundings.

The remedies, the medicine, and the food, vary indefinitely with the nature of the complaint, but it is desirable to say one word about the necessity of following closely the orders of the medical man, if one be in attendance. I suppose the very fact that the sick person has been given into the charge of the doctor proves that confidence is felt in his skill. If any cause should arise to doubt his competency to deal with the case, the best thing to do is to tell him so politely, either by word or by letter, and try other means; but as long as he is attending a patient, his advice ought to be closely followed. It seems as if some persons thought that the visits of the doctor had a charm about them which might prove beneficial, but that the advice was merely mentioned in the course of conversation, and need not be thought about again. Others call him in to act as a sort of safeguard to prevent things going wrong, and then try all sorts of experiments on their own account. Both these courses are equally foolish as a matter of policy, and equally unjust to the doctor.

There are a number of small wants and small annoyances experienced by all sick persons, which the nurse alone can look after and guard against; and it is the intelligent and kindly observance of these, or the ignorant or indolent neglect of them, which makes one difference between a good and an inefficient nurse. Some sick people like the furniture arranged in a particular way, or the medicine put in a certain place, and will become exceedingly annoyed if their wishes are not attended to and remembered.

A good nurse will neither forget these little things nor argue against them. Maybe they are in themselves immaterial, but they are for the time important to the one whose interests are bounded by a small space. You

cannot argue a sick person into taking a sensible view of things. Get him well, and then he will be as reasonable as ever he was; if you argue the case out now, you will very likely produce no other result than that of fixing the weakness in his mind, making him feverish, and giving him a bad night.

Whilst you are very careful not to give way to despondency and low spirits before him, be careful not to be persistently and determinedly cheerful, it is exceedingly aggravating to a sick person who feels ill, and knows that he is ill, to have the nurse assuring him he is a great deal better, that this or that little symptom is only fancy, and to hear her telling the doctor he has slept beautifully, when he has really been tossing about and longing for the morning, while the nurse herself has enjoyed uninterrupted and sonorous repose.

At the same time, carefully avoid the opposite extreme, and do not choose the very saddest subjects of conversation. The talk of some nurses is a perpetual dissertation on Mrs. Gamp's text, "We are born in a wale, and we live in a wale, and we must take the consequences of such a situation."

Do not allow yourself, or any one else, to stare at the patient. Some people come into a sick room, and fix their eyes upon the invalid, and contemplate him continuously and uninterruptedly, as if he were a curious work of art. I have seen this done again and again. The poor victim lies in bed quite helpless, but getting more and more uncomfortable; and the interested friend keeps up a close observation, until one does not know whether to feel amused or cross.

Be careful, too, not to bend over the patient any more than is necessary, and especially not to allow any one to sit upon the bed or turn it into a table. This is an annoyance to be guarded against when friends are allowed to enter the sick chamber. Two or three hours' discomfort may follow from a few minutes' thoughtlessness.

A nurse should be particularly clean in her own person and belongings, as well as in looking after the patient.

No one who has not himself or herself had an experience of the two, can tell what a difference it makes when the nurse is clean and tidy and suitably dressed, or when the reverse is the case.

A rustling dress and creaking or heavy boots must of course be avoided. She must be careful, too, to have everything which is used in the sick room clean and bright. The glass or spoon in which the medicine is presented should be washed out every time it is used.

When preparing food, offer it in small quantities at a time, so as to tempt the invalid, and make him think he could take more. Make it look as appetizing as possible, serving it on clean napery, with bright crockery and silver, and do not consult the patient beforehand about what you are to bring up to him. The difference between a good and efficient nurse is shown in nothing so much as in the way they go to work about the food.

An inefficient nurse will be talking about it all day, begging the invalid to say if he could not fancy this, that,

and the other, suggesting various delicacies, and begging him above all things to speak if he wants anything, until he loathes the thought of food before he sees it; or when, feeling faint, he asks for some refreshment, he finds there is nothing ready, and that it has to be prepared.

When, after long waiting, the food is brought, the favorable moment has passed, and it is sent down almost untouched, because "the invalid has no appetite"—rather because the nurse has no sense. The true nurse, on the contrary, observes her patient without seeming to do so, seizes the auspicious moment, and has ready some tempting little delicacy, skilfully prepared, which he gladly welcomes, when if it had been the subject of conversation two or three hours before, he would have rejected it altogether.

This leads me to say that every nurse ought to be able to cook, especially small dainty dishes suitable for an invalid. She ought to know not only how to make food look nice but how to compress a large amount of nourishment into a small space. She should be careful, too, not to season her dishes too highly. Invalids are very soon set against anything; and a dish that is only agreeably flavored for a person in health may be very distasteful to one who is sick. So much depends upon the food that a true nurse ought to be quite independent of any assistance in preparing nourishment for her patient. I knew a clever but eccentric doctor who was about to engage a nurse to wait upon his own wife, and before he would enter into any conversation with her, made her go into the kitchen and prove that she could cook properly a mutton chop.

I must say one word about the means which are taken to procure quiet for a nervous person. Keep everything as still as possible, and do not let any one enter the room if you can prevent it, but let this be arranged away from the patient; and if any one does enter, avoid giving utterance to a low and stifled "Sh-sh-sh-sh!" When it is necessary to open the door, do it gently but quickly. A prolonged gentle noise will annoy a nervous person far more than a decided one, even though the latter be the louder of the two.

## DR. HANAFORD'S REPLY TO JEANNIE.

In the acute forms of disease, cold water is the drink positively demanded by the sick while tea and coffee are generally disagreeable. Acid drinks are often craved, the best of which, perhaps, is lemon juice and water, without sugar, which tends to increase the heat. When the feverishness or inflammation subsides, weak black tea generally will be pleasant. If restless and wakeful, however, shells should be substituted.

When the stomach is weak from sickness, like the body, the stronger drinks, like coffee, cocoa, chocolate and all such preparations, are likely to derange the stomach, producing biliousness; especially coffee. They should not be too sweet, as the sweets have a tendency to destroy the appre-

tit. With a returning desire for food and a cleaning tongue food and drink may be combined. The simplest of these, and easily disposed of by the stomach, are crust coffee, bread tea, such as may be made by the steeping, or soaking bread, and beef tea or simple broths. Very pleasant drinks also may be made from the freshly expressed juices of the apple, pear, peach, and most of the berries, such as the strawberry, blueberry, raspberry and blackberry. These make an exceedingly bland and purifying drink especially appropriate for those just recovering from a severe illness, containing as much nourishment as they will then need.

Milk is a good drink for those requiring more food; none of which should be taken too often, not as often as water which is simply a drink. The sweets are needed by those who are lean and suffer from coldness—dissolved white sugar being the best. To remedy the leanness of which you speak, it will be necessary to use freely the sweets, starch and oily food. White sugar is the best of the sweets, at least for this purpose, while butter is the best of the oils. Starch is abundant in the potato, in all the grains, in peas and beans, in rice, arrowroot, corn-starch, sago, tapioca, farina, and such preparations, the last six are rather constipating.

But food alone is not sufficient. Rest to the over-worked, an abundance of sleep, a general quiet, a cheerful and hopeful frame of mind, will all be useful.

There are certain articles which irritate, of course tending to leanness such as vinegar, and all strong acids, pepper, mustard, and the like, none of which contain real nourishment. It may here be remarked that over-eating will not give flesh, and though the fruits and vegetable are generally wholesome, they do not contain sufficient nutriment to properly sustain life.

These are but general directions. To direct with precision it is necessary to understand the habits, and the causes of the leanness. Of necessity hard labor, both of body and mind, reduce the flesh, while indolence and ease naturally produce the opposite effect. The lean can scarcely retire too early or sleep too much.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD recommend anything that will tend to purify the air in the sleeping apartment of invalids who cannot bear the admission of the cold air from without.

MRS. C. E. H.

I would like some of you readers to tell me what will cure deafness caused by catarrh.

BEN.

CHOLERA INFANTUM.—*Dear Household*—So many deaths having occurred during the past season from cholera infantum, I thought I would inform the young mothers who read your paper, that bread and milk poultices applied as warm as can be borne and renewed as often as they become cool, have been known to cure some of the worst cases.

Alabama.

MRS. G. J. B.

NERVOUS TOOTHACHE will be cured at once by the application of saltpetre ground very fine and applied on cotton batting to the affected tooth.

FOR A BURN.—Raw onions grated fine and applied to a burn will stop the smarting immediately.

A. J. ALLYN.



SCHOOL SITES AND SCHOOL-HOUSES.

THE location of the school-house is a matter of vital importance. Too often do we find it situated in some dark alley, or on some noisy street, or low marshy ground, or upon the barren rock where no shade trees can grow, or upon the dusty corner where four roads meet. In such localities children are disturbed by noises, suffer from excessive heat and cold, or from dampness, insufficient light and bad air; and are robbed of all the advantages and pleasures of pleasant surroundings and tasteful arrangements of well-ordered playgrounds. Other things being equal, the school-house should have a central location, for convenience of access. But this is not the most important consideration. The character of the grounds and surroundings should weigh against a few rods of additional distance for the children to travel. The school-yard should be selected, laid out and graded with a view to furnish the children pleasant and attractive playgrounds. This is as important for the purposes of education as a well-constructed and well-furnished school-room. This yard should contain at least, a half-acre of level or sloping ground, and should be ornamented with shade trees and furnished with swings, ball bats, foot balls and other inducements to healthful exercise.

In selecting the site, special regard should be had to the surroundings. Noisy mills, factories, and workshops in the immediate vicinity of the school-house, are a serious hindrance to successful study. Stores, railroad-stations and taverns are liable to consume the time, vitiate the taste, and corrupt the morals of pupils who are allowed to resort to them. Hence the school-house should, if possible, be removed from all such local disadvantages; and, for the sake of health, equal care should be taken to avoid stables, sewers, marshes, stagnant bodies of water, and low and damp situations where heavy fogs linger long after sunrise, and chill night dews gather before sunset.

And the school site should be a beautiful location, where Nature has displayed her romantic wildness and quiet grandeur. Children are taught unconsciously by the objects that surround them; and hence the place where they are gathered for the study of books should also afford opportunity for them to study the book of Nature. They should be able to gaze upon the towering mountain, the peaceful valley, the shaded forest, and the cultivated field; and to listen to the music of running brooks, and the songs of the birds that frequent the shade trees under which they play.

The pleasantness and attractiveness of the location and surroundings of the school-room serve to make school life pleasant, and to cultivate a taste for the beautiful in nature and art,

both extremely desirable as means to the end in view.

School-houses should not only be properly located but constructed with great care. Under the town system which has been here recommended, the town school board would have all these matters in hand; and they should see to it that the site is well chosen, and that each house is adapted, in size and finish, to the number and grade of the pupils to be accommodated.

The room for the primary department will need different internal arrangements from the intermediate, and the intermediate from the academic. The benches must be of suitable height to enable each pupil to rest his feet upon the floor, and so inclined as to allow a natural and easy posture; the desks must be constructed to suit the size and convenience of their occupants; and all school-houses should have rooms especially for hats, bonnets, shawls, overcoats, umbrellas, dinner-baskets, etc., that the children may acquire the habits of neatness and order, and learn to take care of whatever is intrusted to them.

Recitation-rooms should be furnished with blackboards and brushes, and an ample supply of apparatus suited to the character of the school; if a primary school, apparatus especially suited to illustrate object teaching.

Lighting and heating the school-house is of the first importance. Light is necessary to health; and a good supply of pure sunlight, controlled by shutter and curtains, is needed, not only for healthful study but also to render the school-room more cheerful and inviting. The common mode of heating school-rooms is very objectionable, much more so than the old method by the open fireplace. The tight box-stove without the means of evaporating water, in a room not suited to the purposes of ventilation, is the worst and most dangerous arrangement that could be invented. It creates an uneven temperature, deadens the air, and fills it with smoke, rendering it wholly unsuitable for the purposes of life. It is believed that more cases of fatal disease are contracted in the unventilated and imperfectly heated school-room of the present day than anywhere else; and it becomes a matter of great importance to all parents who seek to prepare their children for a long and useful life, to understand this subject and to provide against the evils contemplated.

O.

TO KEEP A SCRAP BOOK SMOOTH.

MR. CROWELL:—I send the following for publication if you see fit, but isn't it funny she didn't think of it herself?

Friend J. H. W. To prevent the leaves of your scrap book from wrinkling, lay on a cloth and press them with a warm (not too hot) iron, until dry. Finish one page and dry it before beginning another. I save up my scraps until I have a large quantity, and sometimes commence half a dozen books at once, pasting and pressing first one and then another,

It is capital work for a cold winter evening.

MINNIE.

J. H. W. asks how to make smooth the newspaper slips pasted in scrap books. Paste them in with boiled paste, cover with a thin paper and iron with a hot flat iron until the dampness is dried.

S.

THE REVIEWER.

THE WAVERLY NOVELS. In the front rank of the best and most useful writers of fiction, towering above them all, indeed, stands today as it has stood for nearly two generations, the name of Sir Walter Scott, whose works will live and be read with pleasure and profit as long as the English language is understood. Though as a poet he ranked among the first of his time, his great passport to fame were his novels, at the head of which we must place those masterly productions known as the Waverly Novels. These stories will never grow old and a new edition is always in order. We are pleased to see that a new, handsome, profusely illustrated and yet cheap edition is now being issued which promises to answer the popular demands more fully than any previous one. This is the celebrated "Thistle Edition," the text of which is that of the "Author's Edition" of 1829, while its illustrations are those of the "Abbotsford Edition," thus combining the distinctive merits of these two favorite foreign editions. It also contains copies of the antiquities illustrating the historical events and personages of the novels, which were gathered by the author in his museum in Abbotsford. In its clear typography, beautifully tinted paper and tasteful binding it has never been equalled. Forty-eight volumes, averaging 400 pages each, and containing nearly 2000 illustrations, will complete the series, the price of which is but \$1.50 per volume, cloth, or \$2.25 in half Turkey morocco. Published by E. J. Hale & Son. C. K. Dabney, General Agent, 17 Murray-st., New York.

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA. Parts 1 to 12 have been received from the New England Agent, Mr. Horace King, Thompsonville, Conn. This work combines the advantages of a whole library of information. History, biography, geography, science, art and language are all dealt with great comprehensiveness, as well as with an attention to details which enables the reader to find just the facts he is in search of under their appropriate head and with the least possible expenditure of time. The great feature of this encyclopedia is the skill which it exhibits of the great art of condensation. The illustrations in these numbers are not only numerous but felicitous, helping as they do to deepen and enlarge the impression made by the text. There is frequently a charming suggestiveness about them. This Encyclopedia, with its excellent maps will, it will be seen, serve the place of many volumes as a work of reference, while the freshness as well as fullness of its information will tempt many readers to turn its attractive pages, which are lighted up by illustrations that emphasize the value and significance of its excellent literary contents. This valuable work is sold only by subscription. A specimen number containing a beautiful map, is still sent to any address on receipt of 20 cents.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for April, with eighty-five illustrations, contains a rich variety of matter, suited to all classes of readers. The end of the Second Book of "Daniel Deronda," George Eliot's new novel, is given in this number. In these chapters the hero of the story appears, and the masterly sketches of his youthful career are even more beautiful than the pictures previously given of the "spoiled child," Gwendolen. A story of considerable length, entitled "Old Gardiston," is contributed by Constance Fenimore Woolson. It is a Southern story, and its characters are strongly drawn. Benson J. Lossing's opening article on "The Romance of the Hudson," beautifully illustrated, is not confined to Revolutionary events, but deals also with lighter legends and matters of literary interest. Among the illustrations is one of the interior of Madame Jumel's mansion. In view of the Centennial Exposition, soon to be opened in Philadelphia, Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis's exceedingly entertaining paper on "Old Philadelphia" will be read every-

where with the greatest interest. This paper, which is profusely illustrated, relates entirely to the social life and customs of Ante-revolutionary Philadelphians. A second paper will follow, treating of the revolutionary period. Professor Samuel Lockwood's second paper on "The Microscope," amply illustrated, presents some very curious results of microscopic investigation. The "First Century" paper this month, devoted to "Progress of the Fine Arts," is contributed by S. S. Conant, and is illustrated with sixteen portraits, beginning with that of Paul Revere, of revolutionary fame, and ending with that of John F. Kensett. Dr. Samuel Osgood contributes, in his characteristic style, an illustrated paper on "St. Johnland," a beautiful charity conceived years ago by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, and now in successful operation. William R. Hooper gives, in a short article, a very interesting account of the famous "Tulip Mania," early in the seventeenth century. The Editor's Easy Chair devotes considerable space to Household Art.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. Number 1659 of The Living Age, bearing date March 25th, is the last of the current volume. This and the preceding weekly number contain the following, among other valuable articles: Modern English Prose, *Fortnightly Review*; Dutch Guiana, by W. Gifford Palgrave, part III; The Pope and Magna Charter, by Cardinal Manning, *Contemporary Review*; George Eliot's Heroines, *Spectator*; Mazarin, by the author of "Mirabeau," etc., *Temple Bar*; Some Traits of Composers, *Macmillan*; Caroline Herschel, *Temple Bar*; The Two Amperes, *Edinburgh Review*; Matthew Prior, *Cornhill*; A Winter Morning's Ride, *Macmillan*; The Drainage of the Zuyder Zee, *Nature*; together with the story of "Bee or Beatrix," from *Blackwood*, and the continuation of "The Dilemma"; the usual select poetry, miscellany, etc. Littell & Gay, Boston, publishers.

In LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for April, the fourth paper on "The Century, its Fruits and its Festival," brings us to the Centennial Exhibition, and after recounting the steps by which the project has been brought to its present stage, which is that of an assured success far exceeding the original anticipations of its most sanguine supporters, gives an ample and critical description of the principal buildings, with suitable illustrations. Readers who follow this series of articles will be prepared to visit the Exhibition with the previous knowledge of its aims and arrangements necessary for a proper comprehension and full enjoyment of the spectacle. The finely-illustrated "Sketches of India" are concluded in this number, the final paper dealing with the new era now opening for that magnificent country, whose most intelligent natives are rapidly assimilating the civilization of the West, and breaking down the barriers of caste and superstition. Lady Barker's "Letters from South Africa" are continued, and present a vivid picture of the new home she has sought in a region little known, and peculiar alike in its climate, fauna, population, and general condition. Of the fiction in this number it is sufficient to mention "The Atonement of Leam Dundas," which has taken so strong a hold on the interest of its readers, and a story by Sarah Winter Kellogg, "The House that Susan built," which is evidently a study from the life of female character and enterprise. The number is certainly a strikingly attractive one.

WIDE AWAKE for April is eminently pictorial. The Management of this magazine seem to understand one important point, viz.: the bulk of boys and girls are attracted by fair, large, open pictures; although there are plenty of engravings in this very number noticeable for fineness of detail for older tastes. The illustration of "Gold-Locks' Dream of Pussie-Willow," a delightful poem by Clara Doty Bates, is a charming design by Mrs. Finley, a sister of the poet. "The Fate of a Face-Maker" is another capital poem capably illustrated; both of these poems with their pictures are to be specially commended for originality of thought and gracefulness of expression. The "Behaving" paper in this number is worth the price of the year's subscription, which is only \$2.00 per annum. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, publishers.

GOLDEN HOURS for April begins with "A Regular Good Time," by Kate W. Hamilton; but the good time is also to be found in the

## THE OLD BROWN COT.

Words by E. A. DARBY.

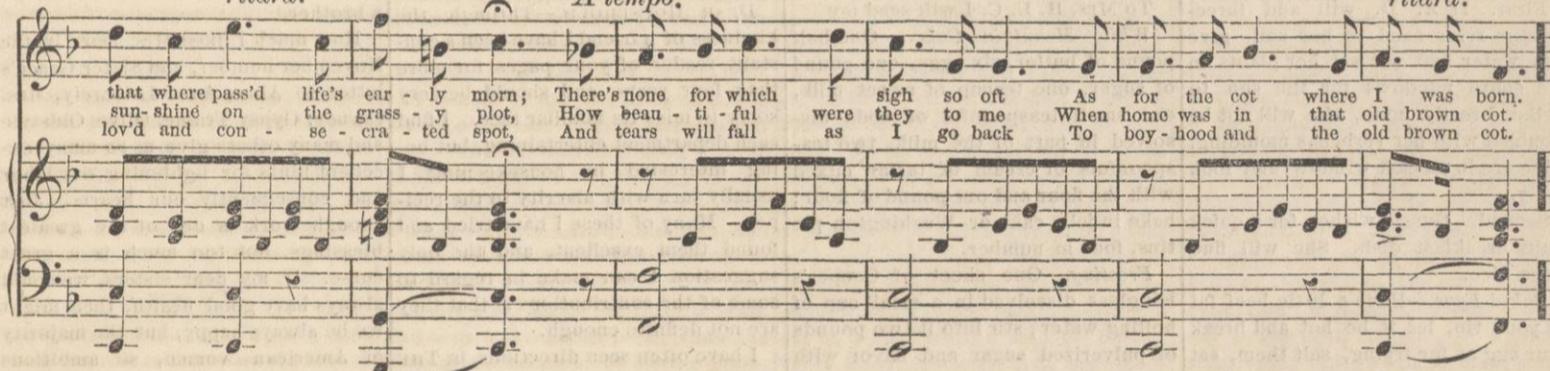
Music by E. CLARK.

*Allegretto moderato.*

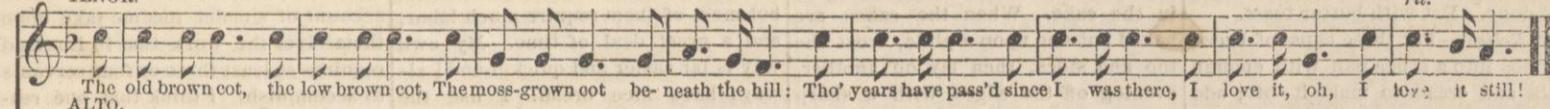
1. A - mong the scenes to the mem' - ry dear, To which my fan - ey oft re - turns, And for whose long - lost  
 2. It stood be - side the run - ning brook, Whose wa - ters turn'd the noi - sy mill, And close be -neath the  
 3. Tho' I may view the fair - est lands On which the sun in glo - ry beams, And dwell in climes more



days of joy tall old oaks My spir - it still in the sad - ness years; There's none which seems so dear to me As  
 beau - ti - ful Than po - ets vis - it in the slop - ing hill; The wood - bine creep - ing o'er the walls, The  
 beau - ti - ful Than po - ets vis - it in their dreams; Still will af - feec - tion lin - ger round, That

*ritard.**A tempo.**ritard.*

TENOR.

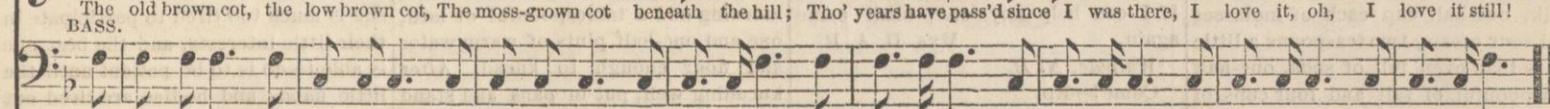


The old brown cot, the low brown cot, The moss-grown cot be -neath the hill: Tho' years have pass'd since I was there, I love it, oh, I love it still!

ALTO.



AIR.



The old brown cot, the low brown cot, The moss-grown cot beneath the hill; Tho' years have pass'd since I was there, I love it, oh, I love it still!

BASS.



other contributions, and goes clear through the number. In "Owldom" we see Solomon Owl has been offering prizes for the best

compositions containing certain words, and there is also a prize offered for the solution of an Easter Enigma. We wish the bird

and his owlets success. Any young person who is denied the regular visits of this little visitor is deprived of real solid happiness

that might be his, and is left outside of an influence which is pure and ennobling. Hitchcock & Walden, publishers, Cincinnati, O.



## THE HOUSEMOTHER.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

I will lead my humble life,  
Doing God's will as best I may;  
Nursing my babes in the hours of night,  
Guiding their feet by day  
Out into sunlight, the purest, whitest,  
Out into gardens whose bloom is brightest,  
Sipping the while the love they have brought me,  
Saying the lessons the babes have taught me.

I will lead my humble life,  
My quiet, simple, motherly life;  
There are tangles and thorns and rocky steeps,  
And this is a world of strife;  
And the little feet must learn to climb,  
And there must be warmth in their winter time,  
And thro' all labor and trials and care,  
Through tears and smiles and prayer,  
I weave my chains of love all golden,  
And my babes are safely holden.

There might be for me a laurel crown  
At the end of some climbing way;  
But I think my life in the harvest land  
Is better for me, and I pray  
That the little sheaf with its precious grains,  
I am gleaning here with a world of pains,  
May please my Lord when the time shall come  
For the feast of the Harvest Home.  
Hudsonville, Mich.

## CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

M R CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—THE HOUSEHOLD greeted us last evening, receiving its usual warm welcome. In reading it I find under the heading of "Questions and Answers," some friends who ask for help. I will try to do my part, hoping to do good.

First. If A. D. will add three-fourths river sand to her soil, give less water and not set her plants in the south windows for the sun to strike directly upon, she will not be troubled with her verbenas moulding. Mine are in an east window and look finely.

Second. Gussie wishes for a quick plain breakfast dish. She will find these nice.

Baked Eggs.—Have a little beef fat in your tin, let it be hot and break your egg as for frying, salt them, set in a hot oven a few minutes and they are done. Eat with butter toast.

A Relish.—Put three cups of bread crumbs into a sauce pan with enough milk and cream to make it soft; add salt and pepper to taste, and two eggs the last thing, then fry as omelette. Serve hot.

Please tell Agawam if she will try my recipe for graham bread she cannot fail in having it light and good. Take two cups of buttermilk or sour milk, one-half cup each of molasses and sour cream, two teaspoons a little more than even full of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt and four cups of graham flour; beat well, add the soda dissolved in a little hot water, then two cups of fine flour; let it rise in the pan you bake it in, one hour. Bake in a good steady heat as for brown bread, an hour and a half. This makes one large loaf.

As Mrs. Dora A. is in despair, wishing for a cake without eggs, I will send her three recipes, trusting she will like them as we do.

Graham Cake.—Two cups of brown

sugar, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, softened, two cups of sour milk, five cups of flour, one-half pound of raisins, one teaspoonful each of soda, allspice, cinnamon and cloves, and nearly one nutmeg. Not bake in a fast oven.

Sponge Gingerbread.—One tumbler each of molasses and water, one dessert spoonful of ginger, (less if you like,) four dessert spoonfuls of butter, one full teaspoon of soda and four and one-half scant cups of flour.

Cookies.—Two cups of sugar, three-fourths of a cup of butter, one cup of sweet or sour milk, if sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda and flour to roll.

Mrs. R. B. G. of Tulula, Ill., wishes directions for making good wheat bread. First, I will tell her how I make my yeast. Two cups of grated potato, one and one-half quarts of boiling water poured slowly on it so as not to have it lumpy, one pint of boiling water poured on to one-half cup of hops; bring to a boil, strain on to the potato; when the boiling heat is off add one cup of white sugar and one-half cup of salt; when of the right heat add one cup of good yeast to rise it. This will keep a long time and not sour. For my bread, I use one pint of warm milk, one-half cup of yeast, make quite stiff and set in a warm place to rise; in the morning I add one dessert spoonful of sugar, lard, and butter half as large as an egg, made soft but not oily. I sometimes add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda; let it rise again then knead well, rise and bake one hour. This makes two loaves.

To Mrs. H. E. C. I will send my White Mountain Cake.—One-half pound of butter, six eggs, one pound of sugar, one teacup of sweet milk, one small teaspoonful of soda dissolved in part of the milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar mixed with the flour and one pound of flour; bake in jelly cake or Washington pie tins, four in number.

Frosting.—One sheet of Cooper's izinglass dissolved in a small cup of boiling water; stir into it two pounds of pulverized sugar and flavor with vanilla or almond; put the same kind in the cake. When the cakes are baked put one upon a plate, frost the top and sides, then lay on another, evening off the edges with a sharp knife, frost that in the same manner till all are done and the white mountain is finished. It is a handsome ornament for a supper table.

I know you rejoice because this is the last, but if you could take a taste of the goodies you would not scold. If I can help any one, shall come again.

Mrs. D. A. R.

Walpole, N. H.

Come!—ED.

MR. CROWELL:—As you have thought it worth while to publish my recipes for puffs and brown bread, I will send you my recipe for preparing brewis from the crust and crumbs of said brown bread. I place them in an earthen baking dish, (if very hard it is well to put them to soak the night before,) adding a little water, only sufficient to soften them thoroughly; when well softened and warmed

through add sufficient new milk to make the mixture about the thickness of well cooked hominy, allowing it to become thoroughly heated and cooked; there should be no lumps remaining in it; just before removing from the fire add one-half tablespoonful of butter, a little salt and two or three tablespoonfuls of nice sweet cream. This makes breakfast dish thoroughly appreciated at my table.

Perhaps some of your readers would like to know a very nice way of cooking, or re-cooking cold hominy. We sometimes fry it in very nice brown slices, but it meets more general approval when prepared as an omelette, notwithstanding some think anything but an omelette, *au naturel*, too indigestible a preparation to be eaten. Baked in this way the top beans are as soft as any and have a delicious flavor; beans thus cooked are also more healthy than with pork. Of course pork can be fried and placed on the table for those persons who think they cannot eat beans without it.

HELEN.

Oak Park, Ill.

## LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. CROWELL:—I came to the dear friends of THE HOUSEHOLD because I wished for sympathy and help. I asked for bread and, in one letter at least, received a stone. I did not ask a homily on a wretched disease of the digestive organs, of which I have never had or expect to have any experience. Advice without sympathy is worthless, and I sometimes think *vice versa*. Common Sense gave me the advice, and my husband the sympathy, and both were lost for want of appreciation. I thank the other dear sisters who sent me loving words from their kind hearts; such words help us on more cheerfully with our burdens, and how good it is to think we have friends to love us. I have come to love many of THE HOUSEHOLD Band like sisters, and our editor like a brother.

How much I liked Mrs. Dorr in the November number, and Sister Grace's letter to Alice, Aunt Leisurely, Mrs. Carney, Gypsy Train, Olive Oldstyle and many others give us so many excellent hints for lightening our labor and consequently our hearts. Just enough work is one of the greatest blessings, but too much is a great curse. If, my dear sisters, we could always have good health, then might we be always happy, but the majority of American women, so ambitious for their children and selves, and on account of slender income take upon themselves the work that in England requires at least three or four servants to accomplish. I think that one reason why English women are so much healthier. A mother ought to have certainly two-thirds of her time to devote to her children's mental and moral training; instead, she works hard all day and when evening comes and the little ones gather around her, she is much too tired to participate in their little interests, and the best she is able to do is to be patient until the little hands and bodies are tired out and tucked away in their nests, while the thrice precious moments are sliding by which ought to be filled to the utmost with love and care that will show its best fruit in the years to come, when these little men and women go out into the world to be the weal or woe to others as well as themselves.

One of your correspondents who opposes the use of lard and pork says: "to bake with beans use a piece of salt beef instead of pork." Now I want to give THE HOUSEHOLD my recipe for baking beans which I con-

many different courses; let us have healthful and palatable food and plenty of it; and then remember a plain dress is always the most beautiful if it feels comfortable, fits nicely and is of becoming color. Each housekeeper knows best where she can best save time.

Of course all the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD will attend the centennial exhibition. Why can we not by previous arrangement meet each other there, and there we will drink toasts to our editor, not from the baleful green teapot or any other stimulant, only from the fount of kindly feeling, from out whose depths come sparkling all the thoughts and actions that make life so beautiful.

What a blessed thing it is, my friends, to have the love of our Heavenly Father in our hearts all the time; it seems as though His care for us may be likened to a dear loving parent, ever ready to give us just the help we need in every emergency.

Dessie M. will receive my address from Mr. Crowell. —HEARTSEASE.

MR. EDITOR.—At home mother always asserted that she couldn't "keep house without THE HOUSEHOLD." Taking her statement as a guide when I left the soil to which this paper is indigenous to set up my household gods in this most beautiful of western cities I straightway made sure of the monthly visits of this compendium of practical literature. It may not be inappropriate to remark that the stories are not the first thing perused, as in the days of yore, but that with certain inward forebodings which warn me that the next day's bill of fare must be prepared, I turn to the recipes to find a solution of the bread and butter problem that will afford physical comfort and mental respite.

I read the letters of THE HOUSEHOLD with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain. To you who write letters full of dark doubts and sad repinings I have a word to say. My heart aches for you, knowing that these dark hours creep into many of our days, making us forget that somewhere the sun is shining brightly and that all our cases are brooded over with the tender pity of One who tells us He will give us rest.

But, dear friends, are not our murmurings, our putting into words the grief we feel, encouraging others to complain in words? Would it not be better to strive to speak cheerfully if we speak at all? As the harmless spark which dies of itself if unmolested grows into a consuming fire if fanned by the breeze, so will our troubles be magnified by expression.

Madison, Wis. —FRANK.

MY DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—My washing is out this morning in wonderful good season for the very reason that each rub-a-dub-dub had a thought for this family of ours. First, as the day was comfortably warm, the children could play out doors and keep happy without a word from their leader. That is one great help for a few hours hard work.

Secondly, the soft water and good old fashioned lye soap, and bright, hard, dry wood, were great helps. I would like to remark right here that I

have been in the habit of using Babbit's soap for the last five years with great success and pay less for it than for Dobbins', the cakes are larger and I like the feeling of the water better. I never wash colored flannels in soft soap. We can keep red flannels bright as new if washed in hard soap, and nice new prints should never be washed in lye soap.

So much for soap, now let me add for the benefit of our younger members, don't ever use your strength in lifting heavy tubs of water or large baskets full of clothes, because you have the strength. Many young housekeepers do this lifting work needlessly, are lame after it, and never know why.

Now about the bean water; be sure to throw that on the ground, never in the drain. In hot summer weather the odor is very offensive and earth is so cleansing to bad smell. I think THE HOUSEHOLD has told us that any jar, barrel, or box smells sweetly after being buried in the ground a while.

In reading yesterday's daily, I noticed an account of a whole family having been poisoned by the use of copper reservoir water for tea; another, not long since, of soup poisoning, that was cooked in copper and allowed to remain in the kettle overnight. We housekeepers cannot be too careful in regard to all such matters.

Have I ever told you how good cold chicken or lamb is, chopped fine and seasoned like sausage, warmed up in butter and water? or still another dish quite as palatable; boil chicken, veal, or lamb, till very tender; slip it from the bones, chop fine, and while warm add seasoning like sausage and some of the liquor the meat was boiled in; form into rolls, then slice and eat cold.

A small pinch of saleratus will sweeten canned fruit when slightly sour. If Mr. Crowell is kind enough to allow space for this message to you, one and all, I mean sometime to send a Plea for the Little Children, and would advise all who are able to, to take some weekly for the little ones and buy good books for them to read.

Can they find a better paper than the Youth's Companion, or better books than Miss Alcott's "Little Women," in two volumes and "Little Men," in one volume. If we ever expect temperance men and women in our land we must start our children in that direction, and reading is such a help in governing our families.

Who is Mrs. H. and when will we hear from her again? Hannah G., too, I sometimes think I know you are a Vermonter. I hope to hear from Florida very soon. —ALMA MATER.

Another busy day is ended, the little ones are sweetly sleeping, and after a quiet hour of reading THE HOUSEHOLD, I ask myself if fifteen years of country housekeeping, ought not to be able to give a few useful hints to some young housekeeper who also does her own work, because her own family cares prevent her finding time to wait upon a hired girl.

Four little daughters claim my attention, and keep busy one pair of not very strong hands, and yet with the assistance of a good sewing machine we can keep the little ones tidily

dressed, and the household machinery running smoothly so that home can be an attractive place to papa, who is so busy all day at the workshop; and also to have a pleasant sitting room, and time to sit in it, all ready for a quiet chat with a friendly neighbor, who may happen in to sit an hour or two. But do I always keep prepared for company? that is, plenty cooked for tea as we country people say?

Not always, my sisters, as my yesterday's experience will prove; for after putting up dinners for "my John" and two little school girls, I found my pantry cupboard decidedly empty. Monday's washing brings Tuesday's ironing, so the morning housework was done quickly as possible, the babies, one and a half, and three years old, had their side of the kitchen well supplied with playthings, and we ironed till eleven o'clock, when the last little apron was finished and we took a lunch and rested till twelve.

And now a neighbor calls to say, that if agreeable our minister, wife, and sister, will spend the afternoon with me. And now, dear babies, take dolls and sleep, or play sleep, on the warm lounge while mamma replenishes that empty cupboard. So we will take one quart of flour, one measure each of Hosford's baking preparation, and sift the whole together, and mix with sweet milk, form into a loaf and put it into the already hot oven. Now, one cup of sour cream, one cup of coffee sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful extract of lemon, one of saleratus, one and one-half cups sifted flour, beaten together five minutes, pour into a long cake tin and set it in the coolest part of the oven. Next, one cup sweet milk, one-half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two eggs, one half a teaspoonful saleratus, one of cream of tartar, one-half a cup of raisins, one teaspoonful each of nutmeg, cloves, and cinnamon, two cups of flour, beat five minutes and place it to bake by the side of your bread.

The clock is striking two and a loaf of bread, and two loaves of cake, all light as a feather, are standing by the open window of the pantry; while a jar of canned fruit, a dish of butter, table linen, crockery, etc., are standing on the pantry table; ourselves and babies dressed and waiting to welcome our guests and spend the next three hours in pleasant conversation.

And here comes the "gude man" from his work shop, and the little school girls, and the table is set, and our friends invited to the supper of bread, and home made butter, canned fruit, cream and spice cake, and several goblets of nice milk, also several cups of tea, already.

And, my dear sisters, don't make the children wait, but bring them to the table, arrange them on one side, your guests on the other, while yourself and husband occupy the ends; give the little ones plenty of bread, fruit, and new milk, and see that they are early taught that food and plates were not made to be thrown upon the floor, also teach them to remain quiet while the guests are being served. I can assure you that a properly trained child is a beautiful ornament to your tea table.

Well, after tea, and a half hour spent in conversation, our guests de-

part; the tea things are put to rights, and the four little sleepers announce that mamma's day's work is done. A very busy day, my sisters, but also, a very pleasant one, entirely free from hurry and worry.

But what if no neighbor had called and given me two hours of preparation? If company had come unexpectedly, and baby had been ill and fretful with teething, thus demanding my constant attention? This has more than once happened in my own family, and I have seated my guests and told them the situation in plain words, without any apology; and, my word for it, no sensible acquaintance would think of stopping, except for a short call. But if those guests were unthinking people, without children, or with plenty of servants, and had come visiting any way, let them visit, but I should take care of baby, even at the risk of having for supper a hot gingerbread, and hot biscuit, prepared after papa took baby.

My sisters, let us keep our homes attractive as possible, but let us also remember that the day of miracles is past! "She hath done what she could" is sufficient praise. And let us cultivate independence of action; think you your heart will ache less to know that that one afternoon of neglecting your little one caused that little grave to be made under the snow, than it would to know, that at the next sewing society, your shabby supper was commented upon?

Truly, truly, the virtues of good housekeeping are great, but the greatest of all is independence!

I am, dear HOUSEHOLD Band, your well-wisher, —DELIA WILLARD.

TO THE SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—I often think when looking over the recipes in THE HOUSEHOLD of the old adage, "my light is none the less for lighting my neighbor's;" those who give recipes to their less experienced sisters, do not thereby lessen their own knowledge.

I have derived much profit from many of the recipes, and some amusement from the discussion concerning hop *versus* salt rising. If I could have read this when I first commenced housekeeping, I might have derived benefit, as my experience concerning the latter resembles Vilette's, but I have now got my hand in, in making hop yeast, and the bread gives satisfaction, so I do not care to change. I was surprised at the sentiments expressed in the March number entitled, Bread in Winter; nearly every person now has a stove in which they keep a fire all the time, and I, for one, do not have any difficulty in making bread as easily in winter as in summer.

I cannot endorse what sister Jessie writes concerning boiling milk; I have tried it to-day, and the milk had such a scorched taste as to spoil the pudding which I made with it.

I was astonished beyond measure by the question asked by the lady who says she has borne eight children in the last ten years, sews and cares for them, and wants to know how she shall earn money! Where would you find any spare time and strength? is the case real or imaginary? if real the only thing I could suggest would be to take them around for a show, for

never have I seen or heard of so many own brothers and sisters so near of an age.

With best wishes for the continued prosperity of THE HOUSEHOLD, I remain,

S. P.

THOSE "SMALL ECONOMIES."

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

I was much pleased with Sister Jessie's sensible view of true economy; that which, if need be, curtailed needless and hurtful expenditures for the sake of feeding the mind and soul. It is true that the greatest extravagance is for the gratification of the animal nature, sensualism, while the mind is starving.

She made a very good beginning; started in the right direction, but did not complete the work, as she could not in a single article. The real necessities of life are comparatively few, and not beyond the reach of those of moderate income. But is it asked how, in these "hard times"—some always grumble about "hard times"—one can live decently and still have a few dollars to expend for mental culture and the gratification of taste? I answer, abridge the doctor's bills. Some of us know by our recipes that it costs some families a large sum to be cured, or in other words to ward off the penalty of wrong doing. I do not hesitate to say that three-fourths at least of such expense may be saved by plain living, and by regarding the conditions of health.

The most expensive articles of our tables are those which tickle the palate and derange the whole system while they contain less nourishment than food costing far less. The grains contain the most nourishment for their cost, if we except peas and beans. The best of sirloin steak costs at least four times as much as equally nourishing pieces from another part of the creature, all a matter of fancy; some of the fishes costing one-fifth, containing more nutriment than the steaks according to the best authority. Indeed, "One may live," says Dr. Hall, on graham bread and water." Of course this is not necessary or advisable. We have a right if we can buy and pay for them, to have some reference to pleasure; using the fruits, etc., so favorable to the health.

It is also true that soups made of the less expensive parts, will furnish more nourishment and gustatory pleasure than the more fashionable portions. This is especially true in the use of the bones; in part when the tap is used for shortening as a substitute for butter and lard—far more wholesome than the latter, also economical in the ordinary use of butter. Again, we may cut off the more hurtful luxuries, such as the tobacco and liquors—never useful to any class in their habitual use. These cost, in some families, more than the substantials, and yield a return of misery and pain only.

In the summer season also we shall find that pure water is as good a drink for health as tea and coffee and as favorable to health. It is quite certain that there is more spent in many if not most families for these with sugar and butter than for books and literature, and yet these are luxuries, the

butter containing no nourishment save that which promotes fat and warmth, necessary in some form in cold weather.

Now these are not pronounced all wrong, but luxuries not really needed to sustain life and which may be dispensed with if needful for the sake of enjoying mental gratifications, ennobling the higher nature. The extravagances of dress are left to others to consider.

SOAP MAKING.

MR. CROWELL:—Noticing an inquiry from A. S. W. for a recipe for making soft soap, I will send one that I have tried and find excellent. Pour on one-half pound of sals soda, two quarts of boiling water in an earthen ware pan, then take one-half of a pound of hard soap cut fine, put it into a saucepan with two quarts of cold water, stand it on a fire till it boils, and when perfectly dissolved and boiling add it to the former; mix it well and let it stand till cold when it will have the appearance of strong jelly.

MRS. E. L. B.

Cranberry Isles, Me.

Fine Toilet Soap.—Four pounds of white chemical soap and one-fourth of a pound of sal soda, dissolved in one gallon of soft water; when all is dissolved add one-half ounce each of aqua ammonia, spirits of camphor, and sulphuric ether; when nearly cool color with one ounce of vermillion, perfumed with one ounce of essence of sassafras. Run into moulds.

Excellent Common Soap.—Take five pounds of soda ash and dissolve it in three gallons of water by boiling; two and one-half pounds of white lime; slack it with boiling water; when the soda ash comes to a boil, pour it over the lime, stir it well and let it settle and pour off the clear water. Take ten pounds of grease, add the water to it and let it boil, pour more boiling water over the lime, take the clear water, add it to the grease in your boiling until you have ten gallons. Boil four hours, put it into tubs until cold then cut into bars according to convenience. To make soft soap double the quantity of water.

L. M.

Borax in Soap.—A person who has experimented in soaps, gives it as her opinion from actual trial that the addition of three-quarters of a pound of borax to one pound of soap melted without boiling makes a saving of one-half in the cost of soap and of three-fourths the labor of washing. It also improves the whiteness of the fabric and takes away or prevents the usual stiff and rough feeling which the use of common soap imparts to the hands.

G. L.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I send a recipe for hard soap which I have used for many years for all ordinary household purposes with great satisfaction. I hope some of the sisters will try it with equal success. Six pounds each of sal soda and grease, three pounds of lime, air slackened will do and five gallons of boiling water; measure the water in a large iron boiler, pour the soda and lime into it and when it boils and the lumps are all dissolved

set it away all night, then pour the water carefully from the dregs and pour the grease to it; return it to the boiler after it has been well washed and let it boil half an hour or until all the grease is absorbed, set it away to cool and it will be solid soap to the bottom.

A. C. H.

OLD FASHIONED HOE CAKE.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Dear Sir:—As I have become one of THE HOUSEHOLD sisterhood, I have thought of contributing my mite to the many excellent recipes which appear in your columns. Some one inquires how to make old fashioned hoe cake. The way negroes and hundreds of white people make it is this: Mix up corn meal with salt—or without, according to taste,—and water; grease the bottom of the skillet, sprinkle dry meal over it, let it brown, then put the dough down, and press smoothly all over the skillet; when done sufficiently to turn, run a knife under it, place the hand on top and turn it quickly.

I send also a first rate recipe for making light bread, which I think far preferable to this vile yeast raised stuff, that a great many appear to like so much—I can't abide it myself. Boil a pint of new milk, take off the scum that rises on top, then put in cold water until the milk is brought down to the right temperature, say blood heat, then stir in three large tablespoonfuls of corn meal, then flour until you have a stiff batter. This must be kept uniformly warm, and stirred occasionally until it begins to rise. For shortening, use butter or lard, two large tablespoonfuls; a teaspoonful of soda, and salt to the taste. Knead twenty minutes, have your pans warm and well greased, then fill half full of the dough, and set in a warm place to rise. When ready to bake have your oven as hot as for biscuit, this prevents the bread from rising too much and running over. When done wrap it in a cloth to prevent it from drying too much.

A sister asks through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD how to remove rust from knives. Here is a recipe which I think will suit her. Rub very hard with a piece of wash leather, dipped in powdered charcoal, moistened with spirits of wine; rub this off quickly and wash the knives in hot water, then rub them perfectly dry.

After that put dry flour on a piece of paper and rub them well, and they will be beautifully polished. If the rust does not come off on the first application repeat it several times.

Now, Mr. Editor, this is my first contribution, and that my "left hand may not know what my right hand doeth," only attach the initials of my name to the recipes when you publish them, that is, if you think them worthy a place in your paper. Perhaps they may benefit some poor perplexed sister, besides the one who inquires for information. I am very respectfully,

MRS. W. M. P.

Bostwick, Georgia.

TO CLEAN ENAMELED GRATES OR MANTELS.

Wash the mantel or grate with clear soft water, using a sponge or soft cloth, wipe dry with chamois skin or

soft cotton cloth, then saturate a little raw cotton with sweet oil and rub on the mantel, spread as thin as possible; now take some raw cotton, dip it in flour and dust it on the mantel, rub the surface with the cotton and flour until the oil is cleansed off and you will have a fine polish.

AUNTIE OF RURAL.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—A subscriber asks for a recipe for removing spots and stains from marble. I have one. Take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice stone and one of finely powdered chalk. Sift it through a fine sieve and mix it with water then rub it over the marble and the stains will be removed; wash the marble afterwards with soap and water.

GEORGE.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MRS. WATSON'S HERMITS.—One cup of butter, one and one-half cups of brown sugar, three eggs, one cup of chopped raisins, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of milk, all kinds of spice and flour enough to roll out; cut as cookies and bake.

BLIND BIRDS.—Take a piece of beef steak as large as your hand and spread it on the table, cut a piece of bacon as large as a finger and lay it in, then cut up some onions fine and spread them over, salt and pepper it to taste, add a pinch of juniper berries, roll it up and tie it with some thread so it will not open, then stew and fry an hour.

POTATO SLAW.—Boil potatoes, peel them and slice fine, take a small piece of bacon and let it fry out, then slice a few onions and let them fry till a light brown, put a spoonful of flour in and let it get yellow, then pour in a little water and vinegar, stew a minute, then sprinkle salt and pepper over the potatoes and raw onions, pour your sauce over them and they are ready to serve.

Cimarron, New Mexico. JULIA.

HOME-MADE HARD SOAP.—Were the good qualities of this inexpensive soap more generally known, no family would be willing to be without it. It is valuable for washing white clothes, rendering them very clean and white; it is also excellent for flannels and calicos, never fading but brightening the colors; it is good likewise for the hands, removing all roughness and causing them to become soft and smooth. Six pounds each of sal soda and lard, three pounds of stone lime and four gallons of soft water. Dissolve the lime and sal soda in the water by boiling, stirring, settling and pouring off, then return it to the kettle, using brass or copper, and add the lard and boil until it becomes soap, then pour it into a tub and when cold cut it into bars and let it dry.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Three cups of warm water or milk, one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, and one cup of yeast; stir with a spoon as stiff as possible, turn it into a baking dish to rise, and when light bake.

ANNA B.

LOAF CAKE.—Two eggs, two cups each of bread and sugar, one cup of butter, one-half cup each of sour milk and cream, one teaspoonful of saleratus, spice to taste and fruit.

PRATTIE.

SOUP DUMPLINGS.—A subscriber asks for a recipe for soup dumplings that would not get heavy. Here is one. Take one pint of water, one-half cup of butter and a little salt; let it boil, stir in flour enough to make a stiff dough; bake it well, then beat it up with four eggs and a little cinnamon, cut it in with a spoon in small lumps as it rises; boil one minute.

MRS. R. H.

Livermore, Cal.

HOP YEAST.—Mrs. E. E. R. wishes to know how to make hop yeast without potatoes I will tell her my way and also of mak-

ing a good loaf of bread. Take a handful of hops, steep them in a quart of water, take one tablespoonful of flour or middlings, wet it in cold water then pour the hop water boiling hot over it and set it on the stove and let it boil; add one tablespoonful each of salt and sugar; when it boils set it off and when blood warm put in one cup of good yeast.

GOOD PLAIN BREAD.—Take two pints of flour and the same of middlings, add one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar and one cup of good yeast; mix it up with warm water; do not mix it too stiff; set it in a warm place to rise and when light knead into loaves, let it rise again till light then bake in a hot oven.

MRS. S. H. B.  
Jackson, Cal.

TO KEEP DRIED BEEF.—I see in THE HOUSEHOLD a recipe for keeping dried beef. I will give you my way. When the beef is ready to dry I enclose it in a bag of thin cloth to keep the dust off while drying. When dried I wrap it in a paper, then take the ashes out of the parlor stove, put in a dry stick of wood and lay the beef on it and shut the stove. For twelve years I have found it a perfect place. No insects ever find it.

MARY.

APPLE FRITTERS.—It is a long time ago that I noticed an inquiry for a recipe for apple fritters and have seen a number of recipes for the same but none like mine. Pare four good sized apples, leave whole and cut out as much of the core as you can without breaking the apple and cut in thin round slices, cutting out the core as you go along; when the apples are cut make a batter not too thick but so it will run from your spoon easily, by the following: Two or three eggs, one-half cup of granulated sugar, one cup of milk and flour enough to make the batter as above stated; then put your sliced apples in the batter, always taking a tablespoonful of batter with a round slice of apple, and fry in hot lard to a nice brown, then put sugar and cinnamon over the top of each one; you will find them good if made right; they are nicer when eaten warm.

IDA L. H.  
West Meriden, Ct.

COOKING PARSNIPS.—Not long ago I saw an inquiry about cooking parsnips. Some one replied and said boil them, but I think if she should try my way she never would boil any more. Parsnips are much better left in the ground through the winter. In the spring dig and scrape the skin off, then slice as you would potatoes to fry, put them into a deep dish with butter, pepper, and salt to taste and a very little water and bake in a slow oven for an hour or so.

PICKLING CABBAGE.—I will tell Com. the way I pickled some this year. My husband and others say I have hit the nail on the head this year in pickling cabbage. I first picked all the large leaves off then grated them nicely, then put them on and boiled until tender, then took them out and drained until all the water was out; then I took vinegar, pepper, allspice, etc., one teaspoonful of sugar to every quart of vinegar, or more if your vinegar is very strong, boiled it five or ten minutes, then poured it on the cabbage, put on a weight to press down and set away for use.

MRS. H. H.  
Willow Creek, Montana.

FROSTED LEMON PIE.—One lemon chopped fine as possible, one cup of white sugar, the yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of water; beat all together and bake with nice crust.

The Frosting.—The whites of two eggs, five large teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar, and one teaspoonful of extract of lemon; beat well together and spread on the pie; set it in the oven till nicely browned.

HATTIE.

A SALLY LUNN.—For Nettie. Sift into a pan one and one-half pounds of flour, make a hole in the middle and put in two ounces of butter, warmed in one pint of milk, one saltspoonful of salt, three well beaten eggs and two tablespoonfuls of the best fresh yeast; mix the flour well into the other ingredients and put the whole in a pan that has been well greased with butter; cover and set in a warm place to rise; when light bake in a moderate oven; send to the table hot and eat with butter.

GOLD CAKE.—For Novice. One-half cup of butter, one cup each of sugar, flour and corn starch, one-half cup of sweet milk, yolks of four eggs, the whole of one, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one of cream of tartar; flavor with rose or lemon.

SILVER CAKE.—For Novice. One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup each of butter and sweet milk, one cup each of flour and corn starch, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and the whites of four eggs beaten very stiff; flavor with almonds. These can be baked separately or in layers in the same pan.

DELICIOUS LEMON CUSTARD.—The juice and rind of one lemon, one cup of sugar, the yolks of two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half pint of milk; line the plates with paste and pour in this custard; while baking, beat the whites of two eggs very stiff, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and spread over the pie when done and brown slightly in the oven.

CHOW-CHOW.—For Lizzie H. H. Chop fine two quarts of green tomatoes, one quart of white onions, one dozen each of green peppers and cucumbers and one large head of cabbage; season with mustard and celery seed to suit the taste and cover with the best cider vinegar; boil two hours slowly stirring very often; soon as taken from the stove add two tablespoonfuls of salad oil; cover tightly and keep cool.

L. E. D.

WASHINGTON PIE.—One cup each of white sugar and flour, four eggs, piece of butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda; flavor to suit the taste and bake in two pans.

If cake or bread becomes dry and hard I place in a tight jar and stretch across the top a wet cloth; let it remain until dry or the cake is wanted.

A. M. E.

PRESSED CHICKEN.—Cut the chickens into about four parts and boil them in as little water as possible; when done tender take out the meat but keep the broth boiling; pick the meat from the bones, take off the skin, chop it, put in some butter, pepper and salt, and as chicken meat is very dry you will need the broth to moisten it with; dip the oil all off before adding it to the meat and press it. That is nice enough for any kind of evening entertainment.

SAMIRAMIE.

STEAK TOAST.—A New England Dish. Take the part of leg of pork nearest the ham, clean the skin nicely, then boil, adding salt; when the flesh will leave the bone, take the meat out, cutting it crosswise, then pour the soup over it, let it stand until cold and it will form a jelly and be ready for use. To prepare it for use, toast bread enough for a meal, take what you need of meat and jelly and season with salt, pepper and butter to the taste, and pour hot over the toast and you will think it fit for a bishop.

MRS. L. C. M.

M. M. M. asks for a good recipe for fruit cake; I enclose mine.

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup each of butter, brown sugar, molasses and sweet milk, three eggs, one pound each of raisins and currants, one-half pound of citron, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful each of soda, cinnamon, cloves, and pepper, and three nutmegs.

FRUIT CAKE.—One pound each of flour and sugar, three-fourths of a pound of butter, three pounds of fruit, one small cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, five eggs, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, and allspice and two nutmegs.

AUNT MIRA.

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup each of butter, dark colored sugar, and molasses, three cups of flour, four eggs, one-half pound each of raisins and currants, citron as you like, one-half level teaspoonful of saleratus and all kinds of spice. It should be baked slowly two or three hours.

BECKY.

FRUIT CAKE.—M. M. M. wishes a recipe for fruit cake. I can give her an excellent one taken from the September number

of THE HOUSEHOLD, 1869. One cup of butter, one and one-half cups of water, three eggs, four cups of sugar and five cups of flour; beat well together and add one pound of raisins and one teaspoonful of soda. This will make four loaves or two dozen cup cakes. I think three-fourths of a pound of raisins is better than one pound.

A SISTER OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

QUESTION AND ANSWERS.

Will some one please tell me through THE HOUSEHOLD how to dye blue cloth black?

JULIA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD nearly five years. I have tried a number of the recipes and was always pleased with the result; through the kindness of Mrs. G. A. M. I have some very pretty articles of spatter work.

By your leave I would say to W. M. A. a little thin muslin bag of sulphur tied in the cage where the bird will pick it and sift it over him, will destroy the lice.

To C. E. R. To remove scurf from a baby's head, put a little fresh lard, or butter which has not been salted, on the head at night, and comb in the morning. I think she will not have to repeat many times before the head will be clean.

LOTTIE E. W.

Greenbush, N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I see in my paper for February, S. wishes to know how to keep stovepipes from rusting where one burns coal. I am using the same pipe I have used seven years on a base burner and kept it free from rust by cleaning the inside as clean as possible in the spring, and then pouring kerosene oil all over it outside, and if it runs in all the better. A stove dealer told me this winter that raw tallow or suet rubbed over it thoroughly was better than oil, I have not tried it. After putting on the oil, I wrap in newspapers and do not look at it till fall when I want it to put up.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Wapping, Conn.

The last HOUSEHOLD speaks of a charm quilt. Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD Band please tell what kind of a quilt it is?

MRS. W. OLIVER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to say to Daisy Marion that a polishing iron is very much different shape from a common flatiron; they can be procured at any hardware store, but if Daisy Marion would send her address to Rockland, Mass., box 161, I should be happy to present her with a polishing iron, and hope she may be as successful in using it as I have been with mine. She intends to take upon herself a sacred responsibility, may the future ever look as bright to her as it does now, and may love reign supreme, and that blessings may rest upon all the members of the Band, is the earnest wish of FANNY.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—I noticed in the January number some hints about making worsted flowers, it was signed Meta. I would like to ask her, or any of our HOUSEHOLD sisters (through THE HOUSEHOLD) for further information, it will be very acceptable. I dislike to trouble Meta so much, but if she would reply she would confer a lasting favor upon

KRTY.

MR. CROWELL.—Will you permit me to correct an error which occurs in the February number of THE HOUSEHOLD? The Palace hotel in San Francisco is spoken of as eleven stories high, it should be seven.

MRS. L. H. B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send a recipe for waxing brackets made of steel wrapped with knotted twine? and greatly oblige one of your members.

LURA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to have A. C. D. tell me how to make shell tidies, card receivers, etc.?

Will some one please tell me how to make an old mahogany bureau which has been in use twenty-five years, and the veneering partly off, look respectable. We have a stand the top of which is solid mahogany and would look nicely now, were it not for little patches of the veneering scaled off about the

drawer. Papa once asked a furniture dealer who discouraged him by telling him that there could not much be done with old furniture. He of course would like to sell the new, while necessity compels us to use the old.

L. H. S.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some kind friend please give a recipe for making sweet pickles of apples and peaches?

Also, tell me a good way to keep butter in this climate (southern Miss.), and what is the best time to begin packing for winter use?

I would like also to get a good recipe for making citron or water-melon preserves. In answering the foregoing questions, any one will greatly oblige,

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.  
Rocky Springs, Miss.

MR. CROWELL:—May I ask a question? Can any one tell me how they make raisin pie in Allentown, Pa.? My husband says he always gets a piece when there, and I've a great desire to know how they make it, or indeed how any one makes it as it is something that I've never tried.

MRS. R. A. B.

Will some one through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD please give me a recipe for cooking dried beef? and oblige, JULIA.

MR. CROWELL:—Can you, or any horticulturist, tell me the best, most effective, and permanent remedy for restoring the fruit-bearing quality of pear trees, which are yet young and have not borne fruit for three years or more? One is a Bartlett and blooms every season, but no fruit since 1869.

C. K. R.

MR. CROWELL:—Will Mary Wadleigh of Missouri, please send me through your columns, her recipe for corn cake? ANGIE.

Will some one, through the columns of your paper, inform me how to make husk mats and baskets? and oblige a young housekeeper.

S. W. KINDER.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some one please inform me through THE HOUSEHOLD how to furnish a buff chamber? Please send every particular, by doing so you will oblige a sincere reader of your paper.

MATTIE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I shall be very glad if I can add my mite to the large amount of practical knowledge found in your columns. I often see pieces in papers and old books and do not like the trouble of looking for them when needed for reference, so I make a scrap book and preserve them in that way, in a very convenient manner. Take any book, cut out two leaves and leave one, or cut out four and leave two, at any rate cut out twice as many as you leave. Proceed in this way till you get through the book; then paste in the pieces with flour paste about as thick as cream, after the pieces are laid on the leaf, rub down smoothly with a piece of cotton cloth, and when the book is full it will shut as well as any book and be as ornamental or plain as you choose to make it, and it will contain items and facts of great value. This is a good way to get a cook book, getting the different recipes and pasting into a book.

I recently heard of an improvement on cold starch. Dissolve in cold water and then add warm water till the starch is about as warm as new milk and clap the articles to be starched and they will take the starch in better than with cold water as usually made. Let them lie about an hour before ironing.

Dried apples are beginning to appear on the tables and are not generally welcomed I think, but if my friends of the cooking department will bake instead of stewing them, I think they will like them better. Bake in a brown earthen pot, not used for anything else, as the grease would spoil apples. Cover with cold water and if the fire scorches at all, put a cover on the dish and bake four or five hours, a longer time improves them.

Will some one please tell me how to make an old mahogany bureau which has been in use twenty-five years, and the veneering partly off, look respectable. We have a stand the top of which is solid mahogany and would look nicely now, were it not for little patches of the veneering scaled off about the last have less juice.

MECHANIC'S WIFE.



"WHOM HE LOVETH HE CHAS-  
TENETH."

Not to wound thee, lovely vine,  
But thy strength to foster,  
That on these fair boughs of thine  
Richer fruits may cluster.

Not to grieve thee, heart of mine,  
Does thy dear Lord chaste,  
But His wayward trailing vine  
To His strength would fasten.

Not a leaflet would he crush,  
Not a tendril sever,  
Only teach them how to grow  
Fair and good forever.

Murmur not, O, stricken heart,  
At thy loving Master,  
Thou shalt know his purpose wise  
In the bright hereafter.

MAY-DAY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY MRS. LIZZIE M. BOWLES.

MANY bright faces peered eagerly out of the windows of the different houses in the little village of Ripley, on May-day morning, 1874; but the brightness died out, as the quick eyes saw the snow lying a foot deep upon the ground, and the troubled hearts contemplated the impossibility of a picnic in the grove with mittens, but without flowers, even for the crown of Hattie Somers, their chosen queen. In some eyes the big tears gathered fast, and those, who by virtue of superior age, and belonging to the sterner sex, could not cry, were decidedly vexed.

In one of the village houses, old-fashioned, with large rooms, and a lovely garret, lived five of the disappointed ones, and with them one of the best and kindest of elder sisters, always ready to cheer troubled little hearts, and able to find a little sunshine in the darkest day. Looking sympathizingly at the vexed and tearful faces, sister Kate unfolded a plan for the day almost as good as the one the snow storm had spoiled.

After breakfast there was a great tramping to and fro, and merry voices rang out loud and sweet on the clear, cool air.

Ralph, a sturdy boy of twelve, was sent to the neighboring houses with permission to detail the new arrangements, and invite all the boys and girls to bring their baskets of good things and what flowers they could get, to his home at ten o'clock that morning. Good mothers robbed their window gardens of roses, geraniums, fuchsias and myrtle, glad of the chance to brighten doleful little faces.

A week before the children had planned their picnic and chosen their queen, the prettiest and poorest little maiden in the place. She had been sick for many weeks, but when the bright spring days came, she grew better and for days her pale face had brightened at the thought of the May festival.

This morning she stood sadly at the window, her blue eyes full of tears, when a quick rap came at the door, and Ralph entered. With low bow and knightly air he informed her that

a chariot drawn by six spirited horses would be at the door at half past ten, to convey her majesty to the place of coronation. Kate had spent some time in teaching him the speech and how to deliver it, and he reflected great credit on his teacher, by his gallant manners and courtly bow, as he departed, leaving queen Hattie bewildered but joyful.

Ah, me! you should have seen the carriage at the door two hours later, drawn by six rosy-cheeked boys, with as many "footmen" wading through the snow behind, all with warm caps and mittens that May morning. Adorned with gay shawls and gaudy trappings the old sleigh made an excellent chariot, and as for horses, more proudly stepping creatures could not be desired. Ralph, as master of ceremonies, led out the queen, and then you should have seen the dancing and the prancing, and heard the jingling of the bells with every movement of the impatient steeds. Never looked a queen prouder or happier than Hattie with her pale face peeping out from her warm hood as she rode in state to her coronation.

She was saluted by the other children, as she reached the appointed place and led triumphantly by her loyal subjects to the old-fashioned kitchen fitted up for the occasion. Being used only in summer there was, as yet, no stove in the room, but the old fireboard was down and the most magnificent of fires blazed royally in the wide fireplace. At one end of the room stood the long tables adorned with flowers, few indeed, but very bright and sweet, while in the center, on the snowy cloth lay the crown. There was a throne, too, Kate's ready hands had fashioned out of an old basket-bottomed arm-chair and a few bright coverings and gay cushions. It was really elegant, that chair of state, to which Hattie was conducted that she might rest till the grand ceremony at twelve.

Out of doors the boys were as merry as if snow balling were just the game for May-day, with here and there a bright-faced girl, fearless of cold fingers, or the name of "tomboy." In doors the girls were busy, the older ones helping Kate put upon the table the good things the various baskets had contained; while the wee lassies played "go visiting" with their dolls, as such maidens will. But Hattie's throne was the great center of attraction. The girls paused often to ask Hattie if the tables looked right, or to display some very fine specimen of the goodies they were arranging. Then little Kitty Knight crept up shyly and whispered, "I'se glad you're queen, I is, 'cause I love you, and I think you've got the nicest chair I ever see."

"Come and try it," said the gracious lady; and Kitty climbed up and sat proud and happy at the queen's right hand.

By and by came a blast from a trumpet, loud and piercing as ever called a warrior to his post, and boys and girls came in to crown the queen. Hattie stood in front and bent her head, so that little Kitty might place the crown upon her curls; she was flushed and trembling, almost ready to cry with excitement, when Kitty cried out, "O,

you look so pitty, you does, I want to kiss you." Then they all laughed, while some cried, "Long live the queen!" and some, "Hurra for little puss!"

At a signal from Ralph all advanced to the queen, and bowing low, repeated together:

"We come, most gracious lady,  
With fragrant flowers to-day,  
With loving hearts and ready hands,  
To crown you queen of May."

To be sure, this should have come at the moment when Kitty put the crown on her majesty's head, but that young lady's impromptu speech and salute had disturbed the lookers on, so the programme had to be changed, but all appeared to like it as well as if it had come at just the right time and p'ace.

Then Tommy Peters came forward with an address to the queen, which he begged them to excuse him for reading, as the one he had learned was only appropriate in a grove, with green grass and singing birds around them. He reminded them that the poet of the occasion had but little time to write, and he less in which to learn. Having apologized sufficiently, and shaken a warning finger at some small boys more interested in dinner than in the august ceremonies going on, he cleared his throat and proceeded:

"These knights of yours, fair lady,  
May bear no sabres keen,  
But strong, right arms are ready  
To battle for their queen."

And whatsoever danger  
May you this day betide,  
We'll hasten to the rescue,  
With jack-knives open wide.

Let no intruding rat, or mouse,  
Your majesty alarm,  
The while these gallant knights can wield  
A club, or raise an arm.

And though no May flowers bloom,  
Or verdant grass is springing;  
Though overhead in bush and tree,  
We hear no sweet birds singing;

Though high the white snow lies  
Up-piled against the door,  
No fairer maids, more loyal knights,  
Have May-queens known before.

Then long life to our gracious queen,  
And all she may desire:  
But dinner waits your majesty,  
So, humbly, I retire."

The orator stepped aside, the queen smiled benignantly, the audience cheered loudly, and in a joyful mood all gathered around the beautiful table.

"O, my," cried Charlie Thompson and Willie Phillips, all in a breath, "just see that cake with candy all over it!"

"Yes," Kitty responded, "my ma made that, and a pie, with a frost on top, just as white."

I cannot tell you all the good things they had nor how much they enjoyed them, but you may be sure every one had enough, and a merrier group it would be hard to find. Then they had games, old and new, "blind man's buff," "puss in the corner," with the "lucky bag," and "shouting proverbs." During the games, Kate was holding a mysterious conference at the gate with a young gentleman from across the way, the result of which was apparent a few hours later, when a big sleigh drove up to the door and a lively voice bade all who wanted a ride, "make haste to the sleigh."

Hats and hoods were called for fran-

tically; and Kate's fingers flew fast, wrapping up little ones, and tucking cookies and cakes into little pockets, for "mother and the baby," but soon all were seated in the ample sleigh; Kate herself as happy and smiling as any sat in the midst, with little Kitty curled up in her lap.

Out of the village, over the smooth white road, past pleasant farm houses, the horses carried them to the music of bells and childish laughter, and all the little ones agreed the ride home was almost the best part of the very nicest May-day they had ever known. When they met a gentleman who jokingly asked if they were out after May-flowers, it did not even shadow the bright faces, and they thought without regret of their plans for a great time in the grove. Then they came back to the cottage, and left their queen tired and smiling, with roses in the pale cheeks and a beautiful light in the blue eyes.

One by one the children were left at their own doors, to tell of their happy day and of the delightful things of which it had been full: You would have enjoyed hearing them, I know, little children of THE HOUSEHOLD, and might have learned that loving hearts and willing hands, can make sunshine anywhere.

Long after the little ones were sleeping, Kate and some friends were busy putting things to rights in the old kitchen. Ralph being twelve was allowed to sit up and help, and after it was all done Kate sat down to rest her aching feet a minute. Ay, she was tired, but that would not last long, and the children would keep in their hearts the brightness of that May-day forever. Ralph sat down beside her with a sober look on his merry face.

"Just think, Kate," he said, "the first thing when I looked out of the window, I was so angry to think God had had all winter to send the snow in, and then it must come last night on purpose to plague us."

"And what do you think now, Ralph?" asked Kate.

He kissed her softly and answered humbly, "I guess he wanted us to know what a good sister we had; and that if we tried to do right, we might be very happy in some way if not quite our own way."

Ay, Ralph had learned his lesson, and would always have more faith in the Good Father for the joy of that May-day, and be less inclined to fret over what could not be helped. And Kate went singing up stairs, so glad and happy, that she forgot she was weary a little while before.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

HER SIDE OF THE STORY.

A good many things, some of them good, many of them sharp, and occasionally cruel, have been said of late of mothers-in-law, and now comes one of this much talked of class and tells her side of the story. That she tells it well will be admitted by all who read it.

Left a widow, after a few years of most unhappy life, I retired with my two children to a small town where I intended to subsist upon my moderate

means, and devote myself to the care of their education.

I think the enjoyment we have in our children, before they reach the age of ten, is very great. All faults and evil tendencies seem so sure to be eradicated with time, we can scarcely believe the pains we are taking will ever have any but the desired result. These early promises are so beautiful! Every childish liking seems a talent, lacking only opportunity to develop into excellence.

My boy and girl went to school in the morning. In the afternoon we walked together, and we all three enjoyed those long, rambling walks. Then our tea table, and our evenings when I read to them—how delightful was our companionship! How I tried in every way to sow the good seed. I have said that my means were small, but my wants were few, and I considered it my duty to make them fewer, for my children's sake. I took care that they were always well dressed, often working until late at night on their clothes—my own were plain enough. They never knew, of course, the sacrifices I made that they might have pleasure.

That my children loved me, respected me, I need not repeat. Their first thoughts always seemed to be for me. At Christmas they presented me with horrid little daubs, which I still treasure, tied up in little packages and dated. Ah! happy, happy days!—days when a paper of sweet-cake is sufficient for happiness.

The days came when they grew tall and less dependent on me. James left school and, as my means did not admit of his going to college, I obtained admittance for him into the place of business of a friend. One day I heard an acquaintance say that my son admired a Miss Benson. Then first shot in my heart that acute pang of jealousy which I had heard a woman feels when another woman dares to lay claim to her son—a bitter, unreasonable feeling, but strong and fierce, trample on it as you may. I asked James about it; he laughed at the idea.

A year later he announced that he was engaged to this very girl, and asked me to go and see her. I went. She was tall and very thin, and stylish looking with reddish hair. She wore a great many flounces, and a great deal of the pale blue kind. Her manners were very gracious to me, but somehow or other there was something that seemed to say that she was the one that had always had a right to James, while I stood out in the queer but awkward light of one whose claims upon him were very trifling and quite recent.

When I went home I sat in my rocking chair for about an hour, thinking. I had understood the formation of every kite he had ever flown, fathomed the capacities for every toy cannon with which he had ever just missed committing suicide, overcome the mysteries of marbles of every degree, loved every puppy and kitten he had ever adopted and taken to his heart—why could I not at least try to love this reddish-haired girl? People congratulated. "Oh! yes, I was very much pleased, not losing a son at all—oh! no—only gaining another daugh-

ter!" "Delightful, certainly, and early marriages are, as you say, very desirable."

A year afterwards they were married, and remained some months with her family, during which time I saw her often, and cannot say that I had any fault to find with her. Then James sought and obtained a very good position in a town distant about one hundred miles. At first the news was very satisfactory. "Charming little house, the perfection of servants;" and then, later, "loveliest little baby" my grandson. Then, some months later, things were not quite so bright. The baby had the croup, my son himself a touch of the remittent fever, servants were great plagues, house-keeping a dreadful trouble. Disturbed beyond measure at the reiteration of these lamentations, I decided to go and see for myself how they were circumstanced, and be of what assistance I might for a short time. So one winter morning, leaving Fannie with an intimate friend, and intrusting my house and all it contained to the care of one servant, I left home alone. Arriving after dark at my destination, I found two young servants enjoying a very comfortable meal out in the kitchen. My son and his wife were out spending the evening with some friends. Their surprise and pleasure at seeing me upon their return appeared very great. Upon conversing with Maria the next day, I found her to be very ignorant as regarded baby's requirements. "He does cry so dreadfully," she said. I stayed there a whole month; perhaps it was too long, but there always seemed to be something for me to do. I took charge of the little creature whenever his mother wanted to spend an evening in company, which was not seldom. Many and many a lonely hour did I spend in that dimly lighted room, listening to that low breathing rather than trust him to the awkwardness of the young girl who professed to fulfill the duties of a child's nurse. I did a great deal of serving for Maria, of whom I became fonder than I had ever expected to be.

James had a relapse of his intermittent fever. His wife knew nothing about sickness; I nursed him—I who had never known fatigue when he needed anything in former years, would not fail him now. I sat up with him night after night, and showed the cook how to prepare nice little dishes for him, such as I knew he liked—that is to say I prepared them while the cook looked on. Whatever was wanted now, up stairs or down, I was the one to do. At last I began to think I ought to return to Fanny; seeing James fairly convalescent, I sought the train for my journey home-wards. Sitting in the railroad car, a party of young people took places in front of me, laughing and talking principally about persons I knew nothing of except by name. Presently one of them began to talk of my son's wife.

"I used to see a great deal of them at one time," she said, "but—"

"But what?" asked another.

"Oh! well, they had a mother-in-law raging around lately, so I have kept away."

"So have I."

Here followed a laugh of derision. "A mother-in-law!" exclaimed another; "that is hard; I do pity them, indeed."

"But I hear she is off now."

"Glad to hear it. Have you heard the new opera?"

I was the mother-in-law on whose account friends kept away. I remembered the weary nights in that sick room; the weary days, when, suffering from loss of sleep, I struggled to keep my eyes open, that I might attend to various little duties. Which of all this was the "raging round" which excited the risible muscles of those lively young people? I thought of Fanny, her good looks, her intelligence, her affectionate nature, and found myself wondering what her future was to be. But here we are. There she was waiting to meet me, dear child; but there was some one with her, a most insignificant looking individual, with very prominent eyes and large whiskers. Why did not my heart sink with a melancholy foreboding?

How glad she was to see me again. She introduced her companion to me as Mr. Jenkins, and whereas I was all anxiety to be alone with her, Mr. Jenkins, with a great flourish of politeness, walked all the way home with us. Before I could untie the strings of my bonnet he told me that Fanny had promised to marry him! I was thunderstruck, having in the annoyance of his presence forgotten my forebodings of half an hour before. I had read with much attention in various highly lauded books, of the great and imperative duty of bringing up a girl to be a helpmeet for a noble man—but this dapper mankin! He seemed amiable, but so utterly insignificant. He had uninteresting parents, and weak, plain sisters, all of whom made a perpetual amusement of the engagement. My parlor was given up to them entirely—that is, to him and his sisters. I seemed always de trop when he entered, by the sudden silence which followed the animated talk. My coming was an interruption. I began to sit up stairs. I always walked alone.

Having avoided all society and all acquaintanceship when my children were young, so that I might devote my whole time to them, I found myself now friendless and desolate. Friends like plants must be cultivated. I found no congeniality in either of the two families with whom my children were connecting themselves.

After two years they were married, and after a year of boarding, aspired to the dignity of keeping house. After looking at many dwellings one was selected, one which required a great many repairs, and now my services were in very great request. I attended to all the directions Mr. Jenkins wished given to the workmen; I stayed in the cold, empty rooms all day, when there was nothing to sit on but an empty candle box. I did the necessary quarreling with plumbers and bore the snubbing of upholsterers; and I put the furniture in the places I thought best by degrees changing it all to suit his tastes.

I washed all the china and glass; and sometimes fancied, when I got dirty doing all this, that I was happy. I

had so long been accustomed to work for those whom I loved that it was hard to learn that there might be any reproach connected with it. I must do Fanny the justice to say that she was very kind and grateful to me.

On the last day, after having some cold tea out of a pitcher on the corner of a mantel piece, I overheard Mr. Jenkins, who had brought a friend in to admire his new dwelling, say:

"Well, the carpets are down, the furniture is all here, and I think now when we get our servants, and engage a baker and milkman, and are entirely rid of the mother-in-law, we shall be ready to move in."

Both my children married, I had my solitary little home to myself, and very solitary it was. I tried to get up some spasmodic friendships with my neighbors, but being hollow, these forced intimacies soon fell through. But I ought not to complain; it is the way of the world.

I only wonder if, considering the love we have for our children, young or old, the mother is not apt to be a little hard upon the mother-in-law.

#### CONCERNING WORK AND ECONOMY.

BY B. M. B.

Now John is naturally one of the best of creatures. His soul would rise up grandly within him at the imputation of being small. But then he has what most men have, a streak of inconsistency.

John is a domestic animal, consequently our mutual expressions of opinion frequently touch upon household affairs. I suppose it isn't possible for the average man to have any just conception of the amount of actual work a woman does. So sometimes when I get just tired enough to feel generally illused I say to John, with dignity,

"I wish you did have the least idea what it is to keep house."

Whereupon John replies, just as he has three dozen times before,

"What if we lived on a farm?"

After he has said that I feel for two consecutive minutes that I should just like to shake him, then I think better of it, and in a supernaturally mild voice I say,

"Now, John, you listen. Suppose we did live on a farm, would it be any harder spending my time in making butter, and cheese, and cooking, and washing dishes, than it is to keep up this continual round of sweeping and dusting, and scrubbing and scouring, to keep rooms always presentable for ourselves, and our friends? Women that live on a farm have more to do than they ought, very much more, but they have some peace while they are doing it. They are not constantly harassed by callers on baking and sweeping days. The fact of their living on a farm excuses them from keeping up the back-breaking style that town life imposes."

At this point John looks at me with the solemnity of an owl, and remarks,

"Why do you keep up this style, then?"

"John Augustus!" I reply with suppressed wrath, "I should like to have you show me one little thing that I

might neglect to do, that you wouldn't be the first to notice? It was only the other day that I had spent hours and hours in blacking stoves, and cleaning zinc, and sweeping and dusting the parlors, and don't you remember coming into the room and looking very much disgusted because Chub had harnessed a span of chairs in the middle of the floor? Let a man assume all the characters a housekeeper does, and see if it isn't slightly wearing. She must be cook, and washerwoman, and nurse and seamstress, and maid of all work, and above everything she must be the lady, always tastefully attired, ready on the instant to receive guests with grace and cordiality. Just think for a moment, John, if that's easy for one person to do?"

John couldn't say it was, so by way of changing the subject he said,

"I should like to know what you have done with that teakettle cover, I can't find it."

"Well my dear," I said with an affectionate smile, "you ne'er will see its like again. As for having a teakettle lid tied on with a string for another six months, I don't intend to have it. We've lost more cheerful spirits and happy hearts fishing up that cover from the bottom of the kettle, than we'll be able to find in a lifetime."

John has a little discrimination, so when he sees that I am in a mood for exhortation he lets me go on. Now I knew that the reason why we hadn't that new cover was because John never thought to get one, that was all. But for the sake of making a point I dragged out an imaginary John and drubbed him.

"There are some folks that would get provoked at an old broken backed utensil for three hundred and sixty-five times a year, rather than pay twelve and a half cents to have it mended. They will put themselves to all sorts of inconvenience and actual hardship rather than diminish the pile they want to 'salt down.'"

Just here John turned the eye that had speculation in it toward me and said:

"I suppose you know they are pretty shiftless folks that don't salt down anything?"

"Yes, I know, but the salting down that makes people in comfortable circumstances, feel dog poor all their lives, that makes people twist and turn everything to their own advantage, that puts a ban on all benevolence, and makes a home barren of beauty and joy—I protest against giving over money to such moth and rust."

John winked two or three times and said:

"If you should have your way you would be extravagant."

Now if there is anything that exasperates me it is to have him such a stupid when I am trying to lay my honest views before him. But shaking down my vexation and swallowing a few frozen tears, I said in a tone that was intended to be very pathetic,

"John, I thought that I should never tell you a few little things I have done in the line of extravagance. I won't call them personal sacrifices,

for I am no martyr. Perhaps you remember you promised me a new wrap this winter, and that I finally concluded to make my old one do. Do you know that I changed my mind because I found that your office carpet was too shabby to look well, and I knew you couldn't really afford to get a cloak and carpet too? Then when you gave me some money to get my winter hat, I found something in the shop that exactly suited me. It was just lovely, with a long sweeping plume, and it was becoming, too; but I just had that plume taken off, and had a little more velvet put on, and an ostrich tip, and then it wasn't half so pretty and stylish as it was before. Well, I saved enough in the exchange to get Scribner's for the year, because I knew we should enjoy reading it together evenings."

John looked at me as though he had just discovered a new planet, and I brought matters to a climax by telling him, tragically, that I never, never would tell him how I got the money for his Christmas present.

"Well," said I, for a final summing up, as I saw John had his hand on the door to go, "you will admit won't you that women that don't live on farms have something to do?"

"Yes, oceans!"

"And you will admit that women can be, and usually are, economical?"

"Yes," said he with a majestic wave of his hand, "I'll humble myself to the extent of saying, that there's one little woman at least, that can be saving and patient and economical, and when you can find another word that means the same thing, she's that too!"

"Oh, John!" I cried, "You think I'm stingy."

He laughed, and said as he closed the door,

"What a ridiculous little goose you are, anyway; here I am bursting with admiration, and you're bound to feel abused."

#### "SHE LOOKETH WELL TO THE WAYS OF HER HOUSEHOLD."

BY MRS. E. R. BARLOW.

Only a little phrase of nine words, and yet how much it means. Coming to us as it does from those old Bible days, does it not seem that they of olden time understood a woman's true kingdom, or "rights," if you wish.

This looking well to the "ways of her household" is a talent that but very few women possess. It is not merely to get a good dinner, make a nice bed, and keep the house clean. Not merely this, I say; though a well kept house must needs see all this—and far more than this—done. It is the womanly art of making a house not a mere stopping-place for meals, etc., but a home in the truest sense of the sweet old-fashioned word; for old-fashioned it surely is. Now-a-days if a young lady has an "offer" her mamma asks, "How much is he worth?" She does not teach her how she is to fulfill her duties as a wife and mother; and she enters her new

and mother; and she enters her new life with no serious thought of the great responsibilities she took upon herself with the utterance of that holy vow to "love, honor, obey." And

what is the consequence? Instead of a well-regulated household there are petty strifes and quarrels. If fashionable, the wife goes to parties, the husband to the club-room; if poorer, the husband to the bar-room and the wife at home broods over her life disappointments. Thus such life till death parts them, or a darker fate overtakes them.

Not in the higher walks of life will you be most likely to find women who look well to the ways of their households. You will oftenest find the true home-spirit in some humble home, where the father toils all day for the wherewithal to clothe and feed his dear ones; and whose only pictures are little faces framed in the window-pane "watching for papa."

You may laugh at my fancies about "love in a cottage," and say, "when poverty comes in love flies out," etc.; but show me a happier household than the humble one of Martha and Mary of Bethany. I often picture to myself that scene at twilight.

Martha, so careful about worldly things, busies herself about their humble home, giving the table another touch to be sure all was the nicest it could be, for their illustrious Guest. The supper over, Martha removes the dishes and tidies the house for the night. Gentle Mary sits with an earnest face at the Saviour's feet, listening to the precious words from His lips. A blessing upon all and peaceful slumber comes with the deepening twilight.

That one little word, home, always suggests rest, peace and comfort whenever I hear it. It is a place where, at night, the weary husband and father can lay aside his care. Where is rest for heart, brain, and tired body. Where he can forget the busy world and all its struggles and annoyances, finding sweet rest at home.

You may repeat scornfully the naughty old rhyme:

"A man's work ends with the sun,  
But a woman's work is never done."

(if she "looketh well to the ways of her household.") But is anybody's work ever "done?"

We all have our life-web to weave; and put a little heart-work into your housework and you will find rest enough. Give me the honor of being a model home-housekeeper in preference to anything else. A home that will have an influence to guide my loved ones through all life's snares and trials by its precious memory.

Be true women. Home is your kingdom. You are ruler over all; but rule with a rod of sweet loving influence that shall last even unto eternity.

What is so dear to you as the remembrances of a mother's love, and those dear scenes in the holy hour of twilight? Could you wish for a brighter fame than that mother has? If the world is saved, these "mothers in Israel" will do it by home-training and nothing else. Again I say, be true women. Look "well to the ways of your households," letting your helpers be love, patience and charity.

It has been said that the sweetest words in the English language are Mother, Home, and Heaven. Such as you are so will be your children. Then, mothers, first cleanse the

household of your hearts that no ill-temper, repining, and other prints of unclean habitants shall ever show themselves to your little ones. So you will one day send them out into the world noble-minded, true-hearted men and women; or, if God wills otherwise, fitted to stand in the presence of Him who is purity itself.

Through all their lives the thought of a patient, loving mother and a peaceful, happy home shall be a guide in Heavenward steps that shall never fail them. Thus, dear sisters, let us bind the cords of sweet home influence around our dear ones that their life boats may never break from their moorings and drift rudderless out into the unknown seas, but shall cast anchor at last on the shore of the beautiful river where storms beat no more, and whose waters touch the great white throne—the "rock which is higher than we."

#### MAN IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY PEARL VIVIEN.

Thanks to the contributor who recently proclaimed men to be an essential part of the household; and courageously charged him with accountability coequal with that of the wife and mother, for its cheerfulness and peace. Writers have dwelt far too exclusively on the weight of responsibility resting on woman in this matter; on home as her sphere. She must make home attractive; she must always greet her husband with a smile, on his return from business; if she wishes to replenish her wardrobe, she must never venture to communicate the unwelcome news to the male animal, until he has first been well fed. Fie upon it! Man has his little foibles, no doubt, and may even be suspected of the folly of exhibiting some of them in his domestic life, and before the unwilling eyes of the wife of his bosom, but let us hope he seldom reaches the depth of degradation implied in this last piece of advice. Surely, there cannot be such a specimen of the genus—so unmanly, so dishonorable, among the men who peep into THE HOUSEHOLD?

When the husband designs to purchase a new overcoat, or a new pair of boots, he is not careful to make the announcement after dinner, nor is he so counseled. Why it would not be as reasonable in the one case as in the other, is not apparent. That is a deplorable state of things in which a course so derogatory to the dignity of both parties is necessary on either side.

"Desperate cases require desperate remedies," but it is not a desperate case we are now considering; it is the decent man in the decent household. Such a man scorns to be treated like a vicious horse, which must needs be coaxed, and wheedled, and fed with sweets to entice it to perform its duty; he disdains to withhold from a partner—or grudgingly to bestow—her rightful share of the partnership income, even though that partner be his own wife. There is a rumor abroad that there are men who boastfully magnify their honor, before the public, yet do not scruple to appropriate as much as

possible of their home partner's share of the funds, and are serenely unconscious of the dishonor involved in such a procedure; but if there be such instances, they should not be regarded as a matter of course. Let the partners in the domestic firm each studiously avoid infringing upon the rights of the other. In such a line of conduct—and in none other—shall they satisfy the requirements of honor, and lay a stable foundation for the fair fabric of household happiness.

I have not a word to say against any amount of smiling on the part of the mistress of the family, even though she come to be known as The Woman Who Laughs, but I do object to her enjoying a monopoly of that excellent, intangible article. It is so good in itself, so beneficent to all within reach of its influence, it ought surely, to be shared by the master. A single ray of sunshine will not supply a room with light; it will serve only to make the surrounding darkness more painful. If the face of the master wears a sour expression, the mistress' smile cannot create brightness in the home. Each member of the household should contribute, according to his capacity, to its illumination.

To question which is the most essential to the happiness and welfare of the family, the faithful devotion of the master, or that of the mistress, is consummate folly; it is but to weigh two indispensable elements in the balance against each other. A practical equipoise is the inevitable result. The responsibility rests upon both, and should be recognized by the consciences of both, as an essential step preparatory to its being intelligently and satisfactorily met.

And what nobler end can one seek? Of the multiplied ambitions that have power over the mind of man, which presents a more alluring picture? To promote the welfare of the family, the farmer tills his fields, and the manufacturer employs his spindles; ships cross the waters, and the marts of trade are continuously passed by busy feet. For this are the church and common school sustained, and the college endowed. To this supreme end does government exist. The household is the pivot point around which all forces in society and civilization revolve.

#### A FAMILY JOURNAL.

In a certain farm-house twenty years ago a great blank-book was kept, and labeled Home Journal. Every night somebody made an entry in it. Father set down the sale of the calves, or mother the cutting of the baby's eye-tooth; or, perhaps, Jenny wrote a full account of the sleighing party last night; or Bob, the proceedings of the Phi Beta Club; or Tom scrawled "Tried my new gun. Bally. Shot into the fence and Johnson's old cat."

On toward the middle of the book there was an entry of Jenny's marriage, and one of the younger girls had added a description of the bridesmaids' dresses, and long afterward there was written, "This day father died," in Bob's trembling hand.

There was a blank of many months after that.

But nothing could have served better to bind that family of headstrong boys and girls together than the keeping of this book. They come back to the old homestead now, men and women with grizzled hair, to see their mother who is still living, and turn over its pages reverently with many a hearty laugh, or the tears coming into their eyes. It is their childhood come back again in visible shape.

There are many other practical ways in which home ties can be strengthened and made more enduring for children, and surely this is as necessary and important a matter in the management of a household as the furnishing of the library or chambers in good taste, or the accumulation of bric-a-brac. One most direct way is the keeping of anniversaries; not Christmas, Easter, nor the Fourth of July alone, but those which belong to that one home alone. The children's birthdays, their mother's wedding day, the day when they all came into the new home. There are a hundred cheerful, happy little events which some cheerful and happy little ceremony will make a life-long pleasure. The Germans keep alive their strong domestic attachments by just such means as these; it seems natural and right to their children that all the house should be turned topsy-turvy with joy at Vater or Mutter's Geburtstag; while to the American boy or girl it is a matter of indifference when his father and mother were born. We know a house in which it is the habit to give to each servant a trifling gift on the anniversary of their coming into the family; and, as might be expected, these anniversaries return for many years.

Much of the same softening, humanizing effect may be produced by remembering and humorizing the innocent whims and peculiarities of children. Among hard-working people it is too often the custom to bring up a whole family in platoons and to marshal them through childhood by the same general, inflexible rules. They must eat the same dishes, wear the same clothes, work, play, talk, according to the prescribed notions of father or mother. When right or wrong is concerned, let the rule be inexorable; but when taste, character, or stomach only is involved, humor the boy. Be to Tom's red crayat a little blind; make Will the pudding that he likes, while the others choose pie. They will be surer of your affection than if you sentimentalized about a mother's love for an hour. Furthermore, do not grow old yourself too soon. Buy chess-boards, dominoes, bagatelle; learn to play games with the boys and girls; encourage them to ask their friends to dinner and tea, and take care that your dress and the table be pretty and attractive, that the children may be ashamed of neither.

"Why should I stay at home in the evening?" said a lad the other day. "Mother sits and darns stockings or reads Jay's Devotions; father dozes, and Maggy writes to her lover. I'll go where I can have fun." Mean-while father and mother were broken-

hearted because Joe was "going to ruin," which was undoubtedly the fact.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

#### A PROBLEM FOR NEW ENGLAND GIRLS.

BY MARGARET KING.

We have read articles upon "What shall we do with our girls?" and heard the question discussed, but though the discussions may have their influence and may do good to the girls in our cities and larger towns we do not see any direct good they have done for the girls in our small New England towns. Those who cannot be spared from their homes and whose parents have not the means, only at long intervals, to afford them visits to the city or pleasure trips. We think it is about time that girls so situated should consider what they can do for themselves. "Heaven helps those who help themselves," and can not some one of my readers who is or has been so situated, tell us what she is doing or did to help herself?

When we look at the maiden ladies, who in their younger days were considered smart, and see how little energy they have, and how little life apparently means to them, and to what a dull routine they have settled, we feel ashamed lest we make the same picture of an aimless, purposeless life ten years hence. We do not mean to cast any reflections upon them; we have reason to know their goodness of heart, but would they be any the less worthy if they had more energy and had kept on improving their mind from the time when life looked so pleasant and their own future so promising? How shall we help settling down into a humdrum life whose to-day is what its yesterday was and whose to-morrow is not expected to vary therefrom? Our brothers go away to the city to seek employment. How are we to keep pace with them so that when they come back to us from time to time we shall not feel there is a gulf between us; that they live in a different world than the one in which we live?

How shall we obtain the culture that so many of our sisters in the city have? Our own want of it makes us appear coarse beside them, knowing our want of it makes us appear awkward. Is it dress that gives it? If so we shall despair for our father's acres do not yield so abundantly that we can afford the suits that cost so dear, nor the many airy nothings that are considered indispensable to a city belle. Our common sense tells us, in this matter of dress, to take what money we can spare and all the taste that we possess and do the best we can with the two, and yet isn't it rare for a plainly dressed lady to receive much attention in company? The very men who talk continually about the extravagance of women will hang about the ruffles and plaiting of a richly dressed girl even if they know her father has been obliged to mortgage his place to support his family—that is, to dress his daughter in style. We think too much of ourselves to subject ourselves to such slights therefore we will not attend the parties where the dress and the bank

book settle the amount of attention to be received.

How shall we supply the stimulus that one receives from being engaged in a pursuit with others? We know that if we would excel we must not be satisfied to do this or that pretty well but we must aim at perfection in all things. We feel that the truest culture comes from believing in Christ and trying to conform our life to His. Is it too much for us—situated just as we are, with little money, little help from those about us, but with a large amount of patience and energy—is it too much for us to expect that we may become noble, educated, refined women? How shall we do it?

#### SOWING AND REAPING.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

When the spring time passes unimproved, the harvest will be weeds and brambles.

Twenty years ago an innocent, artless child filled his mother's heart with joy and delighted the household with his bright and winning ways.

To-day he fills a drunkard's grave. Why?

The tiny flower of temperance and self-denial were never sown in his heart; filial love and respect were suffered to wither and die for want of culture, and in their places grew the giant weeds of passion, selfishness, and self-indulgence, till they choked out every better feeling. Now behold the end!

Ah! had his mother but taught him to think less of himself, and more of his God; less of his own gratification and more of the blessing of God and the approval of his own conscience; had she but taught him to make his own will always second to God's will, and to ask himself before entering upon any course of action, not, do I like this but is it best for me, then, all this suffering might have been avoided.

But, alas! the seed time is past, and the immortal spirit committed to her trust has passed away from earth forever! never more again to be within the power of her influence!

"Oh!" exclaims the despairing mother, "could I but have that young spirit once more, committed to my trust, pure and innocent as he was in his childhood! With what zeal would I strive to lead his feet into the paths of peace and virtue. Alas! it is too late—too late!"

Ah! mother, do you realize the tremendous responsibility that rests upon you? Do you realize that the impressions made upon the mind and heart in childhood, will in all probability affect the whole life and destiny of your child for time and for eternity?

Are you sowing in that young heart the seeds of love, kindness, obedience, truth and self-denial?

Now is your golden opportunity, your spring-time. What shall be the harvest? "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, whatsoever one soweth that shall he also reap."

Remember that temperance and virtue are rare and precious plants, that grow only with careful training, while pride, selfishness, anger, sloth, and self-indulgence, like noxious weeds,

are ever ready to spring up and choke out all the tender flowers of beauty and goodness.

Be patient then, be vigilant, be unwearied in love and prayer, and "in due season you shall reap if you faint not." "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

*"THINKETH NO EVIL."*

"I wouldn't have believed Mrs. Peck would have said that about me; I've always trusted her like a sister, and believed she was my friend, and now to think she should go and talk against me at the sewing society! Well, I'll never trust anybody in this world again, for I don't believe there's any truth or friendship in it;" and here Mrs. Collins threw down the baby's apron she was hemming, and burst into a flood of convulsive tears.

Poor woman! she certainly had cause to feel acutely, for the blow had fallen so unexpectedly, dealt too by a neighbor and a friend, one near whom she had lived in perfect harmony, and whom she had trusted as a sister.

It was an insidious thrust, too; one that she could neither parry nor resent, and though Mrs. Collins was in the main a very sensible woman, she was, for the time, quite overwhelmed: for the story was a lie, an unfounded, malicious, though somewhat plausible lie.

It was on this wise. Mrs. Collins had been married twelve years, and for ten of these her husband's mother had resided with her. She had been a smart, active woman, but the infirmities of age had crept upon her, and impaired her intellect, and soured her naturally fine disposition.

For the last five years she had been confined to her room, with rheumatism and paralysis, and during this time Mrs. Collins had been the most unwearying and patient of nurses to the fretful invalid.

All she had done for and borne with her would never be known or dreamed of until the sweet voices of the angels read it from the golden lines of the book of Life, and the "well done" of God pierced the solemn silences of His Judgment.

But grandmother Collins grew more exacting and fault-finding every day. In her nervous irritability, she would not bear the sight or sound of the children, (there were two boys and one girl,) and it seemed almost impossible to please her; indeed, the old woman had persuaded herself that she was not fairly treated, and would often insinuate this to some neighbor who dropped in to see her, remarking with a sigh, that "she was an old woman, and she supposed she was in the way."

Her daughter-in-law paid no attention to these remarks, not doubting but her neighbors would understand their cause, and receive them accordingly, but, alas for human nature! there is in it an inherent love of evil speaking, a proclivity to tell the bad, rather than the good in the life, conduct, and antecedents of another; and to this evil proclivity, every son and daughter of Adam, whether saint or sinner, has been at some time the victim.

Talk of it—philosophise over it as you will, that dark element of our

humanity still exists, still works out its natural result of social fermentation, mischief, and misery, and will, until men's hearts learn the height and depth, the length and breadth of that glorious line of Paul, the apostle, set like a diamond among pearls, and all rare and radiant jewels, "The greatest of these, is Charity."

To that question, "Who are they, and what were their fathers before them?" let any half dozen men or women respond in a social assembly and the chances are one to a million, they will tell the evil, rather than the good, and "this is human nature."

Poor Mrs. Collins! It appeared, at the last sewing society, her name, her main life and conduct, had been introduced for comment, deliberation, and sentence.

It had been hinted that she was not quite so kind to her husband's mother as she might be, and that she "allowed the children to drive over her rough shod."

Mrs. Peck had contributed her share to these animadversions, asserting that the old woman had hinted to her more than once that she was really abused, and hardly had the comforts of life; all this being received with various exclamations, comments, pantomimes indicative of surprise, interest, horror and the entire matter was the next day conveyed to Mrs. Collins' ears, by some well-meaning, but not very judicious individual who was present.

Mrs. Peck too, was, on the whole, a well-meaning, and kind-hearted woman. She would make almost any sacrifice for a neighbor; but with her many good impulses she lacked principle, and sooner or later such a friend surely will fail one.

Now you can very readily divine how Mrs. Collins would be apt to conduct herself in this juncture, and how long, as she was a woman of good common sense, she would require to recover her equanimity, and regard these aspersions for what they were worth. Of one thing I am certain, a great degree of coldness always existed after this, between her and Mrs. Peck.

But, reader, remember that just so long as you live just such reports will be circulated about you, more or less, according to the community in which you live, and the character of the people with whom you are daily brought in contact. These stories, malicious and untrue will come to you in one form or another, so long as you live among men, no matter how innocent, how good, or high you are; and it is best to be prepared for them, and to keep the soul in a position that it shall not be disturbed by these things. Then they cannot harm you, for a lie has in it the element of death. It cannot live. Just so true as truth is immutable, eternal, a lie must work out its own destruction, and the raiment of your soul shall only grow fairer as the dust of scandal falls away without polluting it.

Sharp lessons of betrayed confidence and faithless friendship the world will teach us all; and God have mercy upon us in the day and the hour when we learn them; for life has no teachings so sharp and terrible as these; but even they may have their

need and blessing; for the threads of this strange, tangled, mysterious life, are in the Hand that has not wearied since it "set fast the mountains by its power."

So, it is best, amid all the petty assaults and annoyances of life, to cultivate that "bracing, sparkling atmosphere of the mind" which is called "cheerfulness;" above all, ourselves to try and eschew all scandal and evil speaking, thinking charitably of others, in remembrance of their temperament and temptations, and so far as is possible, forgetting and forgiving the wrong they have done us.

So shall good be born of evil, as the day, with her white garments, her majestic presence, her glorious morning jubilees, and evening psalms, is born of the night, black and silent, and dead!—V. F. T.

*AFTER-SUPPER TALK.*

"After-dinner talk" has been thought of great importance. The expression has passed into literature, with many records of the good sayings it included. Kings and ministers condescend to make efforts at it; poets and philosophers—greater than kings and ministers—do not disdain to attempt to shine in it.

But nobody has yet shown what "after-supper talk" ought to be. We are not speaking now of the formal entertainment known as "a supper;" we mean the every-day evening meal in the every-day home—the meal known heartily and commonly as "supper"—among people who are neither so fashionable nor so foolish as to take still a fourth meal at hours when they ought to be asleep in bed.

This ought to be the sweetest and most precious hour of the day. It is too often neglected and lost in families. It ought to be the mother's hour; the mother's opportunity to undo any mischief the day may have done, to forestall any mischief the morrow may threaten. There is an instinctive disposition in most families to linger about the supper table, quite unlike the eager haste which is seen at breakfast and at dinner. Work is over for the day; everybody is tired, even the little ones who have done nothing but play. The father is ready for slippers and a comfortable chair; the children are ready and eager to recount the incidents of the day. This is the time when all should be cheered, rested, and also stimulated by just the right sort of conversation, just the right sort of amusement.

The wife and mother must supply this need, must create this atmosphere. We do not mean that the father does not share the responsibility of this, as of every other hour. But this particular duty is one requiring qualities more essentially feminine than masculine. It wants a light touch and an undertone to bring out the full harmony of the ideal home evening. It must not be a bore; it must not be empty; it must not be too much like preaching; it must not be wholly like play; more than all things, it must not be always—no, not if it could be helped, not even twice—the same! It must be that most indefinable, most recognizable thing, "a good time." Bless the

children for inventing the phrase! It is a Roman triumph.

If there were no other reason against children's having lessons assigned them to study at home, we should consider this a sufficient one, that it robs them of the after-supper hour with their parents. Even if their brains could bear without injury the sixth, seventh, or eighth hour, it may be, of study, their hearts cannot bear the being starved.

In the average family, this is the only one hour of the day when father, mother, and children can be together, free of cares and un hurried. Even to the poorest laborer's family comes now something like peace and rest forerunning the intermission of the night.

Everybody who has any artistic sense recognizes this instinctively when he sees through the open doors of humble houses the father and mother and children gathered around their humble supper. Its mention has already passed into triteness in verse, so inevitably have poets felt the sacred charm of the hour.

Perhaps there is something deeper than on first thoughts would appear in the instant sense of pleasure one has in this sight; also, in the universal feeling that the evening gathering of the family is the most sacred one. Perhaps there is unconscious recognition that dangers are near at hand when night falls, and that in this hour lies, or should lie, the spell to drive them all away.

There is something almost terrible in this mingling of danger and protection, of harm and help, of good and evil, in that one thing—darkness. God "giveth His beloved sleep" in it; and in it the devil sets his worst lures, by help of it gaining many a soul which he could never get possession of in the sunlight.

Mothers, fathers! cultivate "after-supper talk," play "after-supper games;" keep "after-supper books;" take all the good magazines and newspapers you can afford, and read them aloud "after-supper." Let boys and girls bring their friends home with them at twilight, sure of a pleasant and hospitable welcome and of a good time "after-supper," and parents may laugh to scorn all the temptations which town or village can set before them to draw them away from home for their evenings.

These are but hasty hints, bare suggestions. But if they rouse one heart to a new realization of what evenings at home too often are, they have not been spoken in vain nor out of season.—H. H.

—It is folly for an eminent man to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and, indeed of every age in the world, have passed through the fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of

## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., who are the manufacturers and sole proprietors of the world renowned Dobbins' Electric Soap, having had their attention called to the frequent letters in THE HOUSEHOLD regarding their soap, authorize us to say that they will send a sample by mail to any lady desiring to test its merits for herself, upon receipt of 15 cents to pay postage. They make no charge for the soap, the money exactly pays the postage. We would like to have all who test the soap write us their honest opinion of it for publication in THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am fully satisfied with the test I have given a sample bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap. I have never seen anything to equal it. I shall use it myself hereafter and introduce it to my neighbors.

MRS. W. F. BROOKSHIRE.  
Pawletton, N. C.

After using an entire box of Dobbins' Electric Soap, I can with safety say, I never saw its equal in any soap I have ever used.

MRS. S. P. JACKSON.  
Merchanville, N. J.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—My wife having carefully tested the virtues of Dobbins' Electric Soap has found it all that the strongest published recommendations have represented and says she can't do without it, so we have sent for a box.

REV. A. H. POST.  
Twinsburgh, Ohio.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—I received some time since a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap and duly tested it, and I will say I was greatly disappointed with the result—it proving far better than I expected, being one of the very few things that prove on trial to be as good as recommended. I was so much pleased with it that I ordered and have received a box from the agents in Albany, N. Y. Hoping it may meet with that success it so richly merits, I remain, respectfully, etc., MRS. J. A. REMINGTON.

Chester, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I received a sample bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap from its Manufacturers in Philadelphia, and am so much pleased with it that I desire it for use all the time, and have ordered a box from the agents in Kansas City.

MRS. DR. MILES.  
Boonville, Mo.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—The sample bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap came promptly. I judge by my experience that its value has not been overestimated; I have tried it in various ways each of which was very satisfactory; I found it would remove ink spots from linen and many stains that I had supposed to be indelible; and in fact my washwoman says she, "will not wash for me without I will furnish it for her," so I got our grocer to send to the agent in St. Louis for some. I do not intend to be without it again. I can and do recommend it to my friends as the best soap I ever used and hope to get all my neighbors to give it a trial for their own good.

MRS. A. W. CROCKER.  
Greenville, Bond Co., Ill.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap in my family for some time, and know that it is the best I ever used. MRS. R. E. HOLMES.

Yarmouth Port, Mass.

## A TIMELY EXPOSURE.

The Women's Christian Association of Philadelphia have sent out a circular warning the public of a base letter which has been circulated broadcast over the country, addressed to young girls. It purports to come from a firm who profess to be "agents for the Centennial Committee;" and it offers remunerative situations in the Centennial Exhibition, besides expenses paid, and wages in advance. Girls are advised by this letter not to consult their parents, but to come without their knowledge. No such firm as that which signs the circular is in any way connected with the Centennial Commission, and the circular is in reality only a vile scheme to entrap the innocent into ruin. It is to be hoped that the originators of this infamous scheme may be detected and punished; though unfortunately the law does not provide a penalty at all adequate to such a dastardly crime. In the mean time the true character of the circular, and the base purpose of those who send it, should be generally understood; and the press throughout the country should warn the public of a device which is sufficiently plausible to be dangerous, and which if not checked in time, may work an immeasurable amount of ruin.

## UNLIMITED REMEDIAL RESOURCES.

People sometimes suppose that Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines represent the entire extent of his resources for curing disease. This is an error. Experience proved that while the Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription, Pleasant Purgative Pellets, Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, would, if faithfully used, cure a large variety of chronic complaints, there would be here and there a case which, from its severity, or from its complication with other disorders, would resist their action. These exceptional cases required a thorough examination into their symptoms, to ascertain the exact nature and extent of the disease or diseases under which the patient was laboring, and the use of specific remedies to meet and overcome the same. This led to the establishment of the World's Dispensary, at Buffalo, N. Y., with its faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, each of whom is skilled in the treatment of chronic disorders in general and those belonging to his own special department in particular. To one is assigned diseases of the throat and lungs; to another, diseases of the kidneys and urogenital organs; to another, diseases of the digestive system; to another, diseases of the nervous system; and to another, diseases of the eye and ear. Thus the highest degree of perfection in medicine and surgery is attained. The establishment of this institution enables the Doctor to meet a long-felt want in the treatment of the more severe chronic affections. By a careful consideration of the symptoms as given in writing, he successfully treats thousands of cases at their homes. Others visit the Dispensary in person. The amplest resources for the treatment of lingering affections are thus placed at the disposal of every patient, and those on whom the proprietary medicines do not have the desired effect can procure a more thorough and efficient course by a personal application to the proprietor of the World's Dispensary.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of the Living Age for the weeks ending April 15th and 22d contain The Hebrew Woman, by Constance de Rothschild; What She Came Through, Parts I and II, by Sarah Tyler; The Myth of Demeter and Persephone, Part II, by Walter H. Pater; The Life and Labors of Francis Deak, 1803-1876, by Karl Blind; The Fair of St. Nicodemus, by the author of "Patty;" A Glimpse of the Korea, by C. A. G. Bridge; Servia, from The British Quarterly Review; Some Aspects of Friendship, Blackwood; Principal Tulloch on Spiritual Evolution, Spectator; The Hurricanes, Spectator; Little Bobby, a Sketch in Paris, Blackwood; Humor, Cornhill; Heligoland, Saturday Review; Art Needlework, Pall Mall Gazette; and other valuable articles, together with select poetry and miscellany. The current volume began April 1st. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each, (or more than 3000 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low, or still better, for \$10.50 any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies is sent with The Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Gay, Boston, are the publishers.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY FREE. See Trial Trip, on last page.

ST. NICHOLAS for May. With its May number, St. Nicholas begins a new serial story, "The Cat and the Countess," translated from the French by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and illustrated with silhouettes by Hopkins. The first installment introduces the principal characters in a series of striking incidents, and contains no less than thirty-six comical silhouette drawings. Indeed, the illustrations to this story are a novel and stirring feature for St. Nicholas, and can hardly fail to make a sensation among the boys and girls.

As for the miscellaneous attractions, the large number of them forbids even the mention of all; but among the first are Mrs. Oliphant's second paper on "Windsor Castle;" Susan Coolidge's "Talk with Girls" on "Ready for Europe;" and the two beautiful poems, "The Palace of Gondoforus" by H. H., and "Snow-Flakes" by Mrs. Dodge. The stories of "Clough's Top-Knot" and "The Dotterel's Luck" are excellent; and the rhyme of "The King of the Hobbledy-goblins," with its fantastic picture, is a feature in itself. Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz contributes a May Day play; Marion Harland has another "Little House-Keeper's Page," with a fine illustration; and the department for "Very Little Folks" is occupied with a charming poem, "The Fate of a Ginger-Bread Man," with little pictures by M. Woolf.

"Jack-in-the-Pulpit" is as brilliant as ever. "The Little Schoolma'am" awards several prizes, and "Deacon Green" offers several more. The Letter-Box and Riddle-Box are crowded with good things.

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31	Sheet Music, (Agts. selection)	5.00	10
32	Child's knife, fork and spoon	5.00	12
33	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g	5.00	12
34	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6.00	12
35	Carving Knife and Fork,	6.00	12
36	Spoon Holder, (silver plated,)	6.50	14
37	Folding Chair,	5.50	16
38	Croquet Set,	6.50	14
39	Family scales, (50 lbs., Shaler)	7.00	14
40	Clothes Wringer,	7.50	15
41	Webster's N'tional Dictionary,	8.00	15
42	Syrup Cup and Plate, (silver plated,)	8.00	18
43	Six Tea Knives, (silver plated)	8.00	18
44	Fruit Dish, (silver plated,)	7.00	16
45	Gold Pen and Holder,	7.50	17
46	1 doz. Tablespoons, (silver plated,)	8.00	18
47	1 doz. Dining Forks, (silver plated,)	8.00	18
48	Photograph Album,	10.00	18
49	Stereoscope and 50 views,	10.00	20
50	Elegant Family Bible,	10.00	20
51	Folding Chair,	8.00	24
52	1 doz. napkin rings, in case,	8.00	22
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54	Cash,	6.25	25
55	Castor, (silver plated,)	10.00	25
56	Sewing Machine, (Beckwith,)	12.00	24
57	Ice Basket, (silver plated,)	12.00	30
58	Chromo, Sunlight in Winter,	10.00	25
59	1 doz. Tea Knives, (silver plated,)	14.50	30
60	Photograph Album,	18.50	30
61	Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,	12.00	30
62	Folding Chair,	20.00	50
63	Guitar,	20.00	40
64	Silver Watch, (Waltham,)	20.00	45
65	Ice Pitcher, (silver plated,)	20.00	50
66	Child's Carriage,	25.00	60
67	Silver Watch, (Waltham,)	35.00	80
68	Bickford Knitting Machine,	30.00	75
69	Harper's Pictorial Bible,	35.00	80
70	Cash,	35.00	100
71	Lawn Mower, (Allen & Co.'s,)	45.00	100
72	Tea Set, (silver plated,)	50.00	100
73	Sewing Machine, (Weed,)	60.00	60
74	Lamb Knitting Machine,	65.00	125
75	Ladies' Gold Watch,	80.00	175
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