



The household. Vol. 20, No. 6 June 1887

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, June 1887

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Yours
Pa.

THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 20.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JUNE, 1887.

No. 6.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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

\$1 10 per year. Single copy, 10 cents.

The Veranda.

A JUNE SONG.

Coy spring is gone, and rose perfume
Fills all the garden ways,
And pansies brightly bud and bloom,
In June's delicious days.

Ah, Sweet, does memory to you bring
Dreams of love's sunlit time,

When robins made the orchards ring
With many a joyous chime?

That was but yesterday it seems,
And yet 'tis long ago.

Oh! what a host of happy dreams
Float slowly, to and fro,
Through the wide vista of the years
Since love first clasped our hands,

And through the mist of happy tears
We saw his glorious lands.

Sweetheart, our lives have had their cares,
Forgotten is the pain;
The sorrow that a true love shares
Is sunlight seen through rain;

And when beyond eve's radiant slopes
Looms the eternal shore,
May earth's long cherished, trustful hopes
Make glad the evermore.

—Thos. S. Collier.

HOW TO RAISE AND KEEP CELERY.

PERHAPS no vegetable is more generally appreciated than celery. Like asparagus, it was once, and is still by some, regarded as a luxury requiring too much skill and labor for the ordinary gardener. This is a mistake. Few vegetables in my garden repay so amply the cost of production.

If the bed is made in spring, perform the work as early as possible, making the bed very rich, mellow and fine. Coarse manures, cold, poor, lumpy soil, leave scarcely a ghost of a chance for success. The plants should be thinned to two inches from one another, and when five inches high, shear them back to three inches. When they have made another good growth, shear them back again. The plants are thus made stocky. In our latitude I try to set out celery, whether raised or bought, between the 25th of June and the 15th of July. This latitude enables us to avoid a spell of hot, dry weather.

There are two distinct classes of celery—the tall-growing sorts and the dwarf varieties. Dwarf celery requires less labor, for it can be set on the surface and much closer together, the rows three feet apart, and the plants six inches in the row. Dig all the ground thoroughly, then, beginning on one side of the plot, stretch a line along it, and fork under a foot wide strip of three or four inches of

compost, not raw manure. By this course the soil where the row is to be is made very rich and mellow. Set out the plants at once while the ground is fresh and moist. Having set out one row, move the line forward three feet, and prepare and set out another row in precisely the

same manner. If no rain immediately follows setting, water the plants thoroughly—don't be satisfied with a mere sprinkling of the surface—and shade from the hot sun until the plants start to grow. One of the chief requisites in putting out a celery plant, and, indeed, al-

most the only one, is to press the soil firmly around the roots. This is done in the same manner. If no rain immediately follows setting, water the plants thoroughly—don't be satisfied with a mere sprinkling of the surface—and shade from the hot sun until the plants start to grow. One of the chief requisites in putting out a celery plant, and, indeed, al-

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE.

The design here given is one of the more expensive ones intended to give variety to the series and afford a very desirable plan to those who are able to put so much money into a home. To such we heartily commend both the exterior and interior of this beautiful house.

Size of structure: Front, 35 ft., including veranda. Side, 48 ft., 6 in., including front veranda.

Size of rooms: See floor plans.

Height of stories: Cellar, 7 ft.; first story, 9 ft., 6 in.; second story, 9 ft.; attic story, 9 ft.

Materials: Foundation, stone; first story, rock face stone work; second story, select stock brick; gables, shingles and paneling; roof, slate.

Cost: \$5,500 to \$6,000 complete, except mantels, kitchen range and heating apparatus.

Sliding doors connect the principal rooms and the hall.

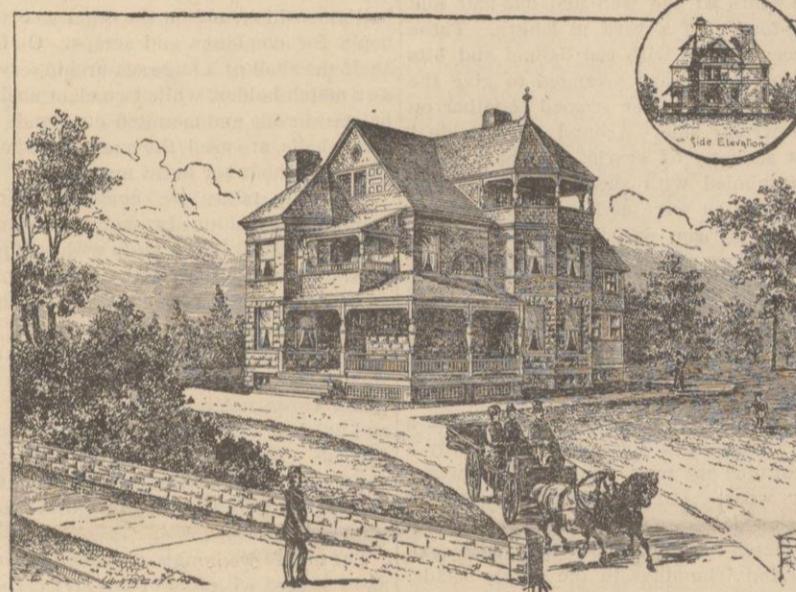
The window in the study, opening on to the porch, is carried to the floor.

Fire-places in the parlor, library, dining room and front bed room.

Three rooms finished in the attic.

Cellar under the whole house, with laundry in the rear.

The above design (called No. 359) was furnished us for publication by The Co-Operative Building Plan Association, a large firm of Architects doing business at 191 Broadway, New York, who make a specialty of country and suburban work, being able to furnish the drawings and specifications for more than three hundred different designs, mostly of low and moderate cost. They invite correspondence from all intending builders, however distant. They will send their latest publication (called Shoppell's Modern Houses, No 5) containing more than fifty designs, on receipt of \$1.

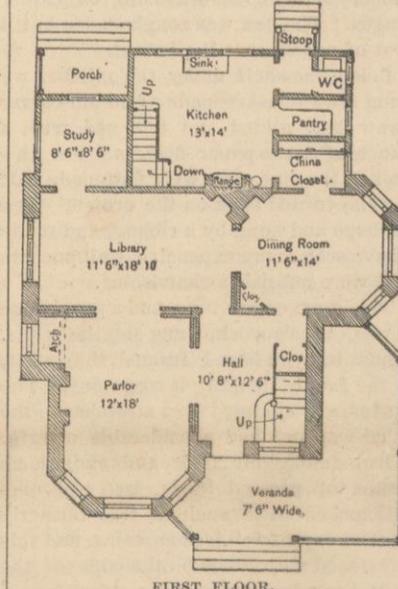


PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

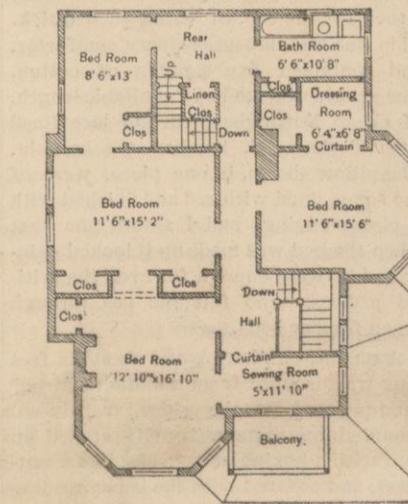
most any plant, is to press the soil firmly around, against and over the roots.

About the middle of August the plants should be thrifty and spreading, and now require the first operation which will make them crisp and white or golden for the table. Gather up the stalks and foli-

age of each plant closely in the left hand, and with the right draw up the earth around it. Let no soil tumble in on the heart to soil or cause decay. Press the soil firmly so as to keep all the leaves in an upright position. Then with a hoe draw up more soil, until the banking



FIRST FLOOR.



SECOND FLOOR.

process is begun. During September and October the plants will grow rapidly, and in order to blanch them they must be earthed up from time to time, always keeping the stalks close and compact, with no soil falling in on the developing part. By the end of October the growth is practically made, and only the deep green leaves rest on the high embankments. The celery now should be fit for use and time for winter storing is near. In our region it is not safe to leave celery unprotected after the 10th of November, for although it is a very hardy plant, it will not endure a frost which produces a strong crust of frozen soil.

Never handle celery when it is frozen. My method of preserving this vegetable for winter use is simply this: During some mild, clear day in early November, I have a trench ten inches wide dug just about as deep as the celery is tall. This trench is dug on a warm, dry slope, so that by no possibility can water gather in it. Then the plants are taken up carefully and stored in the trench, the roots

The Drawing Room.

ONE SPARE CHAMBER.

BY AUNT HANNAH.

AT LAST, after months of anxiety and planning, our little home was finished, and very happy were we when we took possession of our new quarters.

"Never contract a debt," has been our motto from the first year of our married life, and great as was the temptation to now purchase this or that object of use or ornament, we still resolutely denied ourselves whatever could not at once be paid for, and that, too, without overreaching on our rainy day fund.

My health is not good and so I "made haste slowly," in getting the carpets down, pictures hung, brackets in place, and in bestowing the thousand and one little touches which make a home seem habitable and homelike. But with the help of my oldest daughter, a girl of sixteen, and Lee, a strong fellow a year younger, and who has quite a talent for carpentering, the task was accomplished to our mutual satisfaction.

All but the spare chamber; that contained absolutely nothing but the bed, and how should we furnish it? To be sure the bed is the most essential article in a sleeping apartment, but others are needed to render it convenient, and we also wished it to be cosy and attractive.

My husband's business keeps him from home from seven o'clock till half past six every day, so he could give me no help. But Alice, Lee and myself, after reading various articles on household adornment, and holding unnumbered consultations, at length formed a plan to turn the desolate spare chamber into a comfortable and pleasant sleeping apartment, and that, too, with little expense. This plan we put in execution during the long summer vacation.

The room is sixteen by fourteen feet with three windows, two south and one west. The wood-work was unpainted and the walls white just as the masons had left them. The two doors opened, one into the front hall, and the other into an ample closet well supplied with hooks and shelves.

Our first step was to cover the wood-work with paint of a lovely pearl gray tint. Two shades of this color were used; the base boards, door and window frames and sash, were the lighter shade, while the moldings around windows and doors, edge of window sills and door panels were of the darker shade. We carefully filled every crack with putty and covered the knots with the best shellac before beginning to paint. We used ready mixed paints, and when the whole was smoothly covered with two coats the effect was excellent.

The walls next claimed attention and these we decided to kalsomine, as we could find no cheap paper to compare with the paint. The kalsomine was prepared from a recipe found in my scrap book, and was applied by Lee, who experimented on the walls of the closet till he could lay it evenly.

Kalsomine.—Dissolve one-half pound of fine white glue by covering it with cold water, and allowing it to stand over night. In the morning heat till dissolved; add boiling water till of the consistency of cream; while boiling, stir in best Spanish whiting until thick and smooth, when add any desired color. This "stock" will, when cool, be a sort of jelly and must be thinned with water till about as thick as paint. Apply with a fine white-wash or paint brush, going rapidly over the space to be covered and never repeating till the whole is dry. One coat was

sufficient for our walls, but if old and smoky, another would be needed. To give the kalsomine the required tint, I procured of a painter five cents' worth of what he called lavender gray powder, and put in a little at a time till the required shade was obtained.

Around the top of the room we put a four inch border the ground-work of which was a darker shade of gray than the walls, ornamented with beautifully shaded autumn leaves; very handsome but cheap, costing but five cents per yard.

The floor then received two coats of the darker paint. I should have much preferred a carpet, more for comfort than looks, but this was impossible just then. Had there been old clothes enough in the house I should have made a rag carpet. I had, however, two old, and as I thought worthless, ingrain carpets on hand which on being ripped and washed, proved a perfect bonanza. I cut from these such parts as were least worn, mended holes and thin spots, and divided into pieces the width of the web and one-half and one-fourth of a yard in length. These pieces I bound with red flannel and bits of full cloth, then arranged to give the best effect, and over seamed together on the wrong side. Around the outside I put scallops of scarlet flannel slightly buttonholed with such bits of worsted and yarn as were at hand. When completed, my rug was three yards square, very unique and pretty, and when placed on the smooth gray floor, the effect was charming. The rug was lined with an old bed tick, fit for nothing else. This gave it substance and helped to keep it in place.

The bedstead was one of those with a very high head board; was originally a light blue but now somewhat the worse for wear. After a thorough washing with soda, Lee gave it two coats of paint to match the room; body light with panels and trimmings in the darker shade. Then I painted at foot and head large bunches of variously colored autumn leaves and ferns, and when done gave the whole a coat of white varnish. It was very delicate work varnishing over the decorations as the varnish softened the colors, but by care we accomplished it.

I had plenty of bedding, a good spring, and a husk mattress. To render this softer as well as warmer in winter I made a tuck for the top, of a cast off bed tick. This was tied like an ordinary comforter, and contained five pounds of cotton. The spread was made of a suitable length, of cheap Nottingham curtain lace lined with Turkey red, bought at a bargain. The pillow shams, in one piece, were of the same, lined with red and finished with a cheap edging, and I assure you that when the bed was made up it looked dainty and inviting enough for even the critical princess who felt the pea through seven feather beds.

A quaint, old, hard wood chest six feet long was brought from "mother's attic," sand-papered on the sides, varnished, mounted on casters, heavily stuffed on top, with a boxing at the sides like a mattress, and covered with the back breadths of a cast off tycoon rep dress of a rich dark color. We then added two large square pillows as wide as the chest and long in proportion, for which we had pieced covers of bits of woolen goods, the sewing being done on the machine, and lo! a most luxurious divan as well as a convenient receptacle for clothing.

For curtains we had plain shades of Turkey red with a wide hand-knit lace set up on the cloth at the bottom, with white tassels of our own make. The rollers I bought for ten cents each. Lambrequins for the top were crocheted of common twine, lined with red and mounted on a piece of board four inches

deep in the center and rounded off at the ends.

For the commode we got a large, smooth packing box, set it up on end, and then Lee, who was becoming quite expert with tools made the cover into two doors which he hung so as to open in the center, while the inside was fitted with two shelves. This was then painted to match the room, and white oilcloth tacked on the top. Alice contributed the splashier which was a piece of one of grandmother Benton's homespun linen sheets, fringed and ornamented with appropriate figure etched in red cotton.

Our mirror was not large but bunches of cat's-tails and peacock's feathers tied with ribbons and artistically arranged about it so filled the eye that no thought was given to its lack of size. A broad, low shelf under the mirror is designed to hold toilet articles in place of a bureau which can the better be dispensed with on account of the closet, and the scarf covering it matches the splashier. At one side of the glass is suspended a ball pincushion, and on the other a cornucopia for combings and scraps. On the shelf the shell of a huge sea-urchin serves as a match holder, while two clam shells, painted in oils and mounted on stands of snail shells, are used, the one to hold hairpins, and the other burnt matches.

The only tables we could command were an old fashioned round light stand, and an oblong kitchen table with straight legs. The bottoms of both were ebonyized and the top of the former covered with a bit of crimson felt tacked smoothly up under the edges. The top of the latter was covered with a collection of advertising cards neatly fitted and pasted on and finished with two thin coats of white varnish. A small scarf of felt to match the stand ornamented with autumn leaves in applique gave the old table quite an air of elegance.

For chairs we bought a Shaker rocker, and reseated with bits of tapestry carpeting two old chair frames that had lost their cane seats but were otherwise in good condition. A small box ten inches deep, cushioned on top, covered with broadcloth pieces of an old coat, and trimmed with a bit of fringe, was not only a grateful support for tired feet but formed a convenient holder for shoes and rubbers as the cover was hung on leather hinges. The box was rough inside but a coat of paper made it all right.

Below the shelf under the mirror, we hung a wall basket made of an old coarse straw hat, gilded and trimmed with a bunch of tissue paper flowers. For this basket the hat was wet, flattened, half the rim turned back on the crown, dried in shape and hung by a ribbon, and really I have seen many expensive wall pockets that were not half as handsome.

Two good engravings, and a panel done in oils, Alice's work, hung on the walls. I must tell you how I framed the latter, as the family thought it very fine. The canvas was mounted on a stretcher in the usual way and had considerable margin. I had among my odds and ends some scraps of pressed brass, two and one-half inches wide, such as was formerly used on top of full lace curtains, and this I fastened with brads on the edge of the stretcher after the manner of a frame, where the corners crossed, making ornaments of gilded acorns. Across the room the effect was that of a heavy, richly carved gilt frame and no one could guess that it came from the attic and cost never a cent.

I was in despair about the stove and thought I should have to depend on warming-pans and free-stones next winter, but one day brother Ollai drove up to the door and pointing to a large, burlap covered object in his wagon said, "This is my contribution to your spare chamber."

ber." And lo, and behold, an old-fashioned, open, Franklin stove in a good state of preservation with brasses, shovel and tongs, all complete. Ollai said he found it at an auction and as it was going at the price of old iron he bid it off for me.

We blacked the stove till it reflected every object in the room, and polished the brass ornaments till they shone again, and when the ottoman and rocker were drawn in front of it, and the fire laid ready for lighting, the whole room had such a cosy, homelike air as many a more pretentious apartment aspires to.

If any of the sisters are inclined to make me a visit, I shall, I think, be able to prove to them that our spare room at least is not only inexpensively furnished, but pleasant and comfortable.

The Conservatory.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

BY MARGARET SANGSTER.

All day in the green, sunny orchard,
When May was a marvel of bloom,
I followed the busy bee-lovers
Down paths that were sweet with perfumes.

The one perfect cluster I sought for,
Was not in the orchard for me;
It swung on the edge of a forest,
From the bough of a wild apple tree—

A tree that no thrift of the farmer
Had cared in his life to protect,
All twisted and stunted and barren,
The orphan of nature's neglect.

That, lone in the lavish spring beauty,
Bore only one blossoming spray—
But that, in its delicate tinting,
Was the blossom I'd looked for all day!

The soul of the tree in its prison
Had thrilled to the passion of spring,
And given itself in its answer—
The beggar-maid's "Yes" to the king.

So told me the gray-bearded painter,
And showed me the branch that he broke,
All glowing and sweet on the canvas
The while that he dreamily spoke.

FLORICULTURAL NOTES.

Number Forty-One.

BY MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

TO HELP the amateur to a better understanding of floriculture, I give them an abridged glossary of botanical terms, believing they will find it a useful thing to have in THE HOUSEHOLD.

Abortive; imperfectly formed.

Achenium; a small, hard, seed-like fruit.

Aculeate; furnished with prickles.

Alate; winged, as seeds of the elm and maple.

Alternate; leaves are said to be alternate when they are situated first on one side then on another of the stem, but not opposite to each other.

Ament; a scaly spike, as the willow; a catkin.

Anther; the head and essential part of the stamen, containing the pollen.

Apetalous; destitute of petals.

Auriculate: having lobes or appendages like the ear, as at the base of some leaves.

Axil; the angle or upper side between a leaf and stem.

Bilabiate; two-lipped, as the corolla of the salvia.

Bract; a small leaf or scale, from the axil of which a flower or its pedicel proceeds. Bracts in general are the leaves of an inflorescence, more or less different from ordinary leaves.

Bifid: two-cleft or split.

Biennial; twice divided into threes.

Biennial; living only two years.

Calyx; the outer covering of a bud or flower.

Campanulate; bell-shaped.

Capsule; any dry seed vessel or pod which opens by seams in a regular way.

Carpel; a simple pistil, or one of the parts of a compound pistil.

Capillary; slender and as fine as hair.

Capitate; headed, bearing a round, head-like top.	Insertion; the mode or place of attachment of an organ.	Plumose; feathery; when any slender body is beset with hairs along its sides, like the plume or beards on a feather.	Strobile; a fruit like a pine cone.
Catkin; a scaly, deciduous spike of flowers; an ament.	Internode; the part of the stem between the nodes.	Pollen; the fertilizing dust or powder of the anther.	Striate; marked lengthwise with fine lines.
Caducous; dropping off early as the calyx of poppies.	Intorse; turned inwards; an anther is intorse when it faces the pistils.	Pyramidal; shaped like a pyramid.	Style; the middle part of the pistil which bears the stigma.
Caulescent; having a stem which rises out of the ground.	Inflated; bladder-like.	Procumbent; trailing along the ground.	Subulate; awl-shaped.
Ciliate; fringed with hairs or bristles along the margin, like eyelashes fringing the eyelids.	Inserted; borne on, or attached to.	Prostrate; lying flat.	Succulent; juicy.
Claw; the narrow base of some petals.	Involute; a whirl or set of bracts around a flower, umbel or head.	Pubescent; downy; having soft, fine hairs upon the surface.	Syngenesious; when the anthers are united into a ring or tube.
Cordate; heart-shaped, as a cordate leaf.	Labiatae-lipped; bilabiate.	Pyxis; a pod which opens crosswise, the top separating as a lid.	Tendril; a spiral shoot that twines around another body for support.
Corm; a solid bulb, like that of the gladiolus and crocus.	Laciniate; cut irregularly into deep, narrow lobes; slashed.	Raceme; a flower cluster with the flowers arranged singly, on short pedicels, along the common flower-stalk; as, the lily of the valley.	Terete; long and round, like ordinary stems.
Corolla; inner covering of a flower; name of the petals taken collectively.	Lanceolate; lance-shaped.	Rachis; the backbone, the axis of a spike.	Terminal; belonging to or borne on the summit.
Corymb; a flat or convex flower cluster, in which the flowers open regularly from the circumference to the center, as the <i>phlox Drummondii</i> .	Legume; the fruit of a leguminous plant, as the pea pod; a single, two-valved carpel.	Radiate; furnished with ray flowers distinct from disk flowers, as in the sunflower.	Ternate; in threes, or divided into threes.
Cotyledons; seed lobes; the first leaves in the embryo.	Maculate; spotted.	Radical; pertaining to the root, or coming from the root.	Throat; the orifice of a monopetalous corolla.
Cuneate; wedge-shaped.	Marginate; having an edge or margin different from the rest.	Radicle; the first root of the plant in the embryo.	Thyrse; a compact panicle of a pyramidal or oblong shape, such as a cluster of the lilac.
Crenate; the margin scalloped.	Midrib; the middle or main rib of a leaf.	Ray; a marginal floret of a compound flower, as in the aster, sunflower, etc.	Tomentose; woolly, with a coat of soft, short hairs or down.
Cyme; a flower cluster resembling the corymb in form, but differs from it by the expansion of the flowers from the center to the circumference.	Monadelphous; having the filaments united all into one set or tube.	Receptacle; head of a flower stalk from which the organs of a flower grow, or into which they are inserted.	Torus; the receptacle of the flower.
Connate; grown together from the first.	Monopetalous; the corolla of one piece.	Reflexed; bent outwards or backwards.	Trifid; same as three-cleft.
Deflexed; bent downward.	Monosepalous; the calyx of one piece.	Revolute; rolled backward.	Truncate; appearing as if cut off at the end.
Dehiscence; the regular opening of pods.	Needle-shaped; long, slender and rigid, like the leaves of pines.	Reniform; kidney-shaped.	Tube; the tubular part of a monopetalous corolla as distinguished from the spreading border or limb.
Dentate-toothed; the teeth pointing outwards but not forwards.	Nerves; a name for the ribs or veins of leaves when simple and parallel.	Repuband; wavy-margined.	Tuber; a thickened portion of an underground stem, provided with eyes or buds on the sides, as a potato.
Digitate; leaves that bear their leaflets all at the very end of the footstalk, as the clover.	Netted-veined; furnished with branching veins forming net work.	Reticulated; in the form of net work as the veins of some leaves.	Tumid; swollen.
Disk; the central part of a head of flowers, like the sunflower; an enlarged part of the receptacle.	Node; a knot; the joint of a stem from which springs a leaf or a pair of leaves.	Ringent; grinning, gaping open.	Umbel; a flower cluster in which all the pedicels spring from the same point, like the rays or sticks of an umbrella, from which it takes its name, and the expansion of flowers is from the circumference to the center.
Downy; clothed with a coat of soft and short hairs.	Obovate; heart-shaped, with the attachment by the pointed end.	Rib; one of the principal pieces of the framework of a leaf.	Undulate; wavy.
Drupe; a stone fruit.	Oblanceolate; lance shaped with the attachment at the tapering point.	Rootlets; little roots or root branches.	Utricle; like an akene, but with a thin and loose pericarp.
Emarginate; notched at the end.	Obovate; ovate, but with the broad end upward.	Rootstalk; a root-like stem underground; an underground stem.	Valves; the pieces into which a pod splits, or by which an anther opens.
Embryo; the rudiment of the plant in the seed.	Obtuse; blunt.	Rotate; wheel-shaped.	Vein; one of the small ribs or fine branches of the framework of the leaves.
Eusiform; sword-shaped.	Oblique; unequal sided.	Rugose; wrinkled, roughened with wrinkles.	Venation; the arrangement of the veins of leaves.
Entire; the margin even, not toothed or cut.	Opposite; placed on opposite sides of some other body.	Sagittate; arrow-shaped.	Ventricose; inflated or swelled out on one side.
Equitant; leaves are said to be equitant when their bases or edges alternately overlap each other, as the equitant leaves of the iris.	Orbicular; circular in outline, or nearly so.	Scabrous; with a rough surface.	Versatile; swinging, as the anthers of the lily.
Extrorse; turned outwards; the anther is extrorse when fixed to the outside of the filament and facing the petals.	Oval; broadly elliptical.	Scandent; climbing.	Villose; shaggy, with long and soft hairs.
Fascicle; a close cluster; a cyme with the flowers much crowded, like the sweet-william.	Ovary; that part of the pistil containing the ovules or future seeds, and in course of development becomes the fruit.	Scape; a flower stalk rising from the crown of a root.	Viscous; viscid, glutinous, clammy.
Feather veined; veins proceeding from a midrib at an acute angle.	Ovate; egg-shaped, like the section of an egg lengthwise.	Sepal; a single part or division of the calyx.	Wavy; the surface or margin alternately convex and concave.
Fond; the leafy part of a fern; a combination of leaf and stem.	Palmate; digitate, resembling the hand with the outspread fingers; spreading from the apex of a petiole as the divisions of a leaf.	Serrate; toothed like a saw; having the margin cut into teeth pointing forward.	Whorl; arranged in a circle around the stem; applied to leaves, flowers, bracts, etc.
Follicle; a simple pod opening down one side.	Panicle; an open flower cluster, more or less branched, after the style of a head of oats.	Sessile; sitting; without a stalk as a leaf without a petiole.	Winged; furnished with a broad and thin appendage or wing-like border of any kind, as the seeds of maple, ash, elm, etc.
Fugacious; falling or withering very early.	Pappus; thistle down, and the like formation in other flowers.	Setaceous; in shape like a bristle.	The above are botanical terms in most common use. If they but assist you, dear amateur reader, to a better understanding of the flowers you cultivate, I shall feel well repaid for writing them.
Gamopetalous; having the petals united so as to form a tube.	Pedicel; the stalk of each single flower of a cluster.	Silicle; a short and broad pod of the cress family.	—
Genus; a class more extensive and higher than a species.	Peduncle; a flower stalk of a single flower, when borne singly, or of a cluster.	Sinuate; strongly wavy.	FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.
Germ; a growing point; a bud; that which is to develop an embryo.	Pepo; a fruit like the melon and cucumber.	Solitary; single.	ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters who are interested in flowers tell me how to care for a hyacinth and tulip, and other bulbs, that have blossomed this year?
Glaucous; whitish, like a cabbage leaf, as <i>Bocconia Japonica</i> .	Perianth; all the flower leaves taken collectively, when they appear so much alike that they cannot be distinguished as calyx and corolla; as, for example, in the flowers of the lily family.	Spadix; a fleshy spike of flowers.	A. M. K.
Globose; shaped like a ball or sphere.	Pericarp; the ripened ovary; the shell or rind of any fruit taken as a whole. When it separates into layers, each layer may have a different name, but the whole taken together constitutes the pericarp.	Spathe; a sheathing bract which envelops a spadix.	ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please tell Olive Lee to plant a white, hardy pink on the grave, by name of Mrs. Sinkins. It can be bought of most any florist.
Glumes; the chaffy bracts or scales which make the coverings of the flowers of grasses, sedges, etc.	Petal; a leaf of the corolla.	Spicate; pertaining to or resembling a spike.	MRS. HATTIE ROOD.
Gynandrous; stamens borne on the pistil or style, as in the orchis family.	Petiole; a leaf stalk.	Spike; a flower cluster in which the flowers are sessile on the axis, as in the mullein.	Monroe, Wis.
Habit; the appearance and mode of growth of a plant.	Pinnate; feather-shaped; a pinnate leaf consists of several leaflets arranged on each side of a common petiole.	Spine; a thorn.	ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me how to treat my lily-of-the-valley to make it blossom? I have tried it both out of doors and in the house, but have always failed to get blossoms. I would also like to know what treatment to give smilax.
Hirsute; hairy; having stiff, beard-like hairs.	Pistil; the central and seed bearing organ of the flower, consisting of three parts, the ovary, the style and the stigma.	Spinoose; thorny.	M. A. B.
Hilum; the scar of the seed, or point by which it is attached.	Pistil; the stalk of a pistil; the stem of a fern; the stem of a mushroom, or of any fungus.	Spindle-shaped; tapering at each end, like a radish.	Can any of the sisters tell me what to do for a parrot that eats his feathers off? He is hearty and well. He eats well and talks a lot, and seems to be well in every way only he keeps his feathers eat off so that he looks like down. He has no lice or any thing of the kind, only he seems to have an itching, and he is restless.
Hoary; grayish white, or covered with a close, whitish down.	Pistil; the central and seed bearing organ of the flower, consisting of three parts, the ovary, the style and the stigma.	Stipitate; furnished with stipules.	M. S. S.
Hortus Siccus; an herbarium, or collection of dried plants.	Stipe; the stalk of a pistil; the stem of a fern; the stem of a mushroom, or of any fungus.	Stipule; an appendage at each side of the base of some leaves or petioles, resembling small leaves in texture and appearance.	
Hybrid; a cross between two species.	Stolon; trailing, rooting shoots.		

The Nursery.

WHO SETS THE FASHIONS?

Who sets the fashions, I'd like to know,
For the little people beneath the snow?
And are they working a weary while,
To dress themselves in the latest style?

There's Mrs. Primrose who used to be
The very picture of modesty;
Plain were her dresses, but now she goes
With crimped and fringes and furbelows.

And even Miss Buttercup puts on airs
Because the color in vogue she wears;
And as for Dandelion, dear me!
A vainer creature you ne'er will see.

When Mrs. Poppy—that dreadful flirt—
Was younger, she wore but one plain skirt;
But now I notice, with great surprise,
She's several patterns of largest size.

The Fuchsia sisters—those lovely belles!
Improve their styles as the mode compels;
And, though everybody is loud in their praise,
They ne'er depart from their modest ways.

And the Pansy family must have found
Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe underground;
For in velvets and satins of every shade
Throughout the season they're all arrayed.

Pinks and Daisies and all the flowers
Change the fashions, as we change ours;
And those who knew them in olden days
Are mystified by their modern ways.

Who sets the fashions, I'd like to know,
For the little people beneath the snow?
And are they busy a weary while
Dressing themselves in the latest style?

THE EMIGRATION OF THE FAIRIES.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

IT WOULD be difficult to say just when and where the illustrious race of fairies first sprang into being. Since the world began they have been recognized as a people, existing under varied but characteristic forms in all parts of Europe and Asia. The discoverers of the new world nowhere mention fairies as among the native products of the country; but this is not positive proof that they were not. Fairies are at all times shy of revealing themselves to mortals, and nothing would be more natural than that they should have hidden themselves, and avoided all contact with a new and strange race.

But however this may be, it is recorded in the most authentic fairy histories which I have been able to consult that as soon as accounts of the beautiful land beyond the seas were freely circulated abroad, there was great excitement among the European representatives of the race. A grand council was held. A king and queen were chosen to rule over the new province, and crowned with great ceremony. A charter was drawn up, and publicly delivered into their keeping. This bore the royal seal, and invested them with supreme power over such forests, meadows, lakes and streams of the new world as they should see fit to occupy. All needful preparations were quickly completed, and the royal pair set out on their voyage with an eager crowd of followers. And as years went by, many another adventurous band found its way across the ocean to the new fairy province. Not many, I believe, sailed in the Mayflower. These small people had a suspicion that the Puritans did not approve of their merry ways, and would not be sorry to destroy them, root and branch, and leave the pleasant green-wood desolate. So they avoided them; although it is true that a few renegade spirits went over to the ranks of their natural enemies, the trolls and ogres, and with them followed the Pilgrim Fathers, making mischief in the new settlement as in the old, even going so far as to fix the blame of their misdeeds on a few of our old women, who in consequence were hung for witches.

But home fairies and brownies followed the families they loved over seas. The

ranks of the young king and queen were soon well filled, and the grand old forests echoed with music and revelry through all the long, summer nights. For a time they were very happy. The skies were blue and bright; the forests wide and green, and full of enchanting dells by rippling water where the queen might receive on any moonlight night; where council could be held in need, or merry mischief planned. When the forests were given over to the snow and frost sprites, many wood-fairies followed the summer into southern lands. Others remained snugly ensconced in some quiet attic, or chimney-corner, holding watch and ward over those dear mortals who had won their love by good faith and kindly courtesy.

But as years went by many changes were made in the new country. At first, the fairies took little heed. They did not change. But toward the close of the nineteenth century they found themselves face to face with a very unpleasant question, and began sadly to consider whether it might not be well for them to emigrate, go west, in fact, as so many enterprising mortals had done. Perhaps they were not enterprising. They did not like the thought of change. But a day—or rather night—was appointed for a general council.

It was in the heart of a great wood, in the prettiest of flowery dells, through which danced a noisy mountain brook, that on a glorious, moonlit, summer night, King Berry and Queen Tita called their subjects together. They had been named after their great-great-great-grandparents, who danced and frolicked and quarreled about Athens in the palmy days of long ago. But the good old names of Titania and Oberon did not find favor in the ears of a young prince and princess of the nineteenth century; and they were ruthlessly cut short. Even the royal wedding cards were graced by the abbreviations only. Of course after that, court etiquette required all loyal subjects to forget that the abbreviation was not the whole. And I, though only a humble historian, and claiming no familiarity with the royal pair, must needs follow their example.

Fairies, brownies, pixies, nixes, kelpies, all the airy sprites who rule woods and streams, come flocking together at the sound of the herald's trumpet. Only when all were assembled, could it be seen how, in truth, their glory had departed. Even Queen Tita's green satin gown was badly frayed, her mantle of gossamer ermine rent and crumpled. King Berry, too, was sadly shabby. His crimson doublet was slash'd far more than his tailor had intended. His cavalier hat had lost a part of its brim, and through the crown, where once a jaunty plume had waved, a tuft of royal fairy hair was plainly to be seen. The poor little maid-of-honor and gentlemen-in-waiting were so tattered and bedraggled that they could not look each other in the face; while fairies of lesser degree thought themselves fortunate to find a cast-off leaf or spider's web for covering.

You see fairy garments are made of delicate materials, and need replacing as often, at least, as our own. But fairy looms and work-shops had been so often destroyed by the encroaching, blundering, conscienceless human race, with its crude "improvements" that the poor fairies had begun to fear they were going to be improved quite off the face of the earth. The workmen had become discouraged. Their work was done—if done at all—under such great and increasing difficulties that they felt compelled to ask a higher price for their labor. But there had been a falling off in fairy revenues. Credit was not to be had, and the small people could not pay large prices. A

strike was the next thing in order; and for a long time business had been at a standstill.

The Lord Chief Justice called the court to order with a tap of his silver mace. King Berry addressed his subjects in a few simple words. He lamented their fallen estate, and asked the counsel of all faithful friends. The reports of adventurous explorers were attentively listened to, and then Queen Tita came forward. She was not so magnanimous as the king had been, and, I am sorry to say, made bitter accusation against the crude race which had caused their woe. Others took up the strain, and in the animated discussion that ensued, the council lost its formal character.

"Really, it is too much," said Queen Tita. "They have cut down our forests, dammed our streams, ruined our homes, and driven us from place to place, until we have hardly a thicket in which to hide our heads. A few years ago we were a proud and happy people. Now we are reduced to poverty—abject poverty—and despair."

Queen Tita took a rose leaf from her pocket, and wiped her eyes. All the ladies of the court did the same, and the gentlemen looked extremely solemn.

"It is true," said King Berry. "One by one our haunts and trysting places have been destroyed. As you know, this wood is the only one left in all the country round. And this is doomed. The cruel ax has already struck down some of the finest in the outer circles. Sooner or later this must go also."

"Sooner or later this must go also," echoed the assembly in solemn conviction.

"Verily, there is no limit to the encroachments and strange devices of this restless race," said the Duke of Brunnen, a kelpie of venerable appearance.

"What is it now, cousin?" said King Berry, graciously. "Any thing new?"

"There is always something new, your majesty," said the duke. "But I think nothing can happen more strange and dreadful than what I witnessed a few weeks ago."

"Please tell us about it, cousin," said the queen.

"It is rather a long story, and I fear would occupy too much valuable time," said his grace, who, having excited their curiosity, could afford to affect reluctance.

"No, no, let us hear."

"Very well, then, I will try to be brief. I think most of you have heard of the great waterfall which lies at some little distance from this forest. I cannot speak the name by which it is known to mortals. It is too harsh for a kelpie's silvery tongue. Ni—Nira—No, that is not it. But I think you know what I mean."

"Yes, yes, go on."

"My father and grandfather used to tell me wonderful stories of the grandeur and beauty of this great cataract. But I have always been so well satisfied with my quiet life here among our own mountain brooks, that it was not until lately that, seeing the degeneracy of the times, and the evil straits into which our race has fallen, I decided to visit this wonder, hoping to find something in the sight to refresh my weary, old eyes."

He paused, heaving a sigh, and passed his hand across his forehead.

"Go on! go on!" they cried, eagerly.

"I have hardly the heart to go on, friends. How can I describe the folly and crime which I beheld? I approached by land, and at first I thought I must have mistaken the place; for no waterfall was to be seen. All around were buildings, high, big and ugly. But gradually a peculiar sound stole upon my ear. It seemed to have been too loud and deep for our fine sense to apprehend at once.

But as I became accustomed to it, I rec-

ognized the clear music of my native element, and at last made my way to the water. Even then I could scarcely see the falls for the buildings which cover each bank of the river; and the bustle and din of the people working in and about them was deafening. Even now I cannot understand it. I should think mortals themselves would like sometimes to look at the great cataract. Surely, it must be big enough to suit them.

After a time I made the acquaintance of a little mist sprite, who kindly helped me mount a fleecy cloud which hung over the river. This gave me a fine view, and I began to enjoy the beautiful scene. Still I waited impatiently for night and quiet. Night came, but not the quiet I had anticipated. A vast crowd assembled near the falls, on the roofs of buildings, everywhere. And then—I don't know how it was done; doubtless, they had the help of the gnomes and kobolds—they sent out stream after stream of light and color, and I know not what, over the water until the glorious cataract became a horror. It was such a shock to me that I fell headlong from my cloud into the midst of it. Before I could recover my breath, I was swept on in the rush and roar over the falls and down the river below. Water is my native element, but I assure you, that if I had not been light enough to float on the very topmost spray, I should have been crushed to a shapeless jelly by that tremendous fall. I have not been the same creature since."

The duke's story seemed to make a deep impression on his hearers. They looked at each other with wide eyes.

"We can expect no mercy from beings capable of such desecration," said the king. "In those very spots where, ignorant of the grief in store for us, we once frolicked and feasted, stand ugly heaps of brick and stone and wood, where dirty mortals toil and sweat at work fit only for the gnomes and kobolds. Through the meadows marked by our sacred rings, they have made an iron highway, and over this a horrible, black monster goes roaring and shrieking a dozen times a day, dragging them and their possessions from place to place. They have him in their power, it seems, and force him to do their bidding. But let them beware. Some day he will turn and rend them."

"He does that often," said the earl of Cobwebs. "Sometimes hundreds are killed."

"They have so short a life to live at best, one might think they would take better care of it," said the king, with a shrug.

"They also have a strange, invisible spirit in their power," said the earl. "They have made him a path through the air. It is held up by poles cut from our own green-wood. He runs back and forth over this, and carries their messages."

"As he is invisible like ourselves," said the king, "we have sometimes thought he might be of kin to us; but we have failed to make his acquaintance."

"He is no kin to us," said Queen Tita, sharply. "I wonder you speak of such a thing. He belongs to the kobold clan, of course. Time was when mortals were only too glad to have us carry their messages for them. We are as swift as their fine new spirit, and as sure. Indeed," she went on, passionately, "was there ever a time when we were not serving them? We never did them a mischief, although it was in our power. And this is the way we are rewarded!"

A thing to be thankful for is that God so sifts our prayers that only the right ones are answered. If all the foolish ones were granted we would have unspeakable suffering.

THE CELEBRATED QUEEN OF SPAIN.

BY CECIL LEIGH.

The celebrated queen of Spain was of course Isabella, of Castile. Every schoolboy and girl has read of her, and knows she pledged her jewels to fit ships for Columbus, that he might sail upon his daring enterprise of proving the earth round and finding a shorter course to India.

Isabella was the daughter of John II., born 1451, and married in 1469 to Ferdinand V., king of Arragon.

There have been other Isabellas, and other queens of Spain, doubtless as good, with the welfare of the kingdom equally at heart, but because through her influence ships were procured for Columbus, and because by this means America was discovered, facts concerning her history are read with interest.

The kingdoms of Isabella and Ferdinand—Castile and Arragon—were separate until 1476 when they were united, and they became king and queen of Spain.

We are told Isabella united the graces of her sex with the courage of a hero, and the wisdom and cautiousness of a statesman; that she was generally present at state transactions and her name was placed beside her husband's at public ordinances.

It was mainly through her influence the conquest of Granada in southern Spain was made, and the Moors expelled.

Washington Irving in his Alhambra gives an account of his guide's story of an invasion by Queen Isabella during the wars of Granada. Pointing to the ruins of a Moorish castle, "That castle," said he, "was inhabited by a Moorish king. Queen Isabella invaded with a great army, but the king looked down from his castle among the clouds, and laughed her to scorn. Upon this the Virgin appeared to the queen, and guided her and her army up a mysterious mountain path which had never before been known."

She was a devout Catholic. Her zeal for the religion was so great the pope, Alexander VI., in 1492, confirmed to the royal pair the title of Catholic king and queen already conferred upon them by Innocent VIII. She also succeeded in introducing ceremonial laws which checked the haughtiness of the nobles about the king and deprived them of their pernicious influence over him, and in advancing a vigorous administration of justice in place of private warfare which had previously prevailed.

She has been accused of pride, severity, and great ambition. But, if she possessed faults she likewise manifested talents and virtues. But for her America might have remained centuries longer an undiscovered land. But for her this country and its vast work might still be slumbering.

To Isabella of Castile, is certainly due the reward of remembrance, and if she is justly accused of sternness or severity, such a spirit was perhaps needful to promote the best interests of the kingdom at that time.

Often in reading the history of distinguished women—especially queens—we learn they were vain. Vain of their beauty, personal charms, fine apparel and jewels. Queen Elizabeth of England, though a great queen and wise ruler, is reported as vain of her charms at an advanced age, and jealous of the ladies about her. But this besetting sin cannot be charged to Isabella, or she would never have pledged her jewels, given them into the treasury, if money could be provided in no other way, to procure a schemer, an adventurer, as Columbus was looked upon by the wise and learned doctors, to carry on his plan of discovering a new world.

Ferdinand, the king, was not cordial to Columbus. His ministers—advisers—laughed at the idea of the world being round, but Isabella who must have known this, gave him audience, listened to his project, and favored it.

Columbus lived in advance of his age; time proved his ideas true. Isabella grasped his views. Shall we not therefore call her an intelligent woman in advance of her time? Three ships were made ready in spite of long wars and exhausted treasury and the result was a new world to Castile and Leon.

Isabella died in 1504, having reigned wisely and well and brought her kingdom to a high degree of prosperity.

DO IT NOW.

It was the last day of the school year, in the month of June. Teachers and pupils were all assembled to hear a few parting words from their principal. The long summer vacation was before them. What anticipations of pleasure were indulged! How glad all were that the last day before vacation had come! All were anxious to hear the word "Dismissed." Before separating for so long a time, I felt it to be my duty to say a few words to the pupils. But what can I say that will interest them?

A happy thought came into my mind. "I will speak to them of composition."

All boys and girls know that writing a composition is generally one of the most irksome duties to be performed at school. I said to them:

"You will soon leave for the country. One will spend his vacation in one way, and another in some other way. Now, suppose each one keeps a diary of what he does and sees, and now and then take a day, and write a composition on some fishing excursion, ride or sail, or any thing else that may be of more than ordinary interest to you. Then, at the commencement of school in September next, you will have several compositions ready to hand in from time to time, as you are called upon for them."

All agreed that my suggestion was an excellent one. Good-bys were spoken, and we separated, the most of us to return to school in the fall. It was understood that on the morning of the first day of school the first composition of the series prepared during the vacation should be handed in.

Monday morning, September twentieth, teachers and scholars again meet, to begin the labors of another year.

After much handshaking and many questions as to how and where they had spent their vacation, the school is called to order.

According to agreement each pupil is called upon for his composition. Ten out of one hundred and twenty-six of the old scholars present at the close of school are prepared! One hundred and sixteen have not written a line! And why? Because they said, when they thought of writing one, "I will do it to-morrow."

How many boys and girls at school are standing low in their classes because they are in the habit of saying, "I will prepare that lesson at another time," instead of going to work vigorously and learning it now. Of all the rocks upon which men have been shipwrecked, none are more destructive than procrastination. Here is a boy who is becoming addicted to some bad habit. He does not intend to continue it. He is fully determined to break loose from it some day, but when? If not now, when? Every hour's continuance in it only makes it the more difficult to stop. Do it now, and you are saved; put it off to an indefinite future, and you will be forever its slave—perhaps ruined for time and eternity. Are you a student at school or college? Begin now to dis-

charge every duty at the time when it ought to be performed, and you will succeed in your studies.

Are you a clerk in a store? Never put off for one moment any work that ought to be performed to-day. Live in the present; discharge faithfully and thoroughly to-day's duties to-day, and to-morrow will come to you laden with blessings.

With what different feelings those students in my school, on that September morning, gathered together! All had intended to come prepared for many weeks ahead in composition, but only those who, when the time came to write, did it promptly, could answer, "Prepared."

How differently do people greet the sunrise of each day! Those who yesterday discharged the duties belonging to it, rise with joy and bounding hope, for they know that the coming day will only bring the duties belonging to it; while others rise with a heavy load upon them realizing that the duties of yesterday are still to be performed.

My young friends, if you would live happily and successfully, never put off to an uncertain future what ought to be done to day. Let your motto be "Now!" Do your duty now, and happiness will be yours forever.—*Golden Days.*

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—One of my friends whose health is not good and who cannot afford to employ a nurse for her three children, made a little nest for the baby, by padding the inside of a box and having cushions for the bottom. As baby was quiet and contented, she was left in it most of her waking time, and even took naps in it. When sixteen months old, asleep or awake, it was noticed she invariably leaned to one particular side, so much so that it was thought best to consult a physician, who pronounced it curvature of the spine caused after birth in some way, probably by being left in a sitting posture too long at a time, and she had always leaned to the weaker side, hence curvature.

For six months she was kept in a cast made expressly for her case, in the hopes of overcoming the trouble somewhat at least, as she was so young. It only proved a torture, doing no good at all, so was abandoned. She is three years old now, and scarcely any larger than at sixteen months, but has the old look of a woman of thirty on her dear little face. Think of it! Deformed, incurable, the body growing worse all the time, while the mind, brain, soul, or that wonderful something that makes life worth living, is advancing to fullness of enjoyment of this life. The chair is just as likely to produce this effect as a box if baby is allowed to remain in it too long.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I enjoy The Mothers' Chair in our paper, and eagerly scan the columns every month, for I feel that I need all the advice and encouragement from experienced sisters that can be obtained. I am particularly troubled to find amusement for an eight years old boy. He is a very active child, and when not in school would like to spend his time in the street. I do not approve of children playing out on the street along with the "good, bad and indifferent," as some have expressed it, and I believe the sisters will agree with me. Of course, visiting neighbors' children is not to be permitted all the time, and mothers must try something for amusement and occupation, especially during the vacations. I hope some of the sisters will give their advice or tell me how they manage. He assists me about my morning duties, but "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and I do not wish to make him dislike work by giving him a large quantity.

I have often wondered why people reward children for little acts of kindness, when it did not cost the child any self-denial whatever, and he was perfectly willing or perhaps offered to do the favor. I have an instance in mind. A boy was asked to go down street to do an errand for a person. He went willingly, and would have felt just as happy without the pay, but she felt she ought to reward him and did so. This happened on several occasions and with different people, until the child began to think he must be paid for every thing he did, or he would not do it. It made it very hard for that mother to try to convince him that people ought to do little things for others and not expect or accept pay for them.

I am afraid she did not succeed, for I afterward heard the boy drop a sentence which showed that he was expecting pay for something. Upon his mother's inquiring about it, he showed great reluctance in explaining, but finally said that he helped an older boy find a small sum of money that he had dropped, and he was going to pay him for it. She said, "I thought my boy was too noble to accept pay for a deed of kindness," and the boy answered, "Yes, I knew that's just what you would say." It seemed that conscience troubled him a little, but I fear not sufficiently to make him refuse the pay. I should like some expression from the sisters on this point also.

MRS. G. E. W.

"PERFECTLY LOVELY."

Even worse than a spirited bit of slang with a grain of sense to start it is this universally-used and senseless phrase! It is applied to any thing and every thing. It seems to stand instead of ideas, of sentiment, of appreciation and of common sense.

Go into the rooms of the young ladies in our colleges for women, where you expect something better, and where something better should be heard. But listen! The first words that salute you are, "You are 'perfectly lovely' to come;" and "Isn't the day just lovely?" and "Look at these ferns and bright leaves on the wall. Aren't they 'perfectly lovely'?"

With these young women, any thing that isn't perfectly "horrid" and "awful," is "perfectly lovely," from a statue of Venus to coffee jelly or a sausage, if it suits the appetite.

I took a young girl last spring with me from Brooklyn to Central Park. She was bright, agreeable, pretty and animated. But her exclusive use of this phrase seemed almost intolerable before we had seen half the spring-time glory of that delightful place.

The phrase destroys conversation more easily than a series of sickly puns. It is an extinguisher of ideas. It certainly must eventually enfeeble the minds of those who allow it to express for them all they feel.

Whenever I hear it, I always want to exclaim, "Oh, girls, do stop! Better take up the forcible language of your brothers than weaken all you say by this meaningless, worn-out sentence."

Girls ought to be able to talk well on current topics, all that interests their brothers. But do they show themselves competent to carry on a conversation that will stimulate and refresh those they meet? Good talkers never fail to interest and charm; but a young woman whose ideas are only broad enough to be expressed in the words "awful," "horrid," and "perfectly lovely," will hardly be classed as one of them.—*Youth's Companion.*

—You may be sure that the young man who is ashamed of his parents is also a shame to them.

The Library.

I BIDE MY TIME.

I bide my time. Whenever shadows darken
Along my path, I do but lift mine eyes.
And faith reveals fair shores beyond the skies,
And through earth's harsh, discordant sounds I hearken
And hear divinest music from afar,
Sweet sounds from lands where half my loved ones
are.

I bide—I bide my time.

I bide my time. Whatever woes assail me
I know the strife is only for a day;
A Friend waits for me farther on the way—
A Friend too faithful and too true to fail me,
Who will bid all life's jarring tumult cease
And lead me on to realms of perfect peace.

I bide—I bide my time.

I bide my time. This conflict and resistance,
This drop of rapture in a cup of pain,
This wear and tear of body and of brain
But fits my spirits for the new existence
Which waits me in the happy by-and-by,
So, come what may, I'll lift my eyes and cry:

"I bide—I bide my time."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

SCOTT'S "IVANHOE."

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

WAS there ever another enchanter like Sir Walter Scott? The spell he exercised is of no common power, it has outlived the creator, and like the cloak of the genii in Persian fable, is capable of regenerative force. The "Great Wizard" is dead, but the potency of his magic endures, and will always endure so long as humanity has need of a teacher, or the world is appreciative of genius. Each succeeding generation finds in his marvelous creations the same interest, the same entertainment that his contemporaries did when the "Great Unknown," with novel after novel, aroused their growing wonder and admiration.

Scott was the creator of the historical novel, and no one has been able to improve it since his day. The passionate school of Bulwer Lytton, the sensuous school of Mrs. Mundt (Louise Muhlbach), and the classical school of George Ebers, have each and all given us some fine pictures, some grand cartoons, but they lack the charm of Scott's best fictions. There is a picturesqueness, a simplicity about Scott, which cannot be found in any other author. His stories are not all equally pleasing, but he has the faculty of telling even a poor story in an interesting way. He is a story-teller of consummate art. Several of his novels, it is true, have been criticised for their looseness of construction, but Scott had his own idea of things. "What the deuce is a plot good for," he asks, "but to bring in good things?"

This is neither the time nor the place to attempt any analysis of his works or a comparison of their respective merits. No man's *ipse dixit* will be accepted upon a question of this character. Some place "The Heart of Midlothian" at the head of his novels, others "Ivanhoe." Such a masterly critic as Christopher Hutton has declared that he preferred "The Fortunes of Nigel" to any other. And Mr. Leslie Stephens tells the story of how a dozen connoisseurs of the Waverly series agreed at a certain time and place to write, each on a separate slip of paper, the name of his favorite novel, and when the slips were read the name of "St. Ronan's Well" appeared twelve times.

Every reader will usually have a preference, and my preference is for "Ivanhoe." It was the first of the Waverly novels that I read, and it is the one that I have read the most. Other novels of Scott I read when the mood comes, or when I have the time to spare; "Ivanhoe" I read once a year regularly. I have just concluded the reading of it for the twenty-fourth consecutive time, and that is *le raison d'être* of this sketch.

It is the province of romance, even more decidedly than history, to recall the deeds and adventures of the past. It is to fiction that we must chiefly look for those living, breathing creations which history quite too unfrequently deigns to summon to her service. The warm atmosphere of present emotions and present purposes belongs to the *dramatis persona* of art; and she is never so well satisfied in showing us human performances as when she portrays the passions and affections by which they were dictated and endured. It is in spells and possessions of this character, that she so commonly supercedes the sterner muse whose province she so frequently invades, and her offices are not the less legitimate as regards the truthfulness of things in general than are those of history, because she supplies those details which the latter, unwise as we think, but too generally, holds beneath her regard. In "Ivanhoe" neither agency is slighted; Scott employed, without violating, the material resources of the historian, while seeking to endow them with a vitality which only fiction can confer.

If one wants a faithful* and at the same time a graphic picture of English society and feudal life at the close of the twelfth century, "Ivanhoe" will serve that purpose better than twenty volumes of history. Scott describes the spirit of the age with fidelity and minuteness, without stopping to make those philosophical generalizations and ingenious theories on the progress of civilization which encumber the pages of the avowed historian. He presents us a living picture of feudal life in its boisterous spring time, with all its tumultuous pleasures, its chivalric glories and its magnificent superstitions.

In "Ivanhoe" he has given to the nineteenth century a type both of the splendor and the decline of the heroic world. He paints both sides of society as the impartial delineator must; the false, faithless and rapacious baron, the cruel lust of the Norman spoiler, and the savage temper of the Angevin princes are depicted as well as examples of dauntless heroism and perfect models of reproachless chivalry. We are brought into close communion with the home life of the people. We not only go to march, to battle, to siege, to tournaments and tilts with them, but we make love with them, feast with them, and cover the evening fire with them; we see Lady Rowena in her tapestried chamber, the lordly wassailings in the banquet halls of Norman barons, and Saxon "churls," the roistering monk in his cell at Capmanhurst exchanging cuffs with the doughty Lionheart, the merry life of the outlaws in the green wood, the lowly maiden spinning in a thatched roof cottage, and gay minstrels singing songs in "ye ladye's bowe;" and from the opening chapter of the romance, which shows us Gurth and Wamba tending swine—as fine a description of rustic life in the olden time as we have in literature—to the closing scene where the bold Brian de Bois Guilbert falls in the lists, stricken by no mortal hand, we have a series of paintings that depict the age better and more minutely than a score of professedly historical works, and which will remain forever the delight of those who love to read.

"Of bold men's bloody combatings and gentle ladies' tears."

The characters as well as the scenes of "Ivanhoe" are calculated to make a strong impression upon the reader. None of them are commonplace, though sometimes we have had the hardihood to wish to add to the softness and in consequence of Wilfred something of the stern, brave elements that characterize the haughty Templar. The latter is really the hero of the story, and Rebecca is the heroine

rather than Rowena. The beautiful daughter of Isaac, with that strain of blood and temperament inherited from those dark Jewish heroines, Deborah, Esther, and Judith, whose story we find in sacred chronicle, is one of the strongest characters in all fiction, and it is only in contrast to her marked intellectuality, that the Saxon maiden, who is really a noble and estimable woman, appears somewhat tame and uninteresting. The excuse of Scott for not rewarding the high-souled Jewess with the love of Ivanhoe and other pleasant things of this world, instead of lavishing such good fortune wholly upon Rowena, is twofold and adroit, exhibitive of the author's tact. He says, "It is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons—the most common readers of romance—that rectitude of conduct and of principle is either naturally allied with or adequately rewarded by, the attainment of our wishes;" and to the universal sympathy for Rebecca replies, "The internal consciousness of high-minded discharge of duty" produced for her "a more adequate recompense in the form of that peace which the world does not give or take away."

Of the other prominent characters of "Ivanhoe," Richard of the Lion Heart, the minstrel-king and hero-bard, cannot be overlooked, for with his name is associated all the romance and glory of that chivalrous age. This hero of a hundred battles, the dread of Saracen mothers, and the pride of Anglo-Norman knighthood, appears on the pages of "Ivanhoe" much as he must have looked to his contemporaries, matchless in arms, generous, high-spirited, good-humored, loving a good joke, a sweet song and an open foe, but a foe to treachery or cowardice, and having little love for either priest or Jew.

Richard Plantagenet is the typical hero of the feudal age, of its faults and of its virtues. A man of fine tastes, and having the genius of his Provencal race for letters, for he was troubadour and poet as well as king and warrior, and won as high fame for his minstrels as for his knightly deeds. His gastronomical and pugilistic encounter with Friar Tuck, his startling experiences with the outlaws, his appearance as the Black Knight in the lists at Ashby de la Touch, when he sweeps all before him, and his glorious *devoir* before the stronghold of Front-de-Boeuf, all speak the bluff and hearty warrior, who was England's best and most popular king, if not her greatest since the time of the Conquest.

To know Richard is to know one of the great characters of history, for after King Arthur, Charlemagne, and Haroun al Raschid, there is no hero so interesting as he, nor one of whom so many tales are told. His career in England after his return from the Third Crusade is the theme of "Ivanhoe." His exploits in the East form the subject of another novel, "The Talisman," which, though a brilliant and well sustained romance, is every way inferior to "Ivanhoe." The two together, however, give almost a complete story of the great crusader, whose fame has not grown pale through these seven hundred years of chance and change.

*I must observe, however, that Scott's descriptions of ancient costumes are not always to be relied upon. The armor of Richard Coeur de Lion, in "Ivanhoe" is of the sixteenth rather than of the twelfth century.

F. M. C.

PERNICOUS LITERATURE.

That which the working class lads read is generally of the lowest and most vicious character; that which their sisters read is in no way superior. The boy takes in the penny dreadful, the girl secures the penny novelette, which is equally deserving of the adjective. Because the influence of these love and murder

concoctions among girls is not so apparent to the public eye as the influence of the burglar and bushranging fiction among boys, it must not be supposed that influence is less real. It is, in fact, in many ways not only more real, but more painful. Boys may be driven to sea or to break into houses by the stories they read; their actions are at once recorded in the columns of the daily papers.

With girls the injury is more invidious and subtle. It is almost exclusively domestic. We do not often see an account of a girl committing any very serious fault through her reading. But let us go into the houses of the poor and try to discover what is the effect on the maiden mind, of the trash which maidens buy. If we were to trace the matter to its source we should probably find that the high-flown conceits and pretensions of the poorer girls of the period, their dislike of manual work and love of freedom, spring largely from notions imbibed in the course of a perusal of their penny fictions. Their conduct toward their friends, their parents, their husbands, their employers, is colored by what they gather. They obtain distorted views of life, and the bad influence of these works on themselves is handed down to their children and scattered broadcast throughout the family. There is hardly a magazine read by them which it would not be a moral benefit to have swept off the face of the earth. It would be well for philanthropists to bear this fact in mind.

There is a wide and splendid field for the display of a humanizing and elevating literature among girls. Such a literature ought not to be beyond our reach. Girls can hardly be much blamed for reading the hideous nonsense they do, when so little that is interesting and stirring in plot, and bright and suggestive in character, is to be had.—*Nineteenth Century*.

BAD SPELLING.

A recent writer, commenting upon the proneness to bad spelling on the part of young women who apply for situations for various kinds of service, says: "The proportion of good spellers, even among the graduates of our grammar schools, is about one-fourth; the remaining three-fourths having all the way from one to six mis-spelled words in their short letters of application, and these are usually simple words in common use." This the writer attributes to a "lack of teaching" in the schools.

To our mind, teachers should be exonerated from all blame and the spelling book writers be made to bear it. It is not because of a lack of teaching that our schools turn out so large a proportion of bad spellers, boys as well as girls, but is owing to the mistaken method of imparting instruction in this very necessary educational branch in our common schools. The modern spelling book is in fault. Instead of classifying words in columns according to their orthography, as in past days, there is a decided change in the wrong direction, in these books. "Spelling is a gift," say some. Well, if so, may not our natural gifts be enhanced by judicious training? Spelling is, it will be said, "a matter of memory alone." If simply a trick of memory, a routine, why not give memory an opportunity to carry out her perfect work, by arranging in their proper column words of similar orthography, leaving to other books their classification—the dictionary for instance?

Examining a modern speller, the ear is pained by the lack of rhythm displayed upon its pages. For instance, upon one page of this book the word "fish" is found; then follow various words relating to fishing and fish culture; no rhythm whatever to please the ear, or uniformity

to attract the eye. "Fish, fishes, fin, head, tail, scales, line, hook, breeding, water, eggs," etc. The child masters "fish" and perhaps "fin." By the time "fin" is learned the poor "fish" has sunk beneath the waves of forgetfulness, and heads and tails are about all that are retained in the mind of the child by this mode of misplacing words, known as spelling lessons.

Now look at the old method, where the words arranged in columns had, perhaps, no affinity, save in the matter of euphonious classification, "fish," "dish," "wish," "take," "make," "cake," "rake," etc. Now this method pleased the child's love of rhythm; it pleased the ear and the eye as well, and so was better adapted to his powers of memory than is the present conglomeration of words, a tangle of monosyllable and polysyllable, in which the overtaxed brain of the poor little speller becomes inextricably involved, so that his early experience remains a sorrow and vexation his whole life long.

Look back, father and mother, twenty, thirty or forty years, as you are able, and you will find poor spellers decidedly in the minority. Children almost taught themselves to spell in those days; they just ran rapidly down column after column without a thought of signification or classification, "sanctification," "ratification" and "amplification," etc. What did they care for the meaning of these words, which used to rattle along so easily? They were simply spelling lessons, so many words to spell and nothing more, and the children spelled them then, and as men and women they can spell today. Those old columns stand in the memory yet, with the stateliness and uniformity of well trained soldiers. After these words were committed to memory—which is usually true to its trust when well treated—there came, of course, their derivation and their signification, but spelling was spelling in those days, not dictionary and reading and spelling book knowledge combined.

Perhaps it would not be a bad move for parents to search their garrets where their old spellers have been too long relegated and place these old books in the hands of their children, who are learning to become bad spellers every day by the mistaken method, or rather lack of method, which obtains in most of our schools.

—Exchange.

WORDS.

Words are not the natural outgrowth of thought and feeling, as the plant is of the root. If they were, we could trust them to attain their full perfection by simply keeping the mind vital and healthy. Some of the greatest thinkers of the world have been poor speakers, while some men with shallow minds can talk brilliantly. It is, indeed, the deepest thought and the most exalted feelings that are the most difficult to translate into words. Simple ideas find easy expression; but as they grow more complex the task of giving them form in words grows harder. Ordinary emotions can be described with tolerable accuracy, but when we are transported by hope or fear, joy or sorrow, love or hate, words are all too tame to convey our feelings.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any reader of THE HOUSEHOLD send, or tell me where I can find the poem, "The Starless Crown?" I will repay postage, and return the favor in any way possible.

MRS. R. E. SLAWSON.

Davenport, Thayer Co., Neb.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD send me the poem entitled "Re-enlisted," written by Lucy Larcom, one verse of which is,

"Only a private in the ranks,
But sure I am, indeed,
If all the privates were like him,
They'd scarcely captains need;"
also a piece by Edna Dean Proctor, entitled
"The Virginian Mother?" Address
MRS. CHAS. McGREGOR.
Box 857, Nashua, N. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD send me a poem called, I think, "The Fairies' Dance?" It was published about a year ago in the Toledo Blade. One line of it is, "Deep in the hearts of the dainty white roses." Also the words and music of an old song called "Something Sweet to Think of," The first two lines are,

"Something sweet to think of in this world of care,
Something sweet to dream of, they bright spirits are."

I will try to repay the favor.

ABBY PURDY.
Delta, Delta Co., Colorado.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one kindly send me all of the lines beginning,

"First William the Norman,
Then William, his son;"

also the words of a poem found in the old "Intelligent Reader," beginning, I think,

"Higher, higher, let us climb,
Up the mount of glory;"

and the words of a song of which the first two lines are,

"I stand here idly waiting
For my fairy ship to land?"

Has any one an old "Song Garden, Number 2" singing book to dispose of?

GRACIA SMITH WOFFENDEN.
Springfield, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD send me the words of the song, "The Larboard Watch?" I will return the favor in any way desired.

MRS. LELA M. HOLMES.
119 Davenport Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

THE REVIEWER.

THOUGHTS OF BEAUTY. By John Ruskin. Compiled by Rose Porter. Spare Minute Series. No living writer on art and on beauty in nature and art holds so high and secure a place in the estimation of English-speaking people as John Ruskin. Despite his eccentricities, he is a writer of wonderful fascination. Much of this fascination is undoubtedly due to the fact that we feel he is speaking the truth. He is above all things honest. He is a hater of shams, and wherever and whenever he finds one he punctures it, no matter how hedged round it may be by authority, age or position. His writings are voluminous, and few of his books are popularly known. It is chiefly among scholars and people of culture in special directions that they are read as they deserve to be. In preparing this volume Miss Porter has confined herself to Ruskin's discourses on Nature, Morals and Religion, for the reason that they are less known to general readers than those that deal with art and kindred topics; yet they are full of revelations of the wonders of sky and cloud, mountain and rock, trees, mosses, grass and flowers. She has made her selections with discrimination and judgment, and the volume will be a valuable addition to the series. Price \$1.00. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

POSSIBILITIES. By Rev. Thomas L. Baily. Here is a book written with a distinct purpose, and with a directness and straightforwardness which cannot but have effect. A lesson is more easily taught in a story than in a lecture, and the author has woven his moral so thoroughly into the web of his narrative as to carry it without fail into the hearts and minds of his readers. He believes that there is no reason why study at school or home should be regarded as a burden. He shows us at the opening, the picture of a country village school which, through lack of tact and knowledge on the part of teachers, and of interest on the part of parents, had become almost worthless. A new teacher, with a mind and method of her own, is engaged for a term, and she sets at work with a deter-

mination to revolutionize the existing condition of things. It requires a good deal of tact and management to enlist parents and pupils in her plans, but she does it by quiet persistence, and the end of the term sees not only a remarkable change in the school, but in the village itself. Price \$1.25. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

NATURAL LAW IN THE BUSINESS WORLD. By Henry Wood. The light of Natural Law is applied to the social and economic topics which are now attracting so much attention. It aims to expose the abuses and evils which masquerade under the banner of labor, and the bad results of class prejudice and antagonism. The combinations, unions, corners, unwarranted legislation, sentimental and socialistic ideas, and every thing else of an artificial nature, are shown to be mischievous, destructive, and on a false basis. This volume fills a space not before occupied by any other work, and critics, to whom the book has been submitted, predict for it a remarkable demand. Price 75 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

BEDSIDE POETRY. Compiled by Wendell P. Garrison. This little volume of choice poetical selections is based upon the belief that there is a gap in juvenile literature that has not yet been adequately filled. The selections which are embodied in the volume are drawn from the best sources in the English language, although they occasionally rise above a child's comprehension. This fact is recognized by the compiler, who says regarding it that it is perhaps an advantage, as it affords an opportunity by explaining these passages to enlarge the child's ideas along with his vocabulary. The volume is very handsomely brought out. Price 75 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

CANNING AND PRESERVING. By Mrs. S. T. Rorer. In this attractively printed volume Mrs. Rorer discusses at length the canning and preserving of fruits and vegetables, with the kindred subjects of marmalades, butters, fruit jellies and syrups, drying and pickling. The recipes are clearly and simply given, while an exhaustive index affords easy reference to every subject. Price 25 cents. Philadelphia: Arnold & Co.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May is replete with most interesting and seasonable matter. The initial article is upon "The Recent Movement in Southern Literature," by one of the rising poets of Virginia, Charles W. Coleman, Jr. It is a remarkable exhibit of the development of literary genius in the south, with special emphasis upon the younger group of authors, among whom "Uncle Remus," G. W. Cable, Richard M. Johnson, Thomas N. Page, Lafcadio Hearn, and Charles Egbert Craddock are conspicuous. A brief personal sketch of each writer and twelve portraits with autographs are given. "The Three Tetons," is a bright narrative, by Alice Wellington Rollins, of a trip to Yellowstone Park. Illustrations are furnished by Harry Fen, Weldon, Graham and Brush. The celebrated French actor Coquelin contributes a paper upon the art of acting. The main points of his discourse are strengthened by frequent references to notable brother-artists, and by a large number of illustrations showing the actors in their chief roles. The second and final part of Ralph Meeker's article, "Through the Caucasus," reveals the strange features of south-eastern Russia as witnessed at the time of the recent Turco-Russian war. "The Bombardment of Kars," is one of the illustrations by F. D. Millet. The quaint old ballad, "Kitty of Coleraine," is exquisitely illustrated by Ewin A. Abbey, one of the drawings serving as frontispiece to the number. Apropos to the season of dog-shows is the article on "The American Mastiff," by Charles C. Marshall, with several fine engravings of famous individuals belonging to that noble breed, and reared in America. Kathleen O'Meara's Russian novel "Narka," exceeds in interest the previous installments; and Mr. Howells's Boston novel, "April Hopes," gives five chapters more of character study. Charles Dudley Warner's "Mexican Notes" in the second part describe Cuautla, the fashionable resort for tourists and invalids, with its picturesque life, its sulphur baths, coffee plantations, and sugar-cane. The second series of Professor Richard T. Ely's "Social Studies" is begun with a consideration of "The Nature and Significance of Corporations." All the depart-

ments hold their usual abundance of entertaining matter. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The May number of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE opens with a complete novel by Capt. Charles King, U. S. A., whose "Colonel's Daughter" placed him at the head of all the American novelists of army life. "The Deserter" will advance his reputation. It is bright, vivacious, full of dash and vigor, and its plot is of unusual interest. Mrs. Poultnay Bigelow contributes a tale called "The Madisons' Butler." J. S. of Dale, has a pleasant little satire, "The Fable of the Poet and the Tarpin-Hauler." Henry Chadwick discusses "The New Rules of Base Ball." An article of exceptional interest to women is that on "Social Life at Vassar," by L. R. Smith, an undergraduate now taking the course, and therefore qualified to speak. The series of undergraduate essays on social life at our principal colleges, of which this is the second, is exciting wide-spread interest among students and alumni. The poetry of the number is contributed by May Riley Smith and F. D. Stickney. The Monthly Gossip and Book-Talk are readable as ever. \$3.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The May WIDE AWAKE opens with a brilliant frontispiece, "Springtime," by E. S. Tucker, reminiscent of the open squares and parks where dainty little girls throng in all the freshness of new spring gowns and hats merry with their jumping ropes. The pictorial interest centers in Miss Eleanor Lewis's article, "A Select Company," Number IV. of the Famous Pets series, which gives engravings of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's pet dogs, "Punch" and "Missy," one of herself in her early womanhood, Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, "Daniel Deronda," and a full length engraving of Mrs. Jane Welsh Carlyle and her famous dog "Nero," from a life photograph sent over by Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, a picture to be prized and preserved. An article characterized by a delightful "readableness" is by the editor of Our Little Men and Women, Mrs. Frances A. 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LIED OHNE WORTE.

SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

MENDELSSOHN.

Adagio non troppo.

Piano.

The Dispensary.

HOW TO GROW STRONG.

NO ONE can grow strong, or preserve health, or even live very long, without an abundant supply of natural, regular sleep. We may go without solid food a long time with no very serious effects, if we have an abundance of water, milk, etc., and have plenty of pure air to breathe, and if we may spend our time in sleep or without much exercise. But nothing is so wearing to the entire system as long continued want of sleep.

It is during sleep that the eliminatory organs are most active, and long continued wakefulness or disturbed sleep, causes an accumulation of effete, poisonous matter that must generate disease, and frequently causes that most appalling of all diseases, insanity.

It is a sad fact that sleeplessness, or insomnia, as it is technically called, is becoming daily more and more prevalent among us, and insanity and nervousness are increasing on every hand to an alarming extent.

One great cause is the ceaseless rush and strain there is for more, more, making haste to be rich, making haste to be famous, making haste for place, for power, for all that this world has to offer to its votaries, in the way of fashion, art, science, social life and popular aggrandizement.

Women who have no ambitions for themselves work and overwork for the supposed good of their families and friends, or perhaps in compassion for the miseries or wrongs of others. They are good women, excellent women, good wives and mothers, kind members of society, but perhaps they have not had the blessing in early life of obtaining a practical knowledge of physiology.

They may have studied long ago in Natural Philosophy that "action and reaction are equal," but they have little idea that it has any practical application to their every day life. They have an idea that they must not waste time, and so all day long and up to the last minute before retiring, the brain is busy working with all its might, revolving plans, comparing, choosing, refusing, selecting, remembering, thinking always of the right thing at the right time, never resting a moment, but working, working on, without intermission or repose, during all the waking hours. What is the result?

"Long, long after the storm has ceased,
Rolls the wave on the turbulent billow,"

and so it is with the overtired brain, it cannot be quiet.

"Action and reaction are equal," and the harder and longer the brain has been used, the more violent the rebound before calm can come which precedes sleep.

Resolutely set yourself to do something that shall pleasantly occupy your mind. If you once loved music go on with it now. How glad your children will be by and by that you have never forgotten your old songs. Keep up your knowledge of what is going on in the world, not the crimes, the slanders, and odious, sickening details that fill our daily papers. They are any thing but improving, and certainly not calculated to fill our minds with agreeable impressions just before we try to calm ourselves to sleep; but we may read of the great reforms that stir the hearts of men and women, or of new discoveries made. We may read some of the best thoughts of the best authors, if not too heavy or deep, and above all, let us have always on hand for the last half-hour or hour of the evening, some religious works, the bible and one other, that our last waking thoughts may be calmed with the thought of the most exalted subjects, the shortness of time, the certainty

of death, the infinite love of our Heavenly Father in the plan of redemption, and kindred topics. Such thoughts are best for gaining quiet sleep with all its refreshing results.

But now about sleep. That is the first duty, for without that we can do nothing else well. During sleep the brain recedes to the back of the head, the flow of blood is less toward the head, and the respiration is slow and regular.

To induce sleep we must first see that the feet are warm. It is impossible to sleep soundly with cold feet. Next we must see that the air of the room is changed by opening the windows as long as is necessary for that purpose. A bath is likewise a good thing to promote sleep, especially a tepid bath. The supper should have been taken long enough to be perfectly digested. Of course, we must avoid taking at night what is apt to disagree with us. Neither must we go to bed hungry, for that will be almost sure to drive away sleep. Even a dog or a baby goes to sleep quickly and naturally after being fed, and this is a hint for us with wiser heads but similar stomachs and nervous systems. Hunger produces a nervous exhaustion and irritability that is opposed to sleep. Food digested and assimilated tends to that quiet and good nature and general hopefulness which is very favorable to sleep.

It is very important to go to bed early. There are no truer adages than "One hour before midnight is worth two after," and good Dr. Franklin's maxim,

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Will make you healthy, wealthy and wise."

Also, "Early sleep is beauty sleep," etc.

This reminds me of one of the stories that the late Dr. Dio Lewis used to enjoy telling. A young lady came into his office one day looking rather grave and troubled.

"Doctor," she said, "do you not think I am looking very old for twenty, and so thin, too—nothing but skin and bones?"

The doctor admitted that she was right, that she did look rather old for twenty.

"But, doctor, what can I do?" she asked. "Can you not give me some prescription?"

"Would you be willing to take something very bitter?" asked the doctor.

"Yes."

She would take any thing if it would only improve her looks. The doctor told her it was very bad indeed and must be taken every night.

"I don't care how bad it is, what is it?"

"The technical name of it is Bedibus-nine-o'clockibus."

"Bedibus-nine-o'clockibus! Oh, doctor, what an awful name!"

"Yes, it means you must be in bed every night before nine o'clock."

"Oh, that is dreadful! I thought it was something to take."

"What time do you generally go to bed?"

"Generally about twelve o'clock."

"I thought so. Now if you will go to bed every night for six months at nine o'clock without making any change in your habits, you will gain ten pounds in weight and look five years younger. Your skin will become fresh and your spirits improve wonderfully."

"I'll do it, though, of course, when I have company"—

"It is regularity that does the business. To sit up till twelve o'clock three nights in the week, and then get to bed four nights at nine, one might think would do very well. I don't think this every other night early and every other night late is much better than every night late. It is regularity that is vital in the case. Even sitting up one night in the week deranges the nervous system. Regularity in sleep

is every bit as important as regularity in food."

The doctor's arguments prevailed. The lean patient suddenly exclaimed, "Doctor, I will go to bed every night for six months before nine o'clock if it kills me, or rather if it breaks the hearts of all my friends."

She did it, gained twenty-one pounds in five months, and found herself in the very best possible health and spirits, fresh and young-looking, and quite delighted with this new and simple remedy, which she recommended enthusiastically to all her friends.

The injurious effects of two or more persons occupying the same bed are well known. The cases are extremely rare where two persons can habitually occupy the same bed night after night for years without one or the other being decidedly the loser in vitality, and more often it injures both. Every member of the family should have a bed to himself or herself, and if possible a room where he or she may retire at will for quiet, uninterrupted study, meditation, devotion or sleep, for at least eight hours out of the twenty-four. Alone with God, in perfect quiet, and away from all disturbing influences, the most perfect rest and refreshment will be gained. ANNA H. HOWARD.

MODERN FEEDING.

When we consider what an incongruous amount of stuff is taken into the stomach at a modern luxurious dinner, we ought not to be surprised that this organ is frequently the seat of severe trouble. Soup, fish, flesh, oil, vinegar, pastry, confectionery, ice cream, nuts, fruits, vegetables, wines, and numberless other minor ingredients, of conflicting chemical qualities, are among the materials "thrown in." Stir these things all up in a vessel together, and who of us would not sicken at the appearance and odor? Yet at a modern dinner it is a common thing to have all these heterogeneous substances crammed into the human stomach, there to ferment and generate those vicious and pernicious gases that cause disease. Truly, "Man is fearfully and wonderfully made;" no other creature could exist on such diet. It would kill a gorilla in a month. It does kill, although more slowly, thousands of that high and mighty variety of the human race called "gentlemen." Violent exercise after eating, large draughts of cold water when the body is heated, and the habit of constant stuffing will, after a time, cause chronic inflammation of the stomach.

APHORISMS FOR EMERGENCIES.

1. When dust gets into the eyes avoid rubbing with the finger, but dash cold water into them. Remove cinders with a camel's hair pencil.

2. Remove insects from the ear with warm water. Never use a probe or other hard substance for the ear lest you perforate the drum.

3. When an artery is severed compress above the spurting surface. Blood from arteries enters the extremities.

4. If a vein be severed compress below the spurting surface. Blood in veins returns to the heart.

5. When choking from any cause, get upon all fours and cough.

6. Suck poison wounds unless the mouth is sore.

—In fracture of the skull, with compression and loss of consciousness, examine the wound, and, if possible, raise the broken edges of the skull so as to relieve the pressure on the brain. Prompt action would often save life.

—Simple fractures may be adjusted by almost any one. Get the limb as near as possible in the natural position, and then send for a doctor. There is no great urgency in such cases.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

MRS. B. F. D. *Enlarged Toe Joint.* You are correct in the supposition that the "narrow boot" produced this enlargement, the special tightness being at that point, sometimes producing a corn, more rarely an enlargement of the bone. Since you have wisely discarded them, I advise wearing those of ample width, as easy as possible to the feet—soft slippers in the house. As nature produced this result—figuratively, in revenge for the harsh treatment of pinching the feet—it is very probable that she will relent, to equal your repentance. In addition to treating your feet as kindly as possible, I advise three very simple appliances. Resort to considerable friction, by the brush, the crash, etc., increasing the circulation of blood to the part, then exposing the bare feet to the warm sun, etc., lastly soak the feet in warm water at night, then apply wet cloths, four or five thicknesses, enough to keep wet all night, covering with dry flannels, so as to be comfortable. Avoid all pressure to the parts as far as possible.

G. D. W. *Wind in the Stomach.* In reply to your question in reference to the "safe cure," I will simply say that there are so many humbugs in the market that I think that it is "safe" to let them alone, though I know nothing of this, as I have not lived long enough to carefully test one in a hundred of quack nostrums, and I will not recommend them without more knowledge than the average giver of certificates possesses. Correct habits of living will be of far greater advantage. The "wind" is carbonic gas, formed in the stomach by the fermentation of undigested food, too much, or that difficult of digestion, having been taken. Avoid most vegetables—good potatoes may be eaten, raw fruits, the fruits to be eaten as a part of the meals, take no drinks while eating, using bread of a day old, well toasted and chewed, making the grains, with raw eggs in milk, the principal foods, for the present, taking a light supper, as a little mush made from oat meal, and the like.

A CANADIAN. *Face Humors.* In a certain sense you are fortunate in having this rash on the face, "containing a watery substance," as it reminds you, or informs you, that the system is out of order, that the blood is impure. It is not fortunate that there is occasion for the appearance of such a rash, but, simply, that you are so directly informed of the fact, that you may employ the proper means for the general purification of the system, removing the necessity, or the propriety for such an alarm—rash, remitting you of your duty. When more food is taken than can be properly digested, or that so difficult of digestion that the system cannot dispose of it, or, from any cause there is an accumulation which does not escape through the ordinary channels, nature devises some other means of escape, oftener than otherwise, through the skin. This escape is sometimes effected through the means of a cancer, a scrofulous affection, a "running sore," a festering, an ordinary eruption, a rash, etc., all of which throw off what would otherwise seriously affect the system, in the form of fevers, inflammation etc. I think "oysters," eaten as they grow, with all of their filth, entrails, etc., will increase the difficulty, since they must increase the impurity of the body. The "oat meal and apples," however, I think, will only increase the appearance on the surface, which, as I have said, is favorable, rather than to have an irritation on the internal surfaces, with the retention of the impurity. I recommend this same oat meal in the morning as a good part of the meal, and at bedtime as the only article, a plain supper being preferable. If the apples are taken as a part of the meals, not too acid, in a reasonable quantity, they are an advantage, a pure food, tending to aid in throwing off the waste of the system, through the skin, etc. The "rush of blood to the head" increases the heat, "aggravating the rash." I think that the "heat in the blood" is caused by the too free use of the "healers," such as the sweets of all kinds, grease and the oils, with too much fine flour, or tapioca, sago, and the like. (If you had given me your true address, I might have given you some advice which should not appear in public.) My "Health Rules" are intended as a good guide to the sick, and will give you the information in reference to the diet of which you ask, with other very important matters. Your rash is nearly related to what is called "nettle rash," from which fact I suspect you of using more salt than usual, this being one of the causes of the itching. I am not surprised that "the trouble still continues," while taking such medicines as you speak of, rendering the blood still more impure, one being a favorite drug with those who wish to commit suicide! I advise much pure air, very plain food, bread being "the staff of life," with care of the skin that the pores may be open and active.

work fourteen to the end, completing the second row.

Repeat until there are seventeen rows, each like the second.

You will now have at each end of your work a little flat bag, each closed by an overlapping flap or piece, through which pass the seventeen parallel lines of chain which serve to connect the two, and by these center chains the purse is carried in the hand. With silk sew up the two sides of each bag, and finish each bag at bottom and on the overlapping piece by a row of six gilt sequins, of which two dozen will be needed to finish the purse.

A CHEAP AND PRETTY FOOTSTOOL.

Take seven empty three-pound fruit cans, tie or solder them together, one in the middle, the other six around it, pad the top and cover with pretty carpet plush or even cretonne. The effect is very good, and the stool a comfortable addition to any room.

FASCINATOR.

With pale blue or cream colored ice wool and a large bone needle, make a chain of six stitches. In the second stitch of chain make a shell of seven double crochet stitches, chain three and catch into first stitch. For the next row make one shell into the last three chain and another into the three chain left before the first shell was made. So continue increasing one shell in each row, each shell being worked between each two shells of the former row, until you have a triangular piece fifty inches long, and about sixteen inches deep at the point. Finish with a large scallop all round, composed of eleven stitches each, and around the two shorter sides make a second row of the same, which turn backward, forming a full border around the point of the hood which is worn over the face. Lastly, work all around the large scallops with a smaller one formed by three chain one single crochet into each stitch of the large scallops. Place a pretty bow of ribbon in front.

HANDSOME CROCHET PATTERN IN SQUARES.

This is pretty for afghans, sofa pillows or footstools. With yellow single zephyr chain six, join, and into the ring work twelve double crochet stitches, fasten off. Next, with peacock blue, make between two stitches a shell of three double crochet stitches, one chain, three double crochet, one chain. In this way make four of the shells with a single chain stitch between them; fasten off. With scarlet work one shell into each of the former shells, and a half-shell or three double crochet between each group separated by one chain; fasten off. With garnet make one shell into each of the corner shells, and two groups of three double crochet between each separated by one chain and worked over the one chain of the previous row; fasten off. This completes one square. Make as many as are required and crochet them together with garnet. A somewhat similar pattern has been once given in THE HOUSEHOLD for a crazy afghan, but this will be found much prettier.

ALICE M. WEST.

AFGHAN.

Having seen several questions in THE HOUSEHOLD that I can answer, I thought I would add my mite. Keene asks for an afghan of odds and ends. I have one only I use it for a slumber robe. I did not have the "odds and ends," but I bought the worsted by the ounce and cut each lap in three parts. Then I tied them together like a "hit and miss" stripe, leaving the ends about three-quarters of an inch long. I have three crazy stripes and two plain red stripes. I crocheted it in star stitch, but some prefer crazy stitch. I finished the edge on three sides with a large shell with a purling of "hit

and miss," and put fringe across the bottom. After I crocheted the crazy stripe I drew the knots all through on the wrong side. I joined my stripes with a double crochet of black.

Annette D. wants a cheap lambrequin. You can get felt for a dollar a yard and it is two yards wide. Take three-eighths of a yard across the piece, and cut the edge in narrow strips about three inches deep to form "carpet rag" fringe, for a finish on the bottom. For decoration you can cut out pretty flowers from cretonne and button-hole stitch them on with silk the same color as the flowers. Or have a coarse design stamped, and sew tinsel over the stamping. You can get tinsel in ten-yard balls at seven cents a ball.

Clock scarfs are used now more than lambrequins. Instead of tacking the lambrequin on the mantel, brass rings are screwed in the shelf, just underneath the edge, across the front, and a brass rod is put across the ends on the under part. The lambrequin is caught to the brass rings across the front of the shelf, and drawn over the rods at the ends, and hangs down about half a yard, and is finished with plush balls across the bottom.

When you tack a lambrequin to the shelf, you will find it will hang much better, if you take an old tin can, and cut it apart and bend it around the corner, nailing it on the shelf. If you do not, it will draw in on the corners.

I use sateen instead of felt in my fancy work. It costs a little more, but does not fade as the best of felt will, and it looks a great deal better. It is fifty inches wide and costs here \$2.50 a yard. It makes a pretty lambrequin. Take a half a yard across the piece, and embroider a curving spray to come around the corner. A piece about eighteen by seventeen inches is needed for a panel for the other end. Plait the long piece, the plain end, in three large plaits, turning upwards and fasten underneath the edge of the panel. Finish the edge with plush balls.

I have just finished a pretty inexpensive table scarf. I have a stripe of crazy work twelve inches wide forming a point at each end. I put a fan made of narrow strips of plush in one point, and a pretty spray of June roses in the other end. On each side I have a piece of felt six inches wide. I cut off a half square from the ends, and joined to the crazy stripe with a fancy stitch, and put plush balls on each point and between. My spread cost me \$1.25 when completed.

I have been sick for several years, and can only do some light work, so I divide my time between embroidery, painting, etc. If I can help the sisters in their fancy work, I would gladly answer any questions they may ask. Have any of the sisters pretty patterns of crocheted lace on novelty braid? I have two, but I will not give them this time. I fear I have taken too much space now.

Utica, N. Y. ELNORA LORD.

TO UTILIZE OLD CLOTH.

Perhaps some of the sisters would be glad to know how to utilize their Johns' old pants besides giving them to the poor. My John had two pairs of pants worn quite badly and baggy in the knees. I wanted a table cover very badly, but did not want to pay much for it, so my mind wandered over every thing in the house, and finally lighted on these. One pair was black and the other gray. I cut blocks as large square as the width of the leg at the bottom would allow, and by careful planning got fifteen blocks from each pair, without the baggy portion of the knees.

These I sewed together turning the cloth wrong side out, (some cloth of course cannot be turned,) alternating the

colors like a checker board. My table is oval, so I made it six blocks long and five wide.

After pressing the seams open, I sewed tinsel cord on the seams, marking off the blocks. I got two balls of the cord, which costs twenty-five cents, and sewed the cord on straight. I faced mine with farmer's satin, but it might be lined entirely or faced with the back of one of the vests of the suit, to the depth of an inch, or any distance desired.

For tassels I cut four circles, two of black and two of gray, with a radius the length I wished my tassel, which was about three and one-half inches long. These I cut up to within about half an inch of the center, in strips about half an inch or more wide, at the outside of the circle. These strips I again cut up about half the distance. Then, taking the tinsel cord I had left, and dividing it in four parts, I tied it over a card, making loops a little shorter than the radius of my circles. I sewed these to the center of my circles, and ran a thread through the center, making my tassels ready to sew on.

I also lined a muff with the farmer's satin from the back of one of my John's vests. I cut as large a straight piece as I could. The width of the shoulders was the length of the muff, and the seam down the back is on the inside of the muff and is never seen. I was quite taken with this idea of using old garments.

TOPSY.

CROCHET POINT.

Make a chain of thirty-two stitches.

1. Double crochet (thread over once) in eighth stitch from needle, and double crochet in next three stitches forming a shell, chain two, miss two, and double crochet in next four stitches forming another shell, chain two, make shell, chain two, make shell, chain two and double crochet in the last stitch.

2. Turn, chain four, double crochet in first stitch of shell, two chain, double crochet in last stitch of shell, chain two, double crochet in first stitch of next shell, chain two, double crochet in last stitch of shell, and so on across until you get to the last stitch in the last shell, double crochet in that, then double crochet three times in the loop, one chain, double crochet in the same loop.

3. Turn, three chain and double crochet three times in loop made by one chain, and double crochet in first stitch of shell, two chain, double crochet in last stitch of shell, double crochet twice under two chain, and double crochet in next double crochet, two chain, and so on across.

The first, third, fifth, seventh, ninth and eleventh rows are alike, and the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, tenth and twelfth rows are alike. There are twelve rows in a point. On the thirteenth row make four shells and four open squares, then turn, chain four, and proceed as in first scallop. When you have as many points as desired, don't work clear to the top of last row on last scallop, only work up ten squares, then chain six, turn, put the needle through the first stitch of the chain, throw thread around, draw through and then through stitch on needle forming a loop or picot, chain one, put under the two chain of next square, draw thread through, thread around needle and draw through two stitches on needle, chain six, make loop or picot as before, chain one, and put needle under two chain of next square, and so on until you come to the end of the point, when you make two loops or picots in that square to keep from drawing the work, then go on around the scallops in the same way. This makes a pretty trimming. It can be made narrow if liked.

E. R. A.

Alabama.

LADIES' HOOD.

Materials used: Four ounces of white whole zephyr and eight ounce balls of icing wool.

With the whole zephyr make a chain of twenty-six stitches. Crochet the popcorn stitch.

Crochet back and forth from one side six rows, the seventh row crochet around one end and also the other side, widening at each of the two corners. Now crochet two rounds without widening, fourth round widen the same as before, then crochet around to the straight edge without widening until you have thirty-three rounds, counting from the row you crocheted around one end.

Divide off in fourths for the cape, the center to be the middle of the back cape, the other two for each front cape. Crochet back and forth on one of the fourths. At the edge crochet the last stitch of the row, turning back, skip first stitch, and so on, that is to narrow it until you have fourteen rows, the last row containing five stitches. Make the other front cape in the same manner. For the back cape, crochet the two middle fourths in one in the same manner. Narrow in every round at both edges, until you have sixteen rows, and five stitches in the last row. Now you have the body of the hood.

Now take the icing wool, if it is doubled, begin at the row where you began the body. Use the same hook. It should be a tolerably large ivory hook. Make a chain of eighteen stitches and join in every other stitch of the open row, and so on until you have covered the hood.

Directions for Stitch.—Chain, thread over, draw thread through, chain again, until you have five stitches, thread over and draw through the five stitches, catching the stitch so as to leave the loops all on one side.

Miss Annie Thompson, I think you boiled your jelly too long, and made a syrup instead of a jelly.

I should be glad to hear from some of the sisters on silk culture.

FARMER'S WIFE.

MOTHER HUBBARD HOOD.

In the April number, Ella asks for directions for a Mother Hubbard hood, and I will send mine. I have not yet made one, but I saw a friend's which was very pretty, and they are easily made.

It may be of any desirable shade of Saxony, using a medium sized bone hook.

Begin in the center and crochet round and round as for a lamp mat, in any stitch preferred. When it is large enough, crochet a border of large shells, edging these again with shells of split zephyr. Draw up with rubber run through the openings at the head of the shells. Finish with a ribbon run in over the elastic, and a bow of the same in front. The rubber draws it in to fit the head, and forms a ruffle which is quite becoming. Add ties of the ribbon.

COM.

CROCHET SKIRT.

This skirt is for a child two years old. Crochet a chain of eighty stitches. One double crochet in each stitch of chain, three chain; turn, one double crochet in each stitch of preceding row, taking up only the back part of the stitch, thus forming ribs; repeat until you have eight rows; turn and crochet forty stitches, one single crochet and one stitch made by putting the needle through the work and drawing the wool through, one chain, and break off wool; turn, commence eight stitches farther on the work with one chain, one stitch made by drawing wool through, one single crochet, and double crochet to the end of the row; turn,

double crochet to five stitches beyond the end of the last row, one single crochet, one drawing wool through, one chain, break off wool; commence eight stitches beyond the end of the preceding row (being ten stitches from the end of the work) with one chain, one single crochet, and double crochet to the end; repeat these thirteen rows three times. Crochet eleven rows plain, narrow five rows beginning with the longest, eight plain, narrow five, eight plain, narrow five, eight plain, narrow five, eight plain, join in back.

TRIMMING.

Seven chain, one single crochet in third, second and first, three chain; turn, three single crochet in hole, three chain; turn, three single crochet in hole, five chain, one single crochet in first chain stitch made; turn, seven single crochet in chain, three chain, and three single crochet in hole; repeat.

Use Germantown yarn, a little less than one-half pound. BELLE.

CROCHETED TEA COSY.

One ounce each of four shades of olive, one ounce each of four shades of red, one ounce each of two shades of brown Berlin wool, and a medium bone crochet hook. With darkest red, make a chain of sixty-four stitches, and join in a circle.

1. * One double into each of two stitches, three double into the next, *; repeat from * to * seventeen times more, one double into next ten stitches.

In all following rows work into back loop of stitch.

2. With the second shade of red, one double into each of three stitches, three double into the next, * one double into each of four stitches, three double into the next, *; repeat from * to * sixteen times more, one double into each of ten stitches.

3. With the third shade of red, one double into each of four stitches, three double into the next, * one double into each of five stitches, three double into the next, *; repeat from * to * sixteen times more, one double into each of ten stitches.

4. With the fourth shade of red, one double into each of five stitches and three into the next, * one double into each of six stitches, three into the next, *; repeat from * to * sixteen times more, one double into each of ten stitches.

5. With the lightest brown, one double into each of six stitches, three double into the next, * one double into each of seven stitches, three double into the next, *; repeat from * to * sixteen times more, one double into each of ten stitches.

The work is now continued in rows over the vandykes, but the plain part of the bottom of the cosy is not worked upon.

6. With the darkest brown, one double into each of five stitches, three into the point of the vandyke, * one double into each of five stitches, pass over two stitches in the hollow between two of the vandykes, one double into each of the five next stitches, three into the point of the vandyke, *; repeat from * to * to the end of the row, finish the row with one double into each of five stitches.

All the following rows are worked like the sixth row, and the wool is broken off at the end of each row.

7. Lightest brown.

8 and 9. Darkest olive.

10 and 11. Second shade of olive.

12 and 13. Third shade of olive.

14 and 15. Lightest olive.

16. Darkest olive.

17. Second shade of olive.

18. Third shade of olive.

19. Fourth shade of olive.

20. Lightest brown.

21. Darkest brown.
22. Lightest brown.
- 23 and 24. Darkest shade of red.
- 25 and 26. Second shade of red.
- 27 and 28. Third shade of red.
- 29 and 30. Lightest shade of red.
31. Darkest red.
32. Second red.
33. Third red.
34. Lightest red.

To fill the hole made by the chain in the beginning:

1. With darkest olive one double into each alternate stitch of chain.
2. One treble into a stitch, miss two stitches, one treble into the next, two chain, pass over two stitches, one treble into the next; repeat all around.
3. One single into two chain, one single into next two chain, one chain; repeat all around.
4. One single into each chain all around.

The other side is made just the same.

Place the two sides together, wrong side in, sew firmly together, through and through, leaving the points to turn inside the work. Take a piece of brown paper six inches across and in the form of a half-circle. Put this over the part worked in darkest olive, sew the work down to the paper so it will set in nice flutes, turn the cosy, so the wrong side of the work will be the right side of the cosy. Line with wadded satin, place a bow over the olive circle, and finish the edge with a heavy cord with loops on top to pick it up by.

Hoping I have made the directions plain, and that some one will try it and report, I am one of the Band.

ZELLA D. LYLE.

FAITH AND WORK.

There are some people on the earth who claim that they have only to think that they need no food and the pangs of hunger and faintness cannot assail them; to think they are warm, and the cold, freezing winds have no power to chill them. On this typical March morning these same beings undoubtedly look forth upon flowery fields, and clear, running brooks, and rejoice in bright sunlight with mild, balmy airs. Happy are they in such blissful unconsciousness of the flakes of snow which we of a different faith see coming thick and fast from the dull, grey clouds, half melting as they fall, increasing the slush and slosh, while the damp, chilly wind gives an indescribable unpleasantness to the other disagreeable features of the day.

At an earlier hour than this the outdoor scenery may have been outlined by a delicate "pencilling of snow," but now the shading is too heavy for real beauty. Nevertheless, THE HOUSEHOLD sisters will find it just the morning to sit in their respective chimney corners to experiment with the directions for various articles, useful, ornamental, or both in one, with which their favorite paper teams, or to write directions for future delight or bewilderment, according to the degree of clearness with which they are expressed.

Perhaps a few general hints from my experience in knitting silk stockings may be useful. The materials required for a lady's stocking, size No. 8 or $8\frac{1}{2}$, are ten spools, or five ounces of silk, and four No. 19 knitting needles. One hundred and forty stitches are needed. While care should be taken not to give the stockings an openwork appearance by knitting too loosely, equal care should be taken not to go to the other extreme, so that the work is stiff and unyielding. A hem is knitted with little trouble and finishes the top very neatly. When the stocking is thirteen inches long, decrease two stitches in each succeeding seventh round till one hundred and ten stitches

are left. Knit four inches and set the heel. The foot will be better shaped if the heel is knitted three and one half or four inches long, and in taking up the stitches on the side of the heel, widen alternately once in three and once in four stitches. When the narrowing on each side of the instep is completed, there should be left one hundred and two stitches. The length of the foot can be determined by measuring with a cotton or other stocking of the desired size.

Gentlemen's half-hose are knitted in a similar manner, but only one hundred and twenty stitches are needed. The number of stitches on ankle and foot is the same, one hundred and ten. There is not so much decreasing as for a lady's stocking and these are generally more satisfactory if ribbed for two or three inches at the top.

It is well to select a silk of good black with a glossy look. In pressing any silk work a moderately hot flat should be used instead of a very hot one, and a paper over the work is preferable to a cloth.

Minute directions for stockings and mittens are given in little books which some silk firms publish, and are very helpful to a beginner, but they are not always infallible in giving a good shaped and nicely fitting article. A great many people knit carelessly, and the results are split stitches, roughness and unevenness which make the work any thing but a thing of beauty.

The snow flakes are falling thicker and faster and the indications are that this year we shall find it true that "May is a pious fraud of the almanac." M.

CROCHET EDGING.

Make a chain of twenty stitches; turn.

1. Make one double crochet in sixth chain from needle, one chain, one double in the eighth chain, one chain, one double in the tenth chain, one chain, one double in the twelfth chain, one chain, one double in the fourteenth chain, one chain, one double in the sixteenth chain, one chain, one double in the eighteenth chain, two double in the nineteenth chain, one double in the twentieth chain, thirteen chain; turn.

2. One double in twelfth chain from the needle, two double in next stitch, one double in next stitch (top of double crochet), two chain, skip two stitches, two double in next stitch, one double in chain, one double in double crochet of first row, * one chain, one double in top of next double crochet of first row, *; repeat five times more making six holes, four chain; turn.

3. One double in next double crochet in second row, one chain, one double in next double crochet; repeat until five holes are made in this row, then one double in chain, two double in next double, three chain, one double in hole, three chain, two double in fourth double of preceding row, one double in next stitch, one double in next stitch, thirteen chain; turn.

4. Two double in twelfth chain from the needle, one double in each of next two stitches, five chain, three single crochet (first being in chain before the double crochet of row preceding second on the double crochet and third in chain next after the double crochet), then five chain, two double in fourth double, one double in each of next two stitches, * one chain, one double in top of next double; repeat from * until four holes are made, four chain; turn.

5. One double in double of last row, * one chain, one double in next double, *; repeat from * once (there will be three holes), one double in chain, two double in next stitch, five chain in five chain of last row, make one single crochet and one single crochet in each of next four

stitches, five chain, two double in top of fourth double in preceding row, one double in each of next two chain, nine chain; turn.

6. Two double in fourth stitch of block, one double in each of next two chain, five chain, one single in each of the three middle stitches of the single crochet of the row before, one double in fourth and fifth chain, two double in next stitch, one chain one double in fourth stitch of the row before, make three more holes, four chain; turn.

7. Make four holes, then one chain, two double in fourth stitch of block, one double in each of next two stitches, three chain, one double in middle of single crochet, three chain, one double each in fourth and fifth chain, two double in first stitch of block, nine chain; turn.

8. Two double in fourth stitch of block, one double in each of next two chain, two chain, one double each in second and third chain, two double in next stitch, make six holes, four chain; turn.

9. Make seven holes, one double in each of next two chain, one double in first stitch of block, thirteen chain.

Repeat pattern commencing at second row until long enough. MRS. A. E. C. Box 71, Wakefield, Mass.

THE WORK TABLE.

We are constantly receiving letters from subscribers, complaining of incorrect directions for knitting insertions and lace, and, hereafter, can publish only such as are accompanied by a sample, *knitted from the directions after they are written*. It can give but little trouble to the experienced knitters who kindly send us such patterns, and will be a great favor to us.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will one of the sisters please send me directions for making pear rick rack trimming? MRS. C. M. LADD. Box 569, Concord, N. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please give directions for a pretty table scarf and mantel valance, to match a plush parlor suit. ALMA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD be kind enough to tell me what I can do to brighten up a light painted chair?

If G. W. B. would like, I will send her some milkweed pods, but I do not know how to make the pompons. I should like to know.

I will send any of the sisters some very pretty crochet patterns if they would like them and will send their address. MRS. C. BARTON. Maplewood, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one give directions for a crocheted calla lily lamp mat, also a waste basket crocheted out of twine with places for running in ribbon, and tell how to stiffen them? and oblige. A SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the kind sisters please send directions for crocheting infant's socks? I am a beginner in the work and the directions I find are not plain enough. M. C. C.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters tell me how to fix cigar boxes so they will be pretty and useful? RETTA.

Will Nellie May who sent the pattern for This Leaf tidy, in the September number, please send full directions for making the same to me? I should like a sample if not asking too much. I will return postage and any thing else I can for trouble and expense. MRS. S. H. BEARD. Box 704, New Britain, Conn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask Clara J. Perry to correct her Normandy lace in November number. I cannot make it right, and have tried it several times. The mistake seems to be in the sixth or seventh row.

Will some one please send the German lace? ABBIE N. WARE.

Will some one please give directions through our paper for a crocheted infant's shirt with high neck and long sleeves? M. A. E.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please send directions for making a square shawl in crochet, either shell, crazy or any pretty stitch, and to be made from fine, soft wool? Also, can they tell me where I can get a sample of the Handsome Crochet Edging, by L. E. N.? and oblige. MRS. L. M. Washington Territory.

The Dining Room.

FAMILY LIVING ON \$500 A YEAR.

BY JULIET CORSON.

WHEN the household is small it is necessary, if it is to be comfortable, for the one servant to be well versed in the duties of the dining room as well as the kitchen. If she is not an ill-regulated woman, mentally and nervously, she can so arrange her work as to be able to lay the table while the dinner is cooking, and serve it after it is done. When there is room enough to devote one apartment to the sole use of eating, this extra work can be done without much worry. For instance, in clearing the table after one meal many articles can be replaced directly the soiled dishes are removed and the cloth is brushed; the glasses, silver, and various small articles can be laid in readiness for the next repast; the salt-cellars should be freshly filled for every meal; the table may be fully laid or not, according to circumstances. There is really no objection to this on the score of neatness; the table can be covered with a light cloth to protect its contents from dust and flies. Absolute neatness at the table is one of the best incentives to appetite, and in these days of cheap fabrics and abundant water supply there is but little excuse for soiled table linen.

When small children are admitted to the family table their special trays or water-proof napkins can be made to shield the cloth, and as soon as they can understand the meaning of words they should be taught not to spill or scatter their food. While a well-behaved child at table is a source of family pride, there is no torture this side of purgatory that can compare with the presence of an ill-bred, spoiled young human animal engrossed in eating and in making it impossible for any one else to eat. Any spot upon a table-cloth should be covered directly by a clean napkin. Tea and coffee stains can be partly or wholly washed out and the cloth pressed before another meal; small spots can be rubbed out with a sponge or soft cloth dipped in warm water, a plate or platter being put under the cloth to raise it from the table.

Usually, in ordinary family service, the same napkins are laid for all three meals, but the dinner napkin proper is larger than those used for breakfast or luncheon, and a colored napkin is sometimes used with fruit. When there is plenty of table-linen and dishes, the regulation way is to lay a small fancy doily on the dessert plate, set on it the finger-bowl, one-fourth filled with water, and lay the dessert silver by the side of the bowl; the fruit napkin is placed on the bowl; the plate being placed upon the table by the servant after the crumbs are brushed off, the person served lays the silver and napkin off the plate and places the finger-bowl, with the doily under it, within easy reach of the left hand; the dinner napkin remains upon the knee, the fruit napkin being used for the lips and fingers when fruit is served which might stain the white napkin; at the close of the dinner the tips of the fingers are dipped in the bowl, and the lips wiped with a corner of the white napkin dipped in the water unless a small glass containing water is set within the bowl; then the lips are moistened with this, and lightly wiped with the white napkin. A guest lays the napkins loosely at the left hand when done using them; but at the family table they are sometimes folded in napkin rings. It may be remarked in connection with colored fruit napkins that while they are cheap enough to permit a fresh supply

when they are faded by washing, the cheap colored table-cloths are apt to fade long before they are worn out; it is therefore better economy to use white cloths, unless colored ones can be afforded which are dyed with fast colors.

A large cup of salt dissolved in the water in which colored table linen is washed will tend to preserve the color; an ox-gall and two cups of salt, used at the first large washing, will generally set the dye in colored linens, care being taken to rinse them thoroughly. In regard to the use of napkins by the waitress in the service of the table—a large fresh napkin should be carried for the purpose of lifting hot dishes, holding water carafes, and to cover the hand where it comes in contact with the plates.

These napkins generally replace the white gloves, the wearing of which used to be ridiculed by some who did not comprehend that the gloves were worn for the comfort of fastidious diners.

When any entertainment is attempted there should always be a reserve supply of fresh napkins; and if there is not abundance of glass and silver, there should be appliances at hand near the dining room for washing and drying them quickly. A little washing soda in the water in which the silver is washed quickly removes all odor of food.

If possible, in laying the table, put on at first the large and small spoons, an extra fork on the left and on the right two knives, generally a silver and steel one, or a large and small silver knife the latter for butter, which is generally used in this country at plain dinners; special forks for shell-fish are laid on the plate containing it, which is usually placed before the family sit down. When soup is served the plates and tureen are set before the lady of the house, either just before dinner is announced, or as soon as she is seated. The plates and dishes for the rest of the dinner, with the exception of the dessert plates, are to be either in the plate-warmer, or in a large pan of hot water, with plenty of dry towels at hand for wiping them quickly when they are needed. Heating plates and dishes in the oven is to be reprobated, because the intense heat checks the glaze, thus darkening the china by the grease which is absorbed through the fine cracks. The dessert plates, cups and saucers, and silver should be ready upon the sideboard or side-table, so that no time need be lost in hunting for them. Breakfast or tea plates answer for dessert when there are not special ones.

Of late years the custom has so grown of putting an extra small dish at each plate for bread and butter (where small butter plates are not used,) the stalks of asparagus, the small bones from poultry, cutlets, etc., that fanciful little "bone-plates" are now sold at house-furnishing stores. Any small plate or large shallow saucer will serve this purpose; it should be put on the table when it is laid. In addition to this plate, the necessary silver, the water tumbler, each cover or place should have its napkin and a thick, small slice of bread; either individual salts are at each cover or several large salt cellars with spoons are placed at convenient intervals on the table. Of late years the large central caster with many bottles has been displaced by oil and vinegar cruets in a double stand, small, fancy pepper-boxes, and sauces in their original bottles, unless, indeed, there is some special value or association attached to the large caster.

Pretty colored dishes containing flowers, fruit or nuts for dessert, olives, pickles, or relishes, may be scattered about the table, space being reserved at the head and foot for the large dishes of hot meat, etc., and for the smaller vegetable dishes at the sides. Water is sometimes

poured from a large pitcher by the servant, and sometimes placed on the table; water bottles or carafes are placed upon the table, with a bowl of cracked ice and a small ladle or large spoon, so that the water can be cooled in the glasses unless it has already been cooled in the ice-box. The laying of the knife and fork side by side on a plate is considered a signal for its removal. The crumbs can be removed with a large silver knife to a plate or tray held under the edge of the table—the fish or pie knife will answer an emergency—or brushed and scattered with a crumb brush. After the dinner proper is cleared away, the dessert dishes can be placed on the table, and the large sweet, which in American families is usually a pie or pudding placed before the mistress.

Tea or coffee, with cups and saucers, sugar and milk, being placed at her left, the servant may go to the kitchen to arrange for her own dinner, and the subsequent clearing of the table. A few words here about the art of waiting at table.

In the first place, see that every dish likely to be needed is at hand clean; if there is any scarcity have things ready for washing them; think beforehand what there is to be done, and how to do it quietly and without getting nervous; a considerate mistress will aid her help by suggestions, and make the dining room service as light as possible where there is only one girl. If matters are prudently managed in the kitchen, the girl will have nothing to worry about there after the dinner is dished; by having the table set, and all necessary hot dishes ready, she can partly fill each saucepan with water as she dishes its contents, and place it where the water will heat while the dinner is in progress. A small lump of washing soda in each utensil will make it easy to wash. When there is any special sauce or dish which requires to be kept hot for a while, the saucepan containing it can be set in a pan of hot water on the stove, and there will be no danger of burning.

If during the preparation of the dinner, dishes have been washed and restored to their places as far as possible, the labor of the final clearing up will be lightened. A handy girl will find innumerable ways of quickly doing the work which will hang on the hands of a sloven. A servant who is equally capable in kitchen and dining room is a treasure to her mistress, and if her manners are good she becomes invaluable.—*Harper's Bazar.*

CARVING.

The dish, which should always be of good size, must be placed so near the carver as to give him or her full control of it. Fowls should be placed breast up. Put the fork into the breast and take off the wings and legs first, without turning the fowl; then cut out the breast bone, so as to leave the well-browned skin over it, as also the white parts; then cut off the side bones and divide the carcass which is left in two from the neck down, leaving the rump on one part to be served in a separate portion; then remove the second joint from the leg and the wing, as they are much more easily managed on the plate when thus thoroughly dissected.

A sirloin of beef should be placed on the dish with the tenderloin underneath. Thin-cut slices should be taken from the side next the carver, then turn over the roast and carve the tenderloin. A portion of both should be helped. Be careful to cut across the grain of the meat.

A leg of mutton should be carved across the middle of the bone first, and then from the thickest part until the gristle is reached. A few nice slices can be cut from the smaller end, but it is generally hard and stringy.

A ham can be carved in several ways. By cutting long, delicate slices through

the thick fat down to the bone; by running the point of the knife in a circle in the middle and cutting thin, circular slices, thus keeping the ham moist; or by beginning at the knuckle and slicing upward. The last mode is considered the most economical.

A tongue should be carved in very thin, delicate slices, its delicacy depending very greatly upon attention to this. The slices from the center are considered the most tempting, and should be cut across and the slices taken from each side with a portion of the fat which is at the root.

A loin of veal, begin at the small end and cut the ribs apart; cut off a piece of the kidney with the fat, and help each plate to some.

A fillet of veal should be cut first from the top, and in a breast of veal the breast and brisket should be separated and then cut in pieces.

Roast pig should have the head removed before coming to the table. Cut off the legs, joint at the knee and divide the ribs.

A saddle of venison, cut thin, even slices from the tail toward the upper part on each side. Venison should always be served hot, on well-warmed plates.

Loins of veal, mutton or venison should always be jointed by the butcher before cooking, and then they are readily carved.

In carving fish some practice is needful in order to prevent the flakes from breaking. The choicest morsels of all large fish are near the head, then the thin parts come next; the flavor of the part nearest the bone is never equal to those on the upper part. Fish is usually placed on a dish under part uppermost, as there lies the best part. In carving fish a fish knife should be used, and if handled with lightness of touch and dexterity the person using it will find very little trouble in carving it.

THE DESSERT.

—A writer says that a woman is a silent power in the land. To this a cynical old bachelor editor responds: "That will be news to thousands of husbands."

—Governess—Now, Jack, if I were to give twelve pears to Maudie, ten to Edith and three to you, what would it be? Jack (aged six)—It wouldn't be fair.

—A little city boy, who had just returned from his first visit on a farm, gave this description of butter making: "You ought to see how auntie makes butter with a barrel and a broomstick."

—Is your son studying the languages?" inquired the visitor of Mrs. Bentley, whose son George is at college. "Oh, yes," Mrs. Bentley replied. "It was only yesterday that he wrote home for money to buy a German student lamp and a French clock."

—Coal Dealer—"Where's John?" Driver—"He stayed up to Mr. Brown's." Coal Dealer—"Why on earth did he do that? Doesn't he know we're short-handed?" Driver—"I suppose he does, sir; but he said he was weighed in with his load, and he had an idea he belonged to Mr. Brown."

—What pretty children you have," said the new minister to the proud mother of three little ones. "Ah, my little dear," said he, as he took a girl of five up into his lap, "are you the oldest of the family?" "No, ma'am," responded the little miss, with the usual accuracy of childhood, "my pa's older'n me."

—Circumstances alter cases. Head of the house (to young man at front door)—"Haven't I told you, sir, never to call here again?" Young man—"Yes, sir, but I haven't called to see Miss Clara this time. I have called for the gas bill." Head of the house (in a milder tone)—"Please call again."

The Kitchen.

HOW JOHN CLEANED HOUSE.

"IT IS all nonsense!" exclaimed John Dale, emphatically, "this turning the house upside down as you women do every spring and fall."

"But, my dear, the house must be cleaned," said pretty Mrs. Dale, helping herself to a muffin.

"That is what you always say, Dollie; but I never see any dirt."

"Why, John Dale, what can you be thinking of?" exclaimed his wife, with emphasis. "The house is in a frightful condition, and every nook and corner of it must be thoroughly cleansed. I shall begin the process to-morrow."

John gave one despairing glance in the direction of his study, and then said, bravely:

"Well, Dollie, if it is really any satisfaction to you, why, of course, I am quite willing; but don't you think you could hurry up matters a little—rush things through, I mean. Why, I could have the entire house cleaned in a day, and not half try."

A mischievous glance sparkled for an instant in Mrs. Dale's dark eyes, but she answered, gravely:

"Could you? Oh, I do wish that you would attend to it, for it will take me three weeks at the least. But of course you cannot spare the time from your business."

Whether from a wish to demonstrate his domestic ability, or to avoid the threatened three weeks' shower of soapsuds, I cannot say, but Mr. Dale instantly responded:

"Not get away from business? I am not quite sure about that. I think I might be spared very well for a few days now—dull season you know—and if you promise to make your sister a little visit, why, I will guarantee to have the house cleaned and put in perfect order for you. It will be the best managed affair of the kind you ever heard of," he continued; "more economical than your way of doing, too, and what I save you shall have for a new bonnet."

So saying, Mr. Dale arose from the breakfast-table, looking very well satisfied with the proposed arrangement, and as he kissed his wife good-by for the day said:

"Well, Queenie, it is a bargain, is it?"

When he had departed Mrs. Dale's manner changed completely, and seating herself in a low rocker, peal after peal of merry laughter echoed through the house, as the little lady said, half aloud:

"The dear old goose, what a reign of chaos I shall find on my return! But I would be willing to lose considerable for the satisfaction of demonstrating to John the reality of a housekeeper's trials."

Two days later Mrs. Dale bade her husband an affectionate farewell, with a very demure countenance, and he did not notice the mischief in her eyes, so intent was he upon his new occupation.

"Stay until I come for you, Dollie," he said, "and you may expect to see me to-morrow or the day after. It won't take me long to do the work I have on hand, and I promise that you shall find the best cleaned house that it was ever your good fortune to see."

"Had I not better stay and help you?" asked his wife demurely.

"No, no, Queenie, I would not have you for the world! Good-by, dear. Take good care of yourself." And he was gone.

This was early on Monday morning, and late Saturday evening John Dale appeared at the house of his sister-in-law with face and manner far more expressive

than words. He looked thin and care-worn, and had the appearance of one who had just passed through a great financial crisis, as he said quietly in answer to his wife's greeting:

"The house is ready, Dollie. Will you come to-night?"

She was glad to accompany him, for the week of separation had seemed long to her, and only her promise to remain until called for had prevented her from returning some days before.

"I did not get quite through," her husband said, somewhat apologetically, as they entered their own home; "but I thought perhaps you would just as soon come now, and I wanted to see you awfully!" he added, in a tone full of meaning.

They passed into the pretty hallway, whose carpet stood in a huge roll behind the door.

"I sent three times for a man to put it down," John exclaimed, "and he promised faithfully that he would be here to-day; but, as you see, the carpet is still up."

The parlor was comparatively in order, that is, with the exception of the pictures and bric-a-brac, which occupied a large space in the center of the room.

"But where are the wax flowers, John?" said Dollie, noting the absence of a little table which always stood between the windows.

"Smashed," he answered, hurriedly; "but I will get you some more. I'm awfully sorry, and don't see how it happened. I went to turn round, and over went the stand, glass shade, flowers and all, shivered to atoms. I noticed that the table seemed shaky, too, after the accident, so I just tossed the whole affair out into the wood-shed."

"Oh, I am so sorry, John! But how did you get the cleaning done?"

"Oh, I sent for three or four women who attend to that sort of thing; but none of them came. Then I paid Mrs. Lanigan two dollars a day, but she could not stay to finish the work, and I failed to find any one else, so I did it myself."

"You?" and here Mrs. Dale could no longer contain her emotions, and laughed heartily. "You clean," she exclaimed, "and how did you do it?"

"Oh, just the way everybody else does!" he answered. I put on the hose and cleaned it out in less than no time. The only trouble was that I tried to clean the walls at the same time; but I couldn't, somehow. But I knew Dobbs, the painter, would fix it all right, so I sent for him, and he put a new coat of paint on the two rooms for only ten dollars. So you see, after all, it was a great improvement."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Dale, faintly, wondering where the new bonnet would come from. "But, John," she continued, "where is the gilt frame which hung over the mantel?"

"That? Oh, that is down at Tracey's being regilded."

"What for?" asked the wife. "It was in very good condition when I left, and the best frame in the house—gold gilt."

"Yes, when you left," repeated her husband. "But you see, Queenie, I thought it ought to be cleaned like every thing else, so while waiting for the plumber I thought I would wash it off; that, being a handsome frame, it would be better to attend to it myself, so I got some sapolio and—"

"John Dale, how could you do such a thing?" and here the little lady almost sobbed her dismay as she pictured the ruined frame.

"Oh, you need not feel badly about it," he answered, soothingly; "it is all right now, and will look better than ever." And, man-like, not wishing to dwell upon an unpleasant subject, he quickly called

his wife's attention to a little stand of plants which he had purchased for their garden. "Only six dollars for the whole thing!" he exclaimed, triumphantly. At which Dollie, with an effort to smile at his intended kindness, groaned inwardly as she viewed the two scraggy rose bushes for which one dollar would have been an exorbitant price.

Further investigation revealed to Mrs. Dale numerous other commissions and omissions, such as broken crockery and glassware, a torn lace curtain, and last, but not least, she discovered in one of the laundry tubs her wool blankets, where they had reposed for two days in cold water.

"Quite ruined!" she exclaimed in a tone of utter despair, as John explained that he knew she always had the blankets cleaned with the other things, and as the washerwoman did not come, he washed them. "I just threw them into the tub of water, you know, and shook them up and down, and I meant to hang them out on the line to dry," he continued, "but I forgot all about it."

By this time the promised new bonnet had vanished into the dim and uncertain future; but Dollie, seeing her husband's careworn face, checked her own disappointment, seeking to repair the mischief done, and not finding it in her heart to add reproaches to the misery already endured by "the best husband in the world," especially after she heard him exclaim on the night of her return:

"Oh, I am so tired! and I don't wonder that Dollie dreads the house-cleaning, for it is worse than the office and stock exchange combined."

GETTING READY FOR SPRING WORK.

As the sun daily mounts higher in the horizon, and the days and nights become more nearly of a length, one is forcibly reminded that the reign of winter is over, and that spring, with its laborious duties is close at hand. While the opening of spring is significant to all housekeepers, it is more especially so to the farmer's wife, as it means a ceaseless round of work from which there is no appeal, and in too many instances it is to be performed without adequate help. Soon there will be extra help on the farm to be cared for, and the dairy with its large array of pans and pails to be looked after, while the annual house cleaning, like a great mountain, looms up in the distance.

This great outlay of work may not, however, look so very formidable to those who have help, and the means to jog along life's way comfortably, but to one who must do all this work unaided, it is simply appalling. Whether it is true economy or not to deprive one's self of needed help at this season of the year, we leave each housekeeper to judge for herself. We only know that too many practice it for the reason they cannot find help.

Where there is but one pair of hands to do all the work for the family, it will not do to get behind with the work, lest we be unable to overtake it. If possible, we must plan our work so as to be somewhat in advance of the season, notwithstanding one of the old poets says:

"The best laid plans of mice and men oft gang agley."

At this season of the year it is sometimes useful to make a brief inventory of our work to see where we stand. Have we been able to take advantage of the short lull in active household duties, which generally occurs from midwinter until early spring, to add something to our stock of bedding, or have we found time to do up the family sewing, or make up those night dresses and under garments that we have so long been planning

to do. Every housekeeper should endeavor to add yearly to their stock of sheets, pillow cases, and under garments, enough to at least keep the stock on hand good, as sickness may overtake us when least expected, and find us poorly supplied, unless one has had dangerous and protracted sickness in the family, they can scarcely appreciate the importance and convenience of having a good stock of the above named articles in store.

While we are no advocate of early house cleaning where it endangers the health, yet painting and papering may be safely done early in the season, before the press of farm work begins. After removing every thing from the room except the stove, we proceed to pull off the old paper and have the room whitened overhead. Two coats of whitewash made from unslacked lime are generally sufficient. If the wall is discolored by smoke, we add to the first coat one-half pint of sifted wood ashes. This will cover the smoke so it will not show through, and after applying the second coat we always have a white wall.

Before painting, we clean the wood work with suds containing a piece of salsoda as large as an egg, renewing the water as often as it becomes dirty. We are now ready to have the painting done. If one buys their paint all ready mixed, any member of the family who has judgment enough to use a brush can lay it on. Straight strokes, a firm, steady hand, and a sparing use of the paint, is about all it requires to insure success. For the second coat it is well to add a half pint of varnish. If one could afford to paint their living rooms every spring, what an endless amount of cleaning could be saved. Would it not be better economy to invest in paint rather than muscle?

Now we are ready to hang the paper, which has been chosen to harmonize in some measure with the color of the paint. Neutral tints are more pleasing to the eye than those containing high colors. If one has bed rooms opening from a room where a fire is kept, these can also be safely papered. Or if the kitchen needs a coat of paint or papering, one will find no more convenient time to attend to it than the present.

With this much done towards house cleaning in advance of the season, one can well afford to wait until balmy breezes arrive before cleaning windows and the upper part of the house. Do not neglect the cellar, but have it attended to now! Have all decayed vegetables carried out, and the surplus garden vegetables fed out to the stock, reserving only enough for family use. Let this cleaning be only preparatory to the one that it will receive later in the season. By attending to these suggestions in season, one may escape a long list of diseases said to be induced by foul gases arising from decayed vegetables.

Next in order comes soap making and the washing of bedding which cannot be done without help. A man's help, or even a boy's, for this kind of work is the best investment we can make. Some years since, having a heavy rag carpet to wash, and as no available female help was at hand, I hired a handy man. This was a progressive step I will admit, but it is only a question of time when families in the rural districts if they find help, will be obliged to employ men or boys about household affairs, from the fact that the demand for women's help already so largely exceeds the supply. The work was so thoroughly done that I consider it the best investment that I ever made in hiring work of this kind done.

In connection with the forty yards of carpeting that he washed, there remained time to whitewash the ceiling of one room, and I consider this a good day's work.

In many branches of house cleaning,

such as moving stoves, and taking up carpets, and moving heavy furniture, a man's help is indispensable, and if they can whitewash and hang paper, why not be independent of the family Johns, who always grudge every hour spent about the house, and hire a handy man. We believe that half a dozen of these handy men could find employment, at good wages, in nearly every neighborhood during the spring, while work is yet slack on the farms, if they only had the moral courage to offer their services. A. B.

Meridian, N. Y.

FANCY FROSTING AND ICINGS.

The best loaf sugar, or No. 1 powdered sugar must be used. Loaf sugar should be rolled or pounded in a mortar and sifted. Fresh eggs only will beat light enough to cut. Be careful not to get a speck of the yolk into the white, and reject any white which is not of a good, clear, amber color. If the eggs are laid in cold water for ten or fifteen minutes before wanted, and a sharp-pointed carving knife used to beat them, there will be no difficulty in making them light. Always beat one way, bringing the knife towards you, in short, quick, even strokes. Trim the cake neatly and lay it inverted upon a plate just the size of the cake. Sometimes, if the surface is very rough, a little finely-powdered starch may be rubbed over it. Dip the knife in cold water, and begin in the center of the cake, covering the top well before beginning to put it on the sides. Allow two coatings at least.

Wedding cake is now covered on the top only, first with a layer of rich almond paste an inch thick, and upon that is placed half an inch of frosting.

The ornamenting is done by passing the frosting through a little funnel made of stiff letter paper, having the point cut off to leave an air aperture of half an inch in diameter, pressing the icing through with a tin cone, the same size, put inside after the frosting is put in the paper.

The fancy pastillage ornaments of flowers, leaves and images, which we see upon handsome cake, is made as follows: "Dissolve half a pound of the best gum tragacanth in orange-flower water, or rose water, add to this one pound of powdered sugar, a quarter of a pound of powdered starch; mix this thoroughly and roll out the paste on a board dredged with starch. You may then cut it to please the fancy. Mold in the hands or iron molds oiled. A paste jigger may be used to cut out leaves and flowers." Pastillage ornaments can be bought in great varieties in large cities, and unless there is every convenience for domestic manufacture it is better to buy them ready for use.

Granite sugar of various colors is often sprinkled over the tops of thick frosting, and is particularly pretty for small fancy cakes. It is made of loaf sugar, rolled and sifted twice, first to free it from the powder, then in a coarser sieve to free it from the medium-sized grains, which are the ones to be used. To color this sugar pink, mix a pinch of powdered cochineal with a few drops of rose water, put about half a pound of the prepared sugar upon a dry tin or plate and add the coloring, rubbing it thoroughly through the sugar by separating the grains with the thumb and finger. Dry gradually and frequently pulverize it between the fingers to keep it well granulated. Other colors may be used in the same manner. The colors given for candies answers this purpose also.

The paste for rich, black cake is made of one pound of sweet almonds to an ounce of bitter almonds, blanched and soaked in cold water for an hour, then pounded in a mortar with a little rose or

orange flower water, till a smooth cream, lastly adding powdered sugar sufficient to make an elastic paste. Spread the cake with the paste and set it in the heater for ten or fifteen minutes to dry before laying on the frosting.

Frosting No. 1.—Roll and sift a pound of pulverized sugar, beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, and gradually stir in the sugar and the juice of half a lemon; a little powdered starch may be added if hard frosting is desired. To color frosting pink, put a few bits of alkanet root in a muslin rag and steep it a moment in clear water, add this with a little rose water in sufficient quantity to color and flavor the frosting.

Stirred Frosting.—Break into a bowl the whites of two eggs and add half a pound of sifted sugar with a little orange or lemon juice, beat all together until thoroughly blended.

Transparent Lemon Icing.—Dissolve one pound of loaf sugar with one gill of water in which is half of the white of an egg well beaten, (to clarify,) let it boil to the third degree, then place the same pan in a larger one of cold water, add a gill of lemon syrup to flavor it. Stir the sugar well against the side of the pan with a silver spoon, this will make it look clear. To put it on the small cakes or loaf, the cakes must be neatly trimmed; hold the cake over the pan and with a spoon carefully pour over the icing, lay the cake on a wire sieve and dry in the heater at the back of the stove for eight or ten minutes.

Pink transparent icing is made by coloring with a few drops of cochineal and flavoring with rose water; very pretty for fancy cakes. Transparent chocolate ice is made by adding a little well-flavored French chocolate dissolved in the place of syrup. Two tablespoonfuls of very strong fruit syrup will flavor a pound of icing.—Exchange.

REMOVAL OF SPOTS, STAINS, ETC., FROM WOVEN FABRICS.

The following concise rules are extracted from a German journal:

Matter Adhering Mechanically.—Beating, bruising, and currents of water, either on the upper or under side.

Gum, Sugar, Jelly, etc.—Simply wash in with water at a hand heat.

Grease.—White goods, wash with soap or alkaline lyes. Colored cottons, wash with French chalk or fuller's earth, and dissolve away with benzine or ether.

Oil-Colors, Varnish and Resins.—On white or colored linens, cottons, or woolens, use rectified oil of turpentine, alcohol lye, and their soap. On silks, use benzine, ether, and mild soap, very cautiously.

Stearine.—In all cases, strong, pure alcohol.

Vegetable Colors, Fruit, Red Wine, and Red Ink.—On white goods, sulphur fumes or chlorine water. Colored cottons and woolens, wash with lukewarm soap-lye or ammonia; silk the same, but more cautiously.

Alizarine Inks.—White goods, tartaric acid, the more concentrated the older are the spots. On colored cottons and woolens, and on silks, dilute tartaric acid is applied cautiously.

Blood and Albuminoid Matters.—Steeping in lukewarm water. If pepsin or the juice of *Carica papaya* can be procured, the spots are first softened with lukewarm water, and then either of these substances are applied.

Iron Spots and Black Ink.—White goods, hot oxalic acid, dilute muriatic acid, with little fragments of tin. On fast-dyed cottons and woolens, citric acid is cautiously and repeatedly applied. Silks, impossible.

Lime and Alkalies.—White goods, sim-

ple washing. Colored cottons, woolens, and silks are moistened, and very dilute citric acid is applied with the finger-end.

Acids, Vinegar, Sour Wine, Must, Sour Fruits.—White goods, simple washing, followed up by chlorine water if a fruit-color accompanies the acid. Colored cottons, woolens, and silks are very carefully moistened with dilute ammonia with the finger-end.

In case of delicate colors, it will be found preferable to make some prepared chalk into a thin paste, with water, and apply it to the spots.

Tanning from Chestnuts, Green Walnuts, etc., or Leather.—White goods, hot chlorine water and concentrated tartaric acid. Colored cottons, woolens, and silks, apply dilute chlorine water cautiously to the spot, washing it away, and re-applying it several times.

Tar, Cart-Wheel Grease, Mixtures of Fat, Resin, and Acetic Acid.—On white goods, soap and oil of turpentine, alternating with streams of water. Colored cottons and woolens, rub in with lard, let it lie, soap, let lie again, and treat alternately with oil of turpentine and water. Silks the same, more carefully, using benzine instead of the oil of turpentine.

Scorching.—White goods, rub well with linen rags dipped in chlorine water. Colored cottons, re-dye if possible, or in woolen raise a fresh surface. Silks, no remedy.

A CHAPTER ON PICKLES.

Pickled Cauliflower.—One large or two small heads of cauliflower cut into evenly sized pieces. Cook in salt and water a few minutes, but not until it will break apart; pour over it the following heated together, and while hot: One quart of vinegar, one cup of sugar, one cup of ground mustard, two tablespoonfuls of flour.

Russia Pickle.—Two gallons of cabbage coarsely chopped, one gallon of green tomatoes, one dozen onions chopped together, one ounce of celery seed, one ounce of pepper berry, or one-half dozen of green peppers, one-fourth pound of white mustard seed, one-half gill of salt, one and one-fourth pounds of sugar, one gallon of vinegar. Boil all together until the cabbage and tomatoes are tender, when done, add one-half ounce of turmeric. Can while hot.

Cucumber Pickles.—For four hundred pickles, small size, one gallon of vinegar, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, ginger, celery seed, turmeric and grated horse radish, two tablespoonfuls of mustard seed, one-half tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful each of mace, allspice, and cloves, four green peppers or one tablespoonful of black pepper, one lemon sliced thin. The spices are to be ground. Soak the cucumbers twenty-four hours in weak brine, drain, and put in a kettle with the spices and vinegar, heat to boiling, and can while hot.

Tomato Soie.—One-half bushel of green tomatoes chopped fine, one pint of salt, one-half dozen of green peppers, chopped fine, stir all together and let it stand over night, drain well, put in a kettle, and cover with weak vinegar, cook slowly one-half hour, skim out and put in a jar. Take two pounds of sugar, one pint of grated horse radish, one quart of vinegar, one-half cup of ground mustard, one tablespoonful each of ground cinnamon, allspice and cloves. Heat all together and pour over the tomatoes. Add more vinegar if necessary to make it moist enough.

Pickled Oysters.—One quart of oyster liquor, one teaspoonful each of white pepper and allspice, seven tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two blades of mace, one tablespoonful of salt, simmer one quart of oysters in this for five minutes, take

them out, boil the liquor, skim it and pour it over the oysters. If you want to keep them for some time, can while hot.

I would like recipes for green and ripe tomato pickle, catchup and chili sauce of tomatoes.

AGNES MURRAY.

AFTERNOON HOUSEWORK.

In a recent number of THE HOUSEHOLD Hal Glen touches upon this point, and says she is learning not to worry if her housework is not all done at an early hour in the afternoon, and her dress changed, though it is her practice to do so when possible. This I think is a sensible view of the case, though it is, of course, more agreeable to have a good afternoon out of the kitchen.

But it not unfrequently happens that thrifty housekeepers, with little help and much to do find the forenoons all too short to accomplish the day's required routine, and must be busy a share of the afternoon, at least on some days of the week, to have all needful work accomplished. And others there are, who are so slow and fussy about work that they keep about all day as a matter of habit, wondering in the mean time, how their next door neighbor, with less help and a larger family, can get her work done and be dressed so as to have a period of leisure for sewing, reading, or going out of doors, while she must drudge all day, nearly every day in the week. Such housekeepers, I think, lack either energy or tact or skillful management, letting the work dawdle, instead of taking it by resolute will, looking forward to the afternoon for a little respite and rest, and thus giving a pleasanter tone to the required tasks of the morning.

But, however much we may have to do, and whatever lions there may be in the path, I think that we ought to arrange for a stopping place, whether there seems to be one or not. Of course there are exceptional cases when just so much must be finished before a given hour, but we can usually make a little stop, even if we must begin again, and work till night. But we will take it for granted that this keeping about all day is not our usual practice or yours, for few of us are able or willing to endure such continued strain, nor is it necessary, with good management to do so.

As for myself, it is very seldom that I do not find or make a stopping-place early in the afternoon, and that, every day in the week for weeks together. Indeed, I expect to stop and dress and rest awhile, or take a little outing, at about such an hour in the afternoon, as much as I arrange to go to bed at a proper season at night, though the hour may vary more or less on different days or nights.

There is much in planning work ahead so as to insure a stopping-place in the afternoon, and there are also various kinds of household labor which can be done in the after part of the day, which is cleanly and, in many cases, need not be confined to the kitchen. If we stop to think and plan, we can see ahead into the next forenoon's tasks, and often do things after we are dressed and rested which will help to make the next day's required tasks easier and of shorter hours.

For instance the very week on which THE HOUSEHOLD came containing Hal Glen's letter, was a very busy one for me, though all the weeks are quite enough so in the most ordinary circumstances. But that week Sister Dora who lives with us, and always takes general care of the house, aside from other duties, was away and there seemed an extra pressure of work for me to do. One thing was preparing a quantity of mince pie meat, as the apples needed cutting, and I also

wished the task done before expected friends arrived a little later.

But every day after the dinner work was cleared away I let the fire in the cooking stove go out, and resolutely shut the kitchen door as usual for the afternoon. But after a little rest on the lounge and being dressed, I began operations again, and was often busy till night.

One afternoon, sitting in an easy chair in the dining room, I cut and chopped the apples, then covered them with sugar, leaving them to preserve till wanted. In the evening I took the raisins into the sitting room and seeded them, partly cutting them ready to put with the apples. Another afternoon, I picked the mince meat from the skin and bone, setting it away to slightly freeze before chopping, then chopped the suet ready to mix when it was needed. Then, when all things were prepared, it was but a few moments' work in a forenoon to mix the various ingredients and let it all cook on the back of the stove in the morning when I have a fire. Besides, the mixture is much nicer for allowing the apples to stand in the sugar before heating.

So whatever I was doing, there was no afternoon but I could at a moment's notice drop my work, take off my apron, and be ready to receive a caller in the parlor, and that without feeling that my work was being hindered, as in the case one is busy in the kitchen cooking, or doing work that cannot well be left to itself. Neither are our friends, in such cases, embarrassed by feeling that they are keeping us from our work, as there is no need, when we are prepared to receive them of apologizing, or their knowing what we were doing.

Only a short time after this I called late one afternoon upon an intimate friend, and found her still in her kitchen in her work dress, though she always dressed before her husband came into tea. She, too, was preparing for mince pies, said it was nearly dinner time before she had her things ready to put cooking, and she was keeping up the fire through the afternoon, as she must do a little baking, which she neglected in the morning to get her mince meat ready to put together. To me it seemed she had not planned her work to do it in the easiest way, else she could have done all her necessary kitchen work in the earlier part of the day.

And not long since I happened to a home where I was little acquainted, partly on an errand, but quite the middle of the afternoon. The young woman who received me at the door was still in her morning attire, not even the crimping pins taken from her hair. She was embarrassed and apologized, saying she had to iron that afternoon. Then leaving me with the grandmother a moment, left the room to arrange her hair and dress a little. For her to iron in the afternoon was all right, for as mother of three little ones, and only the grandmother to assist her, she could not well do all her work in the morning of every day, even though she needed rest. But ironing is as neat work as sewing, and why should one need to forego the little restfulness and luxury of being properly attired for the afternoon?

If some of our housework must be done in the afternoon, let it be the lighter, cleaner part, the making preparations when we can, to help along the next forenoon's work, so as to leave the kitchen at about a stated time, and take a breathing spell before we begin again. When baking, for example, it greatly hinders to be obliged to stop to seed raisins, to wash currants, to peel lemons, or cut apples, or prepare elaborate filling for cake, and other things. Now a little planning and foresight will enable one to have things needed in so much readiness as to greatly facilitate operations, and help get the

work done before time to prepare dinner. And much of such preparation can be done, either during the forenoon of easy days, or if there are none such for some housekeepers, it can be done in the afternoon, or, in summer time, just at dark, when one has become somewhat rested from the day's toil.

Even during canning fruit and pickling time, we manage to arrange so as to have what is required to be done over the stove accomplished before dinner, unless some unusual occurrence hinders. Fruit can be looked over, pared, or prepared as required, and the sugar put on to stand till morning, and a thousand little things done, if needful, during the after part of the day, which we can often do after dressing, and so not feel ourselves to be kitchen drudges all the day long, even on our busiest days, house cleaning possibly excepted.

If our older housekeepers, who may, as some do, feel it their duty to stay in the kitchen till every thing is done, and may not have accustomed themselves to arranging beforehand, as seems to me the easiest way, fail to appreciate my little chat, it is possible that some of the younger ones may set themselves to planning so as to secure the better part of the afternoon out of the kitchen, or, if there, not feeling closely confined to its tasks, doing only the lighter, pleasanter work.

ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

JOTTINGS.

I was glad Uhlma liked my currant bread, also several others my rusk recipe. The rusk very seldom fails me of being good. For a change we like a loaf of brown bread occasionally made as follows:

Take four cups of corn meal, scald with boiling water, then add one cup of buttermilk, one cup of molasses, two cups of graham flour, one teaspoonful of salt and one heaping teaspoonful of soda. Bake one hour and steam four or five.

For a good johnny-cake, take one cup of buttermilk, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, one egg, butter size of an egg, salt, and one-half teaspoonful of soda, a little flour and corn meal to make a little thicker than pancakes.

In the spring before strawberries ripen we make shortcakes of stewed pie plant. They are very nice.

I have tried Mrs. C. E. W. s drop cookies and found them nice. Also a layer molasses cake in a late number that was very good. I find many good things beside recipes in our paper. I liked Olive Raymond's "Talk with Brides," also Mrs. Whitehead's on "Husband-Lovers," in July number.

If we are afraid of doing or bearing too much, ere we are aware we will be doing too little. Life is too short to be spent in unkind words and deeds. We can find enough to regret when loved ones have passed away if we do our very best while living together. Bright smiles, kind words and loving deeds though they are but the little actions of our every day life, go a great way in making a happy home.

"Loving words will cost but little,
Journeying up the hill of life.
But they make the weak and weary
Stronger, braver for the strife.
Do you count them only trifles?
What to earth are sun and rain?
Never was a kind word wasted,
Never one was said in vain.
When the cares of life are many,
And its burdens heavy grow,
For the ones who walk beside you,
If you love them tell them so.
What you count of little value,
Has an almost magic power,
And beneath their cheering sunshine,
Hearts will blossom like a flower."

Several have wanted a recipe for pickled cabbage, we make it often, but as I have no regular recipe, am afraid it will be some like Mrs. Muggins's potato pud-

ding if I attempt to tell how. I shave it fine and pack in jars in layers with a sprinkling of salt, whole white mustard seed, and sugar between each layer, cover with cold vinegar then invert a plate on top with a weight on it. If your vinegar is strong there is not much danger of getting too much sugar in it. Good to use in two or three days.

We bake beans often, using a large lump of butter instead of pork, and find them very good.

Adelaide D. Newell, your molasses cake is splendid

Sour apples baked and eaten with sugar and cream are very nice. Remove the core before baking. F. E. B.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSE-KEEPER

Mosquito and fly netting may be washed, folded and stitched through to make dish cloths.

Before taking up a carpet it should be thoroughly swept. After it has been beaten sweep over it coarse corn meal and salt, or wipe it off with a sponge moistened in ammonia and water.

For cleaning paint there are many good preparations. Common soap cautiously used will do, with plenty of elbow grease, but paint must be dried just as carefully as you dry table dishes.

Door mats, as a usual thing, should be large enough for the most extraordinary development of the pedal extremities. Economy in a door mat is frequently overcome by extravagance in the consumption of the carpet.

A useful mixture to clean soiled clothes is made of glycerine, alcohol, sulphuric ether and Castile soap, each half an ounce, and enough warm water to make a quart. Scrape or grate the soap and dissolve it first, then as the water cools, add the other things. Keep in a well corked bottle.

To wash lamp chimneys so they will not crack, place the chimneys in cold water, and then gradually heat until the boiling point is reached, then allow them to cool slowly. By repeating this operation several times the glass will become thoroughly annealed, and no fear of cracking need be had.

A convenient article for the kitchen is a stout tin box in which may be kept the stove polish, brushes and cloths used about the stove. It should have a handle and a cover. It will pay for itself over and over in lessening the cleaning of the shelf upon which brushes and blacking are usually kept, and it will be found also that more attention will be given to the stoves where the necessary means are so easily carried about from room to room.

There are numerous reasons why the housewife should keep an account book. It would furnish interesting and valuable information about the affairs of the family. How many housekeepers know anything definite about the quantities of flour, sugar, etc., that are yearly consumed? Such accounts would enable us to detect little leaks, and at the same time suggest where economies may be beneficially introduced, as well as furnish a basis for calculating the requirements of the coming year. A housekeeper's account book is a startling revealer of facts.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Annie B. wishes for some way to remove lice from birds. I have tried various remedies, but I have never found anything so sure and harmless as to set a saucer of water under the bird's perch at night. In the morning the surface of the water will be covered with the little red lice. Continue to set the saucer of water under the perch until no lice are seen in the morning.

If Emily E. will wash her wooden bowl like any other dish, wipe it on the dish towel, and set it away without drying, she will have no trouble with its cracking.

Silver ware may be kept bright by putting away in unbleached cotton flannel bags in which are a few pieces of camphor gum. The bleached cotton should never be used as the sulphur used in the bleaching turns the silver dark. The best way to keep silver bright is to use it every day and wash it often.

Few people know how vastly all kinds of vegetables are improved by a little sugar with the seasoning. A bit of allspice in the stuffing is an improvement.

Scalloped oysters are nicer if the oysters are chopped a little, and the crackers broken into small pieces instead of being chopped or rolled.

If you have baked potatoes left from any meal, peel them while they are warm and they will be as good as cold boiled potatoes. A good way to use them is to stew them in milk, stirring and mashing often till the whole is smooth and thick as thick cream. Season with salt and a bit of butter, cover with a layer of grated bread plentifully strewn with bits of butter, and bake about twenty minutes or until it is a nice brown. One day I stirred in a cup of cold baked salmon-trout before I put on the bread crumbs, and served it with toasted bread dipped in the gravy I had left from the dinner of baked fish. The last scraps of a roast chicken or turkey are nice if used in this way. Scrape the meat all off the bones, add a little of the stuffing to the meat and chop fine. Season with salt, pepper, sage, cloves and allspice. Warm in the cold turkey gravy.

Small pieces of bread not nice for toast I dry in the oven and then when I want a thickening for gravy I grate a piece of bread instead of using flour. There is no danger then of those unsightly lumps of flour. A nice gravy for a baked fowl is made by stewing half a cup of bread crumbs in a pint of milk, adding the drippings and seasoning. KAY EFFE.

TOMATO SYRUP.

I intended sending a recipe for making tomato syrup last summer, but a press of housework interfered with this and other plans of a like nature. However, I send it now upon the principle of better late than never, and the hope that our indulgent editor may find room for it in THE HOUSEHOLD before the tomato season comes round again. I will say here that we first used this syrup one time after making preserves of the yellow, plum-shaped tomatoes, when the preserves were put in a jar a pint of the syrup was left over, which was put on the supper table, and was so much liked by all the members of the family that we resolved to make more of it. This syrup was of a beautiful amber color and of the consistency of strained honey. We made at intervals, as the tomatoes ripened, as much as half a gallon at a time, until we had three gallons of it. It was put up in air tight, quart, glass jars. It was much admired and evidently greatly liked by visitors. It was good eaten with warm bread of any kind, but was especially good when eaten with hot buckwheat cakes. We made it several ways, of different kinds of tomatoes, and sometimes strained the seed from the juice, but the recipe given below is undoubtedly the best, and the only way we make it now.

Take firm, yellow tomatoes, not over ripe—if still a little green about the stem all the better. We prefer the plum or pear-shaped variety, because the flavor is more delicate. Scald, peel, and cut, and weigh them, to every pound allow a pound of white sugar. They can be

cooked in a porcelain kettle, or in a tin pan. Put a layer of tomatoes in the kettle and sprinkle a layer of sugar over them, until the fruit is all in, set the kettle on the stove, and let them boil moderately for three hours. When done, with a perforated ladle, remove the tomato pulp. If there is any objection to the seed, run the syrup through a fine sieve. The seeds are not objected to by us. This syrup is so delicious and so easily made, that I sincerely hope some of the sisters will try it and report.

This recipe may be in some respects, similar to that for making tomato honey, but I have never seen either the recipe or the honey.

UHLMA.

Riverside, W. Va.

WASTE IN THE KITCHEN.

Waste in the kitchen is often very great from apparently trivial sources.

In cooking meats the water is thrown out without removing the grease, or the grease from the dripping-pan is thrown away.

Scraps of meat are thrown away.

Cold potatoes are left to sour and spoil. Dried fruits are not looked after and become wormy.

Vinegar and sauce are left standing in tin.

Apples are left to decay for want of "sorting over."

The tea cannister is left open.

Victuals are left exposed to be eaten by mice.

Bones of meat and the carcass of turkeys are thrown away, when they could be used in making good soups.

Sugar, tea, coffee, and rice are carelessly spilled in the handling.

Soap is left to dissolve and waste in the water.

Dish towels are used for dish cloths.

Napkins are used for dish towels.

Towels are used for holders.

Brooms and mops are not hung up.

More coal is burned than necessary by not arranging dampers when not using the fire.

Lights are left burning when not used.

Tin dishes are not properly cleansed and dried.

Good new brooms are used in scrubbing kitchen floors.

Silver spoons are used in scraping kettle.

Cream is left to mold and spoil.

Mustard is left to spoil in the cruse, etc.

Vinegar is left to stand until the tin vessel becomes corroded and spoiled.

Pickles become spoiled by the leaking out or evaporation of the vinegar.

Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding.

Hams become tainted or filled with vermin for want of care.

Cheese molds and is eaten by mice and vermin.

Tea and coffee pots are injured on the stove.

Woodenware is unscalded and left to warp and crack.

COOKING EVAPORATED FRUIT.

All evaporated fruit should be washed as quickly as possible to avoid losing any of the acid, then put to soak in tepid water in the proportion of two cups of fruit pressed in and rounded to five cups of water. Peaches and plums must soak over night, as for other fruit, cook in the same water in which it was soaked. If you pour off the water and put on fresh, your fruit will be insipid, because you have thrown away the best part of it. Cook the fruit in a porcelain kettle, cover lightly and stew gently, without stirring until well done, add sugar to taste, shake the kettle a little but don't put a spoon into it, cook fifteen minutes longer un-

covered, set off to cool with a piece of mosquito net thrown over the top.

In cooking evaporated apples, if you want them extra nice, cook as directed above. When about half done add a few slices of lemon, cover closely and stew gently until the apples are soft, then add one teaspoonful of granulated sugar, put it lightly and evenly over the fruit, but don't stir it as the slices must remain unbroken. Stew half an hour longer uncovered, sprinkle a tablespoonful of sugar over the top, and set off to cool, covered with mosquito net.

For those who do not like the apple so rich, omit the lemon and add less sugar. When set off to cool grate a little nutmeg over the top.

A CHEAP HARD SOAP.

Many housekeepers in the country know how difficult it is to obtain a good article of bar soap. The yellow soap sold at the stores cuts soft as cheese, and rubs away as easily, and unless the housewife buys a box of soap at a time, and piles it up in stacks in the attic or some dry place, the yearly record will show a goodly sum paid out for soap purchased by the bar. The following recipe will prove a desirable item of economy:

Four large bars of yellow soap, two pounds of sal-soda, three ounces of borax, and one ounce of liquid ammonia. Shave the soap in thin slices, and put it into eight quarts of soft water. Rain water is best. When the soap is nearly dissolved, add the borax and sal-soda, and stir till all is melted. Pour it into a large tub or a shallow pan; when nearly cool add the ammonia slowly, mixing it well. Let it stand a day or two, then cut it into cakes or bars and dry in a warm place. No better soap can be made to wash white clothes, calicoes and flannels, and it is excellent for all household purposes. It costs but three cents per pound and is made in less than half an hour. This recipe has been sold for five dollars, and will be of service to every family.—*Hearth and Home*.

HOW SUGAR IS MADE WHITE.

The way in which sugar is made perfectly white, it is said, was found out in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay mud puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar house. It was observed by some one that wherever the tracks were, the sugar was whitened. This led to some experiments. The result was, the wet clay came to be used in refining sugar. It is used in this way. The sugar is put into earthen jars, shaped as you see the sugar-loaves are. The large ends are upwards. The smaller ends have a hole in them. The jar is filled with sugar the clay put over the top and kept wet. The moisture goes down through the sugar, and drops from the hole in the small end of the jar. This makes the sugar perfectly white.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am reminded by the "blue cross" that I have received each month during the past year a wedding gift which I prize very highly, and for which I have not thanked the giver. Now that I have had this valuable paper in my home a year, I cannot think of living without it, and I wish I could tell some of the sisters just how much they have helped me in my first year's experience as a housekeeper. I left my old home in Ohio, and came to Nebraska the first week in July, and having been writing for two or three years, housework was something of a trial, and THE HOUSEHOLD was a welcome friend, not that I had never been taught to do work, but I had forgotten many things and did not

like to ask strangers. We do not live on a farm but in a town on the Union Pacific Railroad, and my John is a physician.

I wish I could give the brides of this year some hints that would help them as much as those of the older sisters did me, but I presume many of them are already wiser than I am, so I will not attempt much.

I have been much interested in the letters from other states, and when I look out and see the snow flying and the wind blowing—almost a blizzard—I cannot help thinking of Loraine in her Florida home and how much I would like to be there and see it all—the home, the lake, the violets—and I would not object to even the garden where the tomatoes and beans grow, provided I be allowed to judge of their excellent qualities.

I agree with you, Nelly Brown, in regard to having our kitchens look cosy and homelike, with all the little conveniences we have room for, and, like Mary Ann, I have a weakness for drawers, shelves, closets, etc., but we do not all get things we like if we do wish for them.

I must not stay too long the first time, and although I have often wondered why the sisters send so many cake recipes, I will send one or two which I know to be good.

Silver Cake.—One and one-half cups of white sugar, one-half cup each of butter, milk and corn-starch, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar sifted in the flour, and one-half teaspoonful of soda in a little of the milk, (or if baking powder is preferred, two teaspoonfuls.) Beat thoroughly and add the whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth.

The above makes a nice gold cake using yolks instead of whites.

French Cake.—Two cups of sugar, two-thirds cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, four eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, nearly four cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, or one teaspoonful of soda and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. This is very nice for a layer as well as for a loaf cake.

Lemon Pie.—Beat the yolks of two eggs with one cup of sugar, add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour, beat again, then add one cup of hot water. Grate into a cup the yellow rind of one lemon and add this with the juice to the above. Beat the whites of the eggs with one tablespoonful of sugar, spread over the pie when done and set in the oven to slightly brown.

I hope if any of the sisters try my recipes they will succeed with them as well as I do.

I used Newcomer's (Rhode Island) recipe for sweet pickle, in a late number, and I was delighted with it.

MRS. C. B. HART.

Humphrey, Nebraska.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For nearly three years I have been one of the privileged 75,000, the first year through the kindness of Mr. Crowell, as one of the brides, and when the blue cross warned me that

I was no longer considered a bride, THE HOUSEHOLD had become so necessary to our comfort, that I have never felt I could afford to do without it, for I, like many of the brides, became the homekeeper without having had much experience. So far, I have been one of the silent but attentive members. Often the sisters have asked questions that I felt I could answer, but I lacked the courage to do so.

Having been benefited so often and inspired with new hope to try again after a failure, I have determined to try to assist some of my dear sisters, who may be as inexperienced as myself.

Queenie asks for tomato soup. Here is mine which we think very nice, and it

is quite economical, too, also for corn pop-overs which never fail to pop:

Tomato Soup.—One can of tomatoes boiled twenty minutes in one quart of water, a small onion sliced and fried brown in butter, add to tomatoes and boil fifteen minutes longer, one and one-half pints of scalded milk, rub one tablespoonful of butter into two tablespoonfuls of flour, add to the milk, stir a little piece of soda into the tomatoes, strain them into the milk, season with pepper and salt and serve. The soda is to prevent the acid of the tomatoes from curdling the milk.

Corn Pop-overs.—Boil one pint of milk, stir in one heaping cup of corn meal, a piece of butter the size of a good large walnut, a pinch of salt, when cold add three eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately. Bake twenty or thirty minutes in irons which should be hot and well greased.

Lila S., like you I wish for more contributors to The Mothers' Chair, as I am often at a loss how to manage my baby girl, nearly a year old. I would not advise putting baby into short clothes, even if he is old enough, until April, it is such a great change for the little legs and feet even in warm weather.

John and I are very anxious to move to the country and try farming, but are discouraged on every side. John's health is not very good and we both feel that the open air life of the country would be so beneficial. If any of the dear sisters who with their Johns were born and brought up in the city, have tried the experiment of turning farmers, will they give me their opinion? Are the difficulties insurmountable? MRS. W. K. C.

Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—If I can add a mite to our interesting paper I shall be pleased to do so.

V. Nora Kingsbury, here is my recipe for pumpkin pie: Stew pumpkin until it is soft in just enough water to cook. Mash and let the water dry away, stirring often to prevent burning. To a well beaten egg add one-half cup of sugar, two heaping tablespoonfuls of pumpkin, one-half pint of rich milk, part cream is better, and a little salt. Season with cinnamon or nutmeg and stir well.

If your stove will persist in remaining red, although you brush hard to make it black, dissolve the blacking in borax water or strong soap suds and it will remain on the stove, instead of whirling through the room.

To the sister who wants a cheap lambrequin, I would say get cheap toweling long enough to reach round your shelf. Turn the upper edge in so the red line will not show, and make a fringe on the lower edge by drawing out the threads lengthwise. The fringe should be about eight inches deep. About three inches from the top draw out enough threads for room to draw a ribbon through. I used ribbons that were once ties to a bonnet, and made a nice bow in the center. With Saxony yarn the color of the ribbon make a feather-stitch edge at the top and bottom.

Muggins Fletcher, here is my hand for genuine sympathy, such as only one in the same trouble can have. Yes, by all means let us hear from the good housekeepers on this subject, and when helping, bear in mind that many of the sisters, myself included, are "sole monarchs" of the housework from cellar steps to parlor decorations, besides tending to the poultry and helping in the garden.

I will finish by giving you a recipe for cheap cream cake. One cup each of sugar and sweet milk, one tablespoonful of butter, two cups of flour, and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder; flavor to taste. Bake in three tins.

Cream.—Beat one egg and one-half cup

of sugar together, add one-half cup of flour wet with a very little milk, stir this in one-half pint of boiling milk until thick; flavor and spread when cold.

ZOE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—While reading THE HOUSEHOLD my husband asked me why I did not write to describe my salad dressing. I think he was laughing at me, but as it may be new to some of the Band, and is very nice not only for lettuce, but for asparagus, spinach or sliced, raw tomatoes, I will send it.

For a family of four, take the yolk of one egg, beat it with a silver fork until thick, then add, mixing thoroughly, half a teaspoonful each of salt, white pepper and (if liked) mustard, then add, a little at a time, a tablespoonful of good olive oil, and a teaspoonful of vinegar, continuing to add oil and vinegar until you have as much dressing as you wish. If your vinegar is not very strong add the juice of a lemon. Lastly add the white of the egg beaten to a stiff froth. The secret of a smooth, thick sauce lies in beating every ingredient in thoroughly as added.

My neighbor next door wished me to describe her manner of washing clothes with kerosene. I can say that they are very white and sweet always. The clothes must be put into a tub of cold water, the badly soiled places being rubbed with soap. The next morning fill the boiler half full of clear water, and cut up a bar of soap into water enough to dissolve it. While waiting wring out the clothes, and when the water is boiling and the soap dissolved, add to the soap five tablespoonfuls of kerosene, pour into the boiler and at once put your clothes in. Let them boil about half an hour, then wring them out, rinse through several waters, two or three, and blue. They will need no rubbing.

Before closing I must say how much I enjoy THE HOUSEHOLD which was a Christmas gift from a kind sister-in-law.

Santa Cruz, Cal.

D.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—If Mrs. C. W. B. will try a damp flannel cloth and some whiting for lime stains on glass ware, she will be surprised to find how new the dishes will look, also for porcelain or china that has become tea stained or discolored from careless washing there is nothing so good. A little ammonia may be added for very stubborn cases, but usually a vigorous rubbing with damp whiting alone will be sufficient.

I send a recipe for nut cake to Clara. I have never used it for a loaf, but baked in gem tins, there is nothing finer we think. Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup each of sour cream and English walnut or hickory nut meats broken into small pieces, three eggs, and one teaspoonful of soda. Bake in a quick oven.

AUNT LAURA.

Ashton, Dak.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—The slight difference of opinion among your gentle contributors with reference to the value of the letters of the opposite sex, has amused me somewhat. I have read your letter department with much interest, for several years, and the phases of character therein displayed, have been like the changeable days of that time. Between the lines I have seen hearts as sunny as a day in June and hearts as squally as a day in March, and hearts of every phase between these two extremes.

In my life I have noticed there is one marked difference between the habits of man and woman. What I throw down my wife always hangs up. That is, that used to be the way before I began to show the advantages of training under a woman of quality. I mistrust this common difference in habit of the sexes is the subject of more curtain lectures than any other. It seems to be the fruit of that earlier period which puts the boy astride the fence regardless of consequences to clothes, while his sister takes most comfort in a neat costume in the parlor. We begin life slightly different in tastes, and many of

us sail through life with a decided difference of opinion.

It has been said that man started in this world the most garrulous, but that woman stole nine of these ten talents away from him and is now the symbol of garrulity. This looks to me like a slander upon womankind. When I was a smoker, I was something less of a talker than I am now. A pipe or a cigar is quite an impediment to speech. Many years ago I parted with my last cigar, and since then I think I have increased my speech.

The tobacco habit is too prevalent and made altogether too respectable. When I visit a house and smell the fumes of tobacco, I always feel a keen sympathy for his wife. The snuff chewing and snuff taking woman is a match for this monster, but she can't be as respectable, in the eyes of her own sex, as this tobacco slobbering husband. A tobacco chewing man will most always try to excuse the snuff habit of his wife to a male friend and assures him "it is unfortunate, but she is careful and neat." The woman makes no excuses of her husband's habit or excuses for it. She has taken him for better or worse; and if it is for the worst she makes the best of it. It is curious that the tobacco habit is so eminently respectable in one form, and so emphatically disgusting in another. This is where ideals are out of joint—propriety looks with one eye approvingly and the other eye disgustfully upon this one fault. Justin says, "The tobacco habit is filthy whether indulged in by man or woman."

Meddlesomeness is an explosive force in domestic life. It is almost as natural to man as the moustache, and is not an uncommon fault among women. The wife is in the home like the captain on board ship, has the helm, and directs the affairs of life there. This does not hinder the husband from rendering valuable assistance. The husband is master of the business affairs and this does not debar the wife from offering wise counsel. A recognition of these truths and loyalty to them makes a home worth having. But some men in the house are no more nor less than domestic Jonah's, and their meddlesomeness and petty tyranny create a perpetual storm. Some wives by their constant interference become virtual Delilahs, and succeed in depriving their husbands of their strength.

Of course none of these things can be true of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, but if this letter should fall beneath the eye of a guilty man or woman, its suggestions may be of use to them.

RICHARD.

HOUSEHOLD FRIENDS:—It is my pleasure to inform you of the "going home" of one of our trusty members.

Dear Miss Newcomb (Hans Dorcomb) has left all that on earth she appreciated, while now her soul rejoices in the restful waiting for the great, glad day of the faithful.

I rejoice to tell you that the aged one has gone beyond her trial here, and that she had earnestly desired the Father's call, although very patiently biding His time—and not only that, but, meanwhile, she diligently comforted others with the comfort wherewithal she herself was comforted. Her faith, and her human sympathy, were ever present qualities. Her years were far past eighty, while almost all her life she had been so deaf as to be deprived of the sweet sounds of earth, and she could hear only by artificial aid the voices of her friends. Nevermore shall her ears be closed!

Miss Newcomb departed early in the month of March. (Many of you will know why it was impossible to acquaint THE HOUSEHOLD any sooner than this date with the information.) She had taken much pleasure in letter-writing, as well as in reading, but had been unable for years to leave her room. Her only sister, Mrs. Holland, joins me in saying that THE HOUSEHOLD added very much to her happiness for the past several years. She was very feeble in body, but her mind retained its faculties remarkably until the last hour—when she "passed painlessly away." She had never suffered great pain and constantly thanked God for his mercy in this respect. With many of her correspondents she was obliged of late, to lay down her pen. Riverside was among her first unseen friends. To the former, I owe gratitude, in having known the dear old lady, for I cannot tell her, nor any of you, how much blessing has come to me from the shining Christian example of my late, aged friend. In a somewhat singular way it came about that Miss Newcomb recognized herself and me as "almost related to one another." I cannot explain here, but the knowledge to my friend strengthened her feeling towards me so as to endear myself to her very tenderly. My last letter from her was written five weeks before her departure, and she made apologies for her feeble chirography, while many, indeed, might seek to emulate her usual writing, or at least, her faithfulness to epistolary duties, which she considered binding so long as she could hold and guide the pen. Even in her last years she had published some good thoughts whereas her pen often formerly had been wielded in the cause of knowledge and of truth.

I had not heard from Miss Newcomb for quite a while, when her last letter came, but she had wanted my own letters not to cease. She

had long believed that the heavenward call would "soon come," and lived each day as though it were her last on earth. I am now reading book which she bequeathed with her love to me, and to which her sister added another volume, as one which also Miss Newcomb had well loved.

Mrs. Holland gave her sister's collection of books to the public library in the place where Miss Newcomb lived, and may they do all the good of which such works are capable.

I ask you all, to rejoice with me, in the blessedness of the soul "gone home," the home for which she so fervently had longed, and where she expected to meet many of her dearest ones gone before. Sincerely yours,

HAZEL WYLDE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As I have not seen any letters from this part of the world, thought I would join the Band, and thank the sisters for some of the pretty patterns I have tried. I am a beginner with THE HOUSEHOLD. I had never seen a copy until this summer, and think it splendid.

I live in the Indian Territory, and have little opportunity to see much in the way of literature. I am a Choctaw Indian, but civilized, have buried the tomahawk and smoke the pipe of peace.

I am very fond of fancy work, and especially knitting. Will Rose Malden try the Smilax Lace Pattern she gave? I have, and can't do any thing with it. Think she will find a mistake of one stitch in first row and a mistake in third row. Have tried Raised Leaf Lace, found it very pretty.

Will some one tell the best way to wash a point lace handkerchief?

EULEIKA.

Indian Territory.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been puzzling my brain for at least twenty minutes trying to think up some recipe to send as an excuse to write and say how much I enjoy all the letters, and in fact, every thing our good paper contains, with one exception, however, those dreadful knitting directions. I think the printers deserve credit for not making mistakes. As I cannot knit myself, I suppose that is the reason I do not appreciate them.

I really think I'll have to drop the recipe this time, and if this letter is not doomed to oblivion, may be I can think up something for my next. It will be sure to be something that can be cooked in a hurry, as most of our time here in southern California is spent in having a good time in other ways than staying in the house and cooking. We're never obliged to stay in any time during the year except just when it's raining, and that's not more on an average than half a dozen days in all, which are real picnics to the little folks, as then mamma must tell stories, make scrap books, etc. I have always lived here in southern California, where we never have any snow or ice, and the most delicate flowers grow out in the yard all the year round. It is a wonder to me how any one can enjoy life to live all the time where it is so cold.

This country is rapidly filling up, so many eastern people are coming in and making homes here. And as this year will connect us by railway with San Francisco and Los Angeles, we are rejoiced, as heretofore we have been obliged to depend upon steamers and stages, for our goods are beside the lovely Pacific.

Will some one kindly give me hints about the care of gold fish, that are kept in a glass globe?

Santa Barbara.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I wish you would let me have the cosiest corner in your "living room," for a little while, for I want a cabinet chat with A. E. Barrett, of the March HOUSEHOLD. Ah! here you are! walk right into this little room where my "beauties" are before me, and sit down. Well! my dear sister, you say in your letter, "My specimens are not arranged geologically," and yet you "have one or two good geological books." Now, my teacher once said to me, "I've been to see a fine cabinet to-day, but oh, dear, they were all tumbled up together."

In my own cabinet I have first the natural elements then the sulphides, chlorides, fluorides, oxides, with a separate place for my quartz specimens, including all my varieties such as crystallized, plain, rose, smoky, amethyst, agates, sard, jasper, flint, chalcedony, tiger eye, flexible sandstone, etc. Then next follows columbates, phosphates, carbonates, and finally the different silicates. Dana gives about the same arrangement. When I receive a new mineral that I do not recognize, and it is not always best to trust to labels sent, I test its weight, streak, etc., then look it up in Dana, and in it goes with its brothers and sisters. By testing weight, I mean its comparative weight with other minerals, and by streak, scratch the mineral with a harder substance, and the color of the powder made is the streak. It helps one also to know the scale of hardness.

1, Talc; 2, gypsum; 3, calcite; 4, fluorite; 5, apatite; 6, orthoclase; 7, quartz; 8, topaz or beryl; 9, corundum; 10, diamond.

Talc is easily picked to pieces. Gypsum can

be scratched by the finger nail. Calcite is very

easily scratched with a knife, and so on. Quartz scratches glass. I always keep on hand, on the top shelf out of the children's way, (you might wash your hands in it, but it would not do to taste,) a bottle of dilute hydrochloric acid commonly called muriatic acid. One part acid to four parts water, for testing the calcites or carbonates of lime. Try a drop on marble and watch the effect, it will always tell the tale.

Among the calcites are marble, crystallized, shell limestone, calcareous tufa, (petrified moss,) stalactites, stalagmites, dog tooth, nailhead and Iceland spars, etc. In my five drawers are arranged my fossils as near as I can according to ages, though nearly all of mine are silurian and carboniferous (coal plants.) I have one magnificent tall of a *paradoxides harlani*, (trilobite,) found only at Braintree, Mass., lying on the floor near my cabinet. One of the above drawers is filled with fossil woods, while in a sixth, I have a few Indian relics. I wish I had more. I only care for those of the stone age, except, perhaps, a perfect piece of pottery. All I have now are arrow heads, spear heads, bolas, hammer stones, celtis, chisels and one grooved axe. Can't some of the sisters write about theirs to "we, poor little collectors?"

A. E. Barrett, won't you write me? Many things spoken of in your cabinet have made my mouth water, sulphur crystals especially. I think by your description, your pictured rocks must be dendrite or the black oxide of manganese flowing in the cracks of the rocks in solution (the manganese in solution not the rocks) then the water evaporates leaving the manganese crystallized in those beautiful shapes like frost on the window. Moss agates are formed the same way. We have some fine dendrite or felsite and pinita in Hyde Park. Felsite and pinita look alike, but the former is the rock the latter the mineral.

And now, kind editor, please not be too hard on me, and think me too egotistical because this letter is bristling all over with "I's." Let my great interest in the subject, be my excuse for taking up so much valuable space, that might be filled much more worthily in a housekeeping sense.

FRANK E.

Box 207, Hyde Park, Mass.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

TO PICKLE CUCUMBERS.—M. Ettie McL., Colby, Kan., asks in the April HOUSEHOLD, if green cucumbers just from the vines can be put down in vinegar so as to keep for winter. Mine are so good that I venture to send the recipe for making them. It may appear to require too much trouble, but it is worth trying. I choose small sized fresh cucumbers from three to four inches long. Larger ones taste quite as well but are not so convenient for the table. I find a hundred sufficient with the vinegar to comfortably fill a five-gallon jar. I make a weak brine of fine salt and water. It should be but very little too salt to be palatable. Let it come to a boil and pour it scalding hot over the cucumbers in the jar which should be covered with it. Do this in the morning, and repeat the process every morning for nine days, pouring off the cold brine just before pouring on the hot, and never using the same twice. On the tenth morning have ready enough vinegar to cover the pickles—about two gallons—put into it two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three or four bits of horse radish scraped and split to the size of your little finger, and a small, thin cloth bag of various spices to taste. I use cloves and allspice, but no pepper. If the bag is tightly tied ground spices may be used. As soon as the vinegar with these ingredients in it has boiled four or five minutes, pour all over the pickles from which all brine has been drained. In twenty-four hours they will do to use, and will grow better as long as they last. The horse-radish prevents mould. I take pains to get good cider or home-made vinegar, as much of that sold is not fit for a human stomach, being made of some corrosive acid. Good vinegar will show some color. Do not buy the clear stuff that is almost as colorless as water, and feels like a live coal after it is swallowed. If my vinegar is very strong I add a little water, as I think vinegar pickles none too wholesome at the best, although made as above they are as little hurtful as pickles can be. In pouring hot brine or vinegar over your pickles, do it slowly or the jar may crack. Never use tin, iron, brass or copper in making or keeping pickles. I scald my brine and vinegar in a new granite-ware pan, and keep the pickles in a glazed earthen-ware jar.

ONE OF THE ELDER SISTERS.

Astoria, Oregon.

GOOD BREAD.—One pint of new milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, and one-half of a compressed yeast cake; mix at night just flour enough to knead, let it rise, and in the morning knead until it will not adhere to your hands or board. Bake just one hour. This makes one loaf.

TEA CAKES.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, and one teaspoonful of soda; flavor and mix to roll, cut out like cookies and bake quickly,

DOUGHNUTS.—One cup each of sugar and sweet milk, one egg, three teaspoonsful of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt and nutmeg to taste.

JOHNNYCAKE.—One cup of sweet milk, one egg, six tablespoonsfuls of Indian meal, three tablespoonsfuls each of rye meal and sugar, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, two-thirds teaspoonful of soda and a little salt.

Monson, Mass. MRS. DR. F. W. BANCROFT.

GRAHAM BREAD.—One pint of sweet milk, one-half cup of molasses or sugar, one teaspoonful each of saleratus and salt. Mix thin enough to pour. Bake in a moderate oven two hours. More or less sugar may be used.

TEA BISCUIT.—Make a nice soda or cream biscuit. Roll out half as thick as for common biscuit, spread with three or four spoonfuls of melted butter, and sprinkle in one-half cup of sugar, roll as compactly as roll jelly cake, cut your roll off into inch thick slices, lay flat on your tins and bake. Nice cold.

MRS. BERT COE.

PATTY-PAN CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two tablespoonsfuls of butter, stir well, add two beaten eggs, four tablespoonsfuls of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one half teaspoonful of soda, and one cup of flour; flavor to taste. Try this.

DOT.

RHUBARB PIE (ONE CRUST).—One cup of stewed rhubarb juice, one and one-half crackers rolled fine, one cup of sugar, one egg, and one teaspoonful of extract of lemon. I have given the above as it was given to me, but I use one large tablespoonful of corn starch in place of the crackers. It is less work and I like it better. My family like it as well as lemon pie.

RAILROAD PUDDING.—One cup each of sweet milk, molasses, chopped suet and chopped raisins, one tablespoonful of vinegar, and one teaspoonful each of salt and soda, and flour to make quite stiff. Steam three hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

HERMIT COOKIES.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of currants, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a spoonful of milk, one teaspoonful each of cassia, cloves and nutmeg, and flour to stiffen. Roll out and sprinkle with sugar. The currants may be left out if desired. RETTA. Bellows Falls, Vt.

GOLD CAKE.—One-half cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, two and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, or two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, yolks of six eggs, and one teaspoonful of vanilla.

Boiled Icing.—Whites of four eggs, one pint of sugar melted in water and boiled to a clear, thick syrup, add to it the eggs and beat until cold.

Evansville, Ind. VAN.

CUSTARD PIE.—One quart of milk, four eggs, four tablespoonsfuls each of sugar and flour, flavor and salt to taste; bake without crust. It is very nice for we have tried it several times with success. Will some of the sisters please try it and report.

NAN.

ORANGE AMBROSIA.—Slice oranges and sprinkle with sugar. Let them stand for about an hour. Then take a glass dish and put a layer of oranges in the bottom, then cover with a layer of grated cocoanut, then a layer of oranges. Continue in this way until the dish is full, cocoanut on top. This is delicious.

DROPPED EGGS.—Have one quart of boiling water, and one tablespoonful of salt in a frying pan. Break the eggs one by one into a saucer and slide carefully into the salted water. Cook until the white is firm. Lift out with a griddle cake turner and place on buttered toast. Serve immediately.

DAISY ALLISON.

Connecticut.

CREAM CAKE.—One-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, two eggs well beaten, two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, and nearly two cups of flour. Bake in three layers. Take one cup of thick sweet cream, beat it with the egg beater until stiff, stir in one tablespoonful of sugar and a little nutmeg. When the cake is cold spread this between and on the top of the layers.

MARIE.

San Joaquin Co., Cal.

VINEGAR PIE.—The yolks of two eggs (three are better), one heaping tablespoonful of flour, one teacup of sugar, beat all together and add one cup of cold water and two tablespoonsfuls of vinegar; flavor with nutmeg. Bake with under crust, and frost it with the whites beaten with one tablespoonful of sugar for each egg.

CHERRY PIE.—One teacup of stoned and mashed ripe cherries, one teacup of sugar,

two tablespoonsfuls of water, and one tablespoonful of flour beaten with the yolks of two eggs; bake with one crust and frost the top.

DOUGHNUTS.—One teacup of sugar, one egg beaten, add one cup of water, four tablespoonsfuls of melted lard, one teaspoonful of baking powder and flour to mix; flavor with nutmeg.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.

Chatanooga, Tenn.

SPICE CAKE.—One cup each of molasses and sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful each of soda, nutmeg, cinnamon and cloves, and three cups of flour.

CORN BREAD.—One quart of sour milk, two teaspoonsfuls of saleratus, two eggs well beaten, one tablespoonful of brown sugar, butter the size of an egg, salt a little, and stir in meal until about the consistency of pound cake.

COM.

OMELET.—Beat thoroughly together the yolks of seven eggs, add a tablespoonful of flour rubbed smooth in one cup of milk, salt and pepper to taste, add a piece of butter as large as an English walnut, beat the white of the eggs to a stiff froth, pour the mixture into the froth, and without stirring pour into a hot buttered omelet pan or deep frying pan, cook on top of range about five minutes over a hot fire, then set pan and all into a hot oven and brown the top nicely, the omelet will be from two to three inches thick and light as foam.

RICE PUDDING.—One quart of milk, two-thirds of a cup of rice, one cup of sugar, one spoonful of cinnamon, and butter the size of an egg; bake in a deep earthen dish three hours, and stir frequently until the last half-hour.

NICE DOUGHNUTS.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, two-thirds of a cup of milk, one-third of a spoonful of saleratus, a little nutmeg flour enough to roll, and two-thirds of a spoonful of cream of tartar mixed thoroughly in the flour.

MOLLIE E. T.

Portland, Maine.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—One cup of tapioca soaked over night in water, put into a quart of cold milk in the morning, let it cook slowly over steam until soft, then take the yolks of three eggs and one whole one, beat with a cup of sugar and a little salt, stir into the milk when boiling hot and let it thicken but not boil. Beat the whites of the eggs with a spoonful of sugar and a little vanilla, and heap on top of the cream and set in the oven to brown.

MOCK MINCE PIE.—One cup each of cracker crumbs, molasses and sugar, one-half cup of vinegar, and one and one-half cups of water, one teaspoonful of all kinds of spice and butter the size of an egg; let it come to a light boil. This will make three pies.

PLAIN FRUIT CAKE.—One-half cup each of butter, sugar, molasses and milk, two and one-half cups of flour, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of soda, fruit and spice to taste.

MIRANDA.

A NICE WAY TO USE DRY BREAD.—Cut in slices and spread with butter, put into a deep dish, and pour in apple sauce enough to cover the bread, being sure it gets between the slices. Bake about an hour. Eat with cream and sugar.

TO POLISH TIN WARE.—First rub with a damp cloth, then take dry flour and rub on with the hands, afterwards rub the flour off with an old newspaper, and the tin will shine like new.

MRS. N. W. DEAN.

PORK CAKE.—To one teacup of fat salt pork chopped to a perfect mass, add one cup of boiling water, four and one-half cups of flour, one cup each of sugar and molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half pound of stoned raisins, and one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg.

NICE FRUIT CAKE.—Two eggs, one-half cup each of brown sugar, butter, molasses and sweet milk, one and one-half cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one pound of raisins cut fine, one-fourth pound of citron, and one-half a nutmeg. Almonds are nice added, or in place of the citron if one does not like it. This will keep a long time.

MRS. G. E. W.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Two tablespoonsfuls of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, two and one-half cups of flour, yolks of three eggs and the white of one, two moderate teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, nearly one-half cup of Baker's chocolate melted over the kettle, and one and one-half tablespoonsfuls of vanilla; bake in four layers or in a loaf. If in layers make an icing in the following way and put between the layers.

Icing.—Three-fourths of a pound of sugar, and one-half cup of water, boil till it strings like candy. While boiling beat the whites of

two eggs to a stiff froth, and when the sugar has boiled sufficiently pour it slowly into the beaten eggs, stirring all the while. Flavor with vanilla and stir until cool enough to put between the layers and on top.

POUND CAKE.—One and one-half cups of flour, one cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of eggs, and one-half teaspoonsful of baking powder; beat butter and flour to a cream, eggs and sugar very light, eggs alone first, then with sugar, then mix all together. Will some one please try these and report?

A. L. C. B.

BREAD PUDDING.—Take a quantity of stale bread and cover with milk, add a little salt and let it soak one and one-half hours, then bake about twenty minutes, or till browned on the top.

Sauce.—One egg and one-half cup of sugar beaten together; flavor to taste.

COM.

RULE FOR BREAD.—In looking over THE HOUSEHOLD, I find no rule for bread like mine. Boil three medium sized potatoes, when well done mash in the water, if there is not enough potato water, add clear water. I have no rule but a four quart pan not quite half full will make two loaves of bread and six or eight biscuits. Have ready in the pan a pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar, and lard about the size of a walnut. Turn the hot potato water over this so as to melt the lard, put in a teacup one-half cup of compressed yeast (small sized cake), with little cold water on it, when the mixture in the pan is milk warm, I add my yeast and flour, enough for a soft dough. This I mix in cool weather at tea time, and put it near the stove. At bed time I mould it hard, put in all the flour it will need, (I don't want it too hard,) and leave it to rise over night. In the morning it is nice and light. I then mould it into loaves before breakfast. By ten o'clock or earlier it is ready to bake. I have no rule for baking. If any of the ladies try this I would like to know what success they have. It is simple and we like it very much. I let mine get quite light before baking, but some would not like it so. One has to use her own judgment in regard to such things.

MRS. E. L. S.

MILK YEAST BREAD.—Into a two-quart tin pail put one pint each of new milk and hot water, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonsfuls of sugar, and flour enough to make a batter as thick as for griddle cakes. Stir well and set this pail in another, containing water enough to come half way up. The water should be just hot enough to bear the hand in. Cover tightly and set in a warm place to rise, keeping the water at the same temperature. Set to rise early in the morning. When the pail is nearly full, it ought to be in six or eight hours, add one-half teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little water, beat well and pour into a pan containing a little flour, add enough to make a stiff dough. No kneading is required. Place in two tins to rise. When well risen, bake in a quick oven, covering with brown paper at first. The tins must be very thoroughly greased or the bread will stick when done.

If the yeast becomes watery after standing awhile more flour must be stirred in. If it refuses to rise it can be used for griddle cakes by adding soda and flour to fry.

MANUELA.

Western Texas.

DARK WASHINGTON PIE.—One-half cup each of brown sugar, molasses and sour milk, one tablespoonsful of butter, two teaspoonsfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of all kinds of spice, and three eggs. Bake in three jelly cake tins. Take the whites for frosting. Make the frosting just so it won't run. Put between and on top.

MRS. L. S. B.

TO PICKLE CUCUMBERS.—If M. Ettie McL. will pick cucumbers from the vine, and put in salt water over night, in the morning heat vinegar, a few spice and add a little sugar, about two tablespoonsfuls to a quart of vinegar, take the cucumbers from the salt water, put in vinegar and scald not boil, have your glass cans ready, put the pickles in and pour over them the prepared vinegar, seal at once the same as fruit, and you will have pickles that will be just the same as if picked from the vines. It is best to select small ones.

POTATO SALAD.—Cook potatoes until done, mash well, add salt, pepper, one raw egg, a small piece of butter, one onion chopped fine, and vinegar to taste, beat all thoroughly, turn into a salad dish and slice three or four hard boiled eggs over it.

MRS. C. E. KELLER.

PORK CAKE.—Mrs. W. H. Murray will find this a perfect recipe which will keep a year. One pound of fat, salt pork chopped very fine, pour upon it one-half pint of boiling water, one pound of raisins, chopped, and seeded if you wish, two cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda stirred into the molasses, one egg, one-half nutmeg, one level teaspoonful each of allspice, cloves, and cinnamon, or you can vary the spice to suit yourself. Mix the in-

gredients all together at one fell stroke, then add flour to make a very thick batter. This quantity will make two large loaves which should be baked about an hour in a moderate but steady oven. Take a splint from your corn broom, insert it, and when the dough does not stick it is done.

CHARITY SNOW.

RYE MUFFINS.—Two cups each of rye meal, flour, and sour milk, two teaspoonsfuls of soda, one-half cup of molasses and a little salt. Bake in a quick oven in heated gem pans.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—Two coffee cups each of graham flour and white flour, a little salt, two-thirds of a teacup of molasses, two coffee cups of warm water and one-half a cup of yeast. Let it rise over night and bake all the muffins in the morning or half at supper time.

MRS. G. K. DENNETT.

W. Roxbury, Mass.

FRENCH CANDIES.—The white of one egg in a tumbler, mark just how high this comes, then empty it in a bowl and take the same amount of cold water, add this to the egg, mix well but do not beat, now add as much confectioner's sugar (twelve and one-half cents a pound) as it will take. Flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla. Here is your stock for all kinds of candies. Pulverized sugar can be used if you cannot procure confectioner's, though the latter is the nicer. Halve walnuts, roll a small ball of the stock and press half a walnut on each side. Roll almonds in a ball of stock, then roll in granulated sugar. It is nice to chop nuts and stir in while the mixture is very soft, then stir in sugar till stiff. Cocoanut used the same way is very nice. Of course any or all of these can be covered with chocolate. To make chocolate creams roll little balls of the stock, set away in a cool place to harden, and put some chocolate to melt by placing in a bowl over the boiling teakettle, when this is dissolved roll the balls in it, and take out very carefully with a fork and place on a buttered paper. Raisins and dates can be used by placing a ball of the stock in where the stones have been removed. Please report your success.

FRANK E.

Box 207, Hyde Park, Mass.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—There is a very nice salad dressing made with whipped cream. Can any of your numerous readers give the recipe? and oblige.

A READER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—Will some of the readers give a recipe for bluing, for clothes? and oblige.

A READER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—Will some one tell me through THE HOUSEHOLD how to get rid of red ants?

M. R.

Greenfield, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—Will some of the sisters skilled in the culinary art, offer some suggestions as to making and baking muffins, and frying doughnuts or fried cakes, and also give a recipe for the cake called angels' food?

L. P.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—How should pine needles or spruce branches be prepared for pillows?

MRS. W. C. TILDEN.

Birchardville, Susquehanna Co., Pa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—I think there is no remedy for Lida's looking glass, I think the sun has at some time shone upon it, or does now, and has melted the silver on the plate, as I have had a French plate injured that way. Have been a subscriber for three years.

FRANCES.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—Can any one tell me how I can get rust off from a steel ornament? While not in use, I laid it in a box which also contained a package of alum which finally spilled out and ruined the ornament. I have tried scouring, kerosene, and several other things.

RENA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—Can any of the sisters give me explicit directions for small fountain to be used in an aquarium eighteen by thirty-six inches? Can a fountain for that use be constructed by an amateur, and what would be the cost? The aquarium holds five good sized pailfuls.

LILLIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—Will some one please send to THE HOUSEHOLD a recipe for corn cake, using sour milk but no eggs?

A NEW HAND.

W. Roxbury, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—I will be greatly obliged if some one will inform me through THE HOUSEHOLD where can be found the free training school for servant girls spoken of in the October number.

SERVANT GIRL.

Massachusetts.

The Parlor.

THE HENCHMAN.

My lady walks her morning round,
My lady's page her fleet greyhound,
My lady's hair the fond winds stir
And all the birds make songs for her.

Her thrushes sing in Rathburn bowers,
And Rathburn side is gay with flowers;
But ne'er like hers in flower or bird
Was beauty seen or music heard.

The distance of the stars is hers;
The least of all her worshippers,
The dust beneath her dainty heel—
She knows not that I see or feel.

O proud and calm! she cannot know
Where'er she goes with her I go.
O cold and fair! she cannot guess
I kneel to share her hound's caress!

Gay knights beside her hunt and hawk;
I rob their ears of her sweet talk,
Her suitors come from east and west;
I steal her smiles from every guest.

Unheard of her, in loving words
I greet her with the song of birds;
I reach her with her green-armed bowers,
I kiss her with the lips of flowers.

The hound and I are on her trail;
The wind and I uplift her veil.
As if the calm, cold moon she were,
And I the tide, I follow her.

As unrebuked as they, I share
The license of the sun and air,
And in a common homage hide
My worship from her scorn and pride.

Nor look nor sign betrayeth me;
I serve her in my low degree,
Content in humble ways to prove
He serveth well who serves for love.

And still to her my service brings
The reverence due to holy things;
Her maiden pride, her haughty name,
My dumb devotion shall not shame.

—J. G. Whittier.

TOM'S BONANZA.

BY FLORENCE B. HOLLOWELL.

OLD Mason Foreman had been warned so often of the folly of keeping large sums of money in the house, and the risk he ran by so doing of being murdered, that very little surprise was expressed when it was learned one June morning that he had been robbed the previous night, and beaten within an inch of his life. Every one had the great satisfaction of saying, "Just what I expected," and no one felt very sorry for old Mason.

But the old man felt very sorry for himself. He owned a great deal of property, and had more money than he knew exactly how to use, but, nevertheless, he didn't like to lose any of it. And the robber had taken not only a large sum of money, but many articles of value as well. In fact, he had completely cleared out the safe.

But old Mason was more angry at having been beaten than he was over the loss of his property, and declared he would find his assailant and have him punished if it took every cent he possessed. The day after the robbery, big placards were posted up all over town, stating that a reward of one thousand dollars would be paid for the arrest of the robber, and one thousand more for the return of what he had stolen.

Telegraphic messages, too, were sent to a dozen different points, a detective came down from the city, and groups of men gathered on every street corner to discuss the all-absorbing topic of interest. No one thought of talking of any thing else, and even the picnic to be held in Grover's woods was cast into the shade.

But when two days passed without any trace of the thief having been found, the excitement died away, and the subject of the picnic received the attention it deserved.

A picnic was a form of amusement very much liked by the people of Bayscott, and, of course, every one in town expected to attend the one to be held in Grover's woods—every one except Tom

Ketcham, who did not feel at all in the mood for gayety of any sort, having on the morning of the eventful day been told by his father that he would have to give up all idea of going to college, and must accept the position which had been offered him in Hamer's hardware store.

Tom tried to bear it like a man, for he knew his father would not have asked him to give up his contemplated course at college, had it not been necessary; but it was very hard, and he felt sure he s'ould not like it at all in Hamer's store.

He sat down on a rustic seat in his father's yard, and watched the people as they went by on their way to the picnic grounds, and so heavy was his own heart that it made him feel a little bitter and resentful when he saw how happy and care free every one else seemed to be.

"You'd better go with us, Tom," said his mother, coming out of the house with a big basket on her arm, and closely followed by her three little daughters. "We're sure to have a good time."

"I don't care to go," returned Tom, "I never liked picnics very well anyhow."

"Then perhaps you won't mind going over to Aunt Aurelia's for me? I want her to come to wash next Monday. You needn't go now—any time to-day will do."

"I might as well go now and then it will be off my mind," said Tom, as he followed his mother into the street. "I'll go across lots—it's shorter than going by way of the picnic grounds."

In the middle of the first field he had to cross, was a large barn on the door of which was tacked one of the placards about the robbery. Tom stopped to read it, though he knew it by heart, already.

"Two thousand dollars!" he muttered.

"That's a lot of money. Enough to pay my way through college. But I don't believe the robber will ever be found. He's had time to get a good ways from Bayscott. Old Mason can whistle for what he lost—he'll never see it again."

Aunt Aurelia was an old negro woman known by every one in Bayscott, and the cabin in which she lived with her two grandchildren, was not far from the edge of Grover's woods, and Tom had to go through the woods to reach it; but he was careful to steer clear of that portion which had been chosen as a picnic ground.

"I'll be glad ter come ter wash, honey," said Aunt Aurelia, when Tom had delivered his mother's message. "I'se in need ob all de-money I kin make now. I don't spise any kin' ob work dat's honest."

"What's the matter?" asked Tom. "Have you lost your cow?"

"No, honey, I ain't los' her, but she's gwine dry, an' I'se hab ter gib up de mos' ob my customers. Time was when dat cow gib all de milk I wanted, but now she's bery onsartin. Some nights she gib right smart, but I don't get nuff fo' de chillun mawnin's, let alone sellin' any."

"How long has she been that way?" asked Tom.

"On'y dese las' t'ree days; but in course she'll get wuss ebery day."

"Oh, no, she may only be a little under the weather. Feed her up, and she'll come out all right, I guess."

"I does feed her, honey, but it don't make no dif'rence. An' I'se been mighty upset 'bout boys breakin' inter my garden ob nights. Dey's done stole 'bout all my radishes."

"What boys are they?"

"I jes wisht I knowned, chile. I'd 'bout paralyze 'em if I done got my han's on 'em onct."

The woods looked so cool and inviting as Tom entered them on his way home that he sat down under the shade of a big oak tree to rest. Not far from him, and in plain sight from where he sat was an old cabin once inhabited by a brother of Aunt Aurelia, but long since abandoned and allowed to fall into decay. It was

built of logs, and had only one room and a loft, the roof leaked, and the flooring was almost falling to pieces, but it still served as a play-house for Aunt Aurelia's grandchildren, and Tom had often taken shelter there from a sudden storm. As he sat musing on the unkindness of fate in obliging him to accept a clerkship in Hamer's store, he saw two boys carrying baskets stop at the door of the old cabin.

"This is just the place to leave 'em," said the taller of the two. "It's so far off nobody'll think of coming here."

"Oh, they'll be safe here, that's sure," said his companion, "and we won't be gone long. Just set 'em inside and shut the door."

The baskets were deposited in the cabin and the boys went off in the direction of the river, bound for a swim.

They were absent about half an hour, and returned just as Tom rose to his feet with the intention of turning his steps toward home. But he paused as he heard an angry exclamation from one of the boys.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Matter enough," was the answer. "You've been helping yourself to our lunch."

Tom flushed hotly.

"No such thing" he said, "I havn't been near the cabin since you left."

"You can't make us believe that," was the angry rejoinder. "The baskets are nearly empty."

"All the same, I haven't been near them."

"Sorry we can't believe you," said the taller of the boys. "You ought to have your head punched. But since we can get some lunch from somebody else, we won't make a fuss about it," and taking up the baskets they walked away in the direction of the picnic grounds, talking to each other in an undertone.

Tom was very much vexed. It wasn't pleasant to be accused of pilfering, and he sat down again to think the matter over. There was a mystery about it which perplexed him greatly, for he was sure no one had entered the cabin during the time the baskets were in there. And yet they had been nearly emptied.

He came to the conclusion that some animal must be hiding in the cabin—perhaps a homeless dog or a wild cat, and he resolved to find out.

With this purpose in view he hunted up a big stick and grasping it firmly in his right hand approached the cabin. Kneeling down by the chimney he put his eye to a crack that commanded a view of the whole interior. He fully expected to see an animal of some sort, but was disappointed; the cabin was empty. But as he rose to go away he heard something which made him start back with a low exclamation of surprise and amazement. It was not the cry of a dog or cat that thus startled him but a prolonged snore.

"A tramp!" thought Tom, "and he is asleep in the loft as sure as fate."

He softly opened the door of the cabin and went in, resolved to get a look at the fellow, at least.

The only entrance to the loft was through a hole in one corner, and the rude ladder which had been used as a stairway during the time the cabin had been occupied by Aunt Aurelia's brother, had fallen to pieces. But by putting his toes and fingers between the logs composing the sides of the cabin, Tom found it easy to raise himself quietly up until he commanded a view of the loft.

Sure enough, there lay a man sound asleep, his head resting on a bundle. Beside him, on a newspaper, were the remains of the lunch he had stolen, and not far away was a boot and a sock. Tom noticed that the man's left foot, which he could easily have touched, had he so chosen, without moving from his position,

was bandaged with a blood stained handkerchief, and some letters on one corner attracted his attention. He bent down to see what they were and read the name "Mason Foreman."

The agility with which Tom descended from the loft on making this discovery was simply marvelous. He knew now why Aunt Aurelia's cow had been giving so little milk lately, and where her radishes had gone. He was sure that by means of the milk and radishes, the man who had robbed Mr. Foreman had slaked his thirst and appeased his hunger.

Tom had always been accounted a good runner, and he made such excellent speed to Bayscott with his important piece of news that in less than an hour the thief was safely locked up in jail, and Mr. Foreman was rejoicing over the return to him of every thing he had lost.

"If it hadn't been for cutting my foot to the bone on a piece of slate, I'd never have been caught," said the thief to the warden of the jail. "But I couldn't walk and had to lie by in that old cabin. I crawled out every night and got a supper of milk and radishes. But for that I'd have starved."

Tom was the hero of the hour and the two thousand dollars awarded to him by Mr. Foreman paid his way through college. He used to say when telling the story of his adventure that he certainly struck a bonanza when he discovered that thief.

THE "OWER."

"Trix," said Bess, "why don't you write another letter to the *HOUSEHOLD* and tell the sisters how you fitted up the 'ower' last summer?"

Bess is my sister, and we with our mother and her sister, Aunt Bess, were spending the summer in a large, old-fashioned farm house, standing on a high bluff overlooking Vineyard Sound, with Cottage City in full view. We had been there about three weeks when we received a letter from our cousin Lou saying she wanted very much to come and spend a few weeks with us at "High Hill Farm." Of course we were very glad for Lou was a great favorite with us. It was an unexpected pleasure for she had gone to Newport with the intention of spending the season there.

"Let's go right down and ask Aunt Heppy (our jolly hostess) if she can accommodate her," said Bess.

On being interviewed Aunt Heppy replied, "Lor sakes children (she always called us children, though we were aged respectfully eighteen and twenty-one) I haven't a spare wash-bowl and pitcher—only cracked ones that won't hold water—to say nothing of a spare room and bed. The only unoccupied place in the whole house is the rough, unfinished garret, and the only way to get to it is through your room."

Alas! it was only too true for High Hill Farm was a favorite resort with fifteen others besides ourselves.

Seeing our disappointment Aunt Heppy said, "I s'pose I could get her lodged over to neighbor Smith's, but it would be quite a little step back and forth to her meals, and 'specially bad in stormy weather."

Just then she was called away to attend to some household duty, and we went back to our room where we sat down looking rather crestfallen. At last Bess said, "The only thing we can do is to write and tell her just how full every thing is here. Oh dear, how disappointed I am! Can't you think of some way might be managed?" looking at me, imploringly.

"I don't know Bess," said I, "anyway we won't write just yet but wait and 'think about it,' as Aunt Bess says. Let's

go up into the 'garret' and see how it looks."

It was large with plenty of huge beams and rafters and contained a lot of boxes of different sizes used for stowing away extra bedding. There was a broken mirror hung on the wall. Several dilapidated chairs, one a large rocker with one of the rockers broken, a flax wheel and on a shelf the cracked bowl and pitcher before alluded to.

"Well," said Bess, "what of it? You don't suppose Lou would think she could sleep in such a place even if there was a bed here which there isn't, and not even an old wash stand with three legs that could be propped up to hold the cracked bowl and pitcher," and she smiled a very forlorn smile.

"No, Bess, but I think I could sleep here even without the 'good bed,' and 'three-legged wash-stand.'" And I laughed outright at the look of astonishment depicted on her face as we went back to our room. "I think you may write to Lou and tell her to come."

"But Trix how will you do it? You won't sleep up there on a bundle of straw on the floor will you?"

"Oh no! I'll hang it up," and laughed again as I kissed her and ran down to the kitchen once more to have a few words with "Aunt Heppy."

"Why, yes, child, you can have the garret room if you want it, but how you are going to make it fit to sleep in without a bedstead and bed is more'n I can make out," said that agreeable old lady, when I had made my request known.

"Just wait and see," said I.

It was the fifth of the month and Lou would come on the fifteenth if all was well.

"Write the letter Bess and tell her to come if she doesn't object to sharing your room with you, and I will sleep in the garret during her stay," I said on my return. She complied with alacrity but with a puzzled look still on her face.

After the letter was written and sent to the office, I said, "Come, we will begin to furnish the garret, and will begin with the wash-bowl and pitcher if you will do me the favor to run up and bring them down while I prepare the cement to fill up the cracks with, so they will be as good as new."

I put about three tablespoonsful of water into a small dish, then stirred into it plaster of paris until it was of the consistency of cream. Then with the mucilage brush applied the mixture to the cracks. The pitcher was cracked across the bottom and half way up the side. When the crack was full I tied a string tight around the bottom to bring the edges closer together, wiped off the surplus mixture and set it away to harden. Then the bowl received the same treatment.

"And now for the stand to set them on when they are ready for use," said I. "We will go to the wood shed and get the box we brought our books in, but first I must find 'Johnnie Jump-up'." Of course Jump-up was not his real name, but a name we had given him because he jumped up so quickly when asked to do any thing. His real name was Johnnie Crocker. He was about twelve years old and the only son of one of the boarders, and "just the handiest boy for his years you ever saw," Aunt Heppy said. We had found him very "handy," and willing on several occasions, and did not hesitate to call on him now. As we came down the stairs he was standing at the open door, hat in hand just on the point of stepping out.

"Oh, Johnnie Jump-up!" cried Bess, "Trix wants you."

"At your service," said he with a merry smile and making me a low bow as I

stepped off the last stair and stood before him.

"Were you going to the village?" I asked.

"Yes, can I do any thing for you?"

"Yes, if not too much trouble, I would like you to do one or two errands for me." He signified his willingness and I said, "I want you to go to the carpenter's and get me eight plained laths. Then to the painter's and get a pint of black paint. Tell the man not to put in much oil for I want it to dry a dead black. I then gave him some money and he started off on the run.

We then got the box and I measured it. It was fifteen inches wide, twenty-two inches long and fifteen inches deep. "That is as far as we can go with that until Johnnie gets back. While he is gone we will put on our shade hats and go to the woods for some evergreens. We came back well laden with ground pine which we deposited on the floor in the garret. Johnnie had returned and was all expectation to know what more we wanted of him.

"Come out to the wood shed," said I. When there, I gave him the box and said, "please take this to pieces carefully as you can."

The boy was in his element, for he delighted to use tools. When it was all in pieces I said, "Now take the laths and saw them in lengths of twenty-eight inches each." He did so. "Now take the top of the box (which is to be the top of the stand) and four of the laths are for legs. Nail the ends to the edge of the board at the corners. Now measure from the top down the lath or legs sixteen inches, and now take the bottom of the box and put in there and nail the laths to that. You see it makes the stand stronger and also makes a place for the pitcher," I said, turning to Bess who had been watching the operation with sparkling eyes.

"I understand," said Bess, "a wash stand."

"Now, Johnnie, take the sides of the box and the other four laths and put them together in the same way."

"My center table, you see, Bess."

"Yes."

"They are to be ebonized with the black paint next." I said to Johnnie.

"Yes, Miss Trix, and I'll do it just as nice as I can."

For the next two or three days while the paint was dry Bess and I made several pilgrimages to the woods, always returning with our arms full of pine and cedar branches, and ground pine. The ground pine we covered the upright beams with, and also made festoons between the rafters of the same, and the branches we nailed to the walls until the old garret was a perfect wood bower.

We took one of the big boxes and covered it with cretonne to make a dressing case. Then the broken mirror. Originally it was eighteen inches wide and twenty-four inches long. A piece about twelve inches long and four inches at the widest place had been broken out of it. Aunt Heppy had said when I talked with her about fixing up the place, "Do anything you like with the old truck that is up there." So I had Johnnie take the old mirror to the glazier's and had the uneven side cut off even, so it was fourteen inches wide and twenty-four inches long. I then had a plain, flat frame four inches wide, made to fit it. This frame I covered with moss taken from old trees and fences. I began in the middle of the top end of the frame and put on moss that was nearly white, then on each side of that a very pale green, next a little deeper green and so on until all the different shades of green merged into the very deepest brown in the middle of the bottom end.

"Oh, Johnnie Jump-up!" cried Bess, "Trix wants you."

"At your service," said he with a merry smile and making me a low bow as I

Bess declared it was the prettiest piece of rusticity she ever saw. Then we hung it over the dressing case, and that part of the furnishing was complete.

When the paint was dry on the stands I decorated the legs with running vines and sprays of autumn leaves. The trailing arbutus, with its delicate pink flowers, and the clematis with its delicate white ones, made a fine show on the dead black.

On the top of the wash stand I spread a heavy damask towel with a very heavy fringe that overhung the ends. On the lower shelf I put another smaller one. The mended bowl and pitcher were brought and put on together with an old-fashioned china saucer for a soap dish, and a couple of quaint old goblets. A cover of gilt embossed, garnet canton flannel adorned the center table, and when my books, photograph album, and bric-a-brac were arranged on the top and on the shelf underneath, it looked very pretty indeed. The large rocking chair had been converted into an easy chair by sawing off the rockers entirely. A cushion was covered with the cretonne, and a fancy Turkish towel made a pretty tidy.

There was a window at each end of the room. These were curtained with cheese cloth drapery.

On awaking, the first thing that greeted my ears was, "Well, Trix, as this is the last time you expect to sleep in this bed for some weeks, will you have the goodness to tell me what you expect to sleep in to-night, for with all your ingenuity the bower still lacks a bed. Oh, Trix, to think you have overlooked the most important thing of all!"

Sly Bess, she thought she had me sure.

"Sweet Bessie," said I, "You are entirely mistaken. I shall sleep in my bower in a bed fit for a queen."

Nothing more was said then, and the morning passed pleasantly and quickly as we swung in our hammocks and read, or sang songs together. At a little before twelve o'clock Lou arrived and Bess entertained her with the doings of the last ten days. After she had changed her traveling suit for a cool muslin, she said:

"Now I'm ready to run up and see the bower, as you call it." She looked around with a pleased smile, and at last exclaimed! "A bower indeed, fit for a fairy queen. But—but, Trix, where will her majesty sleep? A couch seems to be the only thing needed to make the place complete."

At this Bess laughed and clapped her hands. "Oh, Trix, it's no use for you to deny it, you did forget the bed and you know it."

"Did I? Perhaps you will remember that I told you I would hang it up. But there is the dinner bell, so scat," and I clapped in hands, and three merry girls ran down to the dining room, where the chief topic of conversation at the dinner table, was Trix's bower and how she had overlooked the most important piece of furniture. I let them have their good natured laugh out, not at all disturbed. After a few minutes I said, "Johnnie Jump-up will you please inform the company what I told you when you asked me what those two stout hooks were for that I had you screw into the cross beams?"

"Oh, yes, you said they were to hang your bed on."

"Ladies," I said, (there were no gentlemen present,) "you see I did remember it. Johnnie," turning to him, "will you kindly do me the favor to go out into the orchard, unhook my hammock from the trees and take it up to the bower and hang it on the hooks there?"

There was a brief pause, and then such a peal of merry laughter as arose and

floated out of the open window and over the fields, Aunt Heppy said did her "soul good to hear."

"Trix," said Bess, "if I can get anybody to catch an owl, kill and stuff it, I'll present it to you to place on the beam at the head of your bed (?) emblematic of your wisdom."

And that is the way we fitted up the bower. The hammock was taken down and hung under the trees in pleasant weather, but every night it was carried to the garret, and the cool, salt breeze, as it floated through the open window loaded with the fragrant odor of the pine and cedar, lulled me with its health-giving breath to delightful, healthful sleep.

TRIXIE TRIPP.

A PIECE OF RED CALICO.

I was going into town the other morning, when my wife handed me a little piece of red calico, and asked me if I would have time during the day to buy her two yards and a half of calico like that. I assured her it would be no trouble at all; and putting the piece of calico in my pocket I took the train for the city.

At lunch time I stepped into a large dry goods store to attend to my wife's commission. I saw a well dressed man walking the floor between the counters, where long lines of girls were waiting on much longer lines of customers, and asked him where I could see some red calico.

"This way, sir," and he led me up the long store. "Miss Stone," said he to a young lady, "show this gentleman some red calico."

"What shade do you want?" asked Miss Stone.

I showed her the little piece of calico that my wife had given me. She looked at it and handed it back to me. Then she took down a great roll of red calico and spread it out on the counter.

"Why, that isn't the shade!" said I.

"No, not exactly," said she; "but it is prettier than your sample."

"That may be," said I; "but you see, I want to match this piece. There is something already made of this kind of calico, which needs to be made larger, or mended, or something. I want some calico of the same shade."

The girl made no answer, but took down another roll.

"That's the shade," said she.

"Yes," I replied, "but it's striped."

"Stripes are worn more than any thing else in calicoes," said she.

"Yes; but this isn't to be worn. It's for furniture, I think. At any rate, I want perfectly plain stuff to match something already in use."

"Well, I don't think you can find it perfectly plain, unless you get Turkey-red."

"What is Turkey-red?" I asked.

"Turkey-red is perfectly red in calicoes," she answered.

"Well, let me see some."

"We haven't any Turkey-red calico left," she said; "but we have some very nice plain calico in other colors."

"I don't want any other color. I want stuff to match this."

"It's hard to match cheap calico like that," she said, and so I left her.

I next went into a store a few doors farther up Broadway. When I entered I approached the "floor-walker," and handing him my sample, said:

"Have you any calico like this?"

"Yes sir," said he. "Third counter to the right."

I went to the third counter to the right, and showed my sample to the salesman in attendance there. He looked at it on both sides. Then he said:

"We haven't any of this."

"That gentleman said you had," said I.

"We had it, but we're out of it now. You'll get that goods at an upholsterer's."

I went across the street to an upholsterer's.

"Have you any stuff like this?" I asked.

"No," said the salesman, "we haven't. Is it for furniture?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then Turkey-red is what you want."

"Is Turkey-red just like this?" I asked.

"No," said he, "but it's much better."

"That makes no difference to me," I replied. "I want something just like this."

"But they don't use that for furniture," he said.

"I should think people could use anything they wanted for furniture," I remarked somewhat sharply.

"They can, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like that. They use Turkey-red."

I said no more, but left. The next place I visited was a very large dry goods store. Of the first salesman I saw I inquired if they kept red calico like my sample.

"You'll find that on the second story," said he.

I went up stairs. Then I asked a man: "Where will I find red calico?"

"In the far room to the left. Right over there." And he pointed to a distant corner.

I walked through the crowds of purchasers and salespeople, and around the counters and tables filled with goods to the far room to the left. When I got there I asked for red calico.

"The second counter down on this side," said the man.

I went there and produced my sample.

"Calicoes down stairs," said the man.

"They told me they were up here," I said.

"Not these plain goods. You'll find 'em down stairs at the back of the store, over on that side."

I went down stairs to the back of the store.

"Where'll I find red calico like this?" I asked.

"Next counter but one," said the man addressed, walking with me in the direction pointed out.

"Dunn, show red calicoes."

Mr. Dunn took my sample and looked at it.

"We haven't this shade in that quality of goods," he said.

"Well, have you it in any quality of goods?" I asked.

"Yes; we've got it finer." And he took down a piece of calico, and unrolled a yard or two on the counter.

"That's not the shade," I said.

"No," said he. "The goods is finer and the color is better."

"I want to match this," I said.

"I thought you weren't particular about the match," said the salesman. "You said you didn't care for the quality of the goods, and you know you can't match goods without you take into consideration quality and color both. If you want that quality of goods in red, you ought to get Turkey-red."

I did not think it necessary to answer this remark, but said:

"Then you've got nothing to match this?"

"No, sir. But perhaps they may have it in the upholstery department in the sixth story."

So I got on the elevator, and went up to the top of the house.

"Have you any red stuff like this?" I said to a young man.

"Red stuff? Upholstery department—other end of this floor."

"I want some red calico," I said to a man.

"Furniture goods?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"Fourth counter to the left."

I went to the fourth counter to the left, and showed my sample to a salesman. He looked at it and said:

"You'll get this down on the first floor—calico department."

I turned on my heel, descended on the elevator, and went out on Broadway. I was thoroughly sick of red calico, but I determined to make one more trial. My wife had bought her red calico not long before, and there must be some to be had somewhere. I ought to have asked her where she bought it, but I thought a simple little thing like that could be bought anywhere.

I went into another large dry goods store.

As I entered the store a sudden tremor seized me. I could not bear to take out that piece of red calico. If I had had any other kind of a rag about me—a penwiper or any thing of the sort, I think I would have asked them if they could match that.

But I stepped up to a young woman and presented my sample with the usual question.

"Back room, counter on the left," she said.

I went there.

"Have you any red calico, like this?" I asked of the lady behind the counter.

"No sir;" she said, "but we have it in Turkey-red."

Turkey-red again! I surrendered.

"All right," I said, "give me Turkey-red."

"How much, sir?" she said.

"I don't know—say five yards."

The lady looked at me rather strangely, but measured off five yards of Turkey-red calico.

Then she rapped on the counter and called out, "Cash!" A little girl with yellow hair in two long plaits came slowly up. The lady wrote the number of yards, the name of the goods, her own number, the price, the amount of the bank note I handed her, and some other matters, probably the color of my eyes and the direction and velocity of the wind, on a slip of paper. She then copied all this in a little book which she kept by her. Then she handed the slip of paper, the money and the Turkey-red to the yellow-haired girl. This young girl copied the slip in a little book she carried, and then she went away with the calico, the paper slip and the money.

After a very long time—during which the little girl probably took the goods, the money and the slip to some central desk, where the note was received, its amount and number entered in a book, change given to the girl, copy of the slip made and entered, girl's entry examined and approved, goods wrapped up, girl registered, plaits counted and entered on a slip of paper and copied by the girl in her book, girl taken to hydrant and washed, number of towel entered on a paper slip and copied by the girl in her book, value of my note and amount of change branded somewhere on the child and said process noted on a slip of paper and copied in her book—the girl came to me, bringing the change and the package of Turkey-red calico.

I had time for very little work at the office that afternoon, and when I reached home I handed the package of calico to my wife. She unrolled it and exclaimed:

"Why, this don't match the piece I gave you!"

"Match it!" I cried. "Oh, no! it don't match it. You didn't want that matched. You were mistaken. What you wanted was Turkey-red—third counter to the left. I mean, Turkey-red is what they use."

My wife looked at me in amazement,

and then I detailed to her my troubles.

"Well," said she, "this Turkey-red is a great deal prettier than what I had, and you've got so much of it that I needn't use the other at all. I wish I had thought of Turkey-red before."

"I wish from my heart you had," said I.—Frank R. Stockton.

FLORA'S MOTHER'S WAY.

BY ELLEN LYMAN.

"I do believe that I should take more interest in doing housework, and in learning to cook if I lived with you, auntie," said Flora Russell, as she surveyed the nicely baked loaves of bread and the tins of buns she had just taken from the oven, all of her own making.

"You know," she continued, "that mamma scarce thinks I can do any thing right unless she oversees me, and I do it just her way, and at a certain set time; and I do not believe I can do half as well to be watched as to act more independently of myself. And then it is so much more interesting to try experiments in cooking, and do things in new ways sometimes, and to act upon my own judgment and responsibility, with all due deference to mother's ways and wishes."

"Yes, I know," responded Mrs. Hartley, who was a sister of Flora's mother, "I know just how it is, and have often wished that your mother would practice a little wholesome letting in reference to such things."

"Well, auntie, I am to stay with you a whole month, and you are going to let me share your work with you and teach me some new methods, and then when I go home, I will surprise mamma by my wonderful acquirements, and will try to coax her to letting me strike out, to a certain extent, for myself."

"If you can," said Mrs. Hartley, with a doubtful smile. "And I think I will have to write her how helpful and skillful you are, and drop her a hint to give herself a little rest from care, by allowing you to assume a share of the responsibility, as well as a share in the drudgery of the general housework."

"Yes, that is just what I wish to do; I can learn much more and take far more pride in my work if I plan and act more for myself," said Flora, in an animated manner.

"But then, you know that mother is such a good cook, and particular housekeeper that no one else can do quite as well as she can, and I should not expect to at first, but then, we all like a change, and if my cooking did not taste precisely like hers it might suit us all the better for part of the time."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Hartley, "we tire of the same bill of fare and the same recipes, however good; and there are many new methods which are much easier for young housekeepers to learn, and to adopt than for we older ones who know, as we think, the best way for every thing to be done."

"But you take work easier, auntie, than mamma does, though you do all so nicely. And I see you let Cousin Maggie act for herself more than mamma does me, even though she is younger than I am, and is still at school."

"Yes, I have made that a part of her home training in domestic affairs, and also allow her to exercise her own judgment in what she does, and suggest ways to her rather than bind her to set rules. In that way we enjoy doing our work together, and I think she learns the best ways far more for assuming certain responsibility instead of being told constantly."

Now this set way of Flora's mother is the way of too many parents, who forget that they were once young themselves,

and also do not stop to consider that young people are impatient of too much restraint and continual overseeing and like to be free agents to a certain extent, in their childhood's home.

There is a bit of conversation between a German brother and sister, as related in one of Helen Hunt's quaint stories, which touches this point exactly. The brother, at some little outbreak, impetuously says:

"Well, why doesn't father treat me as a man ought to be treated? He thinks I'm no older than when he used to beat me with a strap."

"I think fathers and mothers are always that way," replied the gentle sister, with a low voice. "The mother tells me how to wind the hemp, as she did when I was little, and she always will look into the churn for herself. I think it is the way we are made. We will do the same when we get old, and our children will get angry with us."

"I won't then, I know I won't," said John. "If ever the time comes, you see."

To which assertion, the wise sister laughs, and shakes her head doubtfully at her brother.

So, doubtless, think most young people now, but when in the places of their parents, quite likely they will do the same by their own children, the habit of watching and governing them when young, growing rather than diminishing with the child's growth and age. The father still treats the big John as though he were a mere lad; while the mother cannot forbear "looking into the churn" herself to be sure all is right.

Now while the interest of the parents in their children should not grow less as the years go by, and while the young people are not to know more than their parents, as some fast ones assume to do, they yet need a certain amount of liberty, and to have some confidence reposed in their skill and judgment, and also in their principles, to have these virtues grow, and be properly cultivated. The big boys and girls like to try experiments on the farm and in the household, and learn something by practice, even if mistakes are made in the trial. While a too close surveillance embarrasses their efforts, and causes them to feel a kind of home slavery, even though the chains are bound by the tenderest love.

Young people, as well as older ones, need to have an interest in their work and to feel their own responsibility to do to the best advantage and to better enjoy their work. They ought also to have some little choice in their work—a share of it at least—and then the duller parts will be more easily overcome, while the same routine, such as washing dishes and cleaning vegetables, will be easier accomplished if doing some of the nice cooking comes in for part of the morning task.

Girls and boys, even while attending school, have time for easy labor in doors and out, and this is a needful part of their physical education. But they like to be learning something new about work, and making progress to have the interest hold, and the work not become a drudgery; and those are wise parents who somewhat consider these things and allow the children choice at times to have their own tastes consulted.

Harry is fond of the horse and the fowls, but tires of filling the wood box and doing errands without end. But let him share the care in what he likes best to do, and then the "chores" will come easier to him.

And the girls, to be interested in housework, should have a pleasant variety, instead of always having to clear the table and wash or wipe the dishes. The little girls, even, will delight to be trusted to

dust and arrange things in the parlor or sitting room, and if some parts must be slightly re-arranged by mother, what matter, as long as they are merely learners?

If Amy is trusted to iron some of the pretty fancy bordered handkerchiefs, and baby's cunning little bibs or aprons, she will be learning to iron more nicely, and will not find it so dull after, to iron the plain towels and coarser articles usually allotted her to do. And if Susie is allowed to have the recipe book and make a cake or custard all herself, she will learn more than by being watched at her work, and if she fails will be more ready to ask mamma next time where her mistake was. And then it will not be half the task for her to wash up the baking dishes, seeing she has enjoyed the using them herself. Little girls and young misses often think it nice to change work with mamma, and the thoughtful mother will thus sometimes indulge the little helpers.

But it was the young ladies at home we began more especially to write about, and in their behalf and for them to be entrusted to a share of housekeeping, as though they were in homes of their own. The mother who feels that no one can do only in her way, and that she can do the cooking and planning far better than any one else is failing to allow the daughters proper opportunities to learn, and denying them the wholesome "letting"—the rights—which every daughter at home ought to have, and duties she ought to be willing to assume.

Often it is far more the mother's than the daughter's fault, that the latter has not become proficient in household affairs, and is not ready to share the tasks with the mother, or know how to do for herself when she goes to a home of her own.

Girls like new methods of preparing dishes, and of arranging the rooms, and like, in a measure, to act for themselves in trying experiments, instead of being watched and directed too closely. And what a relief this may be to the mother if she is wise to see this and ready to let things be done even if not in just the same stereotyped way as of old.

And may not parents be far more likely to keep their children at the old home, where, in many cases, they are so much needed, if they are made to be sharers in the care of the farm or the household, to a certain extent, than where they are made to feel their dependence and treated like children? In the story from which we have quoted, the young man tells his sister that but for her presence at home he would seek his fortune elsewhere, though an only son, and his father's dependence upon the farm. And when she rather chidingly asks him what the father would do were he gone, John replies that his father might treat him like a man if he wanted him to stay with him.

And may it not be that many parents drive, as it were, their children from them, by their set and sometimes close old-fashioned ways, whereas young people have progressive ideas which they would like some little opportunity of developing for themselves. It is a little wholesome "letting" that is often needed to give young people an interest in the common home work.

A CURE FOR LONESOMENESS.

BY CECIL EARLE.

"Dear me, mamma, it's so lonesome," wailed Lottie. "It just snows and snows all the time, so I can't go anywhere, nor none of the girls can come here, or any thing."

It was a very discontented, ill-natured little face that turned from the window where she had been watching the fast falling flakes of snow for about ten min-

utes. But instead of mamma Lottie saw Aunt Lydia, and it was she who had heard the little girl's complaining.

"Lottie, my dear, who sends the snow?" asked the old lady, gently, drawing Lottie to her side.

"Why, God, I suppose," said Lottie, hesitatingly.

"Then do you think it is right to be cross and find fault when the weather isn't bright and pleasant?"

"But I wanted to go out this morning. Kate and I were going to walk as far as Cousin Alice's, and then she was going to take us to ride. O dear, we can't go, for Cousin Alice said we were not to come if it snowed." And Lottie looked almost ready to cry.

"Yes, I know, dear, and I am sorry for your disappointment, but as it is God who sends the storm we ought not to fret about it, but try and be just as happy as we are in pleasant weather."

"How can I be, when I am so lonesome?"

"I know a cure for lonesomeness."

"What is it?"

"Work."

Lottie's face fell again. "I don't feel like working to-day," she said.

"Come to my room and I think you'll change your mind."

Aunt Lydia was quite an old lady and Lottie's mamma's aunt. She was visiting them for the first time for five years. When they reached her room Aunt Lydia opened a drawer, taking out a piece of garnet velvet?"

"Oh, how pretty!" exclaimed Lottie.

"Have you a piece of pasteboard?"

"I think so," and Lottie went out soon returning with a large piece.

This Aunt Lydia took and examined.

"It will do," she said. "Now cut off a piece eleven inches long and seven and three-fourths inches wide."

Lottie got her foot rule, a pair of sharp scissors and a lead pencil, and went to work, forgetting all about the storm outside.

"There, auntie, how is that?" she asked at length, holding up the piece of pasteboard cut straight and even.

"Very good. Now, from this velvet cut a piece enough larger than the pasteboard to turn over the edge—say about half an inch longer and wider. Then cover the pasteboard neatly with the velvet using mucilage."

Lottie obeyed directions, and soon one side of the pasteboard was nicely covered. Then she covered the back side with a piece of garnet cloth.

"What shall I do next? What am I trying to make any way?" asked Lottie.

"Haven't I told you? Dear me!" and Aunt Lydia laid down her sewing, and laughed long and heartily. Lottie laughed too. It was so funny.

"It is going to be a white cross with a white vine twined about it."

"A white cross!" and Lottie looked from the garnet velvet to Aunt Lydia as if she thought her aunt had taken leave of her senses.

"Yes," said Aunt Lydia, "we will make a cross of this white cardboard, and paste it on the velvet."

"It will be handsome," declared Lottie.

Aunt Lydia then told her to cut a strip of cardboard seven inches long and one and one-fourth inches wide, and paste evenly about a quarter of an inch from the bottom, and an equal distance from each side of the velvet. Then she cut a number of pieces of cardboard, each piece one hole shorter and narrower than the last, till the last strip had no holes in it at all. These strips she pasted over the first one, every one exactly in the center of the last. Then she cut a strip five inches long and one inch wide, pasting it just above the other bunch of strips, letting the lower edge touch the upper

edge of the first strip pasted, and pasting it exactly in the middle, so that it lacked an inch at each end of coming as near the edge as the other strip did. She now cut strips one hole shorter and narrower, pasting them on the last one pasted, till there was a "nothing," as Lottie called it, which meant a strip with no holes in it.

Aunt Lydia now examined Lottie's work, pronouncing it excellent.

"Now cut eleven pieces of cardboard one inch square, counting the holes across."

"There's ten holes each way," said Lottie, after cutting the eleven little square pieces.

"Now cut eleven more with nine holes, then eleven with eight, eleven with seven, and so on till you get down to a tiny piece without any holes at all."

When these pieces were all cut and laid in little piles of tens, nines, eights, sevens, sixes, fives, fours, threes, twos, ones, and "nothings," Aunt Lydia said:

"Now measure and find the exact center of the last pile of strips, and paste one of the largest squares just above, and so the lower edge of the square will touch the upper edge of the under strip. Now on top of this square piece paste the next smaller, and then the next, and so on, till all are on and you have a little pile an inch square at the bottom, and ending in a point at the top. Now make six more of these little piles, one above the other with edges just touching one another. Then paste a pile on the right of the fifth pile and another on the right of that. That will make the right arm of the cross. The left arm is made by placing two piles on the left of the fifth pile. Do you understand?"

Lottie answered by placing the little piles in the way her aunt had described, and found she had a pretty cross. Then she went to pasting. It was rather a difficult task to get each little piece exactly right, but she was patient and skillful, and at last had the pleasure of seeing the cross completed.

"Now for the wreath," said Aunt Lydia.

"I never can make that," said Lottie.

"O, yes, you can. It's easy. Please hand me that feather-edge braid. Thank you. I will cut a piece of braid just long enough to reach (curved) from the middle of the left arm to the middle of the head of the cross. You can paste it on."

"That isn't the way, Lottie. See," and she placed one end of the braid at the upper edge of the place where the two piles forming the left arm met, and the other at the place where the two piles forming the top or head of the cross met.

Lottie pasted it and then took another piece and pasted it, commencing on the other side of the top of the cross, just opposite the ending of the other piece, to make it look as if the vine went under the cross, bringing it down across the middle of the right arm, then curving it toward the left till it crossed the cross at the lower edge of the first pile below the arms, and then curving till it touched the base of the cross.

When this was securely fastened they cut tiny leaves of white paper, in the shape of rose leaves, pasting them at the edge of the braid or vine.

"It is lovely, lovely!" cried Lottie when the cross was completed. "I'm so glad it is done. Can't I show it to mamma now?"

"Certainly."

Lottie ran down stairs to show her treasure to mamma.

"I made it all myself, only Aunt Lydia showed me how," she said. "Aunt Lydia says it is the first of my stormy day employments. Isn't it lovely?"

"Indeed, it is. And this is what you have been doing up in Aunt Lydia's room all day?"

"Yes, and she's going to show me how to do lots of things if there's stormy days enough."

Wasn't that an excellent way to cure lonesomeness? I think it was. And Lottie thought so too. She was a very smart little girl of eleven years, and dearly loved to make pretty things. Try Aunt Lydia's cure some stormy day and see if it won't charm away "the blues." You won't have any kind Aunt Lydia to assist you, but follow my directions and I think you will find no trouble in making a cross. If you do, ask your mother to help you.

THE HORSE.

BY A. P. REED.

How patient is the horse? I have wondered a great many times if it helps a poor, worn out horse to bear his burden, when he sees the scores of other horses about him doing the same thing as himself. This thought came to me with renewed force the other day as I sat in front of the store watching two horses as they were driven up from two different directions and met face to face. They were stranger horses. But they seemed to be sympathizing with each other as they caressed each other's noses, and I thought how they might be getting some inspiration from a sight of each other's condition, that would help them to be still more patient and submissive under the strain that is constantly put upon them.

And all this for man's sole gratification with no fruitage whatever to the good horse. I hope he has no power of foresight to look ahead. Should he have such a power, how dismal must a penetration of the gloomy future be to him!

Verily, the least that man can reasonably do, is to always use him like a friend—like the truest of friends. Let us be careful to use the patient, faithful horse well, as well as we know. Can you find such examples of patience under adverse circumstances among humanity?

—The child looks to the mother for help and encouragement, when it is taking its first step in walking. The school boy looks for encouragement from his teacher, when he is taking his first step in education.

And so on through life. The soldier looks for it on the field of battle; it is the cheering voice of his leader that urges him on through the dangers of death, and crowns the day with victory.

The poet and the artist look to the world to acknowledge their genius and give them praise. It is encouragement which calls forth their noblest words and helps them to climb the mount of fame until they surmount all difficulties and write their names in flaming letters upon its summit.

Then let us give encouragement to each other in every effort of good, in every noble action, in the little duties of life—and we will be happier for it; the world will be better, and a smiling Providence will look down and bless our labor of love.

—Circumstances are the rulers of the weak; they are but the instruments of the wise.—*Samuel Lover*.

—If the internal griefs of every man could be read, written on his forehead, how many who now excite envy would appear to be the objects of pity—*Metastasio*.

—It takes a great deal of grace to be able to bear praise. Censure seldom does us much hurt. A man struggles up against slander, and the discouragement which comes of it may not be an unmixed evil; but praise soon suggests pride, and is therefore not an unmixed good.—*Spurgeon*.

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.

IN PRESS.

SHORT HINTS ON SOCIAL ETIQUET, compiled from the latest and best works on the subject, by Aunt Matilda. 54 pp. Printed on finest paper. Handsome Lithographed covers in six colors. Price 40 cents. I. L. CRAGIN & CO., publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

We have advanced orders for a very large edition of this beautiful book, but have reserved the first edition to use as gifts among the thousands of good friends we have among THE HOUSEHOLD. Over ten years have elapsed since Aunt Matilda first wrote to you all through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, of the merits of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and over a hundred and twenty issues of THE HOUSEHOLD have since that time each contained at least a column of bona-fide letters from ladies of your number, telling of the merits of this soap. Every letter has been unsolicited by us, and we have known nothing of them until we read them in THE HOUSEHOLD. This kind acknowledgement on your part, through all these years, has cheered and encouraged us, and we feel that we ought to make some return. We have retained from sale copies of "Short Hints," sufficient to give one to each subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, and will send postage paid and free of charge, one to each lady sending us her full address, together with fifteen complete outside wrappers of Dobbins' Electric soap, and the declaration that she is a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD. To all others the price of the book is 40 cents, which may be sent us in postage stamps.

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I think Dobbins' Electric Soap is the best and I shall always use it. I have recommended it to my friends. The work it does is wonderful.

MRS. A. CHILON.

Fall River, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Having used Dobbins' Electric Soap constantly for nine years, there is no need of my saying I think it the best. I have sent 25 wrappers to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, for one of their pretty panel pictures. Truly,

MRS. C. F. SANBORN.

Webster, N. H.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for over 10 years. I was troubled with salt rheum in my hands and tried to get some kind of soap that would not irritate them, but did not succeed until I heard of Dobbins' Soap, and now would not use any other. Respectfully,

MRS. B. DICKINSON.

Centre Harbor, N. H.

MR. GEO. E. CROWELL:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for 10 years and have never found any thing equal to it in the way of soap. I sent 25 wrappers to I. L. Cragin & Co. for Le Roman Noveau.

MRS. W. J. BROWN.

455 Forbes St., Pittsburg, Pa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been using Dobbins' Electric Soap for washing and I find that I can do my washing a great deal quicker and easier than I could before I got the soap, and I have now sent 25 wrappers to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, for the panel picture, Roman Noveau. Resp'y,

IDA F. POWERS.

Hillsboro Centre, N. H.

PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—ED.

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 70,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from *actual subscribers* giving their full name and address, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

Will the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD send me their postal autographs? Will return the favor to all who wish.

MRS. HUGH LOGAN.

Seward, Neb.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you kindly insert in proper column of your valuable paper, that I desire to exchange postal autographs, with all HOUSEHOLD subscribers?

Union City, Ind. MRS. A. B. SCHUYLER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If any of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters have resided in Macon and Clinton, Ga., for several years, will they please send me their address?

IDA J. BEALS.

Winchendon, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Shirley Basin or some sister residing in central or southern Wyoming or Montana, send her address to me?

Box 17, Roscoe, Edmunds Co., Dak.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Jennie A. R., who wrote from Florida Highlands, in April number of THE HOUSEHOLD, please send her address to me?

MRS. S. S. STITZEL.

Constantine, Mich.

Will Alice S., who has an article in February HOUSEHOLD please send her address to me?

Chester, Wayne Co., Ind. M. B. JESSUP.

I would like to correspond with any of the Band living near Lake Charles or Jennings, La. Neche, D. T.

MRS. J. M. WYLIE.

THE BEST AGENCY IN THERAPEUTICS.

It is true that Oxygen in an uncombined state did, and probably always will, disappoint what would seem to be a reasonable expectation of its results. So, too, has a mixture of it with common air, in various proportions, failed to produce the healing effects which have been looked for with so much hope.

But it can now be demonstrated that all these strong convictions, that oxygen ought to prove an inestimable boon to the millions who are suffering from disease, had their foundation in truth.

What, then, is Compound Oxygen? It is a combination of oxygen and nitrogen, the two elements which make up common or atmospheric air, in such proportion as to render it much richer in the vital or life-giving element. It contains no medicament, unless the elements of pure air are medicines; and its administration introduces into the body nothing which the system does not welcome as a friend, accept with avidity, appropriate as entirely homogeneous to itself, and claim as its own birthright.

For all throat and lung diseases, except the very last stages of consumption, this triumph of science is a positive cure. Catarrh, bronchitis, etc., are treated with marvelous success. For all kinds of Nervous exhaustion nothing can equal it. The inhalation of the Compound Oxygen not only burns out the impurities of the blood and heals and builds up the lungs, but it electrifies the nerve centers and nourishes the brain and the spinal ganglia nerve centers into renewed vigor.

By inducing a normal action of all the organs, especially of the stomach, liver, and kidneys, then sending the pure revitalized blood coursing through the veins, with the nerve centers all electrified, Compound Oxygen Treatment reaches the very basis of a man's constitution, and makes of him a new creature.

For women suffering from nervous prostration, over-anxiety, worry, and

work, for business men overtaxed and threatened with paralysis, for professional men who find their nerve force failing, for these especially this wonderful treatment opens a new life and adds years of happiness and usefulness.

TOPEKA, KAN., November 7, 1886.

"I scarcely know what to say to you as my improvement has been so marked and rapid, so unexpected and astonishing. Suffice it to say at this time, that when your first Treatment arrived last June I was confined to my bed. Had had night sweats of the worst character and a most distressing cough. I had decreased in flesh from one hundred and forty pounds to ninety pounds. My family physician had made an examination of my lungs a few hours before the arrival of the Compound Oxygen, and found no air passing in my left lung and my right badly affected. He candidly told me he could do nothing for me, and took my wife to one side and told her if I had friends to telegraph for them at once."

TOPEKA, KAN., December 6, 1886.

"I am gaining every day in flesh; have gained about five pounds since I last wrote you. I am now able to attend to my business without fatigue. I walked two miles a few mornings ago without the least fatigue. I feel confident that the Compound Oxygen will effect a cure in my case. My left lung, that was pronounced hepaticized by my physician, is improving gradually; the air is passing through it nicely. The soreness is all gone. All this change has been brought about by two Treatments of the Compound Oxygen. I am now on my third Treatment.

"Yours truly, B. F. BAKER."

"Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and results," is the title of a new brochure of two hundred pages, which will be mailed free to any address on application. Read the brochure, or call and see us.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN.

No. 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WHAT "ROSAMOND E." SAYS ABOUT THE PILLOW-INHALER.

"As the Pillow-Inhaler has been continuously advertised in THE HOUSEHOLD, I think it may be of interest to the Band to know that while in Philadelphia, I visited the office of the Company and realized how large a number of Pillows they are handling.

I have used the Pillow-Inhaler and know from experience that it is a *bona-fide* cure for catarrh, bronchitis, sore throat, colds, etc.

My daughter has been completely cured by its use and I can freely advise any one suffering from such ailments to send for a pamphlet and read the detailed particulars for themselves. The address is The Pillow-Inhaler Co., 1520 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. ROSAMOND E."

The story is told of a famous Boston lawyer that one day, after having a slight discussion with the judge, he deliberately turned his back upon that personage, and started to walk off. "Are you trying, sir, to show contempt for the court?" asked the judge, sternly. "No, sir," was the reply. "I am trying to conceal it."

Our American Belles—Our American Belles—How sweet is the story their beauty tells—They are wise belles, too, for it is their wont To use every day their SOZODONT Which sweetens breath and keeps teeth well, No wonder we're proud of our American Belles.

Why has Sozodont

Become the staple Dentifrice of America? Simply because it is impossible to use it, even for a week, without perceiving its hygienic effect upon the teeth, the gums and the breath.

Many a poor sufferer who submits to the surgeon's knife, in consequence of malignant sores and scrofulous swellings, might be cured, without an operation, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This remedy expels from the blood all the impurities by which disease is generated.

Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

It is easy to say that one brand of manufactured goods is better than any other of its kind, but the assertion is, in the end, of but little value, unless actually warranted by the facts. The constantly increasing demand for Revere Granulated Sugar from the best class of trade, proves the assertion that it is the best in the world.

—A sensible writer suggests that instead of having the importance of saving money ding-donged so much into women's ears, a little time be devoted to showing them how to earn it.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hyp-phosphites; For Children and Pulmonary Troubles.

Dr. W. S. HOY, Point Pleasant, W. Va., says: "I have made a thorough test with Scott's Emulsion in Pulmonary Troubles and General Debility, and have been astonished at the good results; for children with Rickets or Marasmus it is unequalled."

—An up-town merchant said to a farmer, "A dollar will go farther than it used to." "Yes the farmer quickly replied, "and it makes the distance in quicker time."—*Hudson Republican*.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is a universal beautifier. Harmless, effective, and agreeable, it has taken high rank among toilet articles. This preparation causes thin and weak hair to become abundant, strong and healthy, and restores to gray hair its original color.

The oldest, the Best. Payson's Ink for marking clothing is indelible and used with a common pen. 50 years' record. Sold by druggists.

—A good two-foot rule—Keep your feet dry.

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE is universally approved by those who use it for its admirable cleansing properties and the relief it affords in washing clothes. Sold by grocers everywhere.

At the first indication of disorder, the deranged or enfeebled condition of the stomach, liver, or bowels, should be promptly rectified by Ayer's Cathartic Pills. These Pills do not gripe, are perfectly safe to take, and remove all tendency to liver and bowel complaints.

We clip the following interesting item concerning the good work of one of our long-time advertisers from the New York *Weekly Witness* of July 3d, 1884:

FOOD FOR INVALIDS.

EDITOR HOME DEPARTMENT:—I have read, with true sympathy, the request of "One in Need," and, though I have never become one of the Home family by contributing my mite toward sustaining the Home circle, I wait—not as a stranger waiteth—but as one who has long shared the good things, in hopes to find a welcome.

To "One in Need" I would say: I am a constant sufferer, and have made the question of food my study for years. A grain of wheat is said to contain all the qualities for nutriment that the body requires; but to select only the *starch* or *fine flour* so generally used for food is to deprive our bodies of all sustenance. It is said two years would be the limit of life under such a regimen.

But select other parts of the kernel and you have the real germ of health and strength. Do not use ordinary *Graham* flour. It has produced more dyspepsies than it has cured. The outer husk or burr of the grain is not removed, and irritates the digestive organs. I live upon the gluten of wheat combined with barley, and find it very nutritious; seldom eat any meat.

It is a remedy for sleeplessness, if taken when retiring for the night. If I am permitted to inform you where to obtain the "Health Food," with full instructions *how* and *what* to use, I would like to direct you to send a description of your disease, inquiring what you need, to the "Health Food Co." No. 74 Fourth Avenue, New York. You will receive advice and circulars free. Hoping and praying that the blessing of God may attend you, bringing peace to your household, and joy to your home, I write in the cause of

HUMANITY.

Boils, abscesses, tumors, and even cancers, are the result of a natural effort of the system to expel the poisons which the liver and kidneys have failed to remove. Ayer's Sarsaparilla stimulates all the organs to a proper performance of their functions.

Dr. Hanaford's Card.

MOTHER AND CHILD, giving, in plain language, the treatment of both. Price \$1.00.

HOME GIRLS, treating of the physical and mental training. 20 cents.

ANTI-FAT and ANTI-LEAN, 25 cents.

GOOD DIGESTION, or the DYSPEPTIC'S FRIEND, 25 cents.

STOMACH REGULATOR AND LIVER INVIGORATOR. Intended for Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Indigestion, Nausea, Torpidity of the Liver, and all derangements of that organ. Price 40 cents (stamps) for enough to last one month; \$1.00 for three packages, three months.

GOOD BREAD AND HOW TO MAKE IT, with HEALTH RULES, 15 cents.

Patients will receive advice and medicine for six weeks, by giving a clear description of symptoms, for \$3.

All sent by mail.

DR. J. H. HANAFORD, Reading, Mass.

June.

ACID

A preparation
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BUY THE



Manly Purity and Beauty

No tongue nor pen can do justice to the esteem in which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

James E. Richardson, Custom House, New Orleans, on oath says: "In 1870 Scrofulous Ulcers broke out on my body until I was a mass of corruption. Everything known to the medical faculty was tried in vain. I became a mere wreck. At times could not lift my hands to my head, could not turn in bed; was in constant pain, and looked upon life as a curse. No relief or cure in ten years. In 1880 I heard of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, used them, and was perfectly cured." Sworn to before U. S. Com. J. D. CRAWFORD.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

I gratefully acknowledge a cure for Eczema, or Salt Rheum, on head, neck, face, arms and legs for seventeen years; not able to walk, except on hands and knees, for one year; not able to help myself for eight years. Tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced my case hopeless; permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

WILL McDONALD,
2542 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Through the medium of one of your books, received through Mr. Frank T. Wray, druggist, Apollo, Pa., I became acquainted with your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and take this opportunity to testify to you that their use has permanently cured me of one of the worst cases of blood poisoning, in connection with erysipelas, that I have ever seen, and this after having been pronounced incurable by some of the best physicians in our county. I take great pleasure in forwarding to you this testimonial, unsolicited as it is by you, in order that others suffering from similar maladies may be encouraged to give your CUTICURA REMEDIES a trial.

P. S. WHITLINGER, Leechburg, Pa.
Reference: FRANK T. WRAY, Druggist,
Apollo, Pa.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers.

HANDS Soft, white, and free from chaps, by using CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an advertising column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

We are in receipt of so many exchanges of much greater length than we can insert and taking more time to condense than we can often give, that we ask those ladies sending exchanges to write them within the required limits. Four lines, averaging 28 words, being all we can allow to each item. We wish to caution ladies sending packages, against carelessness in sending full address with each. Many complaints are received by us which would be unnecessary if the address of the sender were given on the package sent even when accompanied by a letter.

C. A. Barnes, Girard, Kansas, will exchange Youths' Companions for 1886, for Hyper's Young People, Golden Days, or other good reading. Write first.

Mrs. Ella F. Sperry, Bannock City, Montana, will exchange about two pounds of raveled yarn, colors mostly brown and cardinal, for something useful or ornamental. Write first.

Mrs. I. D. Mosher, Essex, Kansas, will exchange pocket edition of See side, Lov II's and other libraries, for the same. Write first.

Mrs. Wickersham, Pottstown, Pa., will exchange Amaryllis Valtota and Johnson, for other colors, also Harper's Magazine, '86, for Leslie's. Write first.

Mrs. S. G. Lumbert, Hyannis Port, Mass., will exchange Gothic's Magazine, for 1887, for Arthur's, Peterson's, or Ballou's, same year. Numbers sent as soon as read. Write first.

Carrie E. Savett, 1311 16th Ave., Oakland, Cal., will exchange one tritoma, one calla, and two grass lily bulbs, for one crown imperial bulb.

Mrs. M. J. Ryther, Bernardston, Mass., will exchange one piece print size of postal card, for four very light pieces one and one-half inches square, no two alike.

Miss Minnie A. Ware, East Harrisville, N. H., has Madeira vine bulbs to exchange for flower seeds, embroidery silk or floss, any color.

Mrs. L. D. Hopkins, Edmeston, N. Y., will exchange ten Ladies' Home Journals, 1886, also two good bound volumes of Peterson's Magazines, for reading. Write first.

Mrs. C. Jones, New Washington, Clark Co., Ind., will exchange new embroidered pillow shams and tops of pieced quilts, for a knitting machine.

Mrs. W. C. Moss, box 874, Belvidere, Ill., will exchange Gaskell's Complete Compendium for any thing useful. Write first. I will also exchange postal autographs.

Mrs. J. M. Farnham, Rockland, Maine, will exchange pansy, petunia, phlox Drummondii, double marigold, snapdragon and nasturtium seeds, for something useful. Write first.

Mrs. G. O. Howard, Reedsburg, Wis., will exchange copy "Gospel Hymns," Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 combined, for fancy work, Kensington embroidery preferred. Write first.

Mrs. M. E. Wright, Delmore, Kans., will exchange book directions for painting photos on glass, magazine and cactus, for stamping outfit or fancy work materials. Write first.

Mrs. L. W. Gibson, Lake Side, Berrien Co., Mich., will exchange amaryllis bulbs for crocheted or knitted lace, in cotton, linen or worsted, 1 1/2 yards in a piece.

Mrs. Hugh Logan, Seward, Neb., will exchange crochet rick-rack collar for twenty pieces of silk, satin, or velvet, or two skeins of gray or white yarn.

Mrs. H. L. Luce, Red Cloud, Neb., will exchange three varieties of cacti, including the beautiful star cactus, for moon flower plant or cinnamon vine bulb.

Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges signed with fictitious names or initials, and sometimes with no signature except number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

Mrs. J. M. Farnham's Waist and Skirt Supporter advertised in May number is admirably adapted to promote comfort, ease, and, consequently, good health. We confidently advise our friends to give these a trial.

DR. & MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

Young wife—"Won't you try some of my home-made bread, dear?" He—"I have tried and I'll try again, but it's a very trying situation to be placed in."

BRIGHT, HEALTHY BABIES are the joy of every house. To thousands deprived of their natural nutriment, no food is so well adapted and will prove so perfect a substitute for mother's milk, as the Lactated Food.

When the blood is loaded with impurities, the whole system becomes disordered. This condition of things cannot last long without serious results. In such cases, a powerful alternative is needed, such as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It never fails, and has no equal.



Any of these things may happen to one of YOUR family at any moment.

Have you a bottle of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER ready for use in such cases? It has no equal for the cure of scalds, burns, cuts, swellings, bruises, sprains, sores, insect bites &c.—All Druggists sell it.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1887-BABIES-1887

To the mother of any baby born this year we will send on application a Cabinet Photo. of the "Sweetest, fattest, healthiest baby in the country." It is a beautiful picture, and will do any mother's heart good. It shows the good effects of using Lactated Food as a substitute for mother's milk. Much valuable information for the mother given. Give date of birth. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Dr. Swett's Root Beer Packages

Not only makes a very agreeable drink, but is highly medicinal, acting mildly and beneficially on the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Composed of Life of Man, Sarsaparilla, Wintergreen, Hops, Juniper, etc. I select from among many letters received: "It is the best medicine we have ever used. I can highly recommend it to any one in poor health. It has done my wife more good than anything she ever tried." A package to make 5 gallons, 25 cents, by mail 6 cents extra, 4 packages \$1.00, prepaid. Prepared at the N. E. Fomatic Depot, 245 Washington St., Boston. Geo. W. Swett, M. D., Proprietor.

INFANT'S WARDROBE

Latest Styles. We will send 12 pat. of all garments necessary for an infant's first wardrobe for 50 cts. Also 12 pat. of first short clothes for 50 cts.; full directions and amount required for each pat. Will send further notice, garment cut from cloth ready to make. Health garments if desired. Unsolicited testimonials constantly received.

COMBINATION PATTERN CO., Poultney, Vt.

Table Lamp.

Burns Like Gas.

No Chimney, No Smoke.

In the saving of chimneys this Lamp soon pays for itself. Send sample at agent's price, \$2.25, and try these Lamps. Sells for \$5 at sight. Common kerosene oil is used, giving a large and brilliant white light. Send Postal Note or Money Order to

NEW IDEAL LAMP CO., Hartford, Conn.

HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE

A new book containing plans and specifications for 25 houses, all sizes, from 2 rooms up. Sent post-paid on receipt of 25 cents, by J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose Street, New York.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 C. H. St., Boston.

A preparation of the phosphates that is readily assimilated by the system.

Especially recommended for Dyspepsia, Mental and Physical Exhaustion, Indigestion, Headache, Nervousness, Wakefulness, Impaired Vitality, etc.

Prescribed and endorsed by Physicians of all schools. It combines well with such stimulants as are necessary to take. It makes a delicious drink with water and sugar only. For sale by all druggists. Pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works, - Providence, R. I.

Beware of Imitations.

BUY THE ACME. - See Advertisement.

J. A. TITUS & CO., Brattleboro, Vt.

TWELVE WAYS OF INJURING THE HEALTH.

1. Wearing thin shoes and stockings on damp nights, and in cool, rainy weather; wearing insufficient clothing, especially upon the limbs and extremities.

2. Leading a life of unfeeling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading trashy novels. Going to the theaters, parties, and balls, in all sorts of weather, in the thinnest dress; dancing until in a complete perspiration, and then going home without sufficient overgarments through the cool, damp night air.

3. Sleeping on feather beds in seven by nine bed rooms, without ventilation at the top of the window; and especially with two or more persons in the same small unventilated bed room.

4. Surfeiting on hot and very stimulating dinners; eating in a hurry, without half masticating the food, and eating heartily before going to bed when the mind and body are exhausted by the toils of the day and the excitement of the evening.

5. Beginning in childhood on strong tea and coffee, and going from one step to another, through chewing and smoking tobacco, and drinking intoxicating liquors, and personal abuse, and mental and physical excesses of other kinds.

6. Marrying in haste and getting an uncongenial companion, and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction, cultivating jealousies and domestic broils, and being always in a mental ferment.

7. Keeping children quiet by giving paregoric and cordials, by teaching them to suck candy, and by supplying them with raisins, nuts and rich cakes; when they are sick by giving them mercury, tartar emetic and arsenic, under the mistaken notion that they are medicines and not irritant poisons.

8. Allowing the power of gain to absorb our minds, so as to leave no time to attend to our health; following an unhealthy occupation, because money can be made by it.

9. Tempting the appetite with bitters and niceties when the stomach says no, and by forcing food into it when nature does not demand, and even rejects it; gormandizing between meals.

10. Contriving to keep a continual worry about something or nothing; giving away to fits of anger.

11. Being irregular in all habits of sleeping and eating; too much, too many kinds of food, and that which is too highly seasoned.

12. Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves, and not applying early for medicinal advice when disease first appears, but by taking celebrated quack medicines to a degree of making a drug shop of the body.

—It is entirely unfair for a man to sneer at a woman's inability to understand a baseball game until he has proven his own ability to grapple with the mysteries of a crazy quilt social.

—Smith.—I saw you carrying home a couple of nice looking watermelons last night, Brown. How much did they cost you? Brown.—I don't know yet. The doctor is up at the house now.

—They were boasting about ancestry. "My forefathers, said John, "came over from England in the Mayflower." "And my ancestry," said Pat, "came over from Quanestown on the Sunflower. It's aesthetic, I am, begorra."

—There is nothing new under the sun, and it is more than probable that baseball was known and played in Shakespeare's time. In "Coriolanus," Act I, Scene I, we find the words, "Where go you with bats and clubs?"

"DON'T YOU WORRY."

HOW SHREWD BUSINESS MEN HAVE SOLVED A GREAT PROBLEM.

"Is there a fatality among our prominent men" is a question that we often ask. It is a question that perplexes our leading medical men, and they are at a loss to know how to answer it.

We sometimes think that if the physicians would give part of the energy to the consideration of this question that they give to combatting other schools of practice, it might be satisfactorily answered.

The fights of "isms" reminds us often of the quarrels of old Indian tribes, that were only happy when they were annihilating each other.

If Allopathy makes a discovery that promises good to the race, Homeopathy derides it and breaks down its influence. If Homeopathy makes a discovery that promises to be a boon to the race, Allopathy attacks it.

It is absurd that these schools should fancy that all of good is in their methods and none in any other.

Fortunately for the people, the merit which these "isms" will not recognize, is recognized by the public, and this public recognition, taking the form of a demand upon the medical profession, eventually compels it to recognize it.

Is it possible that the question has been answered by shrewd business men? A prominent man once said to an inquirer, who asked him how he got rich, "I got rich because I did things while other people were thinking about doing them." It seems to us that the public have recognized what this fatality is, and how it can be met, while the medical profession have been wrangling about it.

By a careful examination of insurance reports we find that there has been a sharp reform with reference to examinations, (and that no man can now get any amount of insurance who has the least development of kidney disorder,) because they find that sixty out of every hundred in this country do, either directly or indirectly, suffer from kidney disease. Hence, no reliable company will insure a man except after a rigid urinary examination.

This reminds us of a little instance which occurred a short time ago. A fellow editor was an applicant for a respectable amount of insurance. He was rejected on examination, because, unknown to himself, his kidneys were diseased. The shrewd agent, however, did not give up the case. He had an eye to business and to his commission, and said: "Don't you worry: you get a half dozen bottles of Warner's safe cure, take it according to directions and in about a month come around, and we will have another examination. I know you will find yourself all right and will get your policy."

The editor expressed surprise at the agent's faith but the latter replied: "This point is a valuable one. Very many insurance agents all over the country, when they find a customer rejected for this cause, give similar advice, and eventually he gets the insurance."

What are we to infer from such circumstances? Have shrewd insurance men, as well as other shrewd business men, found the secret answer to the inquiry? Is it possible that our columns have been proclaiming, in the form of advertisements, what has proved a blessing in disguise to millions, and yet by many ignored as an advertisement?

In our files we find thousands of strong testimonials for Warner's safe cure, no two alike, which could not exist except upon a basis of truth; indeed, they are published under a "guarantee" of \$5,000 to any one who will disprove their

correctness, and this offer has been standing, we are told, for more than four years.

Undoubtedly this article, which is simply dealing out justice, will be considered as an advertisement and be rejected by many as such.

We have not space nor time to discuss the position that a poor thing could not succeed to the extent that this great remedy has succeeded, could not become so popular without merit even if pushed by a Vanderbilt or an Astor.

Hence we take the liberty of telling our friends that it is a duty that they owe to themselves to investigate the matter and reflect carefully, for the statements published are subject to the refutation of the entire world. None have refuted them; on the contrary hundreds of thousands have believed them and proved them true, and in believing have found the highest measure of satisfaction, that which money cannot buy, and money cannot take away.

WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK.
Factory Ends at half price; one ounce in a box—all good silk and good colors. Sent by mail on receipt of 40 cents. 100 Crazy Stitches in each package. Latest and best book on Art Needlework, only 10 cents. Send postal note or stamp to THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO., 469 Broadway, N. Y., or 621 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

For the names and addresses of 10 ladies interested in Art Needlework, we will send one book free.

WOOD'S LADIES' BLACKING.
Restores original luster and finish to the shoe. Only Dressing that will produce a Polish without shrinking, cracking, or hardening the leather. Each Bottle contains double the quantity of other dressings. Gold Medal received at New Orleans for superiority over all others. Your Shoe Dealer has it. Manufactured by GEO. H. WOOD & CO., BOSTON.

CLUB ORDERS.
We have made a specialty since 1877 of giving as PREMIUMS to those who GET UP CLUBS or purchase TEA and COFFEE in large quantities, DINNER and TEA SETS, GOLD-BAND SETS, SILVER-WARE, &c. Teas of all kinds from 30 cents to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 90 CLUB ORDERS each day. SILVER-PLATED CASTERS as Premiums, with \$5, \$7, and \$10 orders. DECORATED TEA SETS with \$100, \$125, and \$150 orders. GOLD-BAND MOSS-ROSE SETS of 12 pieces, or DINNER SETS of 18 pieces, with \$250 orders, and a HOST of other Premiums. We carry the largest stock, and do the largest TEA and COFFEE business, in Boston. Send postal (and mention this paper) for our large illustrated price and premium list, of 96 pages, containing also CASH PRICES for our premiums, at LESS than Wholesale Prices. As to our reliability, we are pleased to refer to the publishers of this paper.

GREAT LONDON TEA CO.,
801 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER.
Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For sale by all first-class druggists, or mailed for 50 cents in stamps by J. A. POZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.

LADIES' STOVE ENAMEL.
Follow Directions CAREFULLY.
Enamel your ranges twice a year, tops once a year and you have the finest-polished stove in the world. For sale by all Grocers and Stove Dealers.

Atlas of the World, 25c.
192 pages; 94 maps, 60 colored diagrams. Complete railroad map of every State, territory and country in the world, with statistical tables, etc., etc. Size, 3 1/2 x 6 inches. Sells rapidly; 150 have been sold in a single school. Agents wanted. Remit for sample. Usual discount. RAND, McNALLY & CO., 148 Monroe St., Chicago, or 323 Broadway, N. Y.

S. T. TAYLOR'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FASHION REPORT.

S. T. Taylor's Illustrated Monthly Fashion Report appears about the Twentieth of every month, in advance. It contains a large number of wood-cuts, representing the Leading Styles in Ladies' Toilettes, Hats, Bonnets, etc., that are to be worn in Paris during the following months; besides this, an article on Fashions prepared for us with the greatest care by our agents in Paris; and many hints and information invaluable to the professional dress-maker, as well as to the private lady who appreciates elegance and correct style of dress.

Single Copy, 6c. Yearly Subscription, 50c.
S. T. TAYLOR, Publisher,
930 Broadway, N. Y.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE.
Stylish, Durable, Easy Fitting. The best \$3 Shoe in the World.
W. L. DOUGLAS \$2.50 SHOE
equals the \$3 Shoes advertised by other firms.
Our \$2
SHOE FOR BOYS gives great satisfaction. The above are made in Button, Congress and Lace, all styles of toe. Every pair warranted; name and price stamped on bottom of each shoe. No others genuine. Sold by 2,000 dealers throughout the U. S. If your dealer does not keep them, send name on postal to W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass., for free information. Shoes mailed, postage free.

KIDDER'S

DIGESTYLIN
—FOR—
Indigestion and Dyspepsia.
A POTENT REMEDY FOR
Indigestion, Acute and Chronic, Gastric and Gastro-Intestinal Catarrh, Vomiting in Pregnancy, Prolonged Intumescence, and in convalescence from Acute Diseases.

Over 5,000 physicians have sent us the most flattering opinions upon Digestylin as a remedy for all diseases arising from improper digestion.

For 20 years we have manufactured the Digestive Ferments expressly for PHYSICIANS' use, and for the past year DIGESTYLIN has been by them extensively prescribed, and to-day it stands without a rival as a digestive agent. It is not a secret remedy, but a scientific preparation, the formula of which is plainly printed on each bottle. Its great DIGESTIVE POWER is created by a careful and proper treatment of the ferments in manufacture. It is very agreeable to the taste and acceptable to the most delicate stomach. For the reliability of our statements we would respectfully refer to all Wholesale and Retail Druggists and PHYSICIANS generally. Price \$1.00. Sold by Druggists, or

WM. F. KIDDER & CO.,
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS,
83 John st., N. Y.

DRESS REFORM

ALPHA UNDERGARMENTS OF JERSEY-FITTING MATERIAL MADE TO ORDER.
EQUIPOISE. Vest and Drawers separate or in one. Scarlet and white all wool. Heavy & light merino. Samples of material sent on application. READY-MADE UNION UNDERGARMENTS—Vest and Drawers in one. Equipoise, Emancipation, Dress Reform & Comfort Waists. Corded Waists a Specialty. Shoulder Brace and Corset combined. Obstetric Baudages, Shoulder Stockings, Sancary Napkins, etc. New Illustrated Catalogue Free. Mrs. A. Fletcher, 6 East 14th St., N. Y.

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA.
Delicious, Nourishing, Absolutely Pure. Costing less than one cent a cup.

DO YOU WANT A DOG? DOG BUYERS' GUIDE. Colored plates, 100 engravings of different breeds, prices they are worth, and where to buy them. Mailed for 15 Cents. ASSOCIATED FANCERS, 237 S. Eighth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Advertising Agency of Messrs. N. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents.

Pall Mall Electric
Association, London.

Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CURLER.

Sent on Trial,
Postpaid.

50c.

Dr. Scott's Electric
Crimper and Curler

By its aid the hair, beard or moustache can be curled any desired style in from one to two minutes. For ladies it produces the "Langtry Style," the "Patti Bang," the "Montague Curl," and any other form desired by ladies wearing their hair in the fashionable "loose and fluffy" mode. Gentlemen's moustaches and beards curled for the day in a few seconds. A beautiful article; handle of rosewood, other part nickel-plated.

Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC TOOTH BRUSH OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

The finest Tooth Brush ever made, constructed by a new patented process which renders it impossible for Bristles to come out in use. Each of above articles guaranteed and sent on trial, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cts., or both for \$1. They may be returned if not satisfactory. **Canvassing Agents wanted for Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CORSETS, BRUSHES, BELTS, &c.** No risk, quick Sales. **GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York.** Sold at Drug and Fancy Stores. Mention paper.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S
BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING
ROSES

For 18 Years our Great Specialty has been growing and distributing ROSES. We have all the latest Novelties and finest standard sorts in different sizes and prices to suit all. We send STRONG, VIGOROUS PLANTS safely by mail or express to all points.

3 TO 12 PLANTS \$1. \$8 to \$25 per Hundred.

Our New Guide, 88 pp., describes nearly 500 finest varieties of Roses, the best Hardy Shrubs, & Climbing Vines, and New and Rare Flower Seeds, and tells how to grow them—FREE Address THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

RELIABLE CARPENTER ORGANS.
FOR HOME, SCHOOL, CHURCH AND CHAPEL.

Over 70,000 now in use, all of which are giving the greatest satisfaction.

Special Inducements to Clergymen and Churches.

The Carpenter Organs contain the

CELEBRATED CARPENTER ORGAN ACTION.

They are pure in tone, perfect in construction, in exact accord with the voice, and full of patented improvements.

More than 50 different styles, ranging in price from \$20.00 up.

AN HONEST ORGAN

(From the Youth's Companion.)

"The Carpenter Organs have won for themselves a high reputation for durability and fine musical qualities. An organ may be fine in appearance, but unless it is built honestly in every part it will prove unsatisfactory. Mr. Carpenter makes most emphatically an **honest** organ; and this is, we think, the secret of their popularity."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We have discontinued the sale of the "Celebrated Carpenter Actions" to other organ manufacturers, and they can now be obtained only in ORGANS of our manufacture.

WARRANTED FOR EIGHT YEARS.

Each Organ containing the Carpenter Organ Action is warranted to be made in the most skillful manner, of the most perfectly prepared material, and to be, according to its size, capacity and style, the best instrument possible. Each purchaser is given a WRITTEN GUARANTY, FOR EIGHT YEARS.

ADDRESSES WANTED.

We desire the address of all intending purchasers of an organ or piano, and will pay readers of this paper liberally for such service.

Where we have no agent, Organs sold direct on easy payments. Buy no Organ until you have seen our new Catalogue.

Send for our NEW CATALOGUE for 1887. New Styles! New Patented Improvements! New Prices!

E. P. CARPENTER CO., Brattleboro, Vt., U. S. A.

Please state where you saw this advertisement.

Patented Improved Lotta Bustle.
For style, comfort, health and durability has no equal. Gives the latest Parisian fashion. Warranted to always regain its shape after pressure, no matter in what position the wearer may sit or recline. Avoid inferior imitations. See that each Bustle is stamped Improved "Lotta." Send for price-list.

COLUMBIA RUBBER CO., Sole Mfr's, Boston, Mass.

For sale by all the leading dry goods houses.

HIRE'S IMPROVED ROOT BEER
25 cents PACKAGE
Makes Five Gallons of a delicious, sparkling temperance beverage. Strengthens and purifies the blood. Its purity and delicacy command it to all. Sold by druggists and storekeepers everywhere.

"WOOD'S"
GENUINE SELECTED SPICES.
Pungent, Aromatic, Economical.
THOS. WOOD & CO., BOSTON

LADY
Agents actually clear \$10 daily with my wonderful new patent rubber under garment for females. One lady sold 50 first two hours.
MRS. H. F. LITTLE,
Chicago, Ill.

Infant's Wardrobe.
For 50c. I will send 10 patterns for a baby's new style Health Wardrobe, or 12 patterns first short clothes, Health Garments, at same price. Full directions for each pattern, also kind and amount of material required for each.
MRS. F. E. PHILLIPS, Brattleboro, Vermont.

MAGIC FRECKLE CURE
Promptly eradicates Freckles, Tan, Sun-burn, Moth Patches and all discolorations without injury, & imparts to the skin purity & velvety softness. Sent by mail to any part of the world for 25c. The W. MILLARD CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

10 CENTS (silver) pays for your address in the "Agents' Directory" which goes whirling all over the United States, and you will get hundreds of samples, circulars, books, newspapers, magazines, etc., from those who want agents. You will get lots of mail matter and good reading free, and be WELL PLEASED with the small investment. List containing name sent to each person answering this advertisement. T. D. CAMPBELL, 34, Boyleston, Ind.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES.
A Sure remedy for Asthma. Price 35 cts. by mail.
STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

EMPLOYMENT. We Want 100 Agents to sell 100,000 Acme Sewing Machines this year. The handsomest and best machine in the market. Address J. A. TITUS, & CO., Brattleboro, Vt.

GOLD WATCH FREE to every Agent selling our Cards. Send a 2-cent stamp for samples and outfit. THE DOMESTIC CO., Wallingford, Conn.

Get of your Druggist or Grocer,
25 CENT Bottle ALLEN'S
ROOT BEER
EXTRACT
which will make 6 gallons of Beer. No
trouble to make. No boiling. No straining.
Much preferable to ice water. Made entirely
of roots and herbs, such as Dandelion, Horseradish, Spikenard, &c. Package of herbs for making sent by mail for
25c. CHAS. E. CARTER, Lowell, Mass.

"GET THE BEST."

After having used the "Welcome Soap" for years, let me say to the sisters of the "Band" that I am perfectly satisfied with it. I never see any ill effects upon the clothes or my hands. A trial will insure its continued use according to my experience.
Mrs. Dr. J. H. HANAFORD.

PILE. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indelicacy. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free by addressing J. H. REED, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed in no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatment and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Extract and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.

Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

FOR SALE.

We have for sale a new, first class, double thread

SEWING MACHINE,

with all the modern attachments. Will be sold cheap for cash, and freight paid to nearest railroad station. A warrant for five years, given by the manufacturers, will be sent with the machine. Address

THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

FITS STOPPED FREE
Marvelous success.
Insane Persons Restored
Dr. KLINE'S GREAT
NERVE RESTORER
for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Cures
every disease for Nerve Affections. Fits, Epilepsy, etc.
INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. \$100.00
Treatise and \$10.00 trial bottle free to
Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when
received. Send names, P. O. and express address of
afflicted to DR. KLINE, 91 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

WAKE UP!
A live, energetic man or woman wanted in every county to engage in a permanent business, paying \$30 a week and all expenses. Experience or capital not required. No risk. No failure. A One Dollar Sample and full instructions for 8c. stamps. H. C. ROWELL & CO., RUTLAND, Vt.

The Attractions
OF
BRATTLEBORO,

By HENRY M. BURT.

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

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OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1887. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within *one year* from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and *observe these conditions fully*, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or *other witnesses* who are strangers to us, nor "refer us to anybody"—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application *must* do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders, if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe



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June.



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A blessing proves to me and mine."

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" 1095, 8 1-2 " 75 "

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Also full line of fancy work materials for artistic embroidery—Plush, Velvets, Florentine and Persian and Pongee Silks, all colors and natural shade of Pongee Silk, Satins in all colors, Canvases, Plain Felt and Gold Felt, also the new Ribbon Canvas, full line of Stamped Linen Goods, Best Imported Chenille, Arrasenne, Ribbon, English Crewels, Best Imported and American Silks for Embroidery, Etching, Knitting and Purse. Also the Wash Silk, Wash Linen Floss in colors, Packages of assorted colors for Crazy Work, Needles for Kensington Embroidery, Gilt ornaments of all kinds, Banner Rods, plain and fancy, and New Moss Rod, Tinsel Rods, Plush and Silk Balls, all the popular shades. Artists' Materials, Paints, Brushes, Palettes, etc., etc. Jennie June's Book on Needlework, and Hilton's on Needle and Crochet Work. A full line of Brigg's Test Patterns. These patterns only require a warm iron pressed over them to transfer the design on any material you wish. Also Silk and Arrasenne Shade Cards and the Fir Balsam Pillows, all sizes.

Ladies, do your own Stamping with our new outfit. You can save money by doing your own stamping, and make money by doing it for others. While we direct your attention to something so really worthy your notice as our stamping outfit, with the price so low, for so excellent a variety of patterns finished, will be a pleasing surprise to you. Our \$1.00 Stamping Outfit contains 100 Perforated Stamping Patterns, Initials for Hat Bands, Patterns for Banners, Table Scarfs, Tidies, Doilies, Splashes, Towel Racks, Lambrequins, Tray Cloths, Lamp Mats, Stamping Pad, one box of our Best Stamping Powder, one tube of our Stamping Paint and Brush for Plush and Velvets, Kensington, Lustre and Hand Painting, Kensington Outfit, \$1.50. Lustre Outfit, \$3.00. Send three 2c. stamps for complete catalogue.

CHARLES E. PEABODY, LYNN, MASS.

YOUNG FUR SEALS.

When the young seal is about a month old its education begins. One may wonder wherein this consists, and this feeling will be intensified when we learn that it consists in teaching the young to swim. It seems paradoxical—one can hardly believe it—that the finest swimmer of all amphibious creatures, which spends half its existence at sea, has no more idea of swimming at first than one of our own babies. But it is the fact. Take a pup and put it out of its depth, and straightway its bullet head sinks, its hind parts flop about impotently, and its death by suffocation is the question of a few minutes only, the little creature not having the least idea of lifting up its head and getting the air.

Such being the case, its education is a question of some little time, and is thus effected: At about six weeks old his instinct takes him down to the water's edge, where he paddles about all day long, now washed by the surf, and now left high and dry, in an another moment perhaps to be rolled over and over by the water. After a few minutes of this he gets tired, curls himself round like a cat or dog on the hearth rug, and goes to sleep, but only for a short time, for the seal at all ages is the most restless of living creatures. Then again to the surf, paddling about just like our own boys and girls, every day expanding his ideas, and proving to himself that water is not such a dreadful thing after all. By repeated efforts, then, he learns to keep himself afloat, to recognize his own powers, and become thoroughly master of the element in which he has to spend the greater portion of his life.—*All the Year Round.*

TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.

The inhabitants of the north of England are a matter-of-fact people. The following incident illustrates their shrewdness and ready resource. In a village in one of the dales lived a kind-hearted, but somewhat hot-headed woman who entertained the minister when he came to preach there. On the occasion of the first visit of one of this fraternity, she deemed it necessary to ascertain his preference for tea or coffee for breakfast; so as she was going on with the preparation of the meal, she went to the stair-foot and called out the name of her guest. But no answer was vouchsafed her call. Wonderingly, she waited awhile, and then, repeating her call, she was answered by, "What do you want?" in any thing but a gentle tone of voice.

"I want to know whether you'll have tea or coffee to your breakfast?"

"I'll have either or both," was the odd and stinging reply.

"You've got out on the wrong side of the bed to morn," said the irritated dame to herself; "but I'll fit up yer order, my man;" so saying, she went to the cupboard, took thence another tea-pot, and putting therein equal quantities of tea and coffee, she made a strong decoction thereof for the preacher. Presently, he felt that he had a strangely flavored beverage before him; so, pausing, he asked: "What's this, missus?"

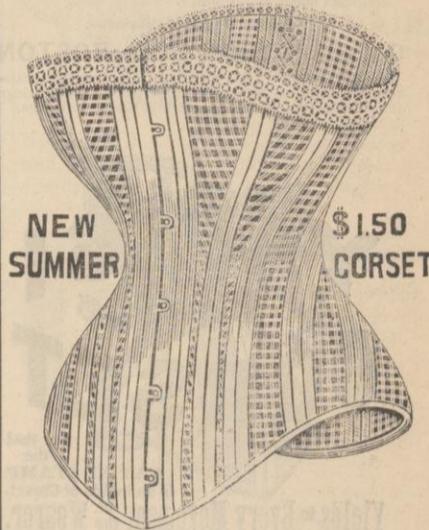
"It's both, sir; and you shall either sup it or gang without."

—A farmer was hoeing hard on his patch of land when one of those town loafers approached the fence. "Hello, Farmer B., what do you think of the outlook?" "What outlook? Didn't know there was one." "We're all talking about it down at the store, and they sent me up to hear what you had to say." "Oh, yes, I see. Well, you tell 'em that they will stop talking and go to hoeing that the country will prosper without any outlook. Do you hear me?"

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Owing to the unprecedented success attending the sale of our Electric Corsets, and in response to numerous inquiries for an Electric Summer or Ventilating Corset, Dr. Scott has just placed his "Electric Summer" Corset on the market. It has already met with the most gratifying popularity, thereby proving its value, merits and durability.

It is a beauty, made of extra strong and fine linen netting, with pockets all around, in which are placed our watch-spring magnetos. They are highly charged with electro-magnetism and impart a steady and gentle current, all healing in its influence to the wearer. They create no unpleasant shock whatever. They can be used by the most delicate invalid as safely as by the more robust with wonderful and quick results.



The above remarks refer equally to our regular Electric Corsets, which retail at \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$3.00, Nursing \$1.50, Abdominal \$3.00. The \$1.00 and \$1.50 goods are made of extra fine and durable Jean, and the \$2.00, \$3.00 and Abdominal Corsets of Superfine English Sateen. All except Summer Corsets come in white and dove from 18 to 30 inches; we make the Abdominal up to 38 inches. The postage on each is 15c. Every one is sent out in handsome box, accompanied by a silver plated compass, with which the electro-magnetic power is tested. Professional men assert that there is hardly a disease which Electricity or Magnetism may not benefit or cure, and they daily practice the same, as your own physician will inform you.

THE CELEBRATED DR. W. A. HAMMOND of New York, formerly Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army, lately lectured upon this subject, and advised all medical men to make trial of these agencies, describing at the same time most remarkable cures he had made, even in cases which would seem hopeless. If you cannot obtain them in your town remit us the price with 15c. added for postage, we will deliver them into your hands free. Always mention this paper, and remit by P. O. Money order or Draft payable to

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PANTS**

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Ingalls' Perfection \$1 STAMPING OUTFIT

WITH this Outfit you can do your own Stamping and Stamping for others. The Patterns in this Outfit are made on 13 sheets of Crane's best Parchment Paper (size of each sheet, 25x7 inches). These Patterns are made *especially* for this Outfit, and are all *different* from the Patterns in our 1886 \$1.00 Outfit. This Outfit contains 2 NEW ALPHABETS (26 LETTERS EACH), AND

150 LARGE AND SMALL PERFORATED PATTERNS: DESIGNS OF WILD ROSES AND BUDS 9x5 inches—LARGE GARDENS 6x7—WREATH OF WILD ROSES AND DAISIES 5x5—WOODBINE 6 1-2x3—FUCHSIAS 6 1-2x3—PEACOCK 5 1-2x3 1-2—LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY BORDER 12x1 1-2—Tidy Design, BUTTERCUPS and DAISIES 9x6 1-2—Outline, GIRL GOING TO SCHOOL 9x3 1-2—Strip of WHEAT, WILD ROSES, DAISIES, etc., 13x2—Corner and Border of FORGET-ME-NOTS 14x6—SCALLOP 3 1-2x8—MORNING-GLOW 3x4 1-2—FRUIT DESIGNS for DOILIES, each 3x3—BRAIDING DESIGNS 4 1-2x4 1-2, 7x2 1-2—POPPY 5 1-2x6—SET OF FIGURES 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0—CAT-TAILS 3x5 1-2—CALLA LILY 2 1-2x3—GOLDEN-ROD 3x1 1-2—SUMAC 2 1-2x1 1-2—POND LILY 2 1-2x1 1-2—APPLE BLOSSOMS 2x2 1-2—ACORNS 4x2—OAK LEAVES 2 1-2x2 1-2—CLOVER 2x1 2—CHERRIES 11-2x2 1-2—INCH FEATHER—WHEAT, etc., 4 1-2x2—SNOWBALL 4 1-2x3 1-2—THISTLE 2x3 1-2—Strip of DAISIES 12x3—VEGETABLE DESIGNS, CRAZY PATCHWORK DESIGNS, etc., making in all 200 PATTERNS, including the TWO ALPHABETS.

THIS OUTFIT ALSO CONTAINS

FRINGED LINEN TIDY and Materials to Work it. INGALLS' BIG CATALOGUE, Latest Edition (a 256-page book) containing Thousands of Illustrations of Stamping Patterns. INGALLS' INSTRUCTION BOOK, giving full Directions for Stamping; telling how to make the Powder, Ingalls' Stamping Paint, etc., and our book, How to USE FANCY WORK MATERIALS. This Outfit also contains an Illustrated Book that tells How to MAKE PAPER FLOWERS, and 100 SAMPLES of Imported TISSUE PAPER. Also BRIGGS' NEW CATALOGUE OF TRANSFER PATTERNS (a 230-page book) containing hundreds of illustrations; SAMPLES OF BRIGGS' TRANSFER PATTERNS, and BRIGGS' SILK GUIDE. This Outfit also contains a TUBE of INGALLS' STAMPING PAINT, used for Stamping Felt, Velvet, Plush, etc.; a STAMPING BRUSH, Box best STAMPING POWDER, and a STAMPING PAD.

This Outfit sent by mail for \$1.00.

EXTRA STAMPING PATTERNS: *Splasher Design, STORK FEEDING AMONG THE LILIES 20x9 inches, price 25 cents.—Tidy Design GOLDEN-ROD and SUMAC 8x10, price 10c.—IRIS 8 1-2x8 1-2, price 10c.—CALLA LILY 7 x 10 1-2, price 15c.—TULIPS 7 1-2x10 1-2, price 10c.—DAISIES 7x10, price 10c.—PANSIES 7x8, price 10c.—AUTUMN LEAVES 8x9, price 10c.—SNOWBALLS 6x9, price 10c.—Braiding Design, CORNER and BORDER 4 inches wide, for Pillow Shams, etc., price 15c.—Corner Design, CLOVER and BUTTERCUPS 9x9, price 15c.—Spray of WOODBINE for Table Scarfs 13x8, price 15c.—LAMBRUIN DESIGN, for Tinsel Embroidery 16 1-2x7 1-2, price 15c.—Growing Design, POPPIES, DAISIES, FERNS, and BUTTERCUPS, 18x7, price 20c.—KNIFE, FORK, and SPOON, for Tray Cloth, 12x6 1-2, price 15c.*

SPECIAL OFFER: All of these EXTRA PATTERNS for \$1.18, or we will send you ALL of these EXTRA PATTERNS and the PERFECTION \$1.00 OUTFIT—all for \$2.00, postage paid.

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THE CELEBRATED I X L CULTIVATOR.

The most complete and perfect working Cultivator in use.

Ask dealers in Agricultural Implements, or address for circulars and testi-

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LACE REMNANTS.

Don't get excited. Upwards of \$2 worth of Laces for 48 cents. Here is a chance to get valuable, rich and elegant Lace Remnants and Soiled Lace for almost nothing. Having bought a big lot of laces at auction, representing every imaginable pattern and quality of Laces at one-tenth part of their real value we are enabled to offer some most astonishing bargains. We put up large assorted packages of these Laces, which though costing but 48 cents, represent real values of \$2 and upwards. These remnants include the finest White Laces, Linen Torchon Laces in exquisite patterns, Spanish and Languedoc Cream Laces, Black Laces, and in fact, samples of almost every kind known to the trade. The manifold uses to which these Laces can be applied will appear to every lady reader, or to her male friends who wish to make an acceptable present, as no such bargain has heretofore been offered. Ladies will find them very useful for trimming all kinds of underwear; they can also be used to advantage in ornamenting children's and infants' clothing, as each package contains such a variety. We send them in various lengths, from one yard up to three and four yards. Some of these Laces have been slightly damaged by smoke and water, but ladies can readily cut out the damaged portions and unite the perfect lace. After the smoked and soiled Lace has been carefully washed it will look as fresh and nice as lace that costs six times as much. Price per package, 48 cents, three packages, assorted, \$1.20. Mailed post-paid.

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CRATEFUL—COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists,

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Offer—Free!

Send for our free sample.

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Monthly Circulation, 70,000 Copies.

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Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 75 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$7.50 per line.

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Two "	15.50	30.00	43.00	56.00	80.00	150.00	
Three "	23.00	45.00	62.50	80.00	120.00	225.00	
Four "	30.00	56.00	80.00	105.00	150.00	300.00	
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Reading notices \$1.00 per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1887, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

NOTHING HIDDEN

THE MANUFACTURERS OF CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR BAKING POWDER HAVE FOR MANY YEARS MADE KNOWN TO THE PUBLIC ALL THE INGREDIENTS OF THEIR POWDER.

In these suspicious times it is not enough that manufacturers of food preparations base their claims for patronage on the simple statement that their goods are "absolutely pure." The absolute purity of a poison intensifies the baneful effects of its improper use. The absolute purity of ammonia, a drug often used in the manufacture of baking powder and in some of the powders most largely advertised, greatly increases the force of the objection made by the most eminent scientists of our day to the use of ammonia in food. This protest of the medical and chemical professions is due to the fact that ammonia—a product of decomposition—when taken into the stomach with our daily meals is exceedingly injurious.

Hence the public should insist upon knowing what all food compounds contain and ALL that they contain. Let the edict go forth that no article intended for use in the preparation of our daily bread shall receive public support unless the manufacturers' formula be published. Then shall we have less imposition practiced upon a confiding public, and as a result less injury to the public health.

Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder is made only of strictly pure Grape Cream of Tartar, Bicarbonate of Soda, and a little wheat flour, the latter to preserve the strength of the powder; nothing else whatever.

CLEVELAND BROTHERS,
Albany, N. Y.

Agents make \$5 a day with Plush
Cheapest in U. S. Particulars free.
FOSHER & MAKIN, Cincinnati, O.

ALBUMS

Ladies Fancy Work!
Have you got INGALLS' ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE?

And Special Wholesale Price List
of SILK, FELT and LINEN STAMPED GOODS, FANCY
WORK MATERIALS, STAMPING OUTFITS, BRIGGS TRANSFER
PATTERNS, FANCY WORK BOOKS, etc. Price 10
Cents. It is Finely Illustrated, contains lots of New
Goods, and prices are lower than ever.

Special Offer—We will send this Catalogue
FREE to any address for One 2-Cent Stamp.

CRAZY Patchwork!
25 SKEINS Imported Embroidery Silk, assorted
colors, for 15c. 25 Skeins Imported Floss, as-
sorted colors, for 17c. 25 skeins Shaded Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, for 20c. A package of
Florence Waste Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, for
25c. A Package of Plush and Velvet Pieces for *Crazy Patchwork* for 30c. A Package of Ribbon Remnants for
20c. A package of Satin and Silk Pieces, assorted
colors, with Sprays of Flowers and Outline Designs
stamped on them, for 40c.
Address J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y.

JAMES PYLE'S MAKES
Short Hours

PEARLINE

the best and safest Washing Compound known.

Used As Directed

it produces better results

with a greater saving of

Time and Labor

in Washing and House-

cleaning, than anything

yet invented.

Wash your Dishes, Glass-
ware, Windows, Curtains,
Jewelry, Silver, in fact
everything, with it. Try
it in the Bath, and note
its Superiority over Soap

Beware of Imitations. The
Genuine always bears the
above Symbol and name of

JAMES PYLE, New York.



ONLY
10 O'CLOCK AND
MY WASHING ALL DONE
PEARLINE DID IT

CUSTOM MADE PANTS \$3.



Send 6 cents for
Samples of Cloths
from which we will
make to measure, a
pair of

The Celebrated
Bay State Pants,
For \$3.

If you cannot wait, send size of
waist, hip, inside leg measure-
ment, together with \$3, and 35
cents for express, and say
what color you prefer, and
we will send the pants to your address, neatly boxed.
Satisfaction guaranteed. Reference: American Express Company, Boston.

BAY STATE PANTS CO., 32 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.

LADIES' ATTENTION

Tea Sets, etc., given away to ladies who act as agents
for us. Send for Premium List and full particulars.

ATLANTIC TEA CO., Fitchburg, Mass.

BABY'S WARDROBE Complete. The most stylish,
perfect fitting garments to be had.
Infant's Outfit, 12 patterns, 50cts.
First short clothes, 12 patterns,
50c., with directions. One garment free with each set.

New England Pattern Co., 2, Rutland, Vt.

LADIES LOOK! MADAM LAFLEAU'S Perfect
Lotion for Beautifying the Face and Hands, removing tan, freckles, pimples, etc. Every lady needs it. Its medicinal properties are cooling and healing, being a medicinal compound, free from all impurities, or poisonous substances leaving the skin as fair and soft as an infant's. Ladies who do their own work, or who naturally have red, rough hands can easily have soft, white ones by using Madam Lafleau's White Lotion. Price, 75c. per bottle. Her Face Powder is the softest, purest and most delicate in use. 35c. a box. A bottle of Lotion and box of Powder for \$1.00. State whether you wish Pink or White. Address, Mrs. D. H. SMITH, Bennington, Vermont.

LADIES ATTENTION!!

Abbot's Improved Scissors and Knife

Sharpeners is the article you have been

looking for. With it you can do your own

work in the best manner. The article is

thoroughly made and fully warranted to

give satisfaction.

AGENTS here is a chance to make big

money. Samples and terms by mail. Japanned, 50c; Nickel, 60c.

As this article is entirely new now is the time to

secure an agency. Address I. A. ABOT,

Mfr., 46 S. Curtis Street, Chicago, Ill.



SOME grocers are so short sighted as to decline to keep the "Ivory Soap," claiming it does not pay as much profit as inferior qualities do, so if your regular grocer refuses to get it for you, there are undoubtedly others who recognize the fact that the increased volume of business done by reason of keeping the best articles more than compensates for the smaller profit, and will take pleasure in getting it for you.

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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QUITE CHILLING.

Banker Goldschmidt—Judge Ingersoll, my son would esteem it his highest good fortune if you would bestow upon him one of your girls.

Judge Ingersoll—And which of my girls does your son fancy?

Judge Goldschmidt—I will call him, so that he can say for himself.

Judge Ingersoll—And I will call my girls, so that he can make a choice for himself. Here they are. I can say one thing in their favor—they all use Sapolio. (Tableau.)

"Well bred, soon wed." Girls who use

SAPOLIO

are quickly married. Sapolio is a solid cake of Scouring Soap used for all cleaning purposes except the laundry. Try it.

No. 16. Copyright, March, 1887.

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THE ONLY GENUINE
LIQUID GLUE

UNEQUALLED for CEMENTING
wood, glass, china, paper, leather, &c. Always

ready for use. Pronounced strongest glue known.

(IS MADE BY THE) GOLD MEDALS.

Gloucester, Mass. Sample 25c stamps

Russia Cement Co.,

TO MAKE AND SELL PURE INK.

\$2.50 will start any enterprising man or woman in a most profitable business in the manufacture and sale of ink for writing and stamping. Agents wanted in every city and town in the country, and exclusive control of desired districts given. The Colors furnished are **Black, Violet, Red** and **Green**, and are warranted to make a pure ink which will not corrode. Sample of any one color, with circular containing full information as to process of manufacture, sent on receipt of 25 cents. Circular, without sample, free on application. Address:

WALPOLE DYE & CHEMICAL WORKS,

44 Oliver Street, Boston, Mass.

MONEY made canvassing for *Sunbeams*. Send 2 stamps for outfit. *SUNBEAMS*, Port Jervis, N. Y.

Mrs. Cleveland's Star Cabinet Photograph,
also the President, etc., one dime each.

Agents happy. P. MUNN, Clyde, N. Y.