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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., FEBRUARY, 1876.

No. 2.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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CHICKADEEDEE.

High in the bare, brown elm he swings,
And twitters low and sweet;
What cares he that the winter snow
Lies white beneath his feet?
December is better than Mays or Junes
For singing the sweetest of all sweet tunes,
Chickadee dee dee dee.

Where are the wife and babies brown?
Where does the wee nest hide?
For trees are bare and leaves are down
And all the country side
Lies shrouded in the drifting snow;
But he sings, though bitter north winds blow,
Chickadee dee dee dee.

The night shuts down with bitter cold,
Men shiver hurrying by.
But when morning breaks in purple and gold—
Clear 'gainst the eastern sky
We see the dainty figure swing
And hear again the sweet notes sing,
Chickadee dee dee dee.

Boston Journal.

HOME ADORNMENT.

THE art of adorning our homesteads, says the Maine Farmer, is one that has engaged the attention of comparatively few of our farmers. Few have taken into consideration the means by which things about a house may be made pleasant and agreeable. Few are aware of the actual enhancement of value in farm property arising from pains having been taken to have everything symmetrically and pleasingly arranged.

In the first place, the farm buildings should, if possible, be so situated as to command a good view of the farm. The fields should be so shaped and divided as to look natural. Instead of having a ridge or swell divided by a fence, which would have a tendency to make the whole appear smaller, let the fences, as far as convenient, be in the natural divisions of the ground. If there be a pond or stream, let the foliage be so disposed as to show them in patches, or in their most interesting parts.

If there be a conical hill, do not spoil it by cutting the trees on the top.

A hill with a bare top, and trees on the sides or base, looks like a bald-headed man. Besides, nature has designed that the tops of hills should be clothed, in order to retain moisture to be shed on the valleys below. If there is a large hill that is used for pasture, let it be adorned with frequent groves. If any natural defect exists in the scenery it should be hidden by trees, if possible.

The size, form and position of the buildings should be suggested by that of the farm, and especially by that of the lot on which the buildings are placed. If this has been disregarded, let the defect be remedied, as far as may be by additions or change of structure when additional buildings are needed. Avoid placing them separately, and on different lines, and with roofs of different pitch, as if each disdained to have any companionship with the rest. Let the buildings be so constructed as to suggest their use, and give the idea of ease and convenience in their use. Do not oblige passers by to be at their wits end to know what any building was made for.

If possible there should be a lawn connected with the house. It may not always be practicable for this to be always in grass, and be regularly shaven, like those in the establishments of the wealthy, but let there be a field, large or small, that shall come to one end of the house, and communicate with one door. It may be set out with fruit trees, and contain the bee house, chicken house, arbor, flower garden, etc. As for trees and vines, besides those bearing fruit, this department will give exercise and the most unlimited range for fancy and good taste.

Among the adornments let us speak a place for the lombardy poplar, so great a favorite with our forefathers. Perhaps not standing as grim sentinels, like so many grenadiers, in a straight line before the front door, but standing up in unexpected places about the grounds. Also let us recommend our native hemlock. Nothing prettier, with its drooping boughs, when standing separately, in open ground.

Let the buildings be made of such material, style and finish as will suit the taste of the owner. But if made of cheap material, and inexpensively finished, they will look well, if the hints above are complied with in any degree. Such a home will be pleasant; will engage the affections, and usually retain the presence of the children. Such a place will draw better company than where these views are disregarded. The children will form bet-

ter companionships, and form better connections in marriage; and will ever look back to the home of their youth, with something of the ecstasy that swelled the breast of the inspired poet, when he exclaimed, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion."

A GOOD SNOW SHOVEL.

Whenever a snow falls, paths should at once be made around the premises, wherever needed, both for health and convenience, especially of the ladies. Shoveling snow with a common short-handled shovel is slow, hard work. A better shovel is made thus:

Take a light, tough, half-inch board, twenty inches long and a foot wide. Sharpen one end and over it rivet a strip of thin sheet-iron, bent sharp to fit the edge; this forms the cutting edge. Across the other end nail firmly a piece an inch thick, five inches wide, and long enough to extend across the shovel-board. Bore an inch hole through this, slanting downward and forward, so that the handle when passed through the hole will strike the board three or four inches in front of the crosspiece. Bevel the end of the handle to fit the shovel board, and fasten it with a staple. The handle should be long enough to work without stooping, and the whole thing should be as light as possible.

—One of the best methods of protecting half-tender roses and other shrubs is to surround the plant to a proper height with leaves or half-decayed manure from a straw stack, then surround the whole with sods, forming a cone. Of course the shrub is pruned before the operation is begun. When snow falls pack that around the mounds to prevent the harboring of mice. Some cover with a box, filling in with leaves and straw. Another plan is to remove the earth beneath the plant and a little distance from one side and bend it over to cover with earth or sods.

—There are more bay windows in San Francisco than in any other city in the world. Bay windows constitute its architectural specialty. No family can be without them. Every little cottage has them. That hostelry, the Palace Hotel, has over six hundred front rooms with bay windows. Every front room on two sides and for eleven stories in height has a bay window, and by one correspondent it is described as presenting the appearance of an enormous collection of dove cotes arranged in ranks and tiers one above another.



THE ART OF NOT HEARING.

THE art of not hearing should be taught in every well regulated family. It is full as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, many which we ought not to hear, very many which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds, according to their pleasure.

If a man falls into a violent passion and calls me all manner of names, the first word shuts my ear, and I hear no more. If, in my quiet voyage of life, I find myself caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, I shut my ears, as a sailor would furl his sails, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame my feelings, I consider what mischief these sparks might do in the magazine below, where my temper is kept, and instantly close the door.

Does a gadding, mischief-making fellow begin to inform me what people are saying about me, down drops the portcullis of my ear, and he cannot get in any farther. Does the collector of the neighborhood scandal task my ear as a warehouse, it instinctively shuts up. Some people feel very anxious to hear everything that will vex and annoy them. If it is hinted that any one has spoken ill of them they set about searching the matter and finding out. If all the petty things said of one by heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a walking pin-cushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. I should as soon thank a man for emptying on my bed a bushel of nettles, or setting loose a swarm of mosquitoes in my chamber, or raising a pungent dust in my house generally, as to bring upon me all the tattle of careless or spiteful people.

If you would be happy when among good men, open your ears; when among bad, shut them. And as the throat has a muscular arrangement by which it takes care of the air-passages of its own accord, so the ears should be trained to an automatic dullness of hearing. It is not worth while to hear what your servants say.

when they are angry; what your children say after they have slammed the door; what a beggar says whom you have rejected from your door; what your neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business or your dress.

This art of not hearing, though not taught in the schools, is by no means unknown or unpracticed in society. I have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears an impertinent or a vulgar remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little apparent connivance in dishonorable conversation.

There are two doors inside my ears, a right hand door leading to the heart, and a left hand door, with a broad, and steep passage, leading out into the open air. This last door receives all ugliness, profanity, vulgarity, mischief-making, which suddenly find themselves outside of me.

Judicious teachers and indulgent parents save young urchins a world of trouble by a convenient deafness. Bankers and brokers often are extremely hard of hearing when unsafe borrowers are importunate. I never hear a man who runs after me in the street, bawling my name at the top of his voice; nor those who talk evil of those who are absent; nor those who give me unasked advice about my own affairs; nor those who talk largely about things of which they are ignorant.

If there are sounds of kindness, of mirth, of love, open fly my ears. But temper, or harshness, or vulgarity, or flattery, shuts them. If you keep your garden gate shut your bowers and fruit will be safe. If you keep your doors closed no thief will run off with your silver; and if you keep your ears shut your heart will lose neither its flowers nor its treasures.

"ENTERTAINING" A FRIEND.

The queer genius who edits the Danbury News thus pleasantly satirizes a too common weakness of the hostess of the period.

A wife, when she has received suitable notice, can get up an excellent dinner for her husband's friend. She does her level best, working without stint until a repast which pleases her in every particular is spread. Then the following conversation takes place with the guest:

"I hope you'll be able to make out a meal."

"I shall do nicely, I know," he says.

"I'm really ashamed of the table," she rattles on.

"Why, you needn't be," he protests.

"But it's all his fault," she explains, nodding toward her husband. "He never gives me any warning scarcely, and it's such warm weather now that there is nothing you can keep on hand for an emergency."

"Why, you've done nobly, I think; couldn't have done better," asserts the guest, beginning to lose his interest in the topic.

"O, I hope you don't think this anything of a dinner," she says, looking with anxious pride over the spread.

"You must come up again, and let me know beforehand, and I'll promise you something decent to eat."

"I'm sure this can't be beaten," protests the guest, with a sense of becoming depressed.

"Oh! bless me; this is nothing but a pick-up dinner, just the same as we have if alone. Do try another biscuit; I don't suppose they are fit to eat, though," she says, with increased anxiety, as she observes their delicate color and flaky texture.

"They are beautiful," he hastily explains, feeling very uncomfortable the while.

"You must take the will for the deed," she resumes. "I didn't see we were out of bread till the last moment, and then I hastily made up these. I didn't think they'd be half way decent, as there was no time to work them."

And so she rattles on with her disastrous comments, the dear old fraud, while he continues to protest, and continues to feel more and more like getting up and flying away.

THE INFLUENCE OF HOME.

In the institution of the family circle, the home is foreordained. There is the same line of obligation running through it, the same necessity of law, obedience, the same dependence of the weak upon the strong, of the needy upon the opulent, the same requirements of home exclusive and narrow in its influence; absorbing affections that should be devoted to the race, binding about with the cords of a selfish and local love those pulses which should throb for the world as our home, and for all men as our brethren. On the contrary, there are nurtured and developed those affections which expand into a universal philanthropy, a broad and world-wide tolerance. The good father learns in that relations a clearer idea of the paternity of God, the child a better notion of Christian trust, the brother a truer sentiment of human fraternity.

As the domestic relations enter so intimately into the estate of human welfare, we learn to sympathize with those in whose persons these relations are violated or denied. At least, we but extend the sentiment which home has warmed, expanded and educated within us, out to the crushed, the suffering, and the destitute, and true philanthropy manifests itself. We remember that the terms of the family relation are those applied to God, and to all men; that relation itself, then, is beautiful and holy, and so far from being selfish and restrictive in its influence, it is the source and the promoter of the broadest and most unselfish charities. Jesus Christ, the teacher and doer of universal good, was once the denizen of a home, the obedient child, and the faithful observer of the domestic relations.

Home! how important are its relations in their influence upon society. Mighty germs of good or evil for the world, are sown into the heart. There the human soul receives its most durable impressions. There is developed the mind of childhood. There the future good or bad man rehearses his part, and goes from thence into the wide theatre of the world to act it. There is cherished the incipient disposition of the oppressor or the philanthropist, the mean or the generous

man. There is manifested, or not manifested, that genuine religion, without which all of our profession, and all of our Sabbath day observances are hollow and useless.—Rev. E. H. Chapin.

the American people. Just as the great California cedar here is called a Washingtonia, in England, a Wellingtonia, while in reality botanically a Sequoia with the apt specific gigantea which each of the high contending parties are content to leave as first placed.

Another division is the creeping or ivy-leaved section; now, however, very much mixed up with other crosses, so that in some kinds of this section but a faint outline resemblance to the ivy-leaf is discernible, although it is from the resemblance of leaf of the two otherwise distinct plants that gave this its expressive name.

Another exceedingly beautiful division of this plant is the tricolor geranium, so named from the beautiful marking of the leaf, so brilliant indeed that when seen at its best, a group without a single flower is of unsurpassed magnificence.

Unfortunately, in our bright sunshine, these markings to a great extent disappear during summer, hence it cannot become like many others of the family, excellent summer-bedding plants. But during winter and early summer, either in the window or the green-house, it is well worth a place and is sure to attract attention, when many other plants would be passed over by all but the genuine flower-lovers.

Another division that has sprung up of late is what is called by florists perpetual geranium, a cross between some of the sweet-scented sections and large flowering or Lady Washington class, usually dubbed here by florists pelargoniums to distinguish them. These plants flower very freely during spring, and some of them more or less all the year; but, as a rule, are not generally grown in windows.

Perhaps the very best of all known is the rose geranium, so called, depending entirely upon the pleasing fragrance of the foliage for their popularity. Almost every button-hole bouquet, now becoming so common, has one of these leaves for a background. As a window plant it is very tenacious of its usage, which is another recommendation for its generally being a favorite plant.

Among the other kinds of scented are the nutmeg, lemon, pennyroyal, and peppermint, some having very distinct flavors of the respective fragrances.

The most popular error in growing these plants as window plants is a tendency to use too large a pot. If properly watered a geranium will flower far the best in a small pot.

LIGHT AND HEAT FOR PLANTS IN WINTER.

Now-a-days there are so many persons in well-settled neighborhoods, and especially near cities, that seek to have something green in their living-rooms in winter, that some general directions relating thereto will be read with interest.

The greatest number of failures are from the effects of a too dry atmosphere, particularly where coal is used. The plant is gradually dried up, and turns yellow, from the want of oxygen, and finally dies. Such an atmos-



MOSS.

Strange tapestry, by nature spun
On viewless looms, aloof from sun,
And spread through lonely nooks and grotos
Where shadows reign, and leafy rest—
O moss, of all your dwelling-spots,
In which one are you loveliest?
Is it when near grim roots that coil
Their snaky black through humid soil?
Or when you wrap, in woodland glooms,
The great prone pine trunks, rotted red?
Or when you dim, on sombre tombs,
The requiescats of the dead?
Or is it when your lot is cast
In some quaint garden of the past,
On some gray crumbled basin's brim,
With conchs that mildewed Tritons blow,
While yonder through the poplars prim,
Looms up the turreted chateau?
Nay, loveliest are you when time weaves
Your emerald films on low, dark eaves,
Above where pink porch-rows peer,
And woodbines break in fragrant foam,
And children laugh and you can hear
The beatings of the heart of Home.

THE GERANIUM.

AMONG the flowering plants best suitable for winter gardening, the oldest, best known, and perhaps the very best, taking all things into consideration, is the plant popularly known as the geranium.

We say popularly known, for what most of us call, and what is known everywhere when spoken of where the English language is spoken, as the geranium, is now and has been for many years called and distinguished botanically as the pelargonium. It is not our purpose at this time to trace the reasons why this plant so commonly known by one name should nevertheless be really not of that class at all. But suffice it to say, by the name of geranium it was first introduced to public notice, and like many other things in this world, the old name will sound the sweetest, and common people that, after all, the world is mostly composed of, will stick to their first love, and a geranium is still in the common vernacular.

The very oldest known of these plants is what used to be known as the scarlet geranium, but now really a misnomer, as what used to be of a scarlet color only, through cultivation, is now like Joseph's coat of many colors. Then, again, until quite recently, it was single only, now there are splendid double sorts. At first, again, these singles were scarlet, now they are white, salmon, and some intermediate shades. Another of the older divisions is still known by many

people as Lady Washington, only in this country, however, and most likely through the first of its class so dubbed by florists, at least the kind that attracts particular attention, coupled with its being an endearing name to

sphere would be fatal also to human life if the person were confined constantly to it. The individual may go out in the fresh air, the plant cannot.

To obviate these effects somewhat, water may be kept on the fire or over the stove, the evaporation from which will, in a considerable degree, modify the effects of this burned air from highly heated stoves. Plants need a powerful light direct from the sun to enable them to grow equally and healthily, and this is something they seldom get in rooms. They therefore should be placed as much as possible in the sun, and, when kept near a window, they should be turned about often, that all portions of the plant may receive, as equally as possible, its direct rays. When a bay window can be had, many of these difficulties may be avoided.

A little careful attention to keeping the plants from extremes of heat and cold, giving them as much light and air as possible, moistening the foliage regularly, and the avoidance of large quantities of water at the roots, will enable any one to bring ordinary house plants through the winter in fair health.

Those who have small greenhouses or conservatories, which they attend themselves, often allow plants to become unhealthy. Many are built with too slight a grade for the glass, which, collecting moisture, allows it to drip back upon the plants. The pitch of these lean-to or span roofs should never be less in the rise than one to one. A curvilinear roof is much better and not a great deal more costly. One great advantage in this class of roofs is the larger quantity of light that is admitted.

Light is said to pass more freely through a curvilinear roof than through a span roof, for the reason that there is more surface for the enclosed space and heat. Light and heat pass more freely through such glass forming an angle with the horizon as will enable the rays of the sun to strike without much deflection. Consequently a plane roof with perpendicular glass sides is the worst possible form, both for conservatories and greenhouses. Nevertheless, the quality of cheapness often compensates for this lack of utility. Light also passes more easily through clear, thin glass, than colored glass; therefore, it is of the utmost importance that such be used.

Light and heat, therefore, being so essential to plants, it is a matter of the first consequence that those contemplating the erection of greenhouses and conservatories should provide for the admission of the greatest amount of this, the life of plants and animals.

Poisonous gases, in exceedingly small quantity, often act with destructive energy on plants. A ten-thousandth part of sulphuric acid gas in the air is fatal to the health of plants; hence the sickly appearance of trees, especially evergreens, in large cities. The trouble with sulphureous gases where coal is burned, has now led pretty generally to the adoption of hot water apparatus in heating greenhouses and conservatories. Indeed, their use is now so general, that the man who should now

heat with flues, except in particular

cases, would be laughed at. They are only admissible, at best, in temporary structures.—*Western Rural.*

LIQUID-MANURE FOR POT PLANTS.

The beneficial results obtained from manure-water, when judiciously applied to fruiting and flowering plants, have long been recognized by cultivators, and its use is now becoming more general. It is well known that the roots of plants are more healthy when growing in pure soil free from rank manure, and these roots will draw up more healthy nourishment to the plants from manure given in a liquid state, than when they are encased in rank material which they cannot consume. We know that our most successful grape-growers use very little solid manure in the soil, only a few bones or bone meal, or similar material, which cannot give off more stimulant than the plants can consume, and also remains much longer in the soil as a fertilizer than manure, which dissolves rapidly.

The successful florist has more faith in giving stimulants when the plant really needs them in keeping the roots buried in soil made rich and almost offensive by strong manure. When roots are few and the plants almost at rest, the purer the soil and the less stimulant the plants receive, the better will they thrive when their roots come to draw up larger supplies of nourishment. Moisture is needed to soften the soil and to allow the roots to extract nourishment from it; but when all the virtue is out of the earth, and the plants begin to show signs of distress, all the watering in the world will not give vigor to the exhausted functions; but let a portion of guano or any well-prepared manure be mixed with the water sufficient to color it, and let this be repeated at every watering instead of giving a much stronger dose at longer intervals, the result will be most satisfactory. I have tried a number of experiments this season with liquid-manure, and all lead me to have faith in the application of it, at every watering, in a weakly state.

A number of old fuchsias were stunted and pot-bound, but pressure of more important matters prevented our potting them into fresh earth; but to each watering a coloring of guano was allowed, and the plants with their pot-bound roots, have not only made vigorous growth, but flowered freely from June onward till November. Some pelargoniums, which were cut down last season and allowed to break in the usual way, were shaken out of the pots, and placed in smaller ones, but, when they should have been shifted, they were allowed to remain in the small pots, which were crammed with roots; guano-water was given at all times when they required moisture; the plants grew and made fine foliage, and flowered better than others which were favored with larger pots and fresh soil. Many other examples I could give to prove that giving liquid-manure frequently, and not until roots are in abundance to consume it, is the proper way to deal with this important assistant to cultivation.—*Florist.*

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. CROWELL:—Mrs. J. E. M. wishes to know how to crystallize a winter bouquet. I will tell her how we western girls crystallize our bouquets make of wheat, oats, prairie grasses, etc.

Take burnt alum and dissolve in warm water, allowing one quart of water to a pound of alum. Set away in an earthen crock or bowl, and allow it to cool; then suspend your grasses in it, not allowing them to touch the bottom of the crock. Leave them twelve hours and upon taking them out you will find them covered with lovely crystals.

If you want larger crystals put the grasses in the mixture while it is slightly warm; or you can have different colored crystals by putting part in another vessel, where some indigo, yellow ochre, purple ink, or some of the lovely aniline tints have been added to the alum and water.

No. Topeka, Kansas. LACIE.

—Mrs. A. M. M. has trouble with her madera vine. I think perhaps it does not have enough sunshine. I never saw one grow nicely without the sun's rays—though many try to treat them like ivies. I should advise putting the vine in a window where the sun can shine on it, and I think it will grow nicely, with the care other plants require.

MRS. L. C.

MR. EDITOR:—Being a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD I am well aware that its fund of valuable information is inexhaustible, therefore, I am encouraged to make the following inquiries:

What is the best method of waxing autumn leaves to have them look smooth when put on to bristol board for pictures? I have prepared some by dipping them into melted wax, which looked very well at first, but after the picture was made the leaves wrinkled; I put only enough mucilage on the leaves to keep them in place. Ought I to have put it all over the back of the leaves? I also wish some one would tell me how to keep dried ferns looking green all winter.

MARY LIZZIE.

WOMEN AS FLORICULTURISTS.

There is a constant cry among the advocates for women's rights that so few employments are open to the sex. The truth is every year women, by scores, are admitted to departments hitherto considered only properly filled by men. Every year they jostle men closer and closer in all the business relations of life. When we consider that in the event of a man's place falling vacant there are a dozen of his fellowmen eager and anxious to fill it, the wonder is that women are ever preferred at all—education and custom being on the side of the stronger sex, and experience proving that men's work is best done by men, as women's is by women.

In the matter of Floriculture one would think that women would occupy the field to the exclusion of men; but, strange to say, they show, if not a decided aversion, a singular backwardness in entering upon a business purely feminine, which they could make peculiarly their own.

Several years since I went with

others, by invitation, on New Year's eve, to visit a large floral establishment in New York, to view the designs in preparation for the next day. Orders had also been received for a ball and several parties, and every hand was busy. Walking around with the proprietor I observed the absence of women—not one being there—and asked why they were not employed. The answer both annoyed and provoked me.

"They can not do it so well as men—
are not so handy with the flowers."

I was incredulous, and said so.

"It is our experience," was the reply. "Men have more patience, and are not so impulsive."

To my query if he did not think tending flowers was more suited to women than men, he said no—if it was, women would be doing it. Women liked to trifle with flowers, to amuse themselves with them, but as to carrying on their cultivation as a business, few women were capable of it. They would rather labor at a desk, stand in a store, do the hardest kind of men's work, than engage in any of these feminine or half-feminine employments, and the proof was found in the fact that they did not. They would study for years to become lawyers, or doctors, or preachers, because these were manly professions, but where was there a woman studying to become a skillful floriculturist or horticulturist? He did not know one.

As I looked around this great establishment, and saw more than a score of men busy, some unpacking the blossoms, which, carefully incased in cotton, had come from distant cities, others forming monograms of flowers of particular colors, or working out the elegant and elaborate designs which were to grace the next day's fêtes, each intent upon what he was doing, I wished the men had been women, and wanted much to controvert what he had said; but "knowledge is power," and having no knowledge to the contrary I could not.—*California Horticulturist.*

THE WHITE FLY.

I notice in the December number Minnie D. inquires what will kill the white fly on rosebushes. If a house rose, perhaps the same remedy that Mr. Vick offers for the destruction of the green fly would avail. He says, fumigation with tobacco has proved most efficient. But a safer method for some plants is this process, and often quite as effective. Soak or steep some tobacco in water until the strength is extracted. The strength of the water may be determined by dipping a leaf into it, or letting it remain in it for a short time; if the leaf is brown or burned, or turns so when taken out of the water, the solution is too strong and must be reduced. When the right degree of strength is acquired, dip the whole plant into the water, and afterwards syringe it off with clean water. To this he adds, the better way, especially those who keep a small number of plants is to watch them so closely, syringe and wash them so thoroughly, that the fly is kept under and the plants maintained in the highest state of health.

MRS. G. W. CAREY.



EARLY HISTORY OF THE SEWING MACHINE.

WHEN we consider the immense number of sewing machines annually manufactured and sold in this country, and how generally they are used by all classes, it seems almost incredible that barely thirty years have elapsed since the first seam was stitched on the imperfect and cumbersome machine invented and brought into practical operation by Elias Howe, Jr. The early history of the sewing machine, like that of most valuable inventions, is but little more than a record of poverty, toil and privation on the part of the inventor, and jeers, insults and determined opposition by those he was freely giving the best years of his life to benefit. As a rule, the great inventors whose productions have blessed the world, have not reaped the benefits which were rightfully theirs. This has been true in respect to the vast majority of wealth-producing inventions. The one whose fertile brain has evolved a great and valuable mechanical or scientific idea has, by the same necessity which prompted him to work out his invention, been compelled to part with the fruits of his labors for a mere song, while the purchaser, with less brains, but more money, makes a fortune.

Mr. Howe was ultimately an exception to this almost general rule; and yet he suffered rebuffs, disappointments, and privations enough to have driven many men to suicide. For years he patiently toiled, while he and his family were reduced to the very lowest limit requisite to sustain life, and when he finally succeeded in producing in practical wood, iron and steel, the ideal machine which was previously wrought out in the workshop of his brain, and demonstrated the practicability of the invention in its application to domestic and manufacturing purposes, he found his troubles had but just commenced, and he was compelled in order to avail himself of any substantial benefits, to enter into long, tedious and expensive litigation, in order to wrest by main force from imitators and infringers, a recognition of his rights as the original inventor.

That Elias Howe, Jr., was the first to conceive the idea of a sewing machine, is not true; for at least seven years prior to the date when the first idea dawned upon Howe, a New York mechanic (Walter Hunt) not only conceived the idea, but actually attempted to put it into tangible and practical form by constructing a machine which he claimed did sew a little, though quite imperfectly. But becoming wearied and discouraged with his fruitless experiments, he threw it aside in despair, and it was never brought to light again until more than twenty years after, when Howe was prosecuting his great infringement suits (his leading opponent being Isaac M. Singer), Mr. Hunt

was found, and after considerable search parts of his machine were discovered with a lot of other rubbish in the garret of a house in Gold street, New York.

Singer furnished Hunt with money to supply the missing portions, and if possible to make the thing work; but even with the assistance of another ingenious inventor it would not sew, and all that was established was the fact that Hunt did attempt to make a sewing machine in 1832, that he did use the shuttle principle, but that he failed and gave it up in despair. Still there was no evidence that Howe had ever seen the machine or even heard of it; nor that he did not really bring out, unaided by any borrowed idea, the first practical sewing machine ever known to the present age.

Mr. Howe was born in Spencer, Mass., in 1819, and at the age of 18 went to Boston and engaged with a Mr. Davis for the manufacture and repair of nautical and philosophical instruments. It was here that the idea of a sewing machine first suggested itself to the young mechanist, and like many of the great inventions and discoveries which have been effected, it was brought about incidentally. Mr. Davis, the master of the shop, was a sort of erratic mechanical genius, very skillful, and yet very eccentric, and withal not a little inclined to be boastful.

In 1839, when Howe had been with Davis about a year and a half, a capitalist and a mechanic who had been striving to get up a knitting machine, but had failed, came to Davis for assistance. They brought their invention with them in the hope that his genius would supply what was lacking to secure the working of the machine. All the workmen in the shop had gathered about, and among them the future father of the sewing machine, and while all were making suggestions, Davis said in a half sneering, half boastful manner, "What are you bothering yourselves about a knitting machine for? Why don't you make a sewing machine?" "I wish I could," was the response, "but it can't be none." "Yes, it can," said Davis, "I can make one myself." "Do it," was the answer, "and I will insure you an independent fortune."

That ended the conversation so far as Davis and the capitalist were concerned. But there was another listener there, upon whose ears these words were the key-note which awakened an aspiration and an inspiration which resulted in consigning the young mechanist, Elias Howe, Jr. (then twenty years old) to long years of unrequited toil, sore disappointments and almost destitution, but which ultimately made his name a household word, and brought him wealth in a measure he had never dreamed of. It is not probable that the idea of sewing by machinery had ever before occurred to him, but the random shot had "struck home," and from that hour he began to reflect and speculate upon the possibility of doing rapidly by the aid of machinery what was then accomplished by the slow and fatiguing process of sewing by hand; yet he did not at once set about the work of constructing the machine.

His first efforts were to imitate as nearly as possible the movements of hand sewing, and to accomplish this he formed a needle pointed at both ends with the eye in the middle, and he spent months in futile experiments to make this idea practical, but all resulted in failure. But he still clung to his idea, and worked on, until sometime in 1844 a new thought suddenly burst upon him as by inspiration. The result was the abandonment of his original plan, and the production of a needle with the eye near the point and the use of the shuttle. As soon as this new idea dawned upon his mind he felt sure that the great problem was substantially solved, and in the month of October he proved the truth of his conclusion by constructing a rude model of wood and wire, that convinced him that a machine embodying these two ideas would sew a seam.

At this point he gave up his position as journeyman mechanic, and in the garret of his father's house (his father in the meantime had removed to Cambridge), he erected a lathe and with a few tools he did a little work on his own account, but devoted most of his time and thought to the construction of the machine in which was the germ of "the independent fortune" which five years before had been predicted for the man who would invent a sewing machine. He was very poor. In his head was an invention which in after years yielded him an annual income of more than two hundred thousand dollars. He was barely able to provide for his family the common necessities of life, and to prove to the world the utility

of his invention he must construct a machine of iron and steel, exact in detail and finish, and he had not the means to purchase the raw materials.

At this critical juncture the poor inventor entered into an arrangement with a friend and former schoolmate, named George Fisher, who had a little money and some faith. The agreement between them was that Fisher was to take Howe and his family into his own house and board them, and also to furnish the use of his garret for a workshop, and provide money to the amount of five hundred dollars with which to purchase materials and tools to perfect the work, and in return for these advances Fisher was to be an equal partner with Howe in the patent, should Howe succeed in producing a machine worth patenting. Howe worked at his machine all the winter of 1844-45, his only model being the clear conception of the idea in his brain, and in April, 1845, he sewed a seam with his machine, and by the middle of the next month had completed his first machine, and in July he sewed with it all the seams of two suits of clothes, one for Mr. Fisher and one for himself.

His first machine is still in existence. It has crossed the Atlantic several times, and was often, during the long years of litigation, brought into court as a voiceless yet eloquent witness in behalf of its originator and builder. It was a crude and imperfect machine as compared with those that are manufactured now; but the germ was there, and notwithstanding all the later improvements

which have been made, it is no more than simple justice to say that, of the millions of sewing machines now in existence, there is not one that, in its essential principles, differs from this original one which cost Elias Howe years of thought, and, for many months, days and nights of labor.

The sewing machine was now a fixed fact, but the troubles, sufferings, and privations the inventor had endured were only introductory to greater ones yet in store for him. He tried to have sailors and clothing manufacturers see the working of his invention, claiming that he could demonstrate its adaptability to their business; but they were incredulous, and the journeyman tailors claimed that if it did work it would reduce them all to beggary. He finally placed his machine in a room of the Quincy Hall clothing manufactory, and sat by it day after day, sewing seams gratis for any who would come, and demonstrated that it would really do all that he claimed for it; at one time he issued a challenge that he could beat five of the fastest hand-sewers that could be produced. The challenge was accepted and the work prepared for the trial. There were ten seams of equal length; five were given to the five girls, and five to Howe, and at the signal the trial began. The machine came out ahead, and yet not a machine was ordered.

The next thing was to get a patent; to do this another machine must be constructed to be deposited in the Patent Office; so Howe shut himself up in his dingy garret again for three or four months, and made his second machine.

Late in the summer of 1846, having his model and documents complete, Howe and his partner Fisher went to Washington, and the machine was exhibited at a fair, much to the amusement of the crowd witnessing its operations; but so far as bringing money to the depleted pockets of the two young men was concerned, the exhibition was a failure. They, however, secured their patent, Sept. 10, 1846.

Looking back from the stand-point of the present, one cannot avoid wondering why some shrewd capitalist did not see the immense value of the invention, and buy an interest in it, furnishing the means to bring it out.

By this time George Fisher was discouraged. For a long time he had supported Howe and his family, and instead of five hundred dollars, which was to be the limit of money to be furnished, he had advanced about two thousand, so he concluded to stop where he was, considering his investment a dead loss.

To go into the details of the subsequent struggles and trials of the young inventor would greatly exceed our space. As an illustration of his extreme poverty at this time, it may be said that he was compelled to borrow a suit of clothes to wear at the funeral of his wife, having none except those he wore in the shop.

From the grave of his wife, Elias Howe went a sad, almost heart-broken man, to his labor as a mechanist, and for a time the dream of an "independent fortune" as the result of his invention was dispelled. It was not long, however, before he began to

hear of a wonderful Yankee sewing machine, and soon found that others had taken up his idea and were manufacturing and selling sewing machines, wholly ignoring the originator of it.

This roused Mr. Howe from his apathy, and for years he waged a war against those who had infringed upon his patent. It was a long, bitter and expensive litigation. There was an immense combination of rival claimants backed by ample means, but Mr. Howe found friends who believed in his claims, and he obtained, after the most persistent opposition, a decisive verdict in his favor.

This final decision was made nine years after Mr. Howe had completed his first machine, and he soon began to reap substantial rewards, and for some years prior to his death was in receipt of a yearly income of some two hundred thousand dollars. But he did not live many years to enjoy his hard-earned wealth and reputation. He died at Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1867, at the age of forty-eight.

RENOVATING BLACK DRESSES.

If fashion is gradually introducing more of color into the toilet, still no wardrobe is complete without at least one black dress, and then the number of those who wear mourning creates for it constantly a steady demand. Its unfailing popularity is proved by the fact that the prices of black goods do not decline proportionally with others, merchants saying that their sale is always sure. But although a neat black dress is thus serviceable, and its wearer sure of being appropriately, if not handsomely, dressed in any company in which she may appear, yet no dress is more susceptible of improvement from constant and intelligent care, and it does seem as if a shabby, ill-kept suit of black was one degree more shabby than any other. No lady should ever don her alpaca, cashmere or serge without giving it a thorough dusting with broom or brush. Dust permitted to settle in the folds of pleat or shirring will soon be impossible to remove entirely, and give the whole gown that untidy air so much to be deprecated in everything pertaining to a lady's person.

But after constant use for months, or maybe a year, the most carefully-kept black dress will begin to show the effects of use in a certain rustiness of hue and general dinginess of aspect, if in no place actually rubbed or worn. Now is the time to expend a little skill and ingenuity in its renovation, when the economist may be rewarded by coming out in an old dress made new, sure of eliciting the admiration at least of all those who are in the secret. For the undertaking provide yourself with ten cents' worth of soap bark, procurable at an herb-store, and boil it in one quart of hot water. Let it steep awhile, and then strain it into a basin for use. If the job is to be a perfect and thorough one, take the body and sleeves apart and to pieces; rip off the trimming from skirt and over-skirt. Brush off all loose dust first, and then, with a sponge dipped in the soap-bark decoction, wipe over each piece thoroughly, folding up as you proceed. Have ready a lady's skirt-board for pressing

and well-heated irons. Smooth every piece on the wrong side, including natural defects, and heighten the even silk trimmings; and when you have once more put it together you will be amazed to see the results of the simple process.

One advantage in taking the whole dress apart is that, by putting the trimmings on in some style a little different from what it was at first, the attraction of novelty is added to make the effect more pleasing. If one has not time, however, to go through the whole process, a dress may be greatly improved by being wiped over with this mixture, and pressed on the wrong side while damp—indeed, for a time, it will look quite as good as new. The process may be repeated from time to time as shall seem advisable. I have seen a cashmere, which had been worn two whole winters, taken apart and treated in this way, and the closest observer would have supposed the dress to have been put on for the first time, such was its soft, fresh look, and the vividness of its black. Grenadine may be submitted to the same sort of cleaning with fine results.

When a black lawn has become limp, tumbled and generally forlorn-looking, the best mode of treatment to subject it to is, first a submersion in a pan of warm water colored highly with indigo; then exposure to the air until just dampness enough is left to enable one to press it to advantage with a hot iron, and if this is carefully done, always on the wrong side, the lawn will come forth quite fresh, stiff and renovated from its blue bath, and again do good service for another while.

Every particle of dust should be removed from a black silk or poplin every time it is worn, for nothing cuts either out so soon as these often imperceptible little gritty motes with which the air of a city is filled where coal is in such universal use.—*Harper's Bazar.*

TASTE IN DRESS.

Many who have the cares of a household on their mind think, with Catharine of Arragon, that "dressing time is wasting time." And where the spare moments are so few and far between as with those housekeepers who not only have the superintendence of affairs, but find it necessary to perform the actual labor with their own hands, the temptation to coincide fully with such authority is great.

But if a woman has no natural taste in dress, delight in the combination of colors or love of harmony in these things, she must be a little deficient in her appreciation of the beautiful. As a work of art, a well-dressed woman is a study. This does not in the least necessitate a close copy of the prevailing fashions, for one must cull and choose, rejecting those unsuited to her form and general style. Even when a love of dress is natural, it does not follow that it should engross every other taste. It may exist happily with an appreciation of the best there is in literature, with a fondness and successful faculty for household duties and certainly should never

Dress can be so adapted as to hide even silk trimmings; and when you charms possessed by the wearer. From the days of Annie Boleyn, who varied her dress every day, and always wore a small kerchief around

her neck to conceal a mark, and a falling sleeve to hide her doubly tipped little finger, many have made use of its advantages in this respect with success, and every woman should habitually make the best of herself and circumstances. Indifference, and consequent inattention to dress, often shows pedantry, self-righteousness, or indolence, and whilst extolled by the severe utilitarian as a virtue, may frequently be noted as a defect.—*Fireside Friend.*

MITTENS.

The New York Herald tells its readers how to make cheap and warm mittens from the skin of the sheep:

During a period of more than thirty years past, we have been accustomed to make cheap and durable mittens in the following manner, to be worn when performing all sorts of out-door work. A good sheep-skin is purchased for \$1, which has been tanned with the wool on. The wool, of course, is short, not more than half an inch in length.

A sheepskin of medium size will make from three to four pairs of mittens, as per the size of the hands. A pattern was first made out of stiff brown paper. The paper thumb piece must be neatly fitted to the pattern. Then the leather will fit the thumb hole. One pattern will answer for both mittens if the leather is turned over after one mitten has been cut out. Sometimes the mittens are made with the wool inside.

When mittens are to be used for handling wood, stone, lumber and other things which are liable to wet them the leather is smeared with a coat of coal tar, which must be dried in before the fire. A coat of coal tar will prevent the leather from becoming wet like a piece of cloth, and it will also make the mittens wear like horn. Apply tar only to the parts that are most exposed to contact with the materials to be handled. In lieu of sheepskin we have sometimes employed tanned calfskin.

Mittens will keep hands much warmer than gloves. Procure a glover's needle of triangular shape, let the edges of the leather be wetted before the mittens are sewed, employ strong thread, well waxed with beeswax, and the mittens will render excellent service.

THE SILK INDUSTRY IN JAPAN.

A crisis of some importance has occurred at the fountain-head, so to speak, of the silk industry. The Japanese surveyors of silkworm eggs have, in consequence of the heavy losses they sustained last year, assembled at Yeddo to regulate the production for the present season. They have, says a correspondent, decided that the number of boxes shall be limited to 1,500,000, half to remain in Japan to meet the home demand, and half to be offered for exportation.

This measure is explained by the low prices to which their stock fell last year in Italy and France. They

had in 1874 sent those two countries 1,300,000 boxes of which only 700,000 found customers. With regard to this stock, all samples failing to find purchasers are entirely wasted, since, if the eggs are not utilized at the usual time of hatching, they must be thrown away.

The absence of customers, an absence which had never before been noted, was caused by the fact that the Japanese supply has been raising in value, while the quality of the eggs has been deteriorating and also by the hope of a mitigation of the disease affecting European silkworms. If this disappeared during the current year, France and Italy would only take from 300,000 to 400,000 boxes at the outside. Meantime it is well that sericulture is spreading, even Australia making an important effort in that direction, for it is clear that the eggs of the silkworm should, even less than other eggs, be all trusted in one basket, or be chosen in the same market.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

Shirt besoms are as plain as it is possible to fold linen without plaits. Sealskin will remain the popular fur for men's turbans, collars, and gloves. The novelty in felt hats is the sailor shape, with low, flat crown, surrounded and almost concealed by a broad band; the wide, straight brim is three and a half inches or more in breadth; gray is the shade. The Byron is the favorite turn-down collar; the favorite high collar is the rouleau, with pointed fronts that are slightly rolled over, but should not be ironed flat, and which leaves the throat open.

Full-dress suits are made of dead black, rather than lustrous. New black dress hats have bell-shaped crowns, 6 3-4 inches high, with a narrow band fastened by a black buckle. The brim has a sharp D'Orsay curve. Dark blue suits of invisible shades little more definite than blue black are desirable. Wide bindings of galloon are fashionable for edging coats, but men of plain tastes prefer a narrow roll or a small corded edge of braid.

Men who dress in the height of fashion wear wide pantaloons, cut straight, with no spring over the ankles. Pearl buttons with buttonholes are more worn on shirt fronts than they have been since eyelets and spiral studs came in fashion. Flesh-tinted gloves are preferred to chalk-white for full dress. All new overcoats are very long in the skirt; sartouts and sacks are both worn.

TASTE BETTER THAN COSTLINES.

Ladies should remember that, while articles of jewelry may of themselves be beautiful, they do not always enhance the beauty of the wearers. Having observed the ear-rings, the eyes insensibly wander to the ear from which it depends, and a majority of ears are not pretty. So a showy ring often informs us that the owner has very ugly hands. The same with bracelets; we learn by them how few pretty round wrists there are among us. The sensation caused by a diamond ring on a hand whose owner bites her nails and ignores the nail brushes, is disagreeable while the greatest admiration is called forth by a well cared for hand.



BECK'S BABY.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

WE have a very nice, roomy, south porch, over which a friendly grapevine runs its beautiful length, and during the summer and autumn months I sit out there and write, and fix fruits for canning and pickling and preserving, so as to enjoy the pure airs of "all out doors" and drink in the beauty of the varied landscape.

The village lies at the foot of the hill below us, perhaps forty rods distant, and between us is the graceful curve of the railroad, while just beyond the railroad bridge is the snug little home of my neighbor, whom we all call by the curt pert name of Beck. On the church records, however, her name stands as Rebecca, a blessed, sweet, old-time name that in this age of reform and love for new things has quite fallen into disrepute.

As I sat on the porch, fixing crab apples preparatory to making some jam, one day last week, I observed a great commotion down at my neighbor Beck's. Women in sunbonnets women in Sunday bonnets, women dressed up and women *en deshabille*, some in a hurry and flurried and some stepping with measured pace, women going to Beck's and women going away from Beck's were what I saw all that afternoon every time I cut the dead blossom from the end of a crab apple and looked up preparatory to laying it down and taking up another.

I said to one of the girls, "Why, if Beck had opened a fancy store, she wouldn't have a greater run of custom than she's had to-day. When you go down to the post-office, run in and see if all is well with them."

When Lily came up from the office in the evening, she pranced out upon the porch, swinging her hat by the ribbons and saying, "You never would guess that our neighbor Beck has a baby, a dear, little, brown-eyed girl, the sweetest bundle I ever got hold of, and she sends special word that she wants you to name it the rarest, prettiest, sweetest name you can think of."

Now, if there is a woman in the world tired of fancy names, these mere jumbles and mixtures of queer sounds, that over-affectionate mothers and aunties inflict upon helpless baby-hood, it is myself. I just long for the old names in full, the dear old names brimming with significance. "Well, I'll name it," said I, "but she won't let it stay named; she'll wrinkle up her nose like a puppy at the mere mention of a sensible name, now see if she don't. What a no-name that was which she gave her boy—Orralie! Why, it's neither masculine, feminine, nor neuter! It don't mean anything."

The next day I went down to see the baby. Ours is such a thoroughly democratic village that what interests one family interests all alike. A baby is our baby with all of us, and a birth,

or wedding, or death, brings joy and rejoicing and sorrow alike. The little dear made round pinky balls of fists when I took it in my arms, and its eyes opened clear and blank when I buried my face in the velvety softness of its pretty fat neck and kissed it a warm welcome.

"Did you bring a name, Rose?" said Beck, putting her arm under her pillow and raising up higher her radiant face, so she could look upon both the baby and myself.

"Of course," I replied, "I had selected a name for it in less than a minute after I heard of it."

"What is it?" said she, her red lips parted with eagerness to hear.

"Call it your own name, establish a new order of things and show yourself a sensible mother. Call it Rebecca," I said, earnestly.

"Oh dear! oh dear! Rebecca! the ugliest name that ever was; positively, I'd rather call the dear baby 'It' all its life than inflict such a name upon the helpless little innocent;" and Beck turned the end of the dainty pillow slip up over her face, and laughed just the same frolicsome jolly burst of music that I used to hear years ago, when she was out sleigh-riding and her jubilant laughter chimed in so charmingly with the tinkling bells. I told her it was high time mothers put a stop to the jargon of sounds by which they called their children; that in the years to come these same children would rise up indignantly and reproach them for such foolish, unmeaning cognomens; that my youngest brother said to me often, he would always hold a grudge against me for not naming him John; plain, good, common, sensible, simple John, instead of Russell Benton. The poor boy says from the time he commenced going to district school, on through all the years that followed, up to the time that he entered the senior class in college, he has had to spell his name distinctly, to make people understand and quit calling him "Musser," and "Busser," and "Bustle," and "Fusser," and "Fuzzel" and "Guzzle."

He said sometimes he had a mind, when he went among strangers, to call his name John and to keep it henceforth.

Beck laughed and asked me what I thought of the name the doctor's wife had proposed, Alverdie Looderonie.

"If you have any mercy on the child," I replied, "call her something else."

Beck ha-ha'd, and when her laugh had run out she said, "Mrs. Jones wanted I should name it Isadora Ethelinda, after her brother's wife's cousin's baby, and I do rather like the name."

Dear me! to think that I, a woman of sound mind should sit in that little bed-room and discuss baby names with a young mother who was "clean daft" on the all important subject! I was vexed with myself and rose to go home.

"Do send me a nice name, Rosy," said Beck, "I can trust your judgment where I can't trust these other women, you read more stories than they do, and somehow you are more imaginative and know what's pretty."

"Call it Rebecca," said I; "and if she is cute, and bright-eyed, and

quick, and sharp, then shorten the womanly old Biblical name into Beck, until she grows old, and then she may take the blessed name again, and wear it like a crown of jewels."

Yesterday a neighbor called, and after we had talked weather, and school, and election news, and the universal health topic, she said: "I called in to see Beck's baby on my way here; a right peart little midget she is too, bobs her head round and seems real smart but I think Beck's jaws will ache before she gets the hang of the name she calls the baby. Did you hear? Ruellie Florette May."

I laughed as I said, "Let that young one have an attack of cerebro menigitis, or whatever you call it, mixed in with such a name and it wouldn't live nine days. I do believe it would be a relief for it to lay such a burden down in death."

I was discussing names with the young mother of two children, one time last summer, and we agreed pretty well, although her little girl was branded with a fancy name that marks this page of the nineteenth century. She was a handsome woman, robust, full round form, large, marked yet winsome features, and her beautiful violet eyes almost gleamed when she laughed. I never think of an incident she told me without a hearty laugh, for I recall just how the beautiful wife and mother looked while she was telling it.

She said, "I don't know but you are correct about the silliness of this fashionable mania that has taken hold of mothers when they come to the blissful period of naming their babies. I never saw how it looked until I had named my little daughter. I wanted to call her something rare and very sweet, and not common. My cousin Lucy had a baby daughter only three days older than mine, and when they were about two months old we arranged to visit our grandmother at the same time. Neither knew what the other had named her baby, and I suppose we were both anxious to show them off to the best advantage. I know I was, and that it was a proud moment for me when I sat in one of grandmother's rocking-chairs, and, shaking out the voluminous lengths of embroidered snowy cambric baby clothes, perched the little mite on my knee and looked across the room to where cousin Lucy sat, in a corresponding rocker, shaking down the folds of her baby's clothes. I've no doubt we both felt very much elated.

"What do you call your baby?" piped out the fine, wheezy voice of cousin Lucy, the poor little feeble apology for a mother.

"Hallie Belle," said I in a good sound, solid voice, and with a touch of genuine mother pride, and then I said, "what do you call yours?"

"Allie Delle;" whined out the other proud mother, and then we both broke out into a merry peal of laughter. Really, my baby's name sounded good enough until I heard it brought alongside of another insipid one, so like it that it could almost pass for an echo, or the taunting tones of a mocking voice.

After we had laughed at ourselves a while Lucy said, "that makes me think of making-believe as we used

to when we lived together in a playhouse and tied calico over the big end of a cob and called it a baby, and gave it a fanciful name."

I know we were both ashamed of our unwomanly weakness; I think we were, at least, for Lucy named her next child, a boy, after his two good grandfathers, Uriah Jonathan; and I called mine for his two best uncles, Hiram Nathan. We atoned amply for the first weak error into which we had both fallen so shamefully."

When we look back to our childhood's years we cannot recall a single instance of silly pet names. The Margarets, and Ruths, and Huldahs, and Hannahs, and Johns, and Josephs, were all comely young maidens and young men, and not one of them blushed for the name or tried to cover it by a silken delusion, and transform it into something that it wasn't. They were proud of their old names and they honored them and the memory of the ancestors who had borne them for centuries gone and then laid down their bodies in the dust and left their old names, like mantles to be worn still, a fair heritage, or a dower.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

One cold market morning I looked into a milliner's shop, and there I saw a hale, hearty, well-browned young fellow from the country, with his long cart whip, and lion-shag coat, holding up some little matter, and turning it about on his great fist. And what do you suppose it was? A baby's bonnet! A little, soft, blue, satin hood, with a swan's down border, white as the new-fallen snow, with a frill of rich blonde around the edge.

By his side stood a very pretty woman, holding, with no small pride, the baby—for evidently it was the baby. Any one could read that fact in every glance, as they looked at each other, and then at the large, unconscious eyes and fat, dimpled cheeks of the little one.

It was evident that neither of them had ever seen a baby like that before.

"But really, Mary," said the young man, "isn't three dollars very high?"

Mary very prudently said nothing, but taking the little bonnet, tied it on the little head, and held up the baby. The man looked, and without another word down went the three dollars—the avails of last week's butter; and as they went out of the shop, it was hard to say which looked the most delighted with the bargain.

"Ah, thought I, "a little child shall lead them."

Another day, as I was passing a carriage factory along one of our principal back streets, I saw a young mechanic at work on a wheel. The rough body of a carriage stood beside him, and there, wrapped up snugly, all hooded and cloaked, sat a little dark-eyed girl, about a year old, playing with a great shaggy dog. As I stopped, the man looked up from his work, and turned admiringly towards his little companion, as much as to say, "See what I have got here!"

"Yes," thought I, "and if the little lady ever gets a glance from admiring swains as sincere as that, she will be lucky."

Ah, these children, little witches, pretty even in all their faults and absurdities. See, for example, yonder little fellow in a naughty fit. He has shaken his long curls over his deep-blue eyes; the fair brow is bent in a frown; the rose-leaf lip is pursed up in infinite defiance; and the white shoulder thrust angrily forward. Can any but a child look so pretty, even in its naughtiness?

Then comes the instant change; flashing smiles and tears, as the good comes back all in a rush, and you are overwhelmed with protestations, promises and kisses! They are, irresistible, too, these little ones. They pull away the scholar's pen, tumble about his paper, make somersets over his books; and what can he do? They tear up newspapers, litter the carpets, break, pull and upset, and then jabber unheard of English in self-defence; and what can you do for yourself?

"If I had a child," says the precise man, "you should see."

He does have a child, and his child tears up his papers, tumbles over his things, and pulls his nose, like all other children; and what has the precise man to say for himself? Nothing; he is like everybody else; "a little child shall lead him."

The hardened heart of the worldly man is unlocked by the guileless tones and simple caresses of his son; but he repays it in time by imparting to his boy all the crooked tricks and callous maxims which have undone himself.

Go to the jail, the penitentiary, and find there the wretch most sullen, brutal and hardened. Then look at your infant son. Such as he is to you, such to some mother was this man. That hard hand was soft and delicate; that rough voice was tender and hisping; fond eyes followed him as he played, and he was rocked and cradled as something holy. There was a time when his heart, soft and unworn, might have opened to questionings of God and Jesus, and been sealed with the seal of Heaven. But harsh hands seized it; fierce goblin lineaments were impressed upon it; and all is over with him forever.

So, of the tender, weeping child, is made the callous, heartless man; of the all-believing child, the sneering skeptic; of the beautiful and modest, the shameless and abandoned, and this is what the world does for the little one.

There was a time when the Divine One stood on earth, and little children sought to draw near to him. But harsh human beings stood between him and them, forbidding their approach. Ah, has it not always been so? Do not even we, with our hard and unsubdued feelings, our worldly and unspiritual habits and maxims, stand like a dark screen between our little child and its Saviour, and keep even from the choice bud of our hearts the sweet radiance which might unfold it for Paradise? "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not," is still the voice of the Son of God; but the cold world still closes around and forbids. When, of old, disciples would question their Lord of the higher mysteries of his kingdom, he took a little child and set him in the midst, as a sign of him who

should be greatest in heaven. The gentle teacher remains still to us. By every hearth and fireside Jesus still sets the little child in the midst of us.

Wouldst thou know, O parent! what is that faith which unlocks heaven? Go not to wrangling polemics, or creeds and forms of theology, but draw to thy bosom thy little one, and read in that clear, trusting eye, the lesson of eternal life. Be only to thy God as thy child is to thee, and all is done. Blessed shalt thou be indeed, "when a little child shall lead thee."

—Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

SLEEP FOR CHILDREN.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

The matter of sleep for all is an important one—more important to mothers, and most important to the young. It is nature's grand restorer, often a very useful medicine in nervous affections. Nature is imperious in her demands in this regard, and will certainly indicate unmistakably any deficiency in this respect. If one is drowsy during the day, habitually, aside from the drowsiness caused by an immoderate meal, or from certain forms of disease, as jaundice or torpid liver, it is quite certain that not enough sleep is generally taken.

Theory is of but little importance when in conflict with facts. A desire to sleep more—aside from the conditions mentioned—indicates a necessity, a real demand for sleep, as certainly as fatigue, hunger, or thirst, point toward rest, food and drink.

Children need more sleep than adults, while females and persons of a fine and delicate, or nervous organization, need more than males, as a whole. It is also true that brain workers need more sleep than manual laborers, since mental labor exhausts more, reduces the flesh, and in general taxes the nervous system.

When shall we sleep? Night is the time for sleep, its darkness and quiet especially indicating it, while it is especially needed after the labors of the day, as a means of recuperation. This fact with the almost universal custom of the fowls and the brute creation, of wakefulness with the dawn—and early sleep—would seem to favor early rising. And yet one should secure sleep enough even though it should take half of the day. After excessive mental toil and excitement there is a special demand for sleep, which, in consequence of a deranged state of the nerves, may not be easily secured. Natural sleep is the best, not that forced by opiates, which is often but a stupor, affording no real rest.

But, directly to Mrs. R. E. C. If your children retire early they may safely be called at six o'clock, especially in the summer. They should secure an abundance of sleep, unless they differ widely from other children, of course sleeping soundly during the night. If awake half of the night from sickness, that disturbing cause should be removed at once, and the night sleep secured. Now, if they retire at six o'clock, as many children do, and even before in short days, twelve hours—half of the time—would seem sufficient. If they sit up late

of course they will be drowsy in the morning. If, however, they are called early for a few mornings, they will be willing to retire earlier. Still, children should have an abundance of sleep, and the younger should sleep some by day, a nap or two, or more if they seem inclined.

But how shall we know when they have enough sleep? It is not always easy to decide, and yet, the nervous, fretful and irritable will scarcely sleep too much, especially by night. It is a safe rule to vacate the bed when first we awake. If that first awaking is natural, not the result of accident, we need no more sleep. If, on the contrary, we fall asleep again, we shall have more sleep than we need, since we may as easily learn to sleep more than nature demands, as to eat or labor too much. If, therefore, your children, like most others, are awake early and then fall asleep, it may be the result of habit, and not a demand of nature, a real need of rest. I repeat, we can sleep too little and may also take more than the circumstances may demand. From a want of sufficient sleep we may become nervous and fretful and really suffer, while too much sleep may simply make one stupid, with but little harm, save loss of time. You need not fear, therefore, to call them after they have been once awake.

If they are restless and do not sleep during the first part of the night, it is quite possible that they are troubled with worms, especially the pin worms. Or the last meal may be too much and too rich, which of itself may produce these worms. It is not only safe but highly expedient to give them a light supper—not tea—with no pastry, especially the rich and "good," so called. Sound and refreshing sleep is not secured and cannot be, by ordinary persons, while the stomach is deranged, though the anaconda—so made—may sleep when gorged.

THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS:—1. Children obey your parents in all things. 2. Pompeii.

3. Abraham Lincoln.

A w L
B ensh I
R ebello N
A uthenti C
H us O
A rsena L
M arte N

4. Peach. 5. Leach. 6. Elm. 7. Poplar. 8. Maple. 9. Pear. 10. Apple. 11. Cherry. 12. Palm.

13. Farmer, miller, merchant, blacksmith, tobacconist, cook, physician, shoemaker, grocer, artist.

14. M O V E 15. D E A R
O V I D E Y R E
V I N E A R E A
E D E N R E A D

16. Vein vane, vain. 17. Jail-bird.

18. Husband-man. 19. House-wife.

20. Amazon. 21. Mississippi. 22.

Otter. 23. Arkansas. 24. Albany.

25. Peace. 26. Connecticut. 27.

Cumberland. 28. Kansas. 29. Mis-

souri. 30. Osage. 31. Tennessee.

32. Wisconsin. 33. Wabash. 34.

Iowa.

ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of forty-three letters.

My 12, 43, 26, 2, 23, 20, 9, 41 is a flower that never fades.

My 21, 8, 19 is used in coining money.

My 6, 16, 33 is a small lizard.

My 11, 18, 24 is a machine.

My 1, 26, 36, 32, 23, 41 is the name of the lowest class in Hindostan.

My 5, 17, 3, 1, 38, 30, 40, 34 is worshipped by some people.

My 39, 29, 14, 22, 38 some people are destitute of.

My 35, 13, 25, 10 all should be.

My 4, 37, 15, 9, 42, 7 is a near relative.

My 28, 6, 27, 12 is the body of the Hindoo sacred writings.

My 31 is a letter whose sound can be prolonged at pleasure.

My whole is an old and very true saying.

EMILY L. R.

2. I am composed of thirty-three letters.

My 11, 17, 20, 27, 12, 24, 19, 8, 25, 3 is the name of a plant.

My 13, 2, 1, 4, 23, 6, 10 is a part of the twenty-four hours.

My 7, 9, 15, 16, 3, 14 is the name of a reformer.

My 31, 33, 29, 32, 21 is used in the culinary department.

My 22, 18, 28, 26, 30 is to cast away.

My 5 is a vowel.

My whole is a verse from the Bible.

CROSS WORD ENIGMAS.

3. My first is in flour but not in meat.

My second is in meal but not in corn.

My third is in cow but not in calf.

My fourth is in wheat but not in barley.

My fifth is in nose but not in mouth.

My sixth is in carriage but not in wagon.

My seventh is in house but not in cabin.

My whole is what ladies delight in.

4. My first is in page but not in waiter.

My second is in gain but not in goose.

My third is in sorrow but not in laughing.

My fourth is in grand but not in lowly.

My fifth is in strawberry but not in currant.

My sixth is in onion but not in garlic.

My whole is what every farmer should have.

CHARADES.

5. A maiden's name my first, The time for peaceful rest,

A preposition next in view,

And then the sailor's pest;

These words together place,

And lo, a name most dear

To England's hosts, 'neath Eastern sky,

Full plainly doth appear.

MARY.

6. My first, you may say is no business of mine,

Though it shines in the heavens so bright;

My second's the foe of the robber and thief,

A capital watchman by night;

My whole lays its silver, with pencil of down,

On the soldier's lone grave on the field,

It climbs to the turret, and trembles and sleeps

On the cross of the temples we build.

MARY.



FARMERS' TABLES.

BY A GRUMBLER.

OF the one thousand and one illusions of my childhood there was none so long-lived, or that I was so sorry to part with, as my ideal farmer. I owe the poets a grudge to this day for my disappointment. Why should he always have been pictured as "the jolly old farmer," "the most independent man in the world," "living on the fat of the land," and so on? I supposed that being a farmer, and being happy, were synonymous terms. And as I have struggled with boarding-house beef, half wilted vegetables, strong butter, and watery milk, I have sighed that my lot was not cast with those blessed sons of the soil—the farmers.

But there came a time when my business could be laid aside, and I at once started out among the people I had envied so many years. Of course you all know how soon the charm was dispelled. The farmer might be independent, but he was very slovenly; he might be exceedingly "jolly," but his wife was dying of overwork; the only part of my early impressions that I found to be true was the one which told of his living on the fat of the land. He did: on the fat and but little else.

But if there was aught of the charm still left in my mind, it was dispelled when I sat down to the family meal. Shades of departed dreams, what an awakening! Where were the juicy roast, the tender steak, the fine potatoes, with feelings too big for their jackets, the sugary parsnip, the golden butter, and the "Adam's ale?" Even echoes fail to answer the question. They were probably on the table of the city boarding-house; they were not there.

The etiquette of the dining-room—of their dining-room—was an etiquette peculiarly their own. Preparation for dinner consisted of a hasty wash in the tin basin, and an equally hasty brush of the hair. The men in shirt sleeves, the "women-folks" with faces red from the stove, sat down at the table, which, to make less work, was placed in the warm kitchen where the dinner had been cooked. The "hearty hospitality" of which I had so often read, consisted in an order from the head of the house to help myself, as they didn't stand on ceremony there.

But the bill of fare! It consisted of fried ham, fried potatoes, and fried turnips; bread without any butter, and very strong coffee. These were put away without much ado, and then, what was evidently the crowning pride of the house-wife, an immense pie was attacked and demolished. There was but very little conversation during the meal, and each one helped himself, if he could stretch far enough, and reach what he wanted.

Supper should be the daintiest meal of the day, and a farmer's supper more

tempting than any other man's; but my friend's table was decidedly prosaic and plain; the ham had been warmed up so that it could swim in fat; the bread, cold potatoes, and pie and cake with tea completed the bill. After supper the family was too tired to sit up long, and I was shown at a very early hour to the "spare" chamber.

An early call to breakfast found me with a splendid appetite. I could have appreciated a broiled steak, but I probably was over particular, and it served me right, to have to sit down to "the plain food of the farmer." Again the everlasting frying-pan had been brought into use, and instead of a juicy steak, it was fried hard and white. The potatoes almost floated in the grease they had been fried in, and those who wanted butter on their bread might dip in the gravy, as some of my companions did. There was thick black coffee, and the perpetual pie.

Such was the bill of fare for the three meals, and they were fair samples of our board during the month that followed. What was most noticeable to me, was the entire, or almost entire, lack of vegetables on the table at every meal. Of course I did not mention the subject so that they would connect it with their own table, but I was curious to learn why it was they ate no vegetables but potatoes and turnips. The answer was, they didn't like vegetables; they would as soon eat a pill as a pea; would rather have chopped leather than string-beans; and thought carrots and parsnips were only fit for cattle. When the subject of cooking came up, I noticed they prided themselves first, last, and always, on their cakes and pies.

Where, O, where were my visions now! Dead, dead beyond hope of resurrection. And now I find that these farmers whom I have mentioned are really typical of their calling. The State of Massachusetts, through her Board of Health, has been looking a little after the farmers of that state, and publishes the result in the Annual Report of the Board. Among the many questions of the Board to their correspondents, were questions as to the farmer's diet. The result of the questions prove:—

1. Good bread is scarce.
2. There is too little variety in food.
3. Meat is too apt to be fried.
4. Baked beans and salt pork are too generally used.
5. Pastry and cakes are used to an injurious extent.
6. Too little time is allotted for meals.
7. Coffee and tea are too freely used.
8. Water is used to excess.

After quoting from the replies of correspondents, the author of the article in question says: "The suggestions of our correspondents are admirable and worthy of heed. The general opinion is: more fresh and less salt meat; less frying and more boiling, broiling and roasting; a greater variety of vegetables and fruits; less pies and cakes; more well-kneaded bread, raised with yeast; less tea.

"The poor cooking which prevails

er classes, doubtless results from hurry; frying takes but little time and trouble, saleratus bread can be made in a 'jiffy' and bread and pastry are heavy and sodden, because kneading requires time. The overwork of farmers' wives is therefore, in great part, responsible for inferiority of farmers' diet."

Alas! and again alas! that my fancies should have been thus rudely killed; and yet—it may be that the dream dies slowly—I can't help thinking that the fault is with the men and women who do not improve their opportunities, and not in the calling itself. I cannot help thinking that their life ought to be just what it is not. Perhaps, after all, the poets wrote of what might be, hoping their prophecies would become realities. Would that the time was here.

THE OMELET.

We feel that our readers will sincerely thank us for the precise mode of preparing this delicious luxury, for the mind that invented the omelet was capable of greater things. Many persons think they have made and eaten omelets when they have not. Anything that is made of eggs stirred up and solidified over the fire is supposed to be an omelet, but it isn't. I have heard of people who put flour in it. Flour takes fifteen or twenty minutes to cook, and an omelet is made in one minute; and raw flour is not wholesome or appetizing.

The true omelet is a pile of terror-stricken eggs and milk; it trembles with every jar, and crouches in a delicious quivering mass upon the plate; he who puts a silver knife into it will find a porous, flaky material, almost impalpable to the touch, that will melt as quickly as a snow-flake in his mouth. Upon reflection he will be willing to admit that hens were not made in vain.

Proceed in this way if you wish to make an omelet: Have some fresh eggs, not omelet eggs. All eggs that will not by any possibility do to boil, are put away in restaurants to make omelet with. Break them into a china bowl. If they are fresh, the white will be as clear as a maiden's eye, and the yolk as round as the pupil of it. Add a tablespoonful of milk for every egg, and whip the whole as thoroughly as you would for sponge cake. The omelet pan has previously been put on the fire and made so hot that butter will melt and almost brown in it, but not quite. When in this condition, you are to turn the whipped egg and milk into the pan and put it directly over the fire. Get a thin-bladed knife and run it carefully under the bottom of the egg, so as to let that which is not cooked get below. If the fire is right the whole mass will swell and puff and cook in a minute; if it is not carefully attended to it will burn on the bottom and burned egg is most offensive to smell and taste.

It is not necessary to wait until the whole mass is solid, as its own heat will cook it after it has left the pan; but begin at one side and carefully roll the edge over and over until it is all rolled up, and then let it stand for a moment to brown, and turn it out on a hot plate and serve it, or, what is better, eat it yourself—immediately.

You must not put one grain of salt in it while it is cooking, or all your hopes and your omelet will flatten down together. If it is properly made it will be like a summer sunset, rich with crimson and yellow hues, and the savor will gladden the heart.

The common mistake in making omelets is to merely stir the eggs with a fork; to put no milk in it; to put salt, flour, and bread crumbs in; to cook them too slow, and to turn them out on cold plates, a clammy, skinny waste of eggs. Thus made, they are as unwholesome to eat as they are repulsive in appearance.

If any one has a fancy for mixing finely-minced ham with the egg-batter, they will make a ham omelet; or for surrounding it with stewed kidneys and smearing a little of the sauce thereof about the egg after it is cooked, they will have kidney omelet; or by pouring rum over it and setting the same on fire, they will have an "Omelet au rhum;" or by sprinkling granulated sugar over it, it will be an "Omelet sucre;" but all these are simply inventions of the enemy to see how vilely they can ill-treat a good thing, and yet not utterly ruin it.

THE DESSERT.

—As old Mr. — heaved the last scuttle of coal into his cellar he was heard to remark: "If they had been boys instead of girls it wouldn't have been thus. One ton would last all winter."

—A newspaper in recording a wreck on the North river says: "While the storm was at its height, the vessel keeled to the larboard, and the captain and another cask of whisky rolled overboard."

—A little girl went into a neighbor's house one day, where some apple-parings lay upon a plate on the table. After sitting awhile, she said, "I smell apples." "Yes," the lady replied, "I guess you smell those apple-parings on the plate." "No, no," said she, "'tis them I smell; I smell whole apples."

—A Down-Easter, while traveling through the West, happened on one of its representative tavern keepers, of whom he asked what could be furnished for dinner: "Anything from a snipe to an elephant," was the reply. "I will take a piece of elephant," said Down-Easter. "You will have to take a whole one," was the rejoinder; "we never cut them."

—Two ladies were chatting about their husbands. "What!" says one of them, "you permit your husband to smoke in your rooms?" "Certainly I do, but he spends his evenings with me," replied the other. "Yes, at that price!" "My dear friend, a shrewd wife avails herself of her husband's faults to repress his vices."

—Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion that they awoke a big dog, which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed: "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! you know no more about it than they do!"



PATENT MEDICINES.

PATENT medicines, says the Chicago Tribune, belong to a remote antiquity, and are made in various ways. Dr. Sangrado insisted that hot water was the universal resolvent, in which he made a great mistake, as all empirics do. But his patent medicine possessed the merit of perfect harmlessness, which few of the nostrums of to-day share. As a rule, in this enlightened day, the more vulgar ingredients are dispensed with.

The "Elixir of Life," for which we pay \$2.50 a bottle, is not composed of the startling elements found in the caldron of the witches of "Macbeth."

This is par excellence a scientific age. At any rate we tell one another it is, and that answers the purpose as well as if it were true. We must have our drugs served up in dog-Latin, in abbreviated forms and with undecipherable hieroglyphics; and the more trying the name, the more potent the pill. A nostrum for "hepatic stimulation" would meet with a readier sale than a mere liver pill, although the one was composed of sepia, aloes and gum-arabic, and the other of bread, brick-dust and sugar, flavored with a little gentian root. It is all in the name.

The faith of mankind in patent medicines has been carefully educated. As a matter of fact, faith is one of those delicate plants which flourish in the shade. Like ivy it cannot abide the glare of day. To produce a healthy specimen of faith, the penetrating rays of curious reason must be banished. And to do this requires persistence, shrewdness and money—especially money. The marvelous power of any particular nostrum must be brought out by a wood-cut, or, better, by a brace of wood-cuts, giving a glimpse of what mankind would be, and too often is, without this heaven-sent remedy; the companion picture showing the change which has come over the patient by the use of four or five bottles. In addition to these cuts, there must be a collection of letters from grateful patients, pouring out thanks for their restoration to life and health, and giving in detail the amount and cost of the medicines they have taken. Then the newspapers must be brought in. Standing notices are ordered at so much a line, from a cent in Calumet to a dollar in Chicago, and ten cents in religious publications. A man takes up the paper Monday, and the first thing he sees is "Bottlefiller's Invigorator," followed by a notice of from ten to fifty lines. He pays no attention to it for a month or so. The first remark is, "The papers are getting more stupid every day. There's that beastly Bottlefiller again." A month later he is a convert to Bottlefiller, buys a bottle of the "Invigorator," and feels that he is—because he ought to be—invigorated. And so on.

To keep notices standing in all the principal newspapers in the United States, including the country paper and the religious weekly, requires money. Indeed, it needs a fortune. The majority of men are gullible in the matter of patent medicines, but one cannot assail them at once. Every man has his tune, and the advertisement must be in long before the advertiser is sure of success. Hence, while it is the easiest thing in life to compound a few drugs, call the mixture by a long name, and fill, label and pack a thousand gallons of it, it is not so easy a matter to dispose of it. Kindly nature has provided credulous humanity with a safeguard against the quacks. Of one thousand who sail out on a sea of invigorants, alteratives, purgatives and pain-killers, all but one founder in mid-ocean. The survivor is rewarded. Thus our "delicate constitutions, which at certain seasons of the year are prone to the ravages of a fickle climate and extremes of temperature unknown in any other habitable quarters of the world," etc., as the circulars say, are saved the infliction of a vast inundation of medicines. This shows the difficulty of popularizing a compound.

Helmbold remarked to Mr. Raynor a leading druggist in Chicago, that no man could hope to succeed who could not make a profit of at least 400 per cent. on his nostrum. The expense of advertising would gobble 350 per cent., leaving the balance for legitimate expenses and a fair margin of profits. Let those who think they can delude the American people remember this, and hesitate before perpetrating the enormity of a patent medicine.

The very name should excite suspicion. Originally the prefix explained that the discoverer of a remedy had applied to the Government for protection against imitators. Later, the profits made by the early explorers of this region stimulated thousands of others, and the patent medicines became so numerous that protection was protection no longer, and the word patent became merely a descriptive word, implying that nobody knew what they were made of.

A well-stocked drug-store contains between eight hundred and one thousand varieties of these special remedies. They run from corn-plasters to fever and ague medicines, touch lightly on ointments, wallow deep in rheumatic antidotes, pick their way through pills of all kinds, and dash madly among cosmetics and cough-mixtures.

There are three nationalities represented in this profitable business—English, French and American. The English medicines are noted for their age, the French for the neatness and precision with which medicines are put up, and the American for their daring inefficiency, except through the ever-ready medium of imagination, or more easy, if higher, one of faith. Some of these are old "stand-bys."

The vendor of patent medicines has an enemy. In the economy of nature evils are not unlimited. One so called evil kindly holds another in check. The greatly-propagating salmen is widely eaten; the spider and schoolboy combine to keep the house-fly's family within bounds; big fleas, the old proverb goes, have little fleas upon

their backs to bite 'em, and little fleas have lesser fleas, and so on *ad infinitum*.

And so it is with the patent medicine man. The vast expense of advertising and close competition all aid in restricting him. But his spider is not to be found here. The web is spread by the doctors. A physician in good standing will not prescribe anything like an American or English patent medicine. He feels his professional gorged rise whenever he hears its name mentioned. But with the French remedies it is different. He does not mind ordering for a patient La Ville's "Liqueur curative de la Goutte et des Rheumatismes," probably because nobody would ever suppose it to be a patent affair. But while, professedly and ostentatiously, the practicing physician snubs the Ayers, and Jaynes, and Crams, he sometimes secretly calls upon them to help him out with a prescription. Cases have occurred in which he has purchased "Osgood's Cholagogue," poured it into another bottle, and prescribed the "mixture to be taken three times a day" with unblushing assurance. As a rule, however, he is wary as to his dealings with patent medicines, and condemns them without stint.

All large druggists keep a full assortment of curatives of this description for two reasons: there is a great popular demand for them, and a retail profit of from ten to fifty per cent. on them. They never pass an opinion upon the medicine to purchasers. A man who wants a bottle of any of the thousand specifics in the store obtains no word of condemnation or commendation of its contents from the seller. He pays his money and takes his choice. He is supposed to know what he wants, and the source of his information and his line of argument are eminently ridiculous.

A well-dressed, intellectual gentleman strolled in a hesitating way into Buck & Rayner's store, a day or two ago, and asked for a bottle of Plantation Bitters. Mr. Rayner handed him a bottle. "What do you think of it?" asked the customer. "We never express an opinion, sir, upon these medicines. We do not know what they are made of, and will not be made responsible for their effects."

"Well," returned the customer, "that's perfectly right. I'm opposed to these quack remedies myself. I told my wife I never would buy a bottle of them. But these Plantation Bitters have been so extensively advertised that there must be something in them." This species of reasoning is very prevalent among even intelligent men. Because some vandal hand has posted a glaring wood-cut on Lookout Mountain, Plantation Bitters will regulate the stomach, expel the poisonous humors from the body, and transform a wasted life of misery and sickness into an earthly paradise of health and happiness. Precious faith and sublime reason!

In speaking of the patent medicines it must not be inferred that all are worthless. Some of them are undoubtedly valuable; some are harmless, and some positively injurious. It stands to reason that a drug which must yield 400 per cent. profit to remunerate the compounder, and at the same time sell at a reasonable price, can contain no costly ingredients; or if it should, their efficacy

must be merely nominal, not active. Take the trifling matter of buchu, for instance. The druggist can extract a more valuable quality for the same price than is contained in a bottle of the Helmbold preparation, the actual value of which is mainly in its association with gorgeous posters representing Africans carrying huge bundles aimlessly about in different directions, and wearing an expression of the utmost benignity. Some of the "invigorants" (and their name is legion) contain an alterative of acknowledged efficacy—corrosive sublimate. Now, as everybody knows, this is, in excess, an exceedingly deadly poison, and should be dispensed with the utmost care and with a heavy personal responsibility. Under existing laws there is no such thing as responsibility.

DANGER OF STIMULANTS.

That man is nothing less than a deliberate suicide who drinks tea, coffee, or ardent spirits of any kind, to induce him to perform a work in hand when he feels too weak to go through with it without such aid. This is the reason that the majority of great orators and public favorites die drunkards. The pulpit, the bench, the bar, the forum, have contributed their legions of victims to drunken habits. The beautiful woman, the sweet singer, the conversationalist, the periodical writer, has filled but too often a drunkard's grave.

The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too tired to perform a task, or too weak to carry it through, is to go to bed and sleep a week if he can; this is the only true recuperation of brain-power; the only actual renewal of brain forces, because during sleep the brain is, in a sense, at rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood which take the place of those which have been consumed in previous labor.

Mere stimulants supply nothing; they only goad the brain, force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so fully exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply; just as men are sometimes so near death by thirst and starvation, that there is not strength enough left to swallow anything, and all is over. The capacity of the brain for receiving recuperative particles sometimes comes on with the rapidity of lightning, and the man becomes mad in an instant; in an instant falls into convulsions, in an instant loses all sense, and he is an idiot. We repeat, there is renewed force for the brain only in early and abundant sleep.

—The curative and relieving powers of ice are found more valuable year after year. Small lumps of ice swallowed whole will often check acute stomach inflammations, and will prevent nausea if heat is applied outside at the same time. Pounded ice, applied to the spine, is said to cure seasickness. A bit of ice will help diphtheria and all throat complaints. To become delightfully cool in summer, apply ice, wrapped in paper, to the back of the head for one moment.



OUR BOOK CLUB AGAIN.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

It is now about a year since I called the attention of *THE HOUSEHOLD*'s readers to what was then spoken of as the very best and simplest of all ways of procuring good reading at a moderate cost. A year's further experience has only confirmed the opinion then expressed, so I write again to urge the plan upon the consideration of every book lover who may not be able to buy all the books he wishes to read. For the benefit of any to whom the "book club" may be a novelty, I will briefly repeat the simple plan.

A certain number of persons agree to pay a certain annual sum of money, with which is purchased a number of books, at least equal to the number of members of the club so formed. These books are immediately distributed, one or more to each member, and then passed from hand to hand around the circle till each member receives again the book with which he began the year.

If the membership fee is as low as \$2.00 and the books chosen are not mostly novels, only one volume can be given to each member; but, if the annual fees are as high as \$4.00 or \$5.00, more expensive books and a greater number of them can be had.

The first year of its existence the rules of our club were only two in number, namely: "1st, Each member of the club will forward the books on the 1st or 15th of every month to the member whose name is next below his or her own on the list.

2d, Members are requested to send the books promptly on the regular days, as punctuality is essential to the life of the club."

Experience has induced us to wish to intensify the second rule (or rather request complementary of the rule to send the books on certain days) and to add the two following rules: "3d, Members receiving two books at one time will please pass them on together, regarding them as one book.

4th, When any member is intending to be absent, he or she should designate to the member whose name is next above his or her own on the list, some person to whom the books may be forwarded on the appointed days during such absence. Such person becomes for the time being a member of the club and is bound by its rules."

Last year our club consisted of twenty-six members, and this year of but sixteen; annual dues the same as before, \$2.00. This decrease of the number of members is owing to two or three causes: About six of those who joined the club last year did so merely from the novelty of the thing, not really caring much for reading of any sort, or for only trashy novels, and were disappointed in both the number and quality of the novels chosen by the club. One or two members became indignant at the lack of punctuality on the part of those whose

names were next above their own, and five of the last year's members have left the town. We were thus left with but twelve of the old members, to whom four new ones have been added. Of the sixteen present members, representing as many families, there are none who are not really fond of reading, who have not a genuine desire for self culture; therefore we think the club will surely not be smaller another year, and may very probably be larger. More than twenty-four members are not desirable, as a fortnight is none too long for all the members of a family to read each book, and the club should be re-organized once a year.

I subjoin the following partial list of the books belonging to our club last year, that it may be seen how much good reading we each had for our two dollars. As the list is made out from memory, I cannot pretend to give the titles with exactness, neither can I give the names of books which fell to my turn during a somewhat long absence:

"Mrs. Somerville's Memoirs;" Victor Hugo's "On the Rhine;" "Memoirs of the Cary Sisters;" "Seed-time and Harvest," novel by Fritz Reuter; "Reminiscences of Dickens, Hawthorne and Thackeray," by James T. Fields; Capt. Tyson's "Arctic Explorations;" "Life of Goethe," by G. H. Lewes; Taine's "Travels in the Pyrenees;" "Autobiography of Charley;" "Shilon," novel by Mrs. Jay; "Campaigning on the Oxus;" "Life of Madame Guyon," 2 vols.; Hawthorne's French and Italian Note Books;" "Under the Greenwood Tree," novel by Thomas Hardy; Castellar's "Old Rome and New Italy;" two volumes of Scribner's "Brle-a-Brac Series;" "Marjorie Daw and Other Stories," by T. B. Aldrich; "Gerdee," novel; "Voyage round the World in Eighty Days," by Jules Verne; Memoirs of Chas. H. Knight; "The Second Wife," novel; "Mrs. Mainwaring's Journal," novel.

It will be noticed that some of these books are higher in price than the membership fee, as Tyson's "Explorations," \$4.50, and the "Life of Madame Guyon," \$4.00. We could afford a few such books, partly because a small number of the other books, being paper covered, fell considerably within the subscription price, and partly because the bookseller, through whom we purchased the books, let us have them at the customary trade discount of twenty per cent. This, I believe, is a courtesy usually extended to book clubs.

Each volume, as soon as bought, should be carefully covered with stout paper and legibly marked "BOOK CLUB." Inside should be pasted the list of members and the rules.

In making out the list of members, care should be taken to render it as easy as possible to pass books from hand to hand. Thus, the name of the member which is second on the list should be that of the member whose residence is nearest that of the first named member, and so on.

In conclusion, I would most cordially recommend the adoption of the "book club" in all country places. The books are at once a means of mental improvement and of relax-

ation. They offer to the dull routine of our lives a change that is at once delightful, harmless and inexpensive. Half a barrel less of cider in the cellar, or a few pounds of sugar and butter saved from indigestibly rich cakes and puddings, and the price of the annual subscription is paid. When the year is out, the old books can be divided by lot among the members, or sold at auction for the benefit of the next year's club, or of some charity, or packed in the annual box sent by the sewing society to a home missionary that he may have a small library of recent books for his own use and to lend among his parishioners.

While I have been writing it has occurred to me what an excellent thing a farmers' book club might be made. There are now published so many capital agricultural works, which would afford both pleasure and profit to the intelligent farmer, yet he does not feel able to pay for them all. Therefore, why should not a certain number of farmers (say twelve) in any given neighborhood form a club during the six months of long evenings. This would give each of them plenty of pleasant and profitable reading, the cost of which might be paid many times over by some one of the numbers of valuable hints they would receive.

This agricultural book club should not, by any means, be allowed to supersede the literary one. This last is needed by the entire family; not only by the farmer himself and those sons who intend to be farmers, but by the other sons and the mother and the daughters. For keeping the young folks happy at home, there is nothing to equal the evening table drawn up near the bright fire, where round the lamp the whole family gather to read and listen, and employ the hands in some light work. New books are always more attractive than old ones, and the new book that can stay but two weeks cannot be neglected like one that has been bought and can be read "at any time." If the father of the family prefers his own books and paper undisturbed, let him have his own table and lamp, and, if possible, his own room, while the young folks and their mother can be silently interested or noisily jolly by themselves, as one reads and the others listen, or all join in pleasant discussion of topics suggested directly or indirectly by the contents of "this week's club-book."

—Coleridge says there are four kinds of readers: "The hour-glass, whose reading runs in and out and leaves no trace; the second, like the sponge, takes everything; the third retains only refuse; but the fourth, like the miser, keeps the gems and casts away the clippings."

THE REVIEWER.

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA; A Universal Dictionary of the English Language, Science, Literature and Art, and Gazetteer of the World. By L. Colange, LL. D. Philadelphia: Baker, Davis & Co.

This work which, as its title indicates, is designed to be a complete encyclopedia, is being published in parts which are sold for fifty cents each. It will be completed in fifty-four numbers, making the cost of the work \$27, which is much less than any perfect work of the kind has ever been offered for before. It contains nearly 150,000 articles on subjects

connected with History, Biography, Science, Art, Language, Natural History, Botany, Mineralogy, Medicine, Law, Mechanics, Architecture, Manufacturing, Agriculture, Church History and Religion, and is for purposes of reference equal to a complete library of works on all subjects. It also contains eighteen valuable and elegant maps. It contains more articles than Appleton's, and four times as many as Chamber's, and it has the endorsement of many leading scholars as to its entire accuracy and reliability. Fifty thousand dollars have been spent in getting it ready for the press. Judging from the numbers received, it furnishes at comparatively small cost more information than any previous work of its kind, and when its excellencies become known it will find a place in hundreds of libraries from which others have been shut out by their high cost. A specimen part with map is mailed to any address for 20 cents. Horace King, of Thompsonville, Conn., is General Agent for New England.

GEMS OF ENGLISH SONG. Collection of Very Choice Songs, Duets and Quartettes, with Accompaniments for Pianoforte (or Reed Organ). Price \$2.50 in boards. \$3.00 in cloth. \$4.00, fine gilt, for presents.

Ditson & Co. are in the field with their Holiday Music Book, which will be reckoned among the most acceptable of presents to be given to a musical friend. It is easy enough, in a music store, to bind together a few scores of songs and to call that a book, but to make a choice selection is quite another matter. A book like the above, the materials of which were selected in Ditson's establishment, and criticised in advance of publication, as these contents have been, must needs be in excellent taste.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE bearing date January 8th, contains The True Eastern Question, by Edward A. Freeman, Fortnightly Review; an instalment of "The Dilemma," one of the remarkable stories of the time; Walt Whitman's Poems, by Peter Bayne, Contemporary Review; The Curate in Charge, by Mrs. Oiphant; In a Studio, W. W. Story, Blackwood; West Indian superstitions, Contemporary Review; Hindoo Proverbs, the Globe; and the usual choice poetry and miscellany; making all together a very attractive and valuable number for the week. With fifty two such numbers, of sixty-four large pages each, (aggregating over 3000 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; or still better, for \$10.50 any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies is sent with The Living Age for a year, both postpaid. The present is the second weekly number of the new year and new volume. Littell & Gay, Boston, are the publishers.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January is enriched with poems by Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes. A. B. Magruder gives an interesting chapter from the secret history of the negotiations at the close of the war conducted by President Lincoln; Miss Stuart Phelps has a delightful and amusing chapter on her trip to Florida; Miss Kemble continues her interesting "Gossip;" and C. F. Adams, Jr., gives a vivid recital of the railroad catastrophe at Revere, and much information concerning other similar accidents. It is a strong number. H. O. Houghton & Co., Boston, are the publishers. They present to annual subscribers their superb lithographic portrait of Longfellow.

We have received a copy of the LADY'S BOOK OF KNITTING AND CROCHET, just published by J. Henry Symonds, Boston. This work, of 100 pages, will be welcomed by the ladies, as it furnishes over one hundred of the best patterns of useful and ornamental work. It is a compilation from standard foreign publications by a lady of Boston, whose practical experience well fits her for the task. About one-third of the patterns are furnished by her and include the most novel and unique effects in these branches. The styles of the work is good the directions are detailed and clear, and the price—50 cents—brings it within the reach of all. For sale by all news, book and fancy goods dealers.

WIDE AWAKE, No. 7, bears almost the same relation to its predecessors as the seventh son or daughter used to be supposed to bear to the six of the same gender who had got the start of him or her in getting into being. It is a holiday number, and enlivens the holidays for the young people with all sorts of excellent illustrations, of fine stories and pretty poems. It provides a feast for those who are privileged to partake of its dainties.

Words by
Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS.

Music by EDWARD CLARK.

1. Don't for - get the old folks, Love them more and more, As they, with un -
 2. Don't for - get thy fath - er, With his fail - ing sight; With his locks once
 3. Don't for - get dear moth - er, With her fur - row'd brow, Once as fair and

shrink - ing feet, Near the "shin - ing shore." Let your words be ten - der,
 thick and brown, Sean - ty now and white; Tho' he may be child - ish,
 smooth and white, As the fresh young snow! Are her steps un - cer - tain?

Lov - ing, soft and low; Let their last days be the best They have known be - low.
 Still do thou be kind - . Think of him, as years a - go, With his mas - ter mind.
 Is her hear - ing poor? Guide her gent - ly till she stands Safe in Heav - en's door.

Don't forget the old folks, Love them more and more, As they with unshrink - ing feet, Near the "shining shore."
 Don't forget the old folks, Love them more and more, As they with unshrink - ing feet, Near the "shining shore."
 Don't forget the old folks, Love them more and more, As they with unshrink - ing feet, Near the "shining shore."



SOME ONE'S SERVANT GIRL.

She stood there leaning wearily
Against the window frame,
Her face was patient, sad and sweet,
Her garments coarse and plain,
"Who is she, pray?" I asked a friend;
The red lips gave a curl—
"Really I don't know her name,
She's some one's servant girl."

Again I saw her on the street,
With burden trudged along,
Her face was sweet and patient, still,
Amid the jostling throng;
Slowly but cheerfully she moved,
Guarding with watchful care
A market basket much too large
For her slight hands to bear.

A man, I'd thought a gentleman,
Went pushing rudely by,
Sweeping the basket from her hands,
But turning not his eyes;
For there was no necessity
Amid that busy whirl
For him to be a gentleman
To some one's servant girl.

Ah! well it is that the God above
Looks in upon the heart,
And never judges any one
But just the other part.
For if the soul be pure and good,
He will not mind the rest,
Nor question what the garments were
In which the form was dressed.

And many a man, and women fair,
By fortune reared and fed,
Who will not mingle here below
With those who earn their bread,
When they have passed away from life,
Beyond the gate of pearl,
Will meet before their Father's throne
With many a servant girl.

SALT RISING.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I had always thought it a very easy, simple way to make bread by the use of salt yeast, but since Villette's inquiry in the *HOUSEHOLD* I have read so many ways, and many of them so complicated, that I shall not be surprised if Villette gives up in despair and concludes to accept Mrs. Dodge's advice with regard to her (Villette's) husband, namely: "Let him learn to eat hop yeast bread, or go home to his mother." My sympathies are with the husband, for, if he dislikes hop yeast bread as I do, he will be sadly punished if he is compelled to eat it. Of course, the other alternative would not be contemplated for a moment. I was not "raised" on salt yeast bread, but was taught by my mother-in-law how to make it. Now I can make it, my husband thinks, as well as she can, and it really is much less trouble than to make hop yeast bread.

Mrs. Dodge says it cannot be made except from the choicest of flour. I am sure she will pardon me for saying she is quite mistaken. I have made it from many different grades of flour. My husband sells flour and frequently wishes the different qualities tested, and I can say with truth that good salt yeast bread can be made from any flour that is fit for making bread. Of course, the choicer grades of flour will make the whitest bread, but that is the case, no matter what kind of yeast you use. I know that light case dry a portion of it in a warm oven; that will bring the rising, and, bread can be made from very poor flour—even that which is sour or mus-

ty—by the use of hop yeast but that the bread will be palatable or healthful I cannot believe. This I know: if salt yeast and hop yeast bread be made from the same kind of flour, the salt yeast bread will be much the whiter of the two and in my opinion very much better, while it can be eaten by invalids and persons with weak stomachs who cannot eat bread made with hop yeast.

Now, after this long preface, I wish to tell Villette my way, and I am sure she will not fail: Take a pint of water, a teaspoonful of butter, a half teaspoonful each of soda and salt, and a tablespoonful of sugar. Have the water in a pitcher or two-quart pail; let it be rather more than lukewarm. Stir in flour until it is very stiff. Place the pitcher in a kettle of warm water, cover all with a cloth to retain the warmth as long as possible and give it no more attention until morning.

I usually prepare it about seven o'clock in the evening, but sometimes not until bedtime—just as is most convenient. As soon as the fire is made in the morning, place the kettle on the stove until the water is quite warm, but not hot enough to scald the yeast. Stir two or three times while the water is heating. It will be light in an hour or two. Sift some flour in a pan, make a soft dough with a quart of warm water slightly salted, pour in the yeast, mix and knead well. I knead my bread a great deal. After it is kneaded enough, form into loaves, put in the pans at once, place on the stove hearth, or some other warm place, to rise, and, when light enough, bake with a steady heat, and, my word for it, Villette, you will not throw any of it in the ditch.

If you have never eaten Graham bread made with salt yeast, I am sorry for you, for it is really a luxury. I have given the recipe for salt yeast just as it was given to me, but it is not necessary to use soda. I seldom do unless in very warm weather. Sometimes when I mix my bread I put in half a teacupful of butter; that makes it very tender and rich. I never use any milk in bread, think it is better made with water and keeps fresh longer. Salt yeast bread will keep longer than any other kind. Please, Villette, try this way of making bread, and you will be pleased and will please your husband as well.

Schaghticope.

ALICIA.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Like Villette's husband, I think yeast bread unfit to eat—at least, I cannot learn to like it, though mother makes it as good as it can be made; so I read the recipes until I reach "a cup of good lively yeast" and then down goes the paper. By the way, Dr. Hanaford, won't you tell these yeast-loving ladies what makes yeast lively? I know, but I don't wish to tell them. But this does not tell Villette how to make bread.

First, good flour. "How can I tell when it is good?" By trying it—at least, that is the only certain way. If flour is damp, it will not rise. In that of yeast you use. I know that light case dry a portion of it in a warm still, I believe I could make bread myself by these directions. MELVA.

Table Rock, Nebraska.

come. "When shall I set it?" I like to bake early in the morning, especially in warm weather, so I set mine in the evening.

"How shall I set it?" Take a quart china bowl, fill it two-thirds full of flour, put in a teaspoonful of salt, take a cup of water just warm enough not to burn your finger and, making a depression in the center of the flour with the tablespoon in your right hand, pour in the water gradually, stirring all the time to make a smooth batter, until all the flour is mixed. Then beat it for a few minutes with the spoon, as you would cake, to mix it well.

"Now, what shall I do with it?" If you have had a fire in your cooking stove and there is still a few coals or a burning stick, throw some cold ashes over to keep the fire and set the bowl in the oven, if it is not too warm. Now, if you are up by five o'clock, as you should be these fine mornings, the rising should be up when you get up. If it is not, set it in a vessel of warm water, or stir into it some quite warm water and set it in a warm place.

When it reaches the top of the bowl and looks light and spongy, sift your bread-bowl nearly full of flour, make a depression in the flour and pour in the rising with as much warm water as will make the desired quantity of bread. This will depend on the size of your family and the frequency of your baking. We bake twice a week for a family of nine, and I use two quarts of water for a sponge. Stir the batter smooth, spread dry flour over the top and set it by the fire. When the flour cracks and the sponge creeps up light and foamy, it is ready to mix. Mix it smoothly—not too stiff—then take it out on the moulding board and knead it till it is smooth and elastic. I hope you have put flour on the board to prevent its sticking. Divide it evenly into loaves enough to fill your pans to about half their depth—perhaps a little more. Then, when it has risen to the top, it is ready to bake. If you wish the crust tender, rub it with lard or butter before putting it in the pans. I never shorten bread; it don't need it.

Now, if you had a little piece of dough to spare, cut it into bits and, moulding them into biscuits, rub each with butter and put them in a shallow tin. Let them get very light, then bake them a light brown and you will have the very poetry of bread. "You didn't say anything about the baking!" A little experience will tell you more than I can. Don't let it burn is the main point. Thrust a broom straw between the loaves to tell when it is done. Turn it out in a clean cloth, wrap it up and lean it up edgewise to cool. Then keep it in a tin box, covered tight to prevent its drying out. Don't be discouraged, if you do have one or two failures. Everybody makes mistakes. Try until you succeed and, whatever you do, don't put soda or sugar or ginger in the rising. Graham flour and "shorts" sometimes come when fine flour will not.

This reads a little like "Mrs. Mud-law's recipe for potato pudding;" self by these directions. MELVA.

ECONOMY IN DOING WORK.

"Katie, how many times have you been down cellar since you commenced getting dinner?"

"I don't know. Three or four, I guess."

"Just six times, when once or twice, at the most, would have answered every purpose."

"Why, auntie! I had my hands full every time. What better could I have done?"

"You might have taken that basket and packed everything you wished in it. It would not have been heavy—indeed, you could bring that up the stairs easier than you could come with a dish in each hand. Then, how many journeys have you made from pantry to dining-room?"

"About a dozen, I suppose."

"No, only ten, but that is nine more than necessary. Now, let me tell you what I think is a better way: First, make up your mind what you are going to have for your meal. Next, see that your fire in good condition, so that your mind will not be fretted about that. Then put your food cooking. Now, take your basket to the pantry and put in it all the dishes you want on your table, take it from there to the dining-room and set your table. Now, take it down cellar, bring everything required from there and transfer to dishes already on the table. The same basket will serve you for taking the soiled dishes to the kitchen and clean ones to the pantry. When you are going to bake, gather all things needed upon the kitchen table; let them remain until you have finished, then take all back and arrange in order. Just try my plan one week, and you will be surprised at the amount of time and labor saved."

"I will try it, and be very grateful, too, that I have such a labor-saving, knowledge-imparting body for my aunt. Now, what else? That is not all the lecture, I know."

"No, there is a little more. I notice that you get no time to put your dining-room and sitting-room in order till nearly noon, and, if there chance to be a caller, you are annoyed by the disorder. Now, suppose you take a little time toward night, make all possible preparations for breakfast, and in the morning devote the time usually spent in that way to putting these rooms to rights. Your breakfast will be more enjoyable, if eaten in a tidy room, and, that over, you can go about your kitchen-work undisturbed by the fear of somebody mortifying your pride by an early call. It will be pleasant, too, when you leave the kitchen, to sit down and rest or read a few moments instead of resorting to broom and duster."

A few thoughts, now, about house-cleaning: Don't turn everything upside down all over the house. Take one room and finish it before disturbing another. Don't begin Monday morning at daylight or before and work till ten o'clock Saturday night, so that Sunday you will feel too stiff and old to go to church, much less to worship God at home. Go about it quietly, leisurely. Spend only part of each day cleaning house. Do whatever else is necessary to render your family comfortable and home, at

least, endurable; rest now and then, and don't let the magazines and papers entirely alone. Suppose you don't get done as soon as Mrs. A., or suppose Mrs. B. thinks you shiftless. They have no right to judge you. You have a perfect right to do your own work when and how you please.

A word, too, about washing-day: Make your calculations so that you will have little else to do. I know a lady who invariably has beans and baked pudding for dinner, because it is so little work to attend to their cooking. I would not make that a rule, but the principle is good and worthy of adoption, to be modified as circumstances and taste may require.

Be careful about soiling more clothes than are necessary. The most tidy persons usually wash fewest clothes.

You need some labor-saving machinery. Now, don't depend entirely on John to get it. Be a little more economical than usual about your own expenses. Choose a less costly dress or hat, do without that beautiful sash, wear the old shawl a little longer and you will soon save enough to purchase what you need.

When washing and necessary work are done, be satisfied; don't go to scrubbing or sewing. If you think you must work all the time, choose something easy and pleasant for the afternoon of washing-day, but I don't believe in working all the time. A woman will accomplish more in the year, if she rests when rest becomes a need, than if she drudges till completely worn out, and then is obliged to lie down and let some one else run the machinery of housekeeping. Hired help and doctors' bills make deep inroads upon the income of even a prosperous man.

But, Katie, there is a still stronger reason, a higher motive in applying the rules of economy to our daily work. We have no right to waste the strength of either mind or body; no right to grow old faster than nature wills. God has placed us in this world and given us a work to do. To him we are responsible for staying here as long as our bodies can be made to endure the necessary toil, to bear the necessary burdens; yea, after that to wait in enforced idleness, if it be His will. We have no more right to shorten life and leave its work unfinished by unnecessary labor than by any other means the suicide employs.

A brighter day for womankind is dawning and by its clearer light we can and ought to more easily discern the path of duty." — *Advocate and Guardian.*

DISH-WATER AND DISH-WASHING.

These are the most discouraging elements of house-work! I say this awful truth because I have proved it, you have proved it, your neighbors have proved it and the stranger within your gates has sighed because of the disheartening truth. Don't anybody attempt to contradict me; don't even shake your head. I tell you I know it, and it makes me cross to have anybody give the remotest intimation that my word or knowledge admits of a doubt.

The sweeping and the dusting is discouraging enough, but there is this consolation. It isn't the same dirt which you swept before.

Washing is bad enough, but the dreadful monotony can be broken by high winds, broken lines, snow squalls and scrubbing. Ironing is hard enough, but the clothes are sometimes too dry, sometimes too wet, irons hot or irons cold.

Cooking is awfully tame, but it isn't the same flour, the same sugar, the same eggs, the same soda, the same salt, and so on to the end of the endless variety of ingredients needed. There is, too, a sort of wicked solace in the thought that, while you labor to use all these articles, it creates a necessity for labor to supply the new demands. Every loaf of bread and cake, every pie, every pudding, every soup, every boil, every fry isn't the same dead awful same.

But those dreadful dishes! you carry them to the table and put them grimly in the same set places at morn; you take them off after breakfast and set them down, poor, white, inanimate unthinking, clayey cloths, by the side of the dish-pan. You rinse them in water that looks just like the liquid in which you rinsed them last.

You put them one after another into the same dish-pan, you scald the same knuckles day after day, you tip them in the same dripping-pan, you wipe them with a dish-towel that looks just like the other five, you set the mute things in the same places on the pantry shelves, you wash the same villainous-looking griddles, spiders, kettles and pans, you scrape and pumice the same miserable "catch on places," you wash the dish-cloths in the same way that your mother, grandmother, and great-great-great-grandmother did, hang them on the same old nails or bushes your childhood knew, wash the dish-pan inside and out in the same old wearing way, and are done in time to turn around to put them in the same old speechless places on the dinner table.

You are fortunately, or unfortunately, given strength enough to play your part in the same miserable drama again, rinsing, washing, scalding, scouring, and are in time to take the miserable hackneyed porcelain back for tea, and then there they will sit on the kitchen table by the side of the almost immortal dish-pan, staring at you unblinkingly with the same white, unthinking, soulless eyes.

You rinse, scald, wash and scour again, and put the dead pictures of discouragement upon the same shelves and the next morning there they sit, winking, winking, stupidly and harmlessly, staring, staring, mutely and appealingly, the same white plates, cups, saucers and bowls, and away you go, ferrying them over to the breakfast table; and so on and on to the end of the century, if you are unkindly spared so long.

Hence, I repeat: Dish-water and dish-washing are the most discouraging elements of house-work.

There's the occasional recreation of breaking a plate, a valuable tureen, or glass, but there comes another to its funeral; it finds its place on the same pantry shelves and tables, and

is prepared to stare as relentlessly as its predecessor.

There is no change, no respite. Your folks will never learn to eat from unwashed plates, and so the stolid ferrying, the grave placing, the wearying rinsing, the unending washing, the aggravating scalding, the voiceless wiping, the unblinking gazing, the inanimate grouping, the changeless bush and the ever-youthful pan will live on and on from decade to century and no machine will ever come to a successful rescue, and dish-water and dish-washing must continue to discourage dishearten, weary and aggravate girls and women who cannot learn to be content with monotony and labor which is dead compulsion—no more. C. DORA NICKERSON.

HOW TO COOK A GOOSE.

Among our many readers there may be a few who are willing to take the trouble to make a right royal dish of a fowl which is very commonly despised as unfit for the table. For their benefit we offer the following recipe, derived from a *chef de cuisine* who is a graduate in the schools of Paris and St. Petersburg: Select a young and healthy goose, well grown and in his first feathers. Feed him for one week on well-cooked corn-meal dough or stiff mush, and give him the free run of the yard, with its sweet grass and abundant fresh water, to keep his liver in order, for you are not contemplating a *pate*. Then for two weeks feed on thoroughly-boiled rice. If chopped celery or parsley be mixed with the rice, so much the better; but the rice alone will answer.

Our bird is now ready for the knife. Knock him on the head, and cut his throat tenderly, being careful to let him bleed freely. Draw him without removing the feathers. Then, in place of the intestines, insert a large herring (Labrador preferred), wrap him in several folds of old linen or cotton cloth, and bury him for five days under at least three feet of good clean clay soil. At the expiration of the five days exhume him, remove the herring and throw it as far as the strength of your arm will enable you to send it, or, better still, bury it from five to seven feet, out of sight and smell of yourself and neighbors.

Next, pick your goose, singe him, wash him in many waters and wipe perfectly dry. Put him then into a kettle, cover him (barely) with cold salt water, and let him boil gently for an hour or an hour and a quarter. While the boiling is in process, prepare the dressing as follows: Take of the best pippins (other apples will serve, though not so well) a sufficient quantity, peel and core them, stick a few cloves into each, and place a small flake mace in each core. When the goose has been sufficiently boiled—and of this the cook must judge by inspection—take it from the pot, drain carefully, and fill with the prepared apples, the liquor in which it was boiled being in the meantime concentrated as rapidly as possible to about one-fourth of the original quantity.

Lay the goose in an old-fashioned oval Dutch oven, placing more apples around and over it; pour on the liquor, cover closely, and apply a gentle fire

of clear live coals over, under and around the oven for from four to six hours, according to the size of the goose, and until it is thoroughly done.

When done, dish, and invite a set of really good fellows to help you eat your goose. It will be a kingly feast. Allow three pounds to the man, but, if your guests are men of taste and capacity, you may allow four pounds to the man without fear of the goose proving too much for their digestion. —*Lippincott's Magazine.*

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. EDITOR:—Among the many things I have read on the dress question, none have so exactly expressed my mind as the article of Mrs. Dorr, in the November number. I think it cannot fail to do good. I have thought of this subject considerably, since Octavia's first letter, and I find that as a matter of economy, if for no other reason, I should have to conform somewhat to fashion's law. I needed a dress this fall. I took an old black alpaca dress and grey pongee skirt, both of which were past wearing as they were, and made them into a pretty, stylish dress, that looked as well as any I could have gotten for fifteen dollars. Now, if it had not been for the suggestions of Fashion, I never should have thought of doing in that way, so I consider that she saved me that amount of money. If the fashion of our dresses never changed, mine would not do me half the service they do now; but, by altering them when worn, I can often make an old garment look as good as new. So, my sisters of the BAND, you see one of my reasons for following the fashion.

ANN.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to ask Mrs. Dorr, or any member of the HOUSEHOLD Band, how a farmer's wife, mother of eight children, all under ten years, can earn money to clothe herself and her family, even supposing food supplied. Don't suggest poultry, eggs and butter. I've tried them in vain, and find, after supplying the little mouths with eggs and milk, scarcely enough remaining to furnish groceries.

I'm not able to do my own work, but do all the sewing, and try to manage both house and children intelligently, and to keep up my spirits under very trying circumstances. I have thought of recording some of my experiences, in diary form, for the encouragement of young mothers, for whom I have the greatest sympathy, if I thought it would prove a profitable expenditure of time.

Have any of the sisters experienced the sensation of wanting, oh! so badly, to earn money for their own use, yet being bound, as it were, hand and foot to a routine of duties on a farm, with such a family as I have to see after, and consequent variable health?

ROSAMOND E.

GOOD EVENING, DEAR SISTERS:—I've been thinking of you all the evening, while I have been steadily lowering that pile of mending that seemed like a mountain when I commenced. The last hole in the last stocking is netted in, and now I am at

liberty to chat with you awhile. What an interesting number our November *HOUSEHOLD* is! I enjoy the letters and discussions so well I can hardly wait for it to come. The other night I said to my better half: "Please go to the office again, and see if my *HOUSEHOLD* has come." He did so, and returned empty-handed. "Oh, dear!" I said; "so you did not get it?" He came up to shake hands with me, and out it came from his coat-sleeve. This is the way he always teases me. Then he very calmly opened it, and sat down to read it as eagerly as I would. He welcomes its arrival as much as myself. After much persuasion, I succeeded in getting possession of it, and read until my eyes were so weak I could do no more. Then he read to me while I knit, and I became so interested I knit so fast on Robbie's stocking I had to pull it out because I did not narrow fast enough.

Octavia, let me hold up your hands: you are right. The rich should set an example in their dress that the poor can follow without selling their souls, as some will do, to buy coveted apparel. We, as Christians, must be meek and lowly, and dress in a neat manner, but not such as will attract attention (read 1st Peter, verse 3). The more time we spend on dress and kindred subjects, the less time we have for spiritual development. And what are poor creatures here for? to spend our time in adorning this dust? No; we are here to fit ourselves for a home in heaven, and lead others there. God help us to do it!

If Aunt Sarah would put her ironing board into two chairs, and draw up her easy rocker, she would find it a great help on ironing days. I've ironed in this way all summer. To Hallie I would say: If you are not well enough to teach, you are not well enough to assume the responsibilities of a wife and household duties. Get well before you allow yourself to become maiden fancy free no longer. Let society alone, and do what agrees with your health.

Can any of the sisters tell me a good way to make a four-year-old boy a hat of navy blue flannel to hack about with? Something beside a Scotch cap? Good-night.

MANNIE MOSS.

MR. EDITOR:—I come from the sunny South, greeting my sisters of the North, and hoping I, too, will be admitted as one of THE *HOUSEHOLD* Band. This is the place of my nativity. Yes, I was born and reared beneath the genial suns of the old Palmetto State; but I married a man from the Northwest—one of the finest specimens of humanity of the blue grass region of noble old Kentucky.

We have taken your *HOUSEHOLD* for two years, in connection with the Christian Standard. As we are not going to take that paper another year, I send you one dollar and ten cents for THE *HOUSEHOLD* for 1876. I find that I cannot get along very well without it, as it is indeed now part of our household.

If I am admitted to a seat in the circle, I will endeavor in a future letter to give the sisters some idea of our delightful climate; tell them of my pretty home and lovely flowers (yes,

flowers now in bloom in my yard!), our delicious fruit and magnificent cotton-fields—things I know they of your frozen clime have no idea of. If agreeable, I will send some recipes next time. With best wishes for the success of your paper and the prosperity of every member of the Band, I am, most respectfully,

Greenwood, S. C. ROWENA.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE *HOUSEHOLD*:—With Mr. Crowell's permission, I will come in with you a few moments. I want to tell Auntie S. my sure cure for bunions. The treatment is this: Warm foot-baths when the part is tender and irritable; at other times frequent cold baths; and when a horny substance, resembling a corn, appears externally, two or three applications of nitric acid or nitromuriatic acid (the latter is preferable). Will Auntie S. please report after trying this remedy faithfully?

Alma Mater wishes to know if we can find leisure to read Miss Alcott's book, "Work." We think we can if she will be kind enough to tell us where it is published.*

Poor Hannah G. has awakened our sympathies. May the Heavenly Father give her patience and courage to bear the heavy burdens He has sent in love. We would like to hear from her again sometime. With love to all the Band,

MYRTIE C. F.

* Miss Alcott's works are published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

DEAR *HOUSEHOLD*:—May I also become a member of the Band? For a year past I have enjoyed the letters to THE *HOUSEHOLD* very much indeed. Many of the sisters seem like dear personal friends. Say to Mrs. H. I would be very glad to step into her cosy little sitting-room after the labors of the day are over, and have a quiet chat.

As I read the letters from different members of THE *HOUSEHOLD* Band, I find the experience of all is much the same. We all have our cares and trials; but amid them all we have so many mercies, so much to daily thank our Heavenly Father for! And as we are about to begin a New Year, let us make new resolves, and let one of them be that some one shall be better and happier for our having lived.

Trusting I may be thought worthy of a humble place in the Band, with love to all the dear sisterhood, I withdraw.

AURA LEE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *HOUSEHOLD*:—It is many years now since entered our happy fireside, and, although the weeks rolling by have brought with them much of sorrow and grief, together with great comfort and joy, yet every month we have given a welcome even heartier than the last to THE *HOUSEHOLD*.

Ah! Mary Lenox, into more than one darkened heart your words, "For the weary ones," fell like the sunshine of God, dispelling the clouds and shedding a halo of glory around. More than one heavy-laden soul, I am sure, felt the burden grow lighter, if it did not roll quite off the weary shoulders, as you carried our thoughts away from the tumult and care of life, away from the trials and tempta-

tions of every day labor, up, far up to the shining throne, and so gently reminded us that the dear Father there allots to His children only the tasks of to-day, and that he gives to none more than they are able to perform; thus enabling us to cast our care upon Him, assured that He careth for us.

It is a long time since Marah's voice has been heard in our midst, and the members of THE *HOUSEHOLD* cannot interpret her silence. Speak, Marah, and tell us if the great black cloud that has hung so long over your head has been lifted at last. Is your heart too full of peace and joy to find expression in words? Or, has the sorrow sank so far down into your life, that, like deep waters, it must forever be still? Let us hear from you, Marah, and that very soon.

"A friend" asks for a cure for scald head, and, as I know a positive remedy, I will give it; it is simply to pour boiling water over tar, and apply two or three times a day. And now, hoping that we shall continue to hear from the many we have learned, through your columns, to love, I will sign myself

LILLIAN.

MR. CROWELL:—Please, sir, can I come? It is a bitter cold morning, and I beg to be excused for appearing before you so unceremoniously, for my feet are bare and they do feel a little chilly, but my mistress can find no socks to fit my curiously shaped feet, so I am obliged to go barefoot. You remember, Mr. Editor, that a year ago, my household companion, little "Beauty Bell," made his debut before you and your large family; and, in so doing, I fear he did not leave a very favorable impression upon your minds regarding me, but, hoping you all have forgotten the accusation the little fellow made against me, I venture to ask you to listen a few moments to me. I have no grievances to relate, save having been kidnapped once, but I watched my opportunity and made good my escape in a few days. I will own that I did try to nab my companion once, but I assure you I never have repeated it, for my master did cause my heart to bound—and heels, too—rather faster than I cared to have it. I am all right, now, am growing wise as I grow old and have repented of all my follies.

Now, Mr. Editor, I will do my errand, then I will retire from your august presence. My mistress has been a member of your social circle two years, and during that time has enjoyed and perused THE *HOUSEHOLD* with much interest. I often hear her speak of it to her friends in terms of praise. Now, I want to renew the subscription for my young mistress "Dettie," who resides in Hartford, Ct. I think that will be a good, sensible New Year's gift, so here goes \$1.10. I should be pleased to hear from any of my friends, if I have any in your family. If I have not been too talkative, I may call again sometime, and will then give you a little history of my life. Now, good morning—ugh! how my toes ache standing before you so long! Good-bye again.

"DOLLY DUTTON."

Springfield, Mass.

P. S. A "Happy New Year" to all the "Grimalkin family." D. D.

HOW TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Housekeepers who have marble-top furniture which needs cleaning can remove dirt, etc., in the following manner:

Brush the dust off the piece to be cleaned, then apply with a brush a good coat of gum arabic, about the consistency of thick office mucilage; expose it to the sun, or dry wind, or both. In a short time it will crack and peel off. If all the gum should not peel off, wash it with clean water and a clean cloth. If the first application does not have the desired effect, apply again.

Stains in marble caused by oil can be removed by applying common clay saturated with benzine, marble being a carbonate of lime, and the two substances not having a very great affinity. Care should be taken in the use of marble furniture and ornaments, as tables, mantels, statuary, etc.

Acids of any kind will more or less affect marble, and they should not be allowed to touch it. The slabs on which acids are allowed to stand soon lose their polish, and are liable to a degree of disintegration which impairs their beauty.

Fruits, sauces, vinegar, etc., should not be allowed to come in contact with a marble-topped table or shelf.

—Many housekeepers complain of soggy pie-crust when making squash, custard, lemon or other moist pies. To prevent this, beat an egg well, and with a brush or bit of cloth wet the crust with it before putting it in the mixture. For pies with a top crust this gives a beautiful yellow brown.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MR. CROWELL:—Dear Sir:—Several members of THE *HOUSEHOLD* have asked for receipts, and I send the following, having proved them almost infallible by a dozen years constant trial. I have tried to be very explicit, hoping to induce some of our younger members to try their skill in cookery. I also believe these recipes to be the most economical of their kind.

ROLLS FOR BREAKFAST OR TEA.—One cup of warm milk or water, two tablespoonsfuls of baker's yeast, one tablespoonful of white sugar. Stir in flour enough to make quite a thick batter; set in a warm place over night. One and one-half hours before breakfast, knead thoroughly. Melt a tablespoonful of butter, and as you form each roll in your hand, give them a light dip in the melted butter; set them in your pan and let them rise one hour; bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. If you wish them for tea, put them to rise at ten o'clock in the forenoon. If they are light before you wish to make them, stir them down and let them rise until one and one-half hour before tea time, when proceed as before breakfast.

ESCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Butter a deep oyster dish; lay in a thin layer of cracker crumbs, or if preferred, bread crumbs which have been rolled very fine, then an even layer of oysters two or three deep, then juice of the oysters or water—milk is best—to thoroughly moisten your crackers. Pepper them slightly, and spread over them bits of butter, then another layer of cracker or bread crumbs, being careful to moisten them thoroughly. I use the juice of the oysters and milk together, although water does nicely in place of the milk. Again put in bits of butter and more oysters. Proceed in this way until your dish is full; cover with a layer of crumbs, thoroughly moisten them and put bits of butter over the top. If you wish them for tea you can prepare them in this way before dinner; set them in a cool place and one hour before tea put them in the oven, and bake slowly nearly an hour. The top will be brown, and the inside very moist, and well seasoned.

CHICKEN PIE.—Boil two chickens, after cutting them up, until tender; season with pepper and salt, and have just broth enough with them to cover them. You can do this the day before you wish to make the pie. About three hours before dinner, take two and one-half quarts of sifted flour, and put into it five teaspoons round full of cream tartar. Now take a piece of butter full the size of two eggs, and the same of lard, and mix it thoroughly into the flour. Now take skinned sweet milk or water, milk is best, and dissolve in it two and one-half teaspoonsfuls of soda. Take about six tea cups of milk at first, and if this does not mix it quite soft, use more. Roll one-half of your crust out large enough to line a new six quart pan. After lining your pan with it, put in your chicken, and enough broth to nearly cover them; roll out the other half of your crust, a little larger than the top of your pan; lay it over, and cut a hole in the top for the steam to escape; cut off the edges of your crust, to fit your pan, and fasten them securely; take the pieces you have left, and with the top of your pepper box cut out as many little balls as your dough will permit; wet one side slightly and stick them thickly over the top of your pie; bake with a slow, steady heat for two hours; cover with a paper if it gets too brown. Save a bowl of the broth to eat with the crust. Three chickens can be baked in this pie. It is also very nice if veal is used instead of chickens. If your family is small, one-half this recipe will be sufficient.

BAKED FRESH FISH.—It is much nicer baked than fried. Lay two slices of fat pork in your dripping pan; set it on the stove and let it fry a few minutes; dip your fish in flour and lay it upon your hot pan; leave your pork with it; bake slowly one hour if thick or forty-five minutes if thin; sprinkle a little salt over it while baking; eat a butter gravy with it, made by thickening some water with flour; let it boil a few minutes and add some salt and butter, and if you wish it very nice, a well beaten egg. When milk is plenty it is sometimes preferred to water for gravy.

GINGER COOKIES.—One even teaspoonful of soda in a cup, add two table-spoonfuls of boiling water, two of melted lard or butter, and fill the cup with molasses; add a teaspoonful of ginger, and if you use lard, a little salt; stir in flour enough to roll out well; roll very thin, and bake quick until brown.

WHITE COOKIES.—These cookies will keep nice a year, if left in the jar, and can be made in quantity. One cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of milk, one nutmeg grated, or three table-spoonfuls of caraway seeds; put one teaspoonful of soda in the milk, and two teaspoonsfuls of cream tartar in flour enough to mix them; roll out as soft as you can conveniently, and quite thin; bake in a quick oven until a light brown.

LIGHT DOUGHNUTS.—One cup heaping full of white sugar, one well beaten egg. Before you put in your egg, dip two table-spoonfuls of melted lard out of your frying kettle upon your sugar, add a teaspoonful of salt and nutmeg to season; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in two cups of sweet milk and add flour enough to roll out and two table-spoonfuls of cream tartar. The secret in making these doughnuts is in not getting in too much flour. Cut them out as soft as you can handle conveniently, and fry in boiling fat. If you use sour milk, omit the cream tartar.

FRITTERS.—These are very nice eaten with new maple sugar. Two cups of sour milk, one egg well beaten, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda; flour enough to mix them quite soft: dip a tablespoon in your hot lard, and dip out a spoonful of this mixture into the boiling lard, and in this way fry them all. Stick a two tined fork in them, and if not done your fork will be covered with dough. Turn them often.

FRIED PIES.—Take one cup of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one well beaten egg and one half teaspoonful of soda; add one tablespoonful of melted lard and flour enough to make quite a thick batter. Cut off a small piece, and roll it out middling thin; lay a spoonful of thick stewed apple upon one side of it, turning the other side over it; stick the edges closely together by moistening them with water, and pressing them tightly between your fingers; leave no

holes where the apple could escape; lay them in boiling lard and fry brown, then turn them over with a knife, and fry the other side; take out with a skimmer. Or, roll out your crust the size of a plate, fry two of them, and spread your apple between.

INDIAN PUDDING BOILED WITH VEGETABLES.—Two thirds of a cup of sour milk, fill the cup with cream, or if you have no cream, all sour milk may be used; one small teaspoonful of soda, one egg and some salt. It is also very good if the egg is omitted, but not quite so light. Put in a cup of dried currants or blueberries, or bits of sour dried apple, and one cup of sweet milk and Indian meal enough to make a thin batter. If the egg is omitted it must be made thicker with meal. Dip your pudding bag in boiling water, turn wrong side out and flour the inside of it. This is to prevent your pudding from soaking through. Pour in the mixture, tie up the bag leaving room for your pudding to swell, and put it immediately into boiling water. If cooked in a kettle without vegetables you will need to put a plate in the bottom to keep it from burning on. Do not let the water stop boiling for three hours. Turn out of your bag and eat with maple sugar, or pudding sauce.

NICE BREAD PUDDING.—Put one pint of bread crumbs in a full quart of milk, add the yolks of two eggs and nearly a cup of sugar, salt and nutmeg or lemon. Bake one hour in a dish so large that your pudding will not be very thick. When done, spread with currant jelly or other small preserve. Beat up the whites of two eggs very light, sweeten and season with lemon, and pour over the pudding; set in the oven to brown. Or, make your pudding the same as above, using one whole egg, add raisins to it and eat plain; or, leave out the sugar, and eat sugar and cream with it, or a pudding sauce. If you wish a rich pudding add two more eggs and a piece of butter.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Soak nearly one-half cup of tapioca in warm water over night. Put in a pail with a pint of milk, the yolks of two eggs, salt and nutmeg or vanilla; sweeten to your taste; set your pail in a kettle of boiling water, and let it thicken. It should be quite thin, and if not so, add more milk. Turn into a pudding dish; beat up the whites of two eggs very thoroughly, add two teaspoonsfuls of powdered sugar and pour over your pudding, and set in the oven to brown; eat cold. This cream or pudding, is especially good for Sunday dinner as it can be made on Saturday, and kept in a cool place.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—Take three pints of boiling milk, stir in just meal enough to make a very thin batter, add salt, and if you wish, butter, and brown sugar enough to sweeten very sweet; bake slowly for three hours and if you wish it seasoned, use nutmeg or cinnamon. It is richer if two eggs are stirred into the thin batter after it is cold, but is very nice without them. If you wish it to whey, add cold milk while baking, and if you get it too thick, be sure to do so, as the secret in making this pudding is to have it thin, and baked slowly a long time.

BAKED CUSTARD PUDDING.—Beat four or five eggs thoroughly; stir them into a full quart of milk; sweeten well, season with salt and nutmeg and bake until just done. Press a knife upon the middle of your custard, and if milk rises, let it stand until it will not. If ever done it will whey. Bake in a brisk oven. This is a very delicious pudding and easily made. It is better cold, than hot.

SISTER JESSIE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MR. CROWELL.—I wish to ask through THE HOUSEHOLD if there is any way to prevent stove pipes from rusting which have been used on coal stoves? We are now burning coal for the second winter, on bringing down our pipes from the attic, (where they had always kept free from rust before,) we found them covered with rust. If any member of THE HOUSEHOLD can tell what will prevent them from rusting, I would feel much obliged. We think it is caused in some way by the coal.

S.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir—I have been wanting to ask of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, what can be done to keep Canary birds from being lousey, and also about their food while

sitting, and the care of young birds. Some will say that if I keep their cages clean, I shall have no trouble. But their cages are cleaned every day, but I often find those little red lice on the paper, sometimes on the Cuttle bone. When I make the nest for the little ones, I often put tobacco on the bottom of the box under the cotton, but the lice accumulate under as though they liked it. Please tell me what to do next. Truly yours,

W. M. A.

Will some one who knows, please tell me through THE HOUSEHOLD how to make peppermint drops?

T. R. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—I want to send Highlander my recipe for keeping cool, though I fear it will not reach her till she has cooler weather than she cares for, in that case she will find the same recipe will apply for keeping warm. Move to California, and settle in Ventura county on the seashore. The thermometer ranges from 84 degrees to 62 degrees the year round. So you see we never have the extremes of either heat or cold. I am very sorry for all who are obliged to bear the rigors of our northern winters, and the extreme heat of the summer, and hope as many as can will give our lovely climate a trial.

Ventura, Cal.

EDITH B.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—As no one has told Mrs. J. of Los Angeles, Cal., about the citron that is grown here, I will tell her if you please, through the paper, that our citron grows on a vine on the ground, it belongs to the melon family, but is not generally used excepting made into preserves, and then has no flavor but what is given to it by ginger and lemon, they being what is generally used to give a flavor. The citron melon resembles a water-melon, in outward appearance, the rind is rather lighter colored. After peeling and cutting out the core, the part to preserve is from three-fourths to an inch thick. There have been recipes in one HOUSEHOLD for preparing and drying it for cake, sent by sisters who say they have prepared it which has been very nice, I mean to try some day.

Many thanks to H. of Los Angeles, for an answer to my request of "How to preserve orange peel."

I have tried Sister Jessie's way of making griddlecakes, given in July number. Every time I have them I get complimented. I thank her very much also for the recipe for parsnip chowder in the March number. I had often prepared a similar dish, but her way of preparing the pork is a great improvement.

MRS. S. L.

Waltham, Mass.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir—I would like to obtain a recipe for bleaching bones, or extracting the oil, and leaving the bone unimpaired. Yours truly, SUBSCRIBER.

MR. CROWELL.—Although I am a new subscriber, yet I beg permission to ask a few questions of THE HOUSEHOLD Band. Will some one tell me how to knit breakfast shawls? also infant house sacks and socks? I understand the directions for knitting infant shirts very well. I would like to know how to remove scurf from the top of a baby's head and keep it free from the same.

May I ask M. C. S. if she has ever tried making a charm quilt out of her calico pieces?

C. E. R.

MR. CROWELL.—Could you find space for this, you would confer a great favor upon an old subscriber.

I am certain that Fanny will forgive me for profiting by what was originally intended for Clara, when I inform her (confidentially) that at the expiration of a few short months I intend to take upon myself the responsibility of polishing shirt bosoms for one, from whom I am very anxious to draw approving smiles. What I want to know is this: Is there any difference between a polishing and common flat iron? if so, can they be obtained at any hardware store? I dislike very much to trouble Fanny so much but if she would reply she would confer a lasting favor upon

DAISY MARION.

I would like to ask some of THE HOUSEHOLD readers how to cook oyster plant? how to make leather work, hair and worsted flowers, and whether we use double, single or

split zephyr? and what will set aniline in coloring French merino? I use salt and vinegar, but the color still rubs off.

Can any of your readers tell the rest, or all, of this piece of poetry. I saw it one day but can't tell where, and want it. It words the first two lines something like this:

"In married life is always trouble,
And single life is best."

It only has only about six or eight lines in it. Please tell L. E. H. to preserve the recipes in THE HOUSEHOLD by preserving THE HOUSEHOLD itself, as I save them and think it the best way.

MAY.

MR. EDITOR.—Roth asks in the April number how to make brewis. My way is to take all the crusts and crumbs, put them in a dish, pour on boiling water and set it over the fire, stir it often, and add a little molasses, salt and butter. It should be about as thick as pudding. I use milk instead of water, if I have it. I always use my brown bread crusts up in this way.

M. B. asks how to make cream of tartar biscuits. I have a very good rule. One quart of flour, two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful each of soda and salt, and one tablespoonful of shortening; mix with milk or water as soft as you can roll. If water is used put in two spoonfuls of shortening.

I would like to add my recipe for brown bread, which is very nice. One quart of Indian meal, one and one-half quarts of rye meal, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of yeast, one tablespoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of soda; mix with warm water or sweet milk, until it is soft enough to pour into the dish; bake three or four hours according to the size of loaf. Let it stand one-half hour before baking.

I would like to ask if any one can tell what will destroy small black flies about plants and fine thread-like white worms in the pots?

Also, will some sister send an economical, and at the same time a nice recipe for mince pies?

I would like to add more but fear to trespass on the space allowed to Questions and Answers. If these questions are answered you may hear from me again. H. E. H.

Boston, Mass.

MR. EDITOR.—There are a few rules of etiquette which I am wishing to be taught, and perhaps some good friend will inform me through THE HOUSEHOLD for the benefit of others, possibly, as well as myself. I live in an up stairs tenement, 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? 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 proceed them, so what better can I do? Of course if I kept a servant to wait on door the difficulty would be obviated. Again, what are you to do in introductions? are you to offer to shake hands with every one to whom you are introduced, ladies or gentlemen? and is it polite to ask persons whom you meet for the first time to call upon you? 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? Is it necessary to thank people who inquire after your health?

I wish, Mr. Editor, you would write us a little chapter on Politeness, for many of us err in various little points just through ignorance, and so stand at disadvantage in good society, when a knowledge of the rules of etiquette would put us more at our ease. There are other questions I wanted to ask, but I do not recall them now.

UNA.

Fansy would say in reply to S. O. Easton that the place where tomatoes were sold last season at nine cents a can is at C. D. Cobb & Brothers, 725 and 728 Washington street, Boston. I do not know how large the cans were, but I presume they would not hold more than a quart. I never have occasion to buy anything of the kind myself, but I obtained my information from circulars which the firm sent round to the houses. I have forgotten the prices of the other canned goods, but they were all very low. As I stated in the article he alludes to, probably the lateness of the season was one cause of the price.



THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold:
And he inherits soft, white hands
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor cares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares:
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could scarcely earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hearty frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth a poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor;
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it;
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door,
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O, rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all other level stands;
Large charity doth never soil.
But only whitens soft, white hands—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O, poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past,
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

—James Russel Lowell.

THE SECOND MARRIAGE.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

"Ah me! that there should be,
With so much happiness on earth,
So much of misery!"

NEVER, perhaps, was there a happier couple than James and Amy Graham, when first they entered their new home as husband and wife. True, it was only two rooms of a city house, and the articles of furniture and cooking utensils were few and simple; but what cared they for that, while they had health, strength and work and, above all, hearts full of love for each other? Ah! those were happy days, when hard work by day only brought them sweeter rest at evening, when the vexations and trials of outside life fast doing their work. Paler and thinner grew the forms of mother and daughter, and Amy, the feeblest of the two, soon fell a victim to disease.

But alas! in an evil hour James

yielded to temptation and drank his first glass of liquor. The French have a proverb, "Ce n'est que le premier pas que coute," It is only the first step that costs—and so it was in this case. An appetite was awakened, of which he had never dreamed. The second and the third glasses were taken much more easily, and he soon found that he was tormented with an insatiable thirst for a drink that he had once never thought of wishing.

How true are the words of our Saviour, "Without me you can do nothing!" In vain did he resolve again and again to resist temptation. It seemed as if he were fast bound in the clutches of the adversary, and he sank lower and lower and lower till he became a common drunkard. Oh! it seemed to Amy that her heart would break when her husband first came home intoxicated, and as day after day and year after year passed and her prayers and tears appeared to be of no avail, it seemed to her a sad and dreary world.

Trials seldom come singly; as her husband gradually yielded himself more and more to his ruling passion, all his better nature seemed to leave him. He who had once been the tender and affectionate husband grew rude and heartless, till no spark of affection seemed to linger in his breast for wife or children. The man seemed transformed into a beast, and, as love flew out of the window, poverty came in at the door.

It would be too sad to recount the years of cold and hunger and privation when Amy toiled almost unaided for their daily bread, years when her heart sank within her bosom as heavy as lead, years of pain and weariness, when the thought of her children seemed all that gave her strength to labor on.

But the storms of adversity seemed only to drive her the more closely to Him who is ever "a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall." Isa. xxv. 4. Faithfully did she strive to sow in the hearts of her children that good seed that in the coming years should with God's blessing ripen into a glorious harvest. And God was with her.

Mary, the eldest daughter, had grown to womanhood, and, at the time of which I write she had but left her parents as the wife of a worthy young man; and seldom do we see a bride possessed of more native loveliness, or one better trained for a useful life. Only one child was now left to cheer the mother's heart, Amy, a frail and delicate girl without the physical strength to aid her mother in her daily labors as much as her elder sister had done, but endowed with that tender sympathy and love for every one and that forgetfulness of self that led her to go beyond her strength in her desire to lighten her dear mother's toils, and cheer her lonely life.

But privation and suffering were fast doing their work. Paler and thinner grew the forms of mother and daughter, and Amy, the feeblest of the two, soon fell a victim to disease.

Ah! who can tell the agony of the

bed and felt that her child was dying of want and starvation.

It was evening. Oh! what associations does that word evening bring to us! We think of a happy home circle, gathered around an evening lamp with books and work and home amusements, and we recall Cowper's beautiful lines, descriptive of a winter evening at home:

"Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtain, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

Far otherwise in the home of the poor. Without fire, without light, without food, evening seems only to bring gloom, and to those who have once known happier days the very contrast makes it the saddest, loneliest time of all. Can we wonder that the corner liquor store with its brilliant lights and gay flowers proves so attractive to these wretched, homeless creatures? But we wander from our tale.

It was a chilly evening in November. A neighboring street lamp that shone in at a curtainless window gave them their only light, as the mother sat by the bedside, holding the hand of her dying child and praying for strength and help.

"O mother," said Amy in a low voice, "you have been so good to us, I am sure God will bless you and take care of you." The mother tried to choke back her sobs; she could not speak.

Just then the door opened. "Father," said Amy in a low voice, "Is that you? Oh! I am so glad you have come. I wanted to see you once more. Father, I'm dying." The father, half stupefied with liquor, approached the bed in silence. Summoning all her remaining strength, Amy spoke again.

"Oh, father, won't you love mother when I am dead? You used to love her and be so kind to us. Now Mary is gone, when I am dead she'll have nobody left but you. O father, do try to love and comfort mother!"

All was still—she never spoke again. Half stupefied with drink, the father lay down and soon fell into a heavy slumber. All night long the mother, paralyzed with grief, watched by the bedside, and when the morning broke the father, awakening in his right mind, had a dim recollection of what had passed. Was it a dream? He hurriedly rose and, going to the bed, beheld the lifeless form of his daughter. A quiet peaceful smile was on her face, beautiful in death, while his wife was kneeling in an agony of grief beside her.

The last words of his daughter came back to him and, throwing himself by the side of his wife and putting his arm around her, he said:

"O Amy, I've been a bad husband to you, I've been a bad father, a bad man. May God forgive me! I've broken the promise to love you and take care of you I made when I married you. It is all owing to drink. By the grace of God, I will never touch another drop as long as I live."

"Don't cry, Amy, don't cry," said he as she leaned her head upon his shoulder and wept tears of thankful-

ness. "Here in the presence of God and this dear child, I'll promise from this day forward to take you and hold to you, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish you till death us do part. So help me God, amen."

It was a cheerless, poor, little room in Brooklyn, where not many weeks ago this touching scene was enacted. Now there is joy and peace in that home—the sunshine that cometh after rain, for James has kept his word. Christian friends have been quick to aid and encourage and to find employment, and as you, reader, peruse this tale containing more truth than fiction, will not you, too, work and pray for the time when the demon of intemperance shall bring wretchedness and misery into suffering hearts and homes no more.

PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Number Twenty-three.

WEARY WORKERS.

In looking over the pages of THE HOUSEHOLD, it occurs to me that it is barely possible "the weary ones of the household," as some of our number have come to be classed, are having undue attention called to their cases, while the responses to their letters are sometimes rather tending to produce despondency than to rouse courage and stimulate to braver, stronger hearts in the weary ones.

Ofttimes weary; overburdened with cares and a multiplicity of labors; always having on hand and mtd more than we can perform, with calls upon our time and attention outside our household duties: does not the writer know most emphatically what this means? And know what it is, in indifferent health and never strong, to take up the burdens of the hour, day after day, and never upon the close to find all needful things accomplished?

But, for all that, have we, or shall we now, seek to incite the sympathies of the reader to our individual case? Will that lighten our labors, or take from us one single necessary duty waiting to be done? Or will it give us time for a coveted season of rest? Thanks for brave, strong, helpful words from any source; but let us seek neither commiseration nor "petting" because we have something useful in the world to do.

When I read some of the letters published, I feel like saying to the sisters who write from their homes, and of their household cares: Be thankful that you have homes to care for, families and friends to do for, and that you know how to minister to the comforts and necessities of those whom God has given you to love and to labor for. We who have just gone down the dark valley with the dearest object of life, what would we not give, what additional labors not perform, to have that one restored to life and health for us to help care for once more?

There are heavy burdens for the hands to bear, but heart-burdens and grief are heavier far than these. There is no gainsaying the fact that women in our American homes—those more especially in that large middle

class which comprises so many of our households—work too hard, and often to great disadvantage; that they have too little change, too few pleasures, and too little leisure for mental culture and the higher things of life. We know all these facts, and, as in former "Papers" we have touched upon this more than once, we will not repeat ourselves now.

But we also know, as before affirmed, that in a vast number of cases needless tasks are undertaken, useless cares self-imposed, and time and strength given to "labor which satisfies not" that might be spent in culture, social pleasure, or refreshing rest.

This may apply to some of our weary sisters; others, let them do the best they can, seem never to have a spare hour of their own. The only way for those to do is to take it, and thus gain strength to bear up unto the end.

But notwithstanding all these stern facts—and many more—I believe that there is no class of women so really well off as those in their own homes and competent to minister to the wants of their families. Where the heavier household cares can be thrown upon hired help, the mother is wise who favors herself in thus having assistance, and leaving to herself more leisure to attend the higher welfare of her family. Yet there are many to whom help is only an additional care, unless that assistance comes from within their own household.

And the daughter, too, if needed there, can find her truest place, at least a large share of the time, in her father's household, not fearing manual labor shared with her mother, and making herself companion, teacher, and mutual assistant in all things. There may be rough work to be done, and the hours seem crowded with cares; yet her place is really an enviable one. In these times, when so many worthy women and accomplished young ladies are thrown upon themselves for support, when the cities are full of women, as well as men, seeking labor, yet finding little or none, it seems to me that work is one of the greatest blessings that women can ask for; and to those in their own homes, where it comes unsought for and ever ready, it should be welcomed rather than repelled. As I have already said, there may be too much required of one pair of hands, but even that is preferable to seeking yet finding nothing to do.

There are women, and young girls, who must find employment in the great outside world, and to some this seems better than the quiet yet toilsome duties of home. But fortunate, I think, are those (certainly in these times) where the family hearthstone welcomes them, the family board opens for them, and the family labors are shared by them. If the family purse is not deep, there is home comfort; if the toils are arduous for some of the weary ones, there is at least home shelter and home rest for them.

Just as I am penning this, there comes an article in our daily paper concerning the shop girls in New York city. After mentioning that the girls are required to stand constantly from seven in the morning till seven at night, with only an hour at noon for dinner and rest, and that this is producing incurable diseases, the writer

says: "The girls do a fearful amount of work for wages ranging from \$3 to \$7 per week; and, severe as it is, were they all to quit to-morrow there would be ten thousand not only willing but anxious to take their places."

"What kind of a life is it that compels a girl to work twelve hours per day for say \$8 per week? She pays \$6 per week for board, for which she gets a little hall bed-room, without fire, and the vilest table imaginable. Her washing she does partly herself, but that which she has to hire done costs her at least \$1 per week. This leaves her a dollar for clothes, medicine, and what luxuries she has. And, miserable as this life is, there are twenty thousand girls in this city to-day who would cry for joy to get it. The number who live in garrets, on such food as they can get for nothing, is almost appalling."

Let women and girls in their comfortable homes look on such pictures as these, as well as of the thousands of women trying to pick up bread from the needle's point, and then ask themselves if their lot is so very hard after all. To a young girl in the country, the sum which some of these girls get in cities might seem large; but what is it when their actual living, and poor at that, is taken out? And then think of the thousands who can get positively nothing to do!

"If," says a widowed mother, "we only had a home by ourselves, Allie and I, where we could get a living, there would be no labor too hard for me, no home too humble for us to be happy in. I used to think my domestic cares overwhelming, and my daily duties arduous; but how blessed would it seem now to assume such labors of love, and have my family together again."

"If I could only have plenty of remunerative employment," writes an intelligent young woman, thrown upon her own resources in one of our large cities, "I would ask no greater boon just now. As it is, I can barely get enough to do to pay my board-bills, and in this respect am more fortunate than many around me. When I had a father's home, and shared in the household labors, sewing, and care of the children, I used to think my somewhat workday life a hard one and bringing little in return except the supply of the really useful things of life; but that home would be paradise to me now, and its healthful employment a blessing rather than a sacrifice."

In writing of these things we are not taking the ground that all woman-kind are to be house and home helpers, because we know this cannot be, and also know that the world outside has work for many to do. But for the majority of women home is their true kingdom, and the never-ceasing routine of domestic cares and labors their proper sphere of action. For those who do nothing, and would

"Be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,"

we are not writing; but for the many who have heart and hands full—so full as oft to grow dispirited in their tasks—we would give a more cheering view of their lot. Labor of some kind is a part of the discipline of life, and also one of its grandest bhests.

"It is only through strong endeavor
That we gain the distant height;
It is only when day is ended
We win the repose of night;
It is only after toiling
That we long for peaceful rest;
It is only by seeing sorrow
That we feel our life is blest."

It is not the needful doing so much as the over doing and ill-doing that makes work so much harder, in many cases, than it needs be. There is wisdom in making the head save the hands; in using skill and sparing strength to relieve labor of part of its drudgery.

Doing our part as far as we can to relieve our tasks of their weight, taking upon ourselves only needful cares, not allowing ourselves to be cumbered by "much serving," we may then take our real duties and wearisome cares to Him who can give us strength, day by day, to perform them. But only as we do our own part towards helping lighten our burdens can we ask aright for assistance from above. I say this in no irreverent spirit, but in the spirit of truth and of love to all the weary ones.

And if I could hope here to gain the ear of mankind, I would ask them to see that they do their part towards mitigating toil and towards adding strength and pleasure to the hearts of the worn and weary ones of their own households. Labor-saving machines, household conveniences, and a helping hand from the stronger sex, will do very much towards this; while a recognition of woman's social and intellectual needs will cause man to be thoughtful, as far as possible, for her in respect to these things. In many cases, also, he may be less exacting in his personal demands, especially at the table, and, in caring for her higher good, best promote the interests of both and of the whole household.

PEN PICTURE FROM REAL LIFE.

BY OLIVE OLDSCHOOL.

Down in the orchard, under an apple tree, sat a pale-faced woman. Her head rested on her hand and her wan features wore an expression of intense anguish. Her mute agony at length found vent in words. "O, why did I ever marry? Why did I give up my liberty and all my pleasures to be tied to such a brute? I have sacrificed liberty, youth, and health; I have toiled by day and night, have borne care, and anxiety, and suffering for him, and what is my reward? To be sure, I get something to eat and a place where I can stay, but I could have earned all that myself and not worked half as hard as I do here, and have been far happier." She looked up at the stained walls of the old house. "Home;" said she, "it is no home; it cannot be home where love and hope and life are crushed out day by day. I rather beg my bread than be confined in such a place, with such a cold, hard hearted, unfeeling man," and then, half repentant for her passionate words she burst into tears. Poor soul! it was her only relief. All the tears and penitence, and all the yielding, she knew must be on her part. She expected no apology or acknowledgement of wrong from him

who should have been the sharer of all her joys and sorrows. But why did she marry?

Lizzie B. was the youngest child of a large family. Her brothers and sisters were much older than herself and were all married and settled, or dead, while she was still quite a child, and in consequence she led, when at home, a somewhat lonely life. Still as she was quite a favorite among her young associates she was by no means unhappy. She was naturally extremely sensitive and somewhat shy, but affectionate and openhearted; and she craved above all other things affection and sympathy. Her father was dead, and her mother was growing old and could not sympathize with her in her pleasures or sorrows; and she wanted a friend to whom she could open her heart, one who would love and care for her. That was why she married. But alas! her married life thus far, instead of being wreathed with roses, had been strewed with thorns; to one joy there had been ten sorrows.

John was unsympathizing, cold, stern and unyielding in his nature. He could no more understand her sensitive organism, and her extreme longing for a kind word or look of affection; than she could understand how he could be so cold, harsh and unfeeling. He was quick to notice and reprove her smallest failings, quick to censure the least remissness of what he considered duty on her part, quick to blame if his wants were not instantly supplied; but slow to acknowledge her good qualities, slow to speak an approving word when she had toiled long hours on some difficult task to lighten his burden, slow to encourage and help when she was worn down with hard labor and many cares, and discouraged by many hindrances; and slow to acknowledge himself wrong when he had sorely grieved her without cause.

How her heart ached in its loneliness! How much happier she would have been if he had occasionally sat down by her side and expressed a little sympathy. But he considered all expressions of affection childish and silly, and beneath his dignity. Strange that a man should feel lowered by speaking a few kind words, but feel perfectly free to scold and fret at a poor overworked wife who has sacrificed so much for him!

But what happened on that particular day to send poor hungry hearted Lizzie into the orchard with such an expression of stern misery on her pale face? What caused her to give way to such a tempest of bitter words and tears? Nothing more than she had borne many times; but long experience had not removed the sting from a sharp rebuke at all, it hurt her sensitive heart as much as ever, and that day she was not so well able to bear it. She had been sick for weeks and hardly able at this time to keep about; but there was too much to do for her to be spared from the kitchen any longer, so she had gone into the "treadmill" once more. She got dinner ready and called John. He went in, silent and glum as usual, ate his dinner and laid down for a nap. His wife had no time for that, while she was washing the dishes and putting things to rights, the children

were noisy and disturbed John's repose. She tried to still them, but two of the neighbor's children were with them and as their father did not lie down in day time to sleep, they could see no propriety in keeping still when they came there on purpose to have a good play. John came down in great wrath, and said terrible things to the tired wife and made awful speeches about her children—his children—then left the house from which he had driven all sunshine, while the poor wife fled down into the orchard to hide her grief. But she could not stop to weep long; so, drying her tears and trying to think John was not so bad as he appeared, she returned to her work.

While she felt that in his heart he loved her, and that it was his nervous, irritable disposition, and unsympathetic nature which made him so harsh and cold, she could bear a great deal and love him still. But there came a time when even this dim light faded. She was forced to believe that all his cold indifference and cruel speeches grew out of an utter absence of affection on his part for her. Then indeed, she drank the dregs of her bitter cup! Her heart dried up. The gayety and mirth which was so natural in her youthful days disappeared forever. If there were any traces of the old merriment occasionally it was forced; put on to hide the anguish within. She, who had been fond of society and the life of many a social circle, became a sad, melancholy woman, shunning all society and enjoying nothing so well as complete solitude. This world looked dark and gloomy; her sun had gone down; dark clouds hid from her sight even the moon and stars. Weary of this bitter life she turned her eyes longingly to the world to come, as the only place of happiness, rest and peace. She tried to do her duty to her family; for her children's sake she toiled on and still waited upon her husband faithfully as ever.

At last John's eyes were opened. He seemed to awake to consciousness and began to realize what her trials and burdens had been. His own health failed and he began to yearn for a little sympathy himself. He learned the value of affection and the worth of a few kind, tender words. His manner changed. The old hard, stern, unfeeling exterior melted away, and there began to be some indications that he really possessed a heart. His wife was glad to see the ice melting away from the rugged mountains; the spots of green looked pleasanter than frozen snow; but the thaw came too late to bring back warmth and animation to that poor crushed and dried heart. She rested in the sunshine, but its beams no more awoke sweet music in her soul as in days of yore. She was still a solitary woman to whom society was a burden.

The bright dreams of youth had faded; the hopes and aspirations of early life had been crushed out; her affections had been trampled upon; how could they be revived and brought into action when body and mind had grown weak under the terrible pressure? John now tried to encourage her to engage in literary pursuits; a work which would have

been her delight, and for which she seemed qualified in her youth; but her ambition and the power to accomplish anything above the low round of domestic care, had died out together.

So she lived on; still trying to perform the common duties of life and praying for patience and resignation.

The world still looked empty and drear; she was in it but not of it. She looked upon her life as a failure, and pondered sadly on the "might have been."

Thus the remainder of her life passed away; and when at last tired nature gave way and she rested in her coffin, but few who looked down upon her cold calm features, knew the bitter disappointments and terrible struggles that heart now so cold and still had passed through.

If this simple but true story sets any one to thinking seriously, if it causes any husband or wife to try and understand the companion who is tied to them for life; if it awakens any to a sense of duty and warns them to shun a course which will bring life long unhappiness to themselves or those who should be dearer to them than life itself, I shall not have written in vain.

HOUSEHOLD CHATS.

Number Two.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

They say "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and I believe it.

I must tell you about the "ill wind" that once blew cousin Ed's shirts into such a "field" of usefulness. Cousin Tillie (that is Ed's wife) came up to our house one day, nearly two years ago, and was telling me about them. She said that Ed, two years before, bought a pair of fine white under-shirts, soft and beautiful; but, upon being washed two or three times (though she used all care in washing them) they shrunk so that he could not possibly wear them.

We thought it a pity, since they were so nice and had never been worn enough to harm them. She said that, if she could wear flannel, she might make under-wrappers of them and wear them herself, but, as it was, they were of no use to her, and what to do with them she did not know. She wanted to know if I thought May Lomers would take offense if she should offer them to her.

May is a very dear friend of Tillie's—an invalid, not in affluent circumstances and wholly unable to provide for her own wants. As she always gives me her entire confidence, I know all about her circumstances and needs—perhaps even better than any other person—and I knew that she stood in immediate need of something of that sort. I had told her only a short time previous, to trust in Him for all—in Him of whom it is said, "And your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things"—and He would, in some way, surely provide. She promised me that she would strive to do this, and that, whatever He might provide, she, His helpless suffering child, would accept as from that Father's loving hand, endeavoring not to allow any feeling of pride

(her sister) was "going to take it round."

Oh! it was pitiful to see how this unexpected announcement did crush the poor girl. It was as if some one had dealt her a sudden, but terrible, blow, and all she could say was to cry out, "Oh no, no! don't do that!"

It almost seemed as if a breaking heart was in that imploring cry, so full of agony was her voice; and I, who so well knew the sensitive nature and the naturally proud spirit, which shrinks from dependence, from accepting assistance which in any way takes the form of what is generally termed "charity," could realize how terrible was the shock, how cruel was the blow thus dealt her.

Mrs. Peters regretted having caused her pain and assured her that, since the subject was painful, the idea should be abandoned; but could not understand why May should be averse to it—was sure should not mind it at all were she in May's place.

Lu afterwards told May, that the friends who loved her would never knowingly permit any person to institute such a proceeding, thus publicly holding up her needs to view; but that they, at the same time, would not see her suffer, as far as (or whenever) it could be avoided; and that, in regard to this, she must ever bear in mind the fact that, between herself and friends, that "bugbear" of hers, which some outsider might term

"charity," had only one meaning and that was—love. In its truest sense the term meant love, and, as for entertaining any other acceptance of it, we absolutely would not. Thus the matter ended—thus was made smooth the rugged path for the weary feet.

O, ye who walk life's pathway! remember the blessing and the Master's declaration: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Let us ponder often on the lesson contained in St. Matt. xxv: 34-46, and let us not live for self alone, but let us so live that in our living others may be richly blessed.

WINNERS AND WOOERS.

BY EDITH ELLIOTT.

"We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers
And watered the furrows with tears."

One great source of unhappiness with us all is that we expect too much. We expect too much of other people. If, as many people believe, we are all born totally depraved, we must not expect the distance between total depravity and perfection to be passed in a few years, especially when we consider the unfavorable influences by which we are surrounded on the way. Yet, strange to say, the very people who believe most firmly in the total depravity of mankind are often the very ones who expect most perfection in this world. They are astonished that a mere child, not two years old, cries. They would have supposed its mother would have taught it better. They are surprised that boys are so noisy, that girls are over with her folks, and that 'Linda so frivolous, that any deviation from

propriety should ever be seen in the human race.

Women are apt to expect the same lover-like devotion from their husbands that they received before marriage, forgetting that with the cares and anxieties of the wife and mother, with nights of watching and days of toil and pain, youthful spirit and life will die, the eye will lose its brightness, the cheek its color, the step its elasticity, and the once bright and attractive maiden will be transformed into the homely woman, busied always with the dull round of daily labor and without life and enthusiasm left to inspire the ardent affection which she still craves. She forgets, also, that her husband, as busy as herself, is so absorbed in cares and anxieties as to forget at times those little attentions and "sweet small courtesies of life," that once rendered him so charming a companion. And sometimes, doubtless, the husband thinks his wife less loving, less lovely, than formerly, when she is grave and dull from sheer weariness, yet no less loving at heart—when a tender word or tone from him would bring back the color to her cheek, kindle the old lovelight in her eye and send new joy and life to her heart. Thus each expects of the other more than they give. Each expects that tenderness and courtesy that they themselves fail to manifest.

"Oh! it is not the sea—

It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,

But ourselves,

That rock and rise with endless and uneasy motion."

In this and many other cases, our disappointment and discontent are caused by expecting too much of each other. The young husband wonders that his bride is not as good a housekeeper as his mother, a model housekeeper now, but years of sad experience taught her what she now knows. He wonders that his wife does not manage her first infant as well as his mother did her tenth. She wonders that he has not the wisdom and learning she expected—as much as her father, for instance. She wonders that he cannot earn as much as an older man with years of experience. Perhaps he is a physician, and it will take years to build him up a reputation sufficient to guarantee to him a full practice, for the public will at first be slow to trust him, yet her unreasonable expectations lead her to wonder that he is so often out of cash and out of patients. Truly, patience at such times would be particularly desirable to both parties.

In short, young people expect to begin life where their grandparents ended, or, perhaps, a little in advance of them. They expect to begin life with all the knowledge and experience, with all the luxury and wealth, that their forefathers have toiled for years to accumulate. Each one of us in one way or another is expecting more than we shall ever attain. We expect too much love, forgetting that we are unlovely. We expect sunshine and prosperity, forgetting that "sunshine cometh after rain;" we expect sympathy in our trials and sorrows, forgetting those true and beautiful words of Keble:

"Not e'en the tenderest heart and next our own
Knows half the reason why we smile or sigh."

Far happier should we all be, could we early learn to expect little; for we always feel rich and happy, if we receive more than we expect, but, even if we receive much, it seems little to us, if less than we expected, and, consequently, we are made miserable. In other words:

He who has less than he hoped is poor and miserable.

He that has more than he expected is rich and happy.

We are made unhappy

1. By expecting too much for ourselves.
2. By expecting too much of ourselves.

To prevent this let us consider

1. Our own faults and defects.
2. How little we know.
3. How insignificant we are.

Great expectations must always be attended with more or less pride and conceit. True humility neither expects the applause of the world, nor the admiration and love of individuals. True humility enters upon its undertakings with diffidence, not expecting to achieve any very great or glorious results. But the very sense of weakness and insecurity and the consciousness of our imperfections will give us that earnestness, that vigilance and that untiring effort, which will make us more likely to reach the goal we seek. And then, when the storms of adversity break over our heads, as they surely will, when trials and troubles and perplexities arise, we shall not be unprepared to meet them. This life is not all.

"In the world ye shall have tribulation." Expect it, but courage! Look beyond! In the words of Marcus Aurelius, "Be cheerful and seek not external help, nor the tranquillity which others give. A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others. Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break, but it stands firm and tames the fury of the water around it."

To make our happiness hinge upon the praises and the caresses of our friends, to expect their attention and sympathy and to be miserable without it, is not love; it is selfishness and must yield only misery. To forget ourselves in the one thought of doing good and giving help and cheer to others is that "perfect love that casteth out fear," that charity that "seeketh not her own," which brings us the blessing unsought and unexpected. "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete, withal, it shall be measured to you again."

And you will find how true are Herbert's words:

"All joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses."

Those who make happiness their aim, who pursue it, expect it, will never, never find it. Happiness, like love, must be spontaneous to be good for anything. It comes, if ever, unsought. Yet, as love comes not without the wooing, so happiness comes not without the sowing. The seeds of love and happiness must be sown on earth and watered with prayers

and many tears; even here they may spring up to gladden our hearts with beauty and loveliness, but only in Heaven can they blossom and bear fruit in full perfection.

Says Jean Paul: "The last best fruit, which comes to late perfection even in the kindest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the cold and philanthropy toward the misanthropic."

This fruit is charity, the crowning Christian grace, the charity which is perfect love. This charity, which "seeketh not her own," but "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," is truly a plant of slow growth, but it is the only plant that will ever yield for us that rare fruit, happiness.

WAYS AND MEANS, OR LITTLE HELPS.

BY MRS. G. W. CAREY.

Poor Richard says, mind little expenses, a penny saved, is a penny earned,—and many littles makes a mickle.

THE HOUSEHOLD—our family—or several members of it, have been in my thoughts all day, and as I take up their letters, to read them over again this evening, the impulse is so strong to talk with them, that I am coming for a little while.

I notice Jessie, in her chat, touched a subject, which roused thoughts in others, and I trust will, by comparing experiences prove helpful to all, and I suggest that we all plan, and think for Elmira a little while, who inquires in the November number "How we are to obtain the wherewithal," to buy books. I think in the December number, she must have received courage and comfort, from Ethel's excellent letter. As she states, when economy has become so strict, that you cannot carry it out more minutely, 'tis certainly praiseworthy to make some effort to invent a new source of revenue, and farther—all will truly find, that the more we cultivate the intelligence, whatever our field of labor may be, the greater will be our success.

But we were going to help Elmira; Jessie has offered one plan, Ethel suggests helps in other directions and if she will allow me, I will follow her plans a little farther, and find helps that possibly might come to those who are really desirous of gaining or finding the wherewithal independent of others' assistance, at the same time I must adhere to my text, for, friends, you will find in minding little expenses, there are two ways to mind them. If little expenses wear away the whole fund easily, just as truly

small additions are helpful, and sometimes supply the need for the time being, so by using a little precaution, making good use of the brain first, and the money afterward, you will have more than made expenses.

Ethel suggests the sale of butter and cheese, and farther along, some varieties of vegetables, and here I wanted to say, that in case Elmira had no extra butter or cheese, for on many farms I am aware there is very little surplus without the scrimping Ethel refers to, taking place, and perhaps

the wherewithal is lacking to buy the extra cow; so we will consider where some profit with little outlay, except a determined will and cheerful perseverance, may be obtained in the vegetable kingdom.

I believe those on the farms could manage nicely, and as Hope Levine, in "Hitherto," used to say, "she could shut up her eyes and see," so I think I can see capital growing on the cornstalks, on the bushes, the melon vines and the cucumber vines. Plant for yourself some pop corn, a good variety, some sweet corn, tomatoes, melons, quantities of cucumbers, onions, etc., and do you say, what will all this amount to? Well, I will tell you; if well cared for, your pop corn will amount to two dollars per bushel, and it would not require very much space to bring you five or ten dollars; your sweet corn will bring you one-half dollar, green, with the husks on, per bushel; by having a nice early variety getting into market with one variety, while it is a rarity, you can get twenty cents per dozen ears, or more, then later some that will be nice for drying, if you do not sell all from the garden, dry and sell by the quart to your grocery men or hotel keepers; so with your tomatoes, manage to have early ones while you can command good price, after this you can have for sale, for canning, and for catsup.

Melons and cucumbers are fifty cents per dozen from the vines for pickling; if not very near the market you can salt them and sell by the quantity, remembering as Ethel says, to look out at the time of planting to choose the best varieties of seed. And last I mention onions. I notice that white onions in the New York market are quoted at three dollars and three and one-half dollars per barrel. Keep watch of the markets, and raise that which will bring you profit; visit your grocery men, and hotel keepers, and make arrangements to supply them as far as you can; here will be a good place for your pickles, tomatoes, etc.

I can assure you, friends, that you will often prove the truthfulness of poor Richard's advice, that many a little makes a mickle, and very soon your capital, if invested in books, would give you a library to be envied by any village or city lady who has an ordinary fund placed in her hands: and not alone the library but the discipline which came from your daily communion with nature; your womanhood is in no wise marred by the theory and practice of real life. With the sunshine, the purity and peace of nature as your helpers, you have learned a new song of gratitude, blessing our Father for the glad possibilities which surround you.

A SOFT ANSWER.

The husband was of quick temper and often inconsiderate. They had not been married a year, when one day, in a fit of hasty wrath, he said to his wife:

"I want no correction from you. If you are not satisfied with my conduct, you can return to your home whence I took you, and find happiness with your kind."

"If I leave you," returned the un-

happy wife, "will you give me back that which I brought to you?"

"Every dollar; I covet not your wealth, you shall have it all back."

"Ah," she answered, "I meant not the wealth of gold. I thought not of dress. I meant my maiden heart—my first and only love—my buoyant hopes, and the promised blessings of my womanhood. Can you give these to me?"

A moment of thought, of convulsion, and then taking her in his arms:

"No, no, my wife, I cannot do that, but I will do more; I will keep them henceforth unsullied and unpainted. I cherish your blessings as my own; and never again, God helping me, will I forget the pledge I gave at the holy altar, when you gave your peace and happiness to my keeping."

How true it is that a soft answer turneth away wrath; and how many, oh, how many of the bitter strifes of life might be avoided by remembering and acting in accordance therewith.

GIRLS' RIGHTS.

BY CHLOE EVANS.

I am glad to hear "Inquiresta" raising the battle cry of "girls' rights." Young ladies, to the front! Let the trumpet give no uncertain sound. Grasp your banners, advance, and claim the right to honor and happiness; and in order to gain these, the privilege of exercising, and cultivating your highest, and best faculties and talents. Oblige society to respect your good sense, and win its love, by your unselfish, loving energy, Let your enthusiasm and courage push you on, to holier thoughts and nobler deeds.

Your cry is for fuller development, broader education. Claim these, take them, in no other way can you become cultivated women. But you may say your training has not fitted you for the persevering application, which is the first necessity of cultivation in any direction. Sorry I am, that this is too often true. You have

never been taught to practice self-denial, and your habits of industry, to use a mild phrase, are not what they should be. Perhaps you have been led to believe, that to appear well in society was all that was required of you; and worse still, your inducement to attain to this superficial culture may have been a husband. Well, you must remember that misjudging affection, in most cases, has led to this state of things. Your mothers, aunts, and guardians generally have wished you to "have a good time;" or have unwisely thought, that by foolish indulgence they were fitting you to occupy a higher position in life than you otherwise could do.

Can you not do much, in the way of tutoring yourselves now that you know what you want? If you have suffered wrong in that, you have been educated to the idea, that your sole aim and object in life was to marry; then step above and out of that trammel. Do not attempt to do this, though, by chilling your woman's heart, or by crushing your sympathetic nature, or by any means that will tend to make you unlovely. Convince yourself of this fact, and then train

yourself to act from that standpoint, that the happiness and honor of your life is not dependent on your chance of being a wife, but on yourself, your own disposition and your own attainments. Substitute for marriage, as the incentive to live and to work, your duty to God, to your neighbor and to yourself. If you should marry your husband will have no less charming a bride from a maidenhood of such schooling; and with these motives, the grace and sweetness of your girlhood, will become fixed possessions.

You will need steady heads and hands, and much of that wisdom which is "first pure then peaceable," to make headway. You must have energy and discretion, patience and dispatch, and do not neglect to cultivate the sweet joyousness that makes you, each and all, the light of our homes. You will not find it difficult to prove that a girl, a woman, is no less lovely while conquering selfishness, indolence, envy or emulation, than when being conquered by these foes from within.

There are many young girls, I know some, to whom time and money, except to a very limited degree, are forbidden; but, even so, they can do

much, in fact, everything, by persistent industry, and good judgment, in the use of the means at their command. A few in this world of uncertainties, seem born into their mission field; their life work finds them without thought or choice of their own. Helplessness, in some form or other, calls out all their sympathies and energies, leaving them hardly time or strength to wish for the advantages of teachers, books, travel and polished society. Without recognizing the fact these are pressing forward to the highest and truest refinement. Some day they will be found to be pure gold from the finer's pot, brighter and more lovely in their polish than the guidance of human hands could have made them.

TOO MUCH ECONOMY THE CAUSE OF HARD TIMES.

BY GEO. J. COLBY.

Economy is not always a virtue. It does well for the poor in homeopathic doses. Extravagance is better for the rich and should be taken allopathically. There was a panic and people were frightened. Many were sick. Economy was the remedy prescribed and all took it. There was little improvement and the dose has been repeated for years. It does no good. The times are still sick—hard sick. People are stupefied with over doses of economy.

Seventy millions of dollars lying idle, on deposit in the banks of New York city, tell the story. The rich have gone to sleep under the stupefying effects of economy. They need a few doses of extravagance. They must wake up and spend their money. Extravagance is a virtue with people who have deposits—economy a crime. Draw out your surplus money and spend it. No matter how, so that it goes for labor. Honest labor is needy. It must have work or starve. Take your well filled purse and go out and buy something—anything you please

—you have performed an act of noblest charity. Buy anything that is made and you help the makers—anything that is produced and you help the producers.

The artisan who labors to please your taste for the beautiful, in making an artificial flower, or a bottle of exquisite perfume—the girl who toils in shop or factory to make you a beautiful article of dress—the laborer who builds you house or grades the level road and lays the iron rails over which you go on your summer excursion; and the husbandman who tills the soil to raise the wheat and grow the meat that loads your sumptuous table, are alike needy and equally worthy of your charity. And the most delicate way you can dispense it is by purchasing freely and liberally of the products of their labor.

The man who hoards money in such a time as this is neither philanthropist, patriot or Christian. When the rich realize the secret sin of economy and appreciate the hidden virtue in extravagance, then shall the cry of "hard times" cease; for—"That's what's the matter,"—too much economy.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simpler things.
Humble voyagers are we;
O'er life's din, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime:
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

The faith that unites to Christ separates from iniquity.

It is far less difficult to act well than to suffer in silence.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

It is far better to be sometimes deceived than to be always suspicious.

He who studies other men, learns much; but he who studies himself, learns more.

In the intellectual world one trusts to what you say; in the moral, to what you are.

The Bible is a window in this prison of hope, through which we look into eternity.

The heart that is fullest of good works, has in it the least room for Satan's temptations.

Wisdom is the olive which springs from the heart, blooms on the tongue, and fruits in the action.

The three things most difficult are: To keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure moments.

Flattery is a compound of falsehood, selfishness, servility and ill-manners. Any one of these qualities is enough to make a character thoroughly odious. Who, then, would be the person, or have any concern with him, whose mind is deformed by four such vices?

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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:—Having seen Dobbins' Electric Soap so highly praised by your readers, I purchased some, tried it and have found it all that is claimed for it. We are satisfied that it is the very best soap in the market. MRS. A. T. MATHEWS. Worcester, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have tried Dobbins' Electric Soap and, as requested, will state my honest opinion of it. I like it better than anything I have ever tried for white clothes and flannels. I have not tried it yet on calicoes and worsted, but believe it will be good for them.

MRS. S. M. DONALDSON. Ironton, Mo.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—One bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap is worth two of any other. Please inform me who is the agent in this vicinity. I wish to purchase some.

MRS. J. A. HENRY. 314 W. Jefferson St., Louisville, Ky.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—We have tested the sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap, sent us by mail, by J. L. Cragin & Co., and must say it surpasses anything we have ever used as soap.

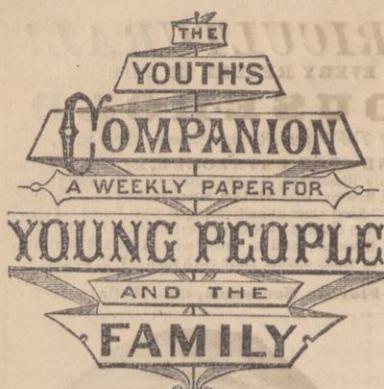
I. W. BRIGGS, P. M. Macedon, N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have just ordered a box of Dobbins' Electric Soap. I find this soap is just the kind I have long needed, and there will surely be one less of the "Fogy" family around here, after this. MRS. JAS. T. NEWBERRY. Beulah, Kansas.

MR. CROWELL:—In compliance with your request, I applied the piece of soap you gave me to a garment that had been daubed by white lead paint, dried and found to my surprise that upon rinsing the woolen, not the least sign of the paint remained. I am only too well pleased with the result of my experiment to give my testimony in its favor.

CATHERINE FERGUSON. Shakers, N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I sent for and received a bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap some months ago, but have delayed writing until now. I received it during the long drought, and for weeks had to have our washing done six miles from home, having no water nearer, and I would not have the soap used until I could see for myself its merits, and with our first rain came the terrible storm that swept our coast. Our friends of long years are gone and our property; our home a perfect wreck. I have tried the soap and find it by far the best I have ever seen. I think washing with it can be done with half the labor that any other soap would require and, if I can obtain it, I will never be without it.



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