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THE HOUSEHOLD

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

ESTABLISHED 1868.

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No. 12.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

CROSBY BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET

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The Veranda.

THE OLD HOUSE.

Isolated, bleak, and dreary, stands the old house on the hill.

Rooms that rang with mirth and music, now are empty, silent, still.

Desolation reigns supremely, and the old house bare and lone.

Stands with many a broken window, through which cheerful lights once shone.

Wrapped in dust and hung with cobwebs, how each empty, low-celled room.

Seemingly resents in echoes, every loudly spoken tone.

Houses old and bare and lonely, thickly o'er this land of ours,

Stand like long-forgotten headstones, 'midst their tangled growths of flowers.

Verily, they are memorials of the home life past and gone,

Yet, perchance, that "home in heaven" is by far the happiest one.

Time's relentless, keen-edged sickle soonest cuts the ripened wheat,

Leaving naught but weeds and stubble where once flourished every sweet.

Never then forsake the roof-tree, from its shelter do not roam;

Like a sacred shrine or incense, keep the altar fires of home.

For of all the piteous ruins, not one comes so near my heart.

As some old deserted homestead where once life and love had part.

Ivoryton, Conn. A. Z. P.

FARM FENCES.

AS THE country becomes older, and the material for fencing purposes becomes more costly, the question as to the cheapest and best way to keep up the line fences becomes more important and more difficult to solve. On the eastern coast of Massachusetts the first settlers found large quantities of white cedar growing in swamps and wet places. The wood of this tree was found to be of little value for firewood, but excellent for fencing purposes, and was used for that purpose at a very early date. The rails were cut twelve feet long and the posts six; when the land was free from stones, the fence was made about four feet high, with four rails kept in place by a post with four holes mortised into it. When the fence was wanted near where small rocks were plenty, a fence was made of a low wall and two or three rails, and a post set in the wall.

For more than 150 years the farmers in the eastern portion of this state, who owned rocky farms, devoted a considerable portion of their time in clearing their land of rocks, and hauling them where they desired either line or partition fences. In the interior of the state the

first settlers found large quantities of chestnut wood, which they used for fencing purposes; instead of keeping the rails in place with an upright post, the fence was built in a zigzag course, so that the end of one rail was kept up by lying across the end of another, the end of the first ones being kept from the ground by good-sized stones.

The old growth of cedar has been cut off, and as most of the swamps have been drained, a new growth has come up in comparatively a very few swamps, so that it is evident that when the little that is now growing has been used, some other material must be found to take its place. Those who have used chestnut, find that the demand for chestnut railroad ties is such that it will soon be too costly material for fencing purposes.

During the last twenty years, on many farms the line fences have been kept up with partition fences, which modern farmers consider useless. In a few years all of this material that can be spared will be used up, and the farmers will have to look in some other direction for a supply.

Among the new material that has been introduced is the barb wire; this is said to be very durable, and that cattle cannot go through it; but we are informed that horses sometimes run against it and injure themselves. We should think it would be excellent to keep dogs out from where sheep are kept. The drawback to this material is that it requires posts, which in some sections are both scarce and dear.

There are many places where line fences could be made to great advantage and very cheap with live hedges. Among the numerous kinds of trees and shrubs that can be used, the two that are best adapted for this purpose in this state have been almost entirely overlooked; these are the red cedar and the hemlock.

On the Atlantic coast the red cedar seems to be exactly adapted for this purpose, being perfectly hardy and will grow almost anywhere, from a poor, dry, gravelly or sandy knoll to a moist, rich intervale. We have set them on the edge of a gravel bank, the south side of a board fence, where it was too hot and dry for grass to grow, and have had them all live, and in a few years grow to a size sufficient to make a good fence, through which no cattle can pass. But few trees will bear trimming better, and no evergreen, that we have ever tried, will bear transplanting so well. If removed when not more than a foot high, with a small ball of earth around the roots, not more than one in a hundred will die, though they are set on dry, gravelly land. On good land a hedge sufficient to prevent cattle passing through can be grown in six or seven years. When grown it makes a good, durable fence that no cattle can pass through, and one that requires no further expense for several generations, except a little trimming, which can be done very rapidly.

Next to the cedar we place the hemlock. This when well trimmed makes one

of the most beautiful hedges that is grown; it is perfectly hardy, will grow on either dry or wet soil, and will bear trimming as well as the thorn. A hedge can be made with this tree that no cattle or even hens can pass through. To transplant it successfully requires more care than the red cedar. The principal reason of this is because it is rare that the small seedlings are found growing in open land, where the soil is so free from stones that a ball of earth can be readily removed with the tree, without disturbing the roots. To remove any evergreen tree successfully a portion of the earth must be kept on the roots undisturbed. As a rule, it is best not to attempt to remove a hemlock tree more than a foot in height, unless it stands in open land that is free from stones. The hemlock after being transplanted grows much slower than the red cedar, but when once large enough, it makes quite as good if not a better fence, certainly more beautiful. We believe that there are many places in New England where these trees could be used to advantage. We would not recommend them where land is so valuable that every foot is needed for cultivation; but where land is cheap, and line fences are made of wood and the trees can be easily obtained as they can be in many parts of New England, we believe, and we speak from some experience, that it would be good policy for farmers to surround their farms with either cedar or hemlock trees thick enough to make a hedge, always giving preference, except in a swamp, to the cedar. The trees should be set about eighteen inches from each other; when about eighteen inches high cut off a few inches of the top; this should be repeated when they are two and also three feet high. If a thick hedge is desired, nearly the whole growth should be cut off each year after the hedge is four feet high; but if it is only to keep the cattle from passing through it, the tops may be permitted to run higher and cut off only once in four or five years. If permitted to run high on the north side of the farm, they protect the farm from the north winds.

We have seen a good hedge made with the common gray birch. This tree will grow on the poorest gravel hill or in a sand bank, and is very easily grown from seed, which should be gathered after the first heavy frost, and sown immediately after.

The American willow makes a good hedge in wet places, growing readily from the branches of the trees cut in proper lengths and driven into the ground; but the willow grows so rapidly that it requires more time to keep it properly trimmed than many other trees, and can be used only in wet places. The most serious objection to such fences is that, where land is cultivated, the roots not only interfere with cultivation, but also rob the crops of plant food; yet there are many places where these fences could be introduced that would not interfere with cultivation.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

The Drawing Room.

TWO SUNDAYS IN PARIS.

IF ONE happens to be in Paris during a rainy season, he begins to have a great respect for the weather. Of course one expects rain in London, and becomes quite used to his umbrella as a traveling companion, and after two or three days it grows to be a very indifferent matter whether the sun tries to peer through the smoke, or whether "the gentle rain from heaven droppeth;" but in Paris things are not done by halves; when it shines, it shines, and when it rains, it pours. One may set out under a clear sky and walk through the gardens of the Tuilleries in a bright sun, and see flocks of children out with their much be-ribboned *bonnes* sporting themselves everywhere under the trees, and if he happens to go into the Louvre for a few minutes, when he comes out again the whole scene is changed, and he cannot put his head out from under the sheltering roof without being drenched.

Such a day was our first Sunday in Paris. In spite of the showers, we set out for Notre Dame to hear a mass at two. The first thing we noticed, was the "useful as well as ornamental" gargoyles with water dropping from each one. Heretofore they had seemed to be mere grotesque appendages, but now their use was apparent. The next thing we saw, was the two "peres de familles," holding out their tin cups imploringly and rattling a few centimes which had been dropped in. The kind-hearted professor of our party immediately produced his centimes. "Don't do it," said a bystander, rushing up, "they make five dollars a day, those fellows!" Too late! the money was dropped, and so much more was added to the luxurious living of these unfortunate *peres*.

We made our way up to the choir where we could see the priests and the row of white-robed boys going through their genuflections, with the most stoical faces, as if it was a temporary condition of bondage to be gotten through with sometime. We saw some friends and brothers, with the usual traveler's badge, a red-covered Baedeker, making the tour of the chapels, and examining the wood-carving of the thirteenth century, and, but for them and the priests themselves the church would have seemed quite empty. A handful of people were kneeling near the choir, but they were almost lost in the great edifice. However, the organ with its six thousand pipes played just the same, and the splendor of the service was in no wise diminished.

I could not help thinking of the valley which Ezekiel saw, full of bones, and lo! they were very dry. I said to myself, "These bones cannot live unless they hear the word of the Lord."

When the next Sunday came, a clear, bright day which made one feel sure he

was in the "American's paradise," and not across the channel, I saw how the breath of the Lord had already begun to quicken the dry bones. I attended the afternoon service at the McCall station, on the Rue St. Honore. If I had not known the number, I should have guessed the green-covered door through which I passed was the entrance to a saloon. The room on the corner of the street, with large windows did not seem unlike such a resort at the first glance. The second, however, revealed the notice in the windows: "*Reunions religieuses tous les soirs a huit heures. Le dimanche a quatre heures et demie.*"

I entered and found a neat little room, with mottoes on the painted walls, some wooden chairs, a little desk in one corner and an organ. In a room adjoining was a small case of books. About half a dozen people had already gathered, and were singing Moody and Sankey hymns accompanied by the organ. The music sounded very familiar, but when they sang, "*Tenez ferme, car j'avance,*" it was hard to realize that I was singing "Hold the fort," and

"*Semons des que brille l'aurore,
Semons des que le soleil luit,*"

had no connection in my mind with

"*Sowing the seed by the noonday's glare.*"

As the singing went on the people kept dropping in. A woman with two children sat down in front of me. A woman of the working class with her white muslin cap came in, a man in a blue blouse followed soon, and an old woman who looked as if she had borne the heat and burden of many days came next, and began to sing as if her heart was in it. Others came in singly and in groups. Some of them seemed to come in hesitatingly, as if they hardly knew whether they would like to stay, others strolled in as if they thought it was as good a place as any to pass away the time, and still others bore the signs of an earnest purpose in coming, on their faces. When the service began about forty were present, but more came in until there were sixty or more in the room.

Mr. Dodds, whose earnest face we all remember so well in America, conducted the service and led in the singing. There was the most serious attention during his short, earnest, discourse, and he was followed by a French gentleman who spoke warmly for some time. A kindly faced lady sat near the door, and gave a warm smile and a singing book to every one who entered. Outside, there was the rattle of carriages, and the steady tramp of the passing throng; inside, was the glow of the enthusiasm which incited a Christian man to bring the bread of life to the starving souls of France. Outside, was the rush of a Parisian Sunday holiday; inside, was the peace of God which seemed to settle into the hearts of the listeners.

During the long discourse, the children in front of me grew restless, and wanted to talk to each other, and the poor mother after trying in vain to still them, took them out. Even this did not distract the attention of the eager listeners.

When the service was over, some of the audience lingered to talk a little, and in our best French, we inquired of the lady at the door, if there were always as many people present at the services.

"Oh, yes," she replied in excellent English, "Sunday afternoon is always our thinnest service."

It is certainly very hopeful when one considers a daily attendance of sixty or seventy at the thirty-eight different stations in the city, and this little leaven may leaven the whole lump. Coming out from the tender influences of the meeting to the gay, crowded avenue of the Champs Elysees with its *cafes* and holi-

day-making people, one could not help feeling how great is the need of this leaven of righteousness in the gay French city.

LUCY WHEELOCK.

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

Who does not believe in the wonderful influence of the example of parents in forming the character and habits of children? I think, with few exceptions, this power has more effect in making them what they will be than any natural or hereditary tendencies they may have had as nearly every child, the first few years of its life, considers whatever "papa or mamma" says or does perfectly right and to grow up like them is its highest aspiration.

Well, is it not best this should be so, even though many bad habits are learned from the example of unworthy parents? for unless children have sufficient love and respect for parents to consider their actions right and proper, they will neither obey cheerfully nor treat them kindly and respectfully.

In few respects is the effect of example more noticeable in children's appearance, than in their close imitation of the language used by older members of the family. Those who associate much with profane or vulgar talking people show it very soon after learning to talk, as people who use such language themselves, think it sounds cunning when repeated by little children, and laugh at, instead of correcting the vulgar expressions that they pick up, which serves to encourage their using them. As only the power of using language and not the knowledge of it was given the child by nature, it must certainly learn to talk from hearing others, and, consequently, it acquires, in a measure, the style of language used by those with whom it associates most. For this reason, parents, and especially mothers, with whom most of the first years of children's lives are spent, should endeavor to always use good language themselves if they wish it to come easy to their children.

If the child first learns the old-fashioned pronunciation of words, or a very ungrammatical style of speaking, its teachers, whenever it attends school, will have to spend much time breaking up such habits that might have been more profitably used had they received better home influence. But when such habits become well fixed, and the children continue hearing the same kind of language while growing up, not even the best of schools or teachers can entirely overcome them, nothing short of their own care and self-culture in riper years—and this too few by far are disposed to exercise.

MARIA H.

COURTEOUS MANNERS.

Brusque people underrate the importance of a pleasant manner. Look beneath the surface, then to the roots of character; pay no attention to outward appearance, to voice or gesture, tone or manners; they may be all deceptive, and they must be all superficial; it is what is said or done, that is alone deserving of notice.

On the other hand, there are some to whom manner is everything. Each new acquaintance has to pass the ordeal of their criticism. Is he polished, courteous, graceful, dignified? Then they are ready to receive him without further question; he bears the stamp of their order. Is he rough, crude, awkward or shy? Then they care not to examine the kernel that may be hidden under so unattractive a shell.

Both these views are imperfect and mistaken, though each contains enough of truth to make it plausible. To deprecate or ignore fine manners is essential-

ly absurd. Their charm is irresistible, even to those who fancy themselves proof against them. Yet it is not so much in themselves, or for their own sake that they delight us, as in the promise of something better and deeper. They are signs or symbols of character, feelings, affections, and thoughts; and it is to this that they owe their value and charm.

The Conservatory.

ASLEEP.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

In summer-time how fair it showed,
My garden by the village road,
Where fiery stalks of blossom glowed,
And roses softly blushed;
With azure, spires and garlands white,
Pale heliotrope, the sun's delight,
And odors that perfumed the night
Where'er the south wind rushed.

There solemn purple pansies stood,
Gay tulips, red with floral blood,
And wild things fresh from field and wood,
Alive with dainty grace.
Deep heaven-blue bells of columbine,
The darkly mystic passion vine
And clematis, that loves to twine,
Bedecked that happy place.

Beneath the strong, unclouded blaze
Of long and fervent summer days,
Their colors smote the passing gaze,
And dazzling every eye,
Their cups of scented honey-dew
Charmed all the bees that o'er them flew,
And butterflies of radiant hue
Paused as they floated by.

Now falls a cloud of sailing snow,
The bitter winds of winter blow,
No blossom dares its cup to show—
Earth folds them in her breast;
A shroud of white, a virgin pall,
Is softly, softly hiding all;
In vain shall any sweet wind call
To break their silent rest.

My garden is a vanished dream,
Dead in the wan moon's cold beam
Clear icicles above it gleam;
And yet—I know not how—
M flowers will hear the dropping rain
When spring reneweth hill and plain,
And then it shall be mine again;
It is God's garden now.

CARNIVOROUS PLANTS.

BY PETER HENDERSON.

"**M**R. FRANCIS DARWIN has very conclusively proved the truth of his father, Charles Darwin's position, that the so-called carnivorous plants do make use as food of the insects they catch. A large number of plants were fed on meat, and as many on what they could get from the earth as best they could, and the difference in growth and final product was very much in favor of the meat-fed plants."

The above I cut from a contemporary journal. Resolving to fairly test the correctness of Mr. Darwin's theory, I last season procured in March, from Keenansville, North Carolina, a large number of *dionaea muscipula* (Carolina fly-trap.) The plants arrived in fine condition, and I resolved to test fairly, on a large scale, the correctness of Mr. Darwin's conclusions. Selecting from the lot two hundred of the strongest plants, I thoroughly rinsed them again and again in water, so that every particle of soil and all other matter foreign to the plants was removed. I then procured two boxes, three feet by three feet, and three inches deep; these were filled with moss (*sphagnum*) and sand mixed in about the proportion of four parts of moss to one of sand, forming a soil somewhat similar to that which they had been growing in naturally; this compost had also been subjected to the rinsing process so as to clear it from impurities. One hundred of the fly-traps were planted in each box, the plants selected being as nearly alike as possible.

After planting, the boxes were each copiously watered with pure water and placed in a cool and partially shaded greenhouse. One box was covered with

a wire netting, as fine as could be procured, so as to exclude insects; the other was left uncovered.

By about the middle of May, two months after planting, the plants had begun to grow freely, and the "feeding" process was begun with the plants in the uncovered box. In this, I was assisted by Mr. William Tait, one of my neighbors, a gentleman of leisure, and one who is well versed in many branches of natural science. Between us, the one hundred uncovered fly-trap plants, were "fed" almost daily for three months with flies and other insects. In August, three months from the time the feeding began, the operation was stopped, and the most careful examination and comparison failed to show the slightest difference between the one hundred plants that had been "fed," and the one hundred (under the wire netting) that had not been "fed." Both lots had made a splendid growth, and were the admiration of scores of visitors. I never omitted an opportunity to ask professional horticulturists visiting us for their opinion, and the verdict invariably was that both lots were identical, as nearly as could be. In this case, the "feeding" certainly did not fatten. It may be that our American flies were not so nutritious as the English "meat," though certainly ours was the more natural food of the two, but as corroborating the test of Mr. Darwin, it completely failed.

I had rather a ludicrous incident occur in relation to this matter. My friend, Wm. R. Smith, superintendent of the Botanic Gardens, at Washington, who is a thorough believer in the carnivorous plant doctrine, being at my place last winter, after the above experiment had been tried, we got into some controversy on the subject. Now, Mr. Smith is not only one of our best botanists, but his knowledge of general horticulture is perhaps second to none in the United States; moreover, he is a perfect Wilberforce in eloquence and argument, and having driven me pretty well into a corner, he almost squelched me by taking a magnifying glass from his pocket and showing me beyond question a minute species of shell snails embedded in almost every one of the closed up leaf traps of the *dionaea*.

"There," says he, "nature has placed the food—the animal food—directly into the mouths of these insect-eating plants. Can you longer doubt the correctness of Darwin's theory?"

I was staggered but not yet convinced, and resolved to keep a close watch on the shell snails "that nature had placed in the mouths of these insect-eating plants." Very soon they required no magnifying glass to see them: in three weeks they had increased wonderfully in "breadth and stature;" in three weeks more the biters were bitten, for the snails had eaten the fly-traps almost completely up! Mr. Smith has probably somewhat changed his base on the subject of "carnivorous plants," particularly as regards their use of shell snails as an article of diet.—*Gardeners' Monthly.*

PLANTS FOR WINTER BLOOM.

Almost all plants intended as winter bloomers must have special treatment during the summer and fall months. We want blossoms and well-formed plants for winter decorations, and in the cultivation of geraniums I have found the following to be a good way to obtain them: Not all the varieties are good winter bloomers, but some kinds are to be specially recommended for that purpose. Plants lifted from the garden which have grown to considerable size will disappoint you by taking a long time to recover from the effects of lifting, if they do at all. It is better to take young plants,

then we have blossoms all winter, until time to turn them out in the garden in the spring for summer blooming.

You want young and healthy plants to begin with, which set in pots of a small size, say two or three inches, shift occasionally, but always use the next size, never making large shifts. This course may make a little trouble from drying out where there is no greenhouse for the small pots, but a shallow box to set them into, with moss or sand packed around them and kept damp, will prevent all this trouble. The effect of the foregoing treatment is to obtain stocky plants, and to prevent premature blooming. Good winter-blooming geraniums can only be obtained in this way. Make the last shift in August for the large sized plants, the others in the months following. Scarlets require larger pots than the other colors. Pinks, salmons and whites thrive in a somewhat contracted space. Pinch out all the flower buds until the plants are taken in for winter.

Of all the geraniums, be sure and have some of the scented-leaved ones. They are everybody's pets, thrifty growers, and never bothered by insects of any description. The common rose, large rose, skeleton-leaved, and little pet are my choice. I have often been asked why geraniums do not bloom in winter. In nine cases out of ten, I find the trouble is a want of stimulants. A geranium will grow on earth and water alone, but will not bloom well. Soap suds is splendid for all house plants. Soak the pots once a week in soap suds; the dirtier the suds is the better. Drain and rinse off with clean water and note the results.

Roses, to get them to bloom in winter, must be grown in pots sunk to the rim out of doors during summer. They will there make a strong stock of working roots, and when re-potted in September into some very rich soil will become persistent bloomers the entire winter. Roses are admirably suited for house plants in winter. They do not require a warm temperature, but enjoy the sunlight and a daily bath.

There are no double winter-blooming fuchsias, as far as my experience goes. The winter blooming varieties are all single, and in the order of merit and rotation of blooming stand thus: Specioso, Mrs. Marshall and Lustre. A new one called Earl of Beaconsfield gives promise of being a winter bloomer, but I have not had it long enough to say so definitely.

Plants intended for winter blooming, where they must be purchased, should be secured in the early fall months. In that way they get considerable strength and size before the hard winter comes.

Other good plants for winter blooming may be selected from the abutilons. The white one, Boule de Neige, is probably the best. Bouvardias do well where there is plenty of heat, and care taken to keep the leaves frequently moistened. Carnations that are to bloom in winter ought to be grown in beds out of doors during summer, and all buds removed until September. Then after carefully lifting and potting, shade them for a few days and success is certain.

The Chinese primrose is a most popular pot plant for winter. They are easily grown from seed, and should have a partial shade and a rather moist atmosphere to do well.

Most people are fond of tuberoses, and these very fragrant flowers are usually abundant in summer, but if they are desired in winter, procure dry bulbs early and pot them, afterwards sinking the pot up to its rim in soil out of doors. Here roots will fill the pots, and when the cool nights come, the pot may be lifted and brought into the house, where the tuberose will soon unfold its blossoms.—*Rural Home.*

BULBS IN HOUSE CULTURE.

Every autumn many persons pot a number of bulbs in the hope of enjoying their bright and fragrant flowers in mid-winter, and a large proportion of these persons are much disappointed. After all their expense and pains they get only a few poor unsatisfactory flowers, if perchance they have any at all. In potting bulbs, as in other matters, there is a right and a wrong way, and those who are inexperienced generally choose the wrong. It is sometimes useful to tell how not to do it.

Pick out we will say a hyacinth bulb that has a green point, which shows the bulb is alive. Plant this in a pot and set it in a sunny window. The leaves will soon begin to unfold; when they are only two inches or so high you will see the flower-buds. After a while the buds will begin to show color, and you wonder why the flower stem does not shoot up, as you have seen it, nearly a foot in length. The flower-stem refuses to budge, more or less flowers open languidly, and without making any satisfactory show soon begin to fade, and that is the end of the bulb. Disappointed, you set to work to find out the cause of failure, and turning the bulb out of the pot you find that it has made scarcely any roots, and that the little show of leaf and flower that appeared was entirely from the nutriment contained in the bulb itself. Having no roots, or so few as to be of little use, the bulb could not even take up the water necessary for growth.

The way to do it is just the opposite of this. Select good, sound bulbs, the heaviest always the best, without regard to any green point. If the bulb is sound and firm at the top it is all right. Plant the bulbs as soon this month as they can be had, and put them away in a dark place for at least six weeks, where the temperature will be uniform. A good way is to set the pots in some sheltered place and cover them six inches to a foot deep with coal-ashes. It is well before covering to invert a small thumb-pot directly over the bulb, in order that the young growth, should it start, may not be injured in removing the ashes.

At the end of six weeks if you examine the pots the top will be found to have made but little if any growth, but if you turn out the ball of earth it will be found filled with roots. You now have a rooted bulb which can be forced at pleasure. Give it a warm place, plenty of sun and water as needed, and foliage and flower-stalk will push with astonishing vigor, and a fine truss of flowers will reward you for your pains.

What is here commended for the hyacinth is equally true for the narcissus, tulip, or any other bulbs that are planted in the fall. First get the bulb well rooted before exciting any growth above ground, which is accomplished by keeping the plant at a moderate temperature and in perfect darkness. Placing the pots in a perfectly dark cellar will answer. In whatever manner they are kept while rooting it is best to bring them out a few at a time at intervals of a week or more, in order to have a succession of bloom.

Good garden soil or that from a pasture is all that is needed, and if stiff and close mix in enough sand to make it open. When the plants are growing well weak manure water or solution of guano (an ounce to the gallon) may be given once or twice a week, which will not only add to the vigor of the plants but improve the color of the flowers.

Pots made very narrow in proportion to their height are made especially for hyacinths, etc., and have an ornamental outer pot in which to place the other when brought into the house. These are very pretty, but not necessary, as good results may be had with ordinary flower-pots.

We prefer to grow hyacinths and narcissuses singly in pots, but if desired three may be put into a large pot. Tulips may go three or more in a pot, as may crocuses and other small bulbs. The objection to having several hyacinths in a pot is that they are apt to flower at different times, and one will be fading while the others are just coming on. Where bulbs are grown in water, in moss or in sand, the same precaution must be taken to keep them in the dark until the roots are well formed.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE PANSY.

"My neighbor's little garden spot
Lies close beside my room,
And just beneath my window sill,
My neighbor's pansies bloom.

Bright little faces to my own,
They lovingly uphold,
And daily charm my sight with robes
Or purple and of gold."

This beautiful little flower grows wild in Japan and many parts of Europe, and is pretty well known by its various names of *viola tricolor*, pansy and heart's-ease throughout the civilized parts of the temperate zones. Although it will bloom soon after the seed is sown, the plant is perennial, and if given slight protection during winter it will grow and bloom from year to year from the same root.

In the language of flowers we find that the word pansy means thought, and it is supposed that the name arose from the French word *pensee*, meaning to keep in mind. Be this as it may, the flower is worthy the appellation, as not many can examine the beautiful and graceful little flower, without thinking of its great beauty and modesty. For

"Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
How lovely is a pansy bed?"

This plant has become a general favorite with all those who have a love for the beautiful in nature, not only for the beauty and variety of their colors, and the abundance of flowers they furnish, but by their long duration, lasting from early spring until late in the fall; indeed, I have gathered them in dead of winter, from plants I had covered in the fall by turning boxes over them. They do not make good house plants as the temperature of most rooms is entirely too warm for them.

Pansies require a rich moist and porous soil, and partial shade where the soil is cool, especially during the heat of the summer. For this reason never plant them in a bed exposed to the direct rays of the sun at mid-day, neither should they be planted on raised beds or mounds. In my experience I find that they do best on the shady side of some building, fence or trees. To have them bloom early in the spring the seed may be sown in the fall where they are intended to remain, and the bed slightly protected through winter with leaves or straw. The first flowers are usually small, but during the fall as cool weather approaches, they will increase in size and beauty.

My pansy bed this season has been extremely fine as the cool, wet weather of the past season seemed to suit them exactly. I had several hundred plants, and no two of them produced flowers alike. Some were nearly a pure white, while others were jet black. Some were yellow, others sky blue, and again others were variegated, in which all the colors of the rainbow seemed to be blended. They produced seed very freely, all of which I carefully saved, and I will send any reader about a hundred seeds for a letter stamp.

Of all the flowers I grow I love the pansy best, as I do love to look in their bright faces, and think if they could only talk what a sweet story they would tell.

They never seem to tire of showing their splendor, until Jack Frost gathers them in—poor things!

PRIMROSE.

Box 9, Ainsworth, Iowa.

POTTING PLANTS.

Now is the season to pot hyacinths, Van Thol tulips, narcissus, and jonquils. For hyacinths and narcissus a deep four or five-inch pot will suit, one bulb to each pot, but with tulips three to five bulbs may be put in one pot, and as many as ten of the crocus. Some people grow their hyacinths in glasses filled with water, and when well flowered in this way, they are pretty objects, but the bulbs are, from exhaustion, of little use afterwards; others grow them in swamp moss (sphagnum) and this is, perhaps, the most desirable method for parlor decorations; but in any case the pots or glasses, so soon as the bulbs are put in them, should be placed in a cool, moist place, and covered over with sand or moss, to remain there until such time as the rootlets fill the pots or glasses, when they can be moved into a warmer temperature, but not sooner; otherwise, if subjected to heat when potted, they will flower imperceptibly before the leaves are developed.

All tender plants should be removed under protection before cold weather overtakes them, observing to have the pots washed, and that the drainage has not been obstructed by the action of worms. When plants are newly housed, it is of great importance that in fine weather a free circulation of air be given them; otherwise the foliage becomes yellow, and the plants languid. Delay using fireheat as long as possible, taking care that all succulents be placed in a warm, light and rather dry situation.

Fuchsias, erythrinias and oleanders, rather than crowd the stage, can be arranged under it, where they will not receive the drip from above; or else they may be wintered over in a cellar should it be a dry one.

Plants in a dormant state require very little water during the winter, and excess in this will cause the roots to decay.

Prick out in shallow pans the seedlings of pansies, calceolarias and Chinese primroses, sown last month, and if they are strong enough place them into single pots. As bedding-out plants are now the order of the day, set about now to prepare for propagation for next summer, and begin by putting in a batch of verbenas cuttings, the length of which should not be over two joints; also lift from the border a few strong plants of coleus, stevias, achyranthus, talinums, etc., to be used as stock for propagation during the winter; shade at first, and then place them in a warm situation. Carnation pinks may now be taken up and used in the same way, as well as for the sake of their flowers. Cannas should be lifted and placed under the greenhouse stage before severe frosts set in; a small portion of earth might be left around the roots.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Is it possible to have good success in keeping plants in rooms warm enough for comfort? What kinds can bear the heat best, and are there any which will flourish in west windows in a stove-heated room? Some of our flower growers please answer. MRS. J. W. C.

Will some HOUSEHOLD reader who has succeeded in flowering lily of the valley in the house from pips taken from the garden, kindly send directions on a postal to Miss Corwin, Beansville, Ontario, Canada? and I will try to repay her in some way for the favor.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your contributors who understand the culture of cacti, send a paper on the subject for the benefit of those who know little of the proper care to give them, to insure growth and blossoms? Doubtless there are many besides myself who would be glad of such assistance.

KITTY BROWNE.

The Nursery.

CHRISTMAS' EVE.

A row of stockings o'er the bed;
Up raised each sleepless little head.
To catch the slightest sound or stir.
What noise was that? The clock's faint whirr?
A gush of wind? The fall of sleet?
The patter of the reindeer's feet?

In the parlor with suppress'd glee,
They decorate the Christmas tree;
On top, a star its bright beams sheds—
An angel its white wings outspreads;
Sweet voices Christmas carols sing—
Much joy the dawn of day will bring.

The memory of that fair morn
When Babe of Bethlehem was born!
The Son, through whom a fallen race
May see their Heavenly Father's face!
Pardon and peace! Eternal bliss!
A fairer world begun in this!

Well might a star point out the way
To where the infant Saviour lay!
Well might wise men to such a king
Myrrh, spices, and frankincense bring!
Or we to Him all honor give
When we have but to—look and live!

LULU.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

I AM a gray-haired woman now, but sometimes when I shut my eyes in the stillness of my room there comes back to me as fresh as if it were real, a light, soft breeze bearing the odor of roses, and jasmine and orange blossoms; in the distance I hear music, soft as an aeolian harp, and merry as marriage bells, I seem to see the delicate mimosa leaves against the moonlit sky, a kiss is on my lips, and I am with Lulu again. Can it be all a dream?

It was the first time I had ever left home alone. I was a shy, delicate child, and the thought of going among strangers filled my heart with nameless terrors. But the rich beauty of the scenery and the various novel objects along the road diverted my attention during the first part of the way. Presently, the driver stopped to water his horses at a country inn, and a gentleman appeared with his daughter at the coach door.

"Good by, Lulu, said he, "be a good girl, and don't waste your time."

"Good by, papa," said she, "come and see me soon, won't you?"

He had barely time to smile and bow to her, when the driver cracked his whip, and away we went.

I turned to my companion. She seemed to be a year or two older than I, graceful, pretty, unaffected, and quite at ease. She leaned out of the window to throw kisses after her father, and then turned and gave me a pleasant smile. She made various remarks in an easy, unconstrained way as we rode on that soon made me forget my shyness.

"Your name is Lulu?" said I.

"Yes, what is yours?"

"Edith Elliot," I replied. "I never went away from home before, and I dislike so much to go among strangers."

"Are you going to school?" asked she.

"Yes, to Mrs. Gray's at Rappahannock."

"Oh! I am so glad! I am going there too. I am so glad you were in the stage with me."

"So am I. Have you ever been there to school before?"

"Yes, nearly two years. Oh! you couldn't be lonely there. It isn't a bit like the boarding schools we read of. Mrs. Gray is so good! She contrives to make every one around her happy and at home. There are such pleasant girls there too! We have jolly times out of school hours! Such fun!"

She will not care for poor little me among all these friends, thought I, and I sighed involuntarily.

"You dear little goose!" said she, put-

ting her arm around me. "You need not dread it so. The lessons will not be very hard at first."

"Oh, that isn't it," I replied. "I can learn the lessons easily enough, but I shall be all alone, just the same, for you are older, and will be in different classes and besides you have so many old friends there, I suppose I shall hardly ever see you. Oh dear! I wonder what sort of a girl my room mate will be."

"How would you like me?"

"Oh Lulu! Do you really mean it? But you would not like a little girl like me for a room mate, would you?"

Lulu smiled. "Yes, I would. I'll ask Mrs. Gray. I reckon she will let me do as I like."

I sank back into the carriage with a little sigh of relief and satisfaction.

The rest of the ride passed quickly. We talked of studies, and Lulu told me about the girls and their school frolics, and I listened admiringly, noting at the same time with delight, the ever varying beauties of nature that we passed by the way. Kalmias with their crimped and dotted pink cups, and smooth, dark, shining, green leaves, growing by the fences; the fragrant laurel with its pure white blossoms, red birds, mocking birds, and other brilliant songsters swinging in the branches, the gentle sighing of the wind in the dark, fragrant pine forests, the calm, broad river glittering in the sunlight, all filled my heart with joy, but even more than all these I admired Lulu. I longed to throw my arms around her, and tell her how I loved her, but I should never dare to do that, she a graceful and beautiful young lady, and I a plain little girl with short hair and short dresses, only twelve years old.

True, she was only fifteen, but that seemed so much older to me, and she had been at school two years, and knew so much more than I. Her manners were easy and graceful, while I was so shy and awkward. She did not look so very old, either. Her fair hair curled naturally and fell over her shoulders. Her grey eyes were full of fun, and she wasn't a bit dignified or supercilious towards me. My hair and eyes were dark. I wore a plain linen traveling dress, linen collar and cuffs, and a brown leghorn hat. It seemed very plain beside Lulu, not that I ever had any special admiration for dress, I never could tell what any one had on, but Lulu's *tout ensemble* seemed to me the perfection of elegance, and her face and smile the perfection of beauty.

It seemed to me as if I had known and loved her always, yet I should never dare to tell her. But, presently, in a little pause, while I was regarding her with silent admiration, my shyness gave way. "Oh Lulu," I exclaimed passionately, yet almost under my breath, "I love you."

She laughed, a merry little musical laugh, and said, "Do you? I am glad of it. But perhaps when you know me better, you will not love me so much."

"Yes, indeed, I shall," I replied, "and I shall love you just the same, whether you love me or not."

"We'll see," said Lulu, giving me a little pat on the cheek, which made me very happy. Just then the carriage drove up to the door of a large old-fashioned house.

"Here we are," exclaimed Lulu, and in a moment she was surrounded by a swarm of pretty, merry girls, who smothered her with kisses, and almost carried her in their arms into the house.

"I have lost her," thought I, and a little of the old, shy, sad feeling was coming over me, when the next minute, a dear, sweet-faced old lady, who stood upon the piazza, took me by the hand, and led me kindly into the house, calling me by name, and asking me so many ques-

tions about my father and mother and my journey that I soon forgot about my dread of being lonely, and sat by her side, answering her questions, quite at my ease.

Supper was now ready, and Mrs. Gray called her pretty granddaughter, Lucy Yates, who led me to the table. My ride had given me an appetite. How good the flannel cakes tasted! and I thought I had never eaten sweeter corn bread nor drank sweeter milk. Teachers and pupils joined in cheerful conversation, and I listened and ate my supper, feeling quite happy and contented.

How many of our sorrows and anxieties, as well as our joys exist only in anticipation! and since our expectations are so seldom realized, how much wiser to look always upon the bright side of everything, to think of all the pleasant things, making the most of the present and trusting God for the future.

Trials must come, but why should we anticipate or dread them? They are only sent by a loving Father as a part of the necessary discipline of life, and with them we shall have the strength given to bear them. So let us take them as they come as cheerfully as we can in perfect trust, remembering that our greatest trials often prove our greatest blessings. What did I know of trials then? My life was a bright dream.

After supper the girls gathered in knots, and talked and walked on the broad, cool piazzas, played on the piano and sang. I stood on the piazza a few moments looking up through the delicate mimosa leaves at the full moon just appearing from behind a light cloud, and then watched a merry group of dancers at the end of the long piazza, keeping time to their own voices.

If there is ever one time more than another, when a child turns instinctively to its mother, it is at nightfall. As I sat alone on the doorstep, looking first at the dancers and then at the moon, I began to think of my own dear mother now far away, and felt a touch of homesickness. I rose and went to the parlor to find Mrs. Gray, who had already begun to take a mother's place. She seemed to understand my feelings perfectly at the first glance.

"Edith," she said, extending her hand to me as I entered, "You must be tired. You will want a long rest to-night."

"What do you think I had better study?" asked I.

"We will see about that to-morrow," she replied. "Now I must think about making you comfortable for the night. Have you been to your room yet?"

"Lucy took me to her room to wash before supper. She wasn't sure which room you were going to give me, and I believe my trunk has not been brought in yet."

"Jaky! oh Jaky!" called Mrs. Gray from the window near which she sat, and a little negro boy about ten years old appeared at the door. "Jaky, tell Sam to take Miss Edith's trunk to the 'bird's nest,' directly. I told Chloe to tell him to do it two hours ago."

"Yes'm," said Jake, with a nod which he meant for a bow, and off he went like a flash into the hall.

"I am going to give you the 'bird's nest' for your room," continued Mrs. Gray, "because your mother occupied that room when she was here. No doubt, you have heard her speak of it."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" I replied. "She has often spoken of you and her pleasant school days here. I know it will not be your fault if I am not happy, everything is so pleasant, but I am afraid I can not help feeling lonely sometimes. I do not know any of the girls except Lulu."

"How would you like Lulu for a room mate?" asked Mrs. Gray.

My face suddenly brightened. "Oh,

very much!" I exclaimed. "But would she like to room with a little girl like me?"

"Yes, she has spoken to me about it already. She likes the 'bird's nest,' it opens out upon the balcony over the garden, and is a cool place to study, and she likes you too. She has been rooming with Estelle Girard, whose cousin is coming to room with her in a few days."

It was growing dark. I went to find Lulu, and met her on the stairs with a candle. She took my hand, and we went up together. What a pleasant room it was, looking out upon the garden, with its mimosa trees shading the windows, the moon shining through them, and the perfume wafted in from roses, jasmine and honeysuckle.

The furniture was plain enough, but neat and clean; two old-fashioned chairs, a pine table covered with baize, a bed with high posts and chintz curtains, and a valance round it, a pine dressing table and wash stand covered with white, a polished wood floor, partly covered with rugs.

We sat down by the window. "Let us read in the bible," said Lulu, and then put out the light, it draws in so many insects. We can undress by moonlight."

I assented, and she closed the windows, and bringing in the candle from the hall where she had left it, she read aloud a few verses, and then we knelt and prayed in silence, then wound our watches, and wished the prayer bell would ring.

"Never mind," said Lulu, "if you are tired, I will ask Mrs. Gray to excuse you to-night,"

"Thank you," said I, "I wish you would."

Lulu set the candle back into the entry, and shutting the door, opened the windows again, and I began to undress—then stopped suddenly.

"Where is my trunk? It is not here, is it? Mrs. Gray told Jaky to tell Sam to bring it up directly almost an hour ago."

"He has forgotten it," said Lulu. "He never does what he is told. Mrs. Gray keeps fourteen house servants, and it is almost impossible to get them to do any thing. They are certainly not over-worked. Last year I gave Hannah some collars and cuffs to do up for me, and she kept them three weeks, pretending she could not find them. At last, I spoke to Mrs. Gray about it, and she made her bring them to me. I dare say she had been wearing them herself, for they were in far worse condition than when I gave them to her. However, Mrs. Gray made her wash and polish them nicely for me at last. I have known Tilly to hide under a bed for two hours, just to get rid of work, while the family were looking for her, and calling to her all over the house. Let me see—it will not do to depend on the servants. I will go into Estelle's room and get a nightdress for you. You have your brushes in your bag?"

"Yes."

"I can bring that up at all events, and possibly we can get the trunk if I can find Jane," and opening the door, Lulu took the candle and soon disappeared.

"I'll go too," thought I, and buttoning my dress quickly, and putting on my watch, I followed quickly after Lulu, but took the wrong door, and found myself upon the balcony. That was the way Lulu went, I was quite sure, so I followed on by moonlight, and came to two doors and took the right hand one, which brought me into a part of the upper hall. The other door went into Estelle's room, but I did not know it then. I heard the feet of the dancers, and their merry voices on the lower piazza. I went on through the halls, but could not find Lulu nor Mrs. Gray nor any one that I knew. Just then a colored woman met me, with a tub of fresh spring water on her head.

Dec.

"Have a drink of fresh water, honey?" she said, and setting down the tub offered me cold water in a gourd.

"Thank you, aunty," I said, "it was very refreshing. Have you seen Miss Lulu?" I asked.

"No, Miss, I reckon she's dancing," and leaving her tub of water on a bench in the hall she passed on.

Just then the bell rang for prayers. There was a hurrying of feet and then all was quiet, and I was in darkness. I must try to get back to my room. What would Lulu think? I wished I had waited. I groped my way towards the stairs, and stumbled over something that seemed to me like a great dog. I could hardly keep from screaming as I fell forward, and put my hand on what seemed to be a little woolly head.

"Ugh! who's dat ar?" said a voice which I recognized as Jake's.

"Oh Jake, how you frightened me! What are you here for? Did you tell Sam to bring up my trunk?"

"Lors, missie, I dun forgot all about it," said he, rising from his recumbent posture, "I'll go right away. I mus' ha' been asleep."

"Do go as soon as you can and tell him," said I. "You ought to have gone when Mrs. Gray told you."

Just then I heard the sound of the evening hymn in the distance. Jake had gone and I was alone in the dark. How long I waited I know not. It seemed an endless time. I heard the feet of the girls going to their respective rooms, and the "good nights" and the shutting of doors. I seemed to be in a different part of the house from them. I dared not call. Oh dear! how I wished myself back in our dear little "bird's nest." Minutes passed which seemed hours. I saw a white dress with a candle passing between me and a distant window. The tallow candles of those days gave rather a dim light.

"Lulu," I said, "is that you?"

"No, it is Estelle. Where have you been? We have been looking for you everywhere since prayers."

"Oh, I am so sorry I didn't wait. I have given you so much trouble! Do you think Lulu is vexed with me? I am so sorry!"

All this time we were walking together, and by this time we were in Estelle's room. "Here is a nightdress for you," she said. "I told Lulu to wait in the 'bird's nest' for you, lest you should come back and not find her, and I would bring home the stray lamb. Do not wander about the house alone again in the dark. Mrs. Gray would not like it. Here we are," and she opened the door of the "bird's nest," and bade me good night.

The candle was still burning just outside the door. Lulu was in bed. Her eyes were shut, and I thought I saw a half-vexed expression on her face as she slept.

"No wonder she is vexed," I thought, and with a heavy heart I began to undress, first putting out the light. I may have made some noise, for Lulu opened her eyes with a little sigh, saying, "Edith, is that you?"

"Oh Lulu!" exclaimed I, as I bent over the bed, "I am so sorry! I could not find the way back. Will you forgive me?"

I saw by the moonlight the half-vexed expression on her face change to the sweetest smile. She stretched out her hands to me, and drew me down beside her, and gave me a dear, loving kiss. My troubles all vanished in an instant, and I was in perfect peace.

The violets bloomed over Lulu's grave years ago, and I am a grown woman with grey hair, but sometimes when I lay down my knitting, and close my eyes to rest, I smell once more the fragrant roses and

jasmine, and I feel once more a sweet kiss on my lips, and think of old times and Lulu.

SUSIE MORRIS' CHRISTMAS PARTY.

"O Aunt Carrie, won't you tell us some nice game to play? We have tried every thing we know, and if you would suggest a new one, we would be greatly obliged, wouldn't we, girls?" So exclaimed Susie Morris, and the girls referred to earnestly joined in Susie's request.

It was Christmas time, and Susie's two cousins, Mary and Frank Bolton, were spending the holidays at their Aunt Morris' pleasant farm house. On that evening, Mrs. Morris had allowed Susie to invite a dozen or more of her schoolmates, girls and boys, and they had all the evening been engaged in playing games of all kinds, quiet games, noisy games, romping games, etc., till the old farm house had echoed again and again with the laughter of merry voices. At last, they had exhausted all the games they knew, and were quite tired after their exertions playing at "puss in the corner," "stage coach," etc.

Thus appealed to, Aunt Carrie put on her thinking cap to find some game she thought would interest them all until supper time. At last she said "Have any of you ever played 'I send my ship to Liverpool'?"

All answering in the negative Aunt Carrie proceeded to explain it, telling them all to first form a circle, and next roll up a handkerchief in the form of a ball.

"Supposing Susie commences the game, she must throw the handkerchief at one of you, saying as she does so, 'I send my ship to Liverpool, laden with,' and the person to whom the handkerchief is thrown, must, as he catches it, mention the name of the cargo which the supposed ship might carry, remembering the word must be a noun beginning with the letter a, such as acorns, apples, angels, etc.

The word must be said before any one can count ten, and no one must give a word that has already been said, or else they must pay a forfeit. He, in turn, must throw it at some one else, saying the same sentence. Now, Susie, we are ready."

So Susie, repeating, "I send my ship to Liverpool, laden with," threw the handkerchief at her Cousin Fannie, who quickly exclaimed "apricots." She, in turn threw it at Carrie West, who after a second's pause said "almonds." Then "almanacs," "albums," "autographs," etc., followed in quick succession.

Tom Morris, after a moment's hesitation when it was his turn, shouted "angle worms," when Mamie Jones said she "wouldn't go on a ship laden with such horrid things," and all the girls agreed with her; but Tom said, "I wouldn't mind it one single bit, I'd have lots of fun fishing all the time with them."

So the game went on, when some one exclaimed "ammonia!" Frank Bolton said a cargo of that kind would set all the sailors sneezing. There was a general laugh when Willie Perkins called out "arithmetics," and some one said "I guess Will would really like to have them all piled on a ship and sent to Africa or some other place," for it was a well-known fact that Will disliked that study and constantly failed in his lessons in it.

Little Ida Barker, who had just begun geography, called out, when it came her turn, "archipelagoes," and her brother Henry said, "Ida's word is almost as big as she is." Thus the game went on till at length all the words beginning with a seemed quite exhausted.

Then they set to work to redeem the forfeits that had been collected in the game, for sometimes the girls and boys had not been quite quick enough in find-

ing a word, or else they had repeated a word that had already been given. Tom Morris was told to draw a circle that he could not possibly step out of. After some attempts he solved the puzzle by drawing with a piece of chalk a circle around the waist of his jacket. Arthur Smith had to stand on a chair and crow ten times. This he did so naturally that any chickens who heard him would have been likely to prepare to get up, thinking daylight near. Alice Dalton had to repeat a verse of poetry counting each word as she went along. At last, Fannie was asked if she could tell in what way this year was like the year before last. She could not so all of them set their wits to work to solve the question. At last, Frank exclaimed, "I guess I've got it, auntie! Year before last was 1880 and this is 1882."

When the forfeits were redeemed, all were ready to enjoy the nice supper, kind Mrs. Morris had provided, and the various kinds of cakes, apples, nuts, popcorn, etc., rapidly disappeared before the hearty appetites of the girls and boys. When that was over, and the time had come to go home, all agreed that they had had a splendid time, and they hoped Frank and Mary would come and visit their cousin again very soon.

ANITA KENT.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

DEAR LITTLE FOLKS:—Your corner looks so nice and cozy, I am coming in to stop a little while, and while I am resting, perhaps you would like to hear about my pets that I enjoyed with my brothers and sisters, when we were little lads and lasses like you.

Can you guess what they were? No, they were not birds, nor kitty cats, nor puppy dogs, nor rabbits nor squirrels, but just a little kitten fox, and three white mice with pink eyes and ears and pink on the tips of their tails. Oh, how cunning they did look! We named them Snowdrop, Lily and Pearl.

Father made us a nice cage for the mice. There was a chamber for them to sleep in, a dining room, and a wheel where they could go for exercise. The wheel was made of wire, and fastened on one end of the cage, with an opening from the dining room into it. It was two circular pieces of wood, with wire strung across, and when the mice ran over them they set the wheel in motion, and the faster they ran, the swifter the wheel went round. They seemed to enjoy this exercise very much, and to be contented with their house, for we gave them bread and cheese to nibble, and milk to drink, with a clean bed of straw every day. They ought to have been contented with nothing to do, but just to eat, play and sleep.

But alas! this happy trio soon came to an untimely end. One day when we had them out of the cage, pussy cat stole up on tiptoe and caught Lily, and was beyond our reach before we could catch her. I don't know but we were naughty as well as kitty, for we boxed her ears well, and called her ugly names, but then we felt so sorry for our pet mousey.

Not long after I was holding my baby sister up to the cage to see the mice at play, and just as Snowdrop had put her head through the door into the wheel, baby put up her hand and turned it and broke her neck. We all felt very badly about Snowdrop, but we didn't scold baby for she didn't know the mischief she had done.

We wrapped our dead pet in a white muslin rag, tied it with a pink ribbon, and put her in a little box made for the occasion by one of my brothers, and buried her under a thorn tree to the tune of "Old Dan Tucker," played by my brother on a Jew's-harp while the rest of us children came in on the chorus with gusto.

The next evening an old brown mouse stole in through the wires of Pearl's cage and killed her and ate her up. All we could find of her the next morning was the tip of her tail, but her murderer lay dead, and looked more like a puff ball than a mouse, and that was some consolation.

We buried this one too under the thorn tree, because he had eaten our pet, and we stuck up three shingles to the memory of our unfortunate pets, Lily, Snowdrop, and Pearl. We tried to make a verse to put on each one, but it was awful hard work. We couldn't find a word to jingle with Lily nor Snowdrop, so we had to let them go without, but this is what we wrote about Pearl. I hope you will think it's nice for we did.

A wicked brown mouse, a greedy old churl,
Stole into the cage and killed mousey Pearl,
He ate her all up 'cept the tip of her tail,
Then puffed up and died, dead as a door nail.

Reynard, our pet fox, was given to us when only a few weeks old. He looked very much like a little maltese kitten, and I thought it was one when I saw it for the first time running about the room, and when I called "kitty, kitty," and tried to catch him, he struck at me with his little paw, and spit, just as little kittens will when they are afraid.

He soon got acquainted and became as tame as a dog or cat, and was the most playful pet we ever had, and I think it would take three or four kittens with their mothers and grandmothers to hold as much mischief as one fox can. We used to say he kept awake nights to study mischief and cunning, for as fast as we got him out of one thing, he would be into another, and he was so very quick you couldn't catch him easily, but we liked him with all his mischievous tricks and rough play. He learned to play at "hide and seek" with us, and understood his part perfectly. Sometimes the neighbor's children would join us, and we would take Reynard into the field and tell him to keep still until we were all hidden, and then come and find us. We would get behind stumps or the heaps of hay, and he would wait patiently until the last head disappeared from sight, then he would start and not stop till all were found, and what seemed the most singular was that he never went to the wrong heap, nor missed finding one, be there many or few. He never went round the things, but over the top, and he would catch you by the hair or sleeve, as much as to say "I've found you," and then run back and wait for us to hide again.

Foxy was very fond of ripe strawberries, and if he saw us take a dish and go out, he was sure to follow. We didn't like to have him, because he would steal our berries if we left them a moment and when we found a thick spot, he would gobble them up in spite of us. I remember mother had company to tea one time, and she set a bowl of berries fixed with sugar and cream on the table, and left the room a moment. When she came back the berries were gone and no fox to be seen. This was such a naughty trick we didn't allow him to come into the house again. I never knew him to steal anything but berries, not even a little chick or gosling, duck or turkey, and we kept them all.

As he grew older he became more shy of strangers, especially men, and when winter came, he left us and took to the woods with the rest of his kith and kin, and by and by, one of our neighbors shot him, and sold his skin. He knew him by a chain on his neck. We did not find it out until a long time after. So our pet fox, too, came to a sad end. If he had stayed with us contented, he might have lived many years longer, but he didn't, and so my story is done.

FAITH FRIENDLY.

The Library.

THE TWO RIVERS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Slowly the hour-hand of the clock moves round;
So slowly that no human eye hath power
To see it move! Slowly in shine or shower
The painted ship above it, homeward bound,
Sails, but seems motionless, as if aground.
Yet both arrive at last; and in his tower
The slumberous watchman wakes and strikes the
hour,

A mellow, measured, melancholy sound.
Midnight! the outpost of advancing day!

The frontier town and citadel of night!
The watershed of time, from which the streams
Of yesterday and to-morrow take their way;
One to the land of promise and of light,
One to the land of darkness and of dreams.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

Not here! not here! not where the sparkling waters
Fade into mocking sands, as we draw near,
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters;
I shall be satisfied—but oh! not here.

Not here, where every dream of bliss deceives us,
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal,
Where haunted ever by the thought that grieves us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,
Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,
And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us
Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied!"

Satisfied! satisfied! the spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds;
The silent love that here meets no returning,
The inspiration which no language finds.

Shall they be satisfied? 'tis soul's vague longing,
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
Oh what desires upon my soul are thronging,
As I look upward to the heavenly hills!

Thither my weak and weary feet are tending—
Saviour and Lord, with thy frail child abide,
Guide me toward home, where, all my wanderings
ended,
I then shall see Thee and "be satisfied!"

A WORD FOR CHAUTAUQUA.

BY ERNESTINE IRVING.

I HAVE sometimes noticed inquiries in THE HOUSEHOLD, as to C. L. S. C., what it signified, and its object. As I have been a member of the circle the past year, and considerably interested in the reading, I propose to talk a little about it. In the first place the initial letters C. L. S. C. are for Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, whose grand central rallying point is at Lake Chautauqua, western New York; but some of the New England states, western, Pacific, and for aught I know, southern, have assemblies within their own borders. Besides many of the leading cities and towns, even the outlying country villages, and so-called backwoods towns, have formed local circles, which are recognized by the main branch. Then there are hundreds of individuals, like the writer, who study and read by themselves without this aid. Of course each member must read and write, in a sense prepare his lesson by himself, but in the circle, the meeting together, interchange of thought, and helpful ideas received from discussion of the subject, are almost equal to a class recitation in school. The local circles usually meet once in two weeks; sometimes not oftener than once a month. These meetings can be made very pleasant, and very profitable. The leading literary men and women usually compose them; hence, if one of less capacity gets in, he or she may learn much by association. A minister in the town is usually made the president, or his wife. She is quite as efficient.

The object of this instruction is to furnish an unbiased, broad, and comprehensive course of reading and study extending through a period of four years as a supplemental school or college course to those whose school-days are ended, or who

can obtain such an education in no other way, or have abundant leisure and an active mind preferring not to remain dormant, and rust. There are many ladies of leisure who are improving their time and minds in this way. I suppose fashion and the many frivolous nothings of the present, might by a close calculation be made to consume nearly all of one's time; but it seems to me the returns from such a life must be dreadfully unsatisfying. Nature abhors a vacuum, and when the mind is empty it naturally reverts upon itself, causing a weariness, beside which a healthful course of reading with logical, concise thinking, would be a pleasure.

Last year, it is said, there were about six thousand reading in the United States. This year the number has quadrupled, showing the popularity and favor it has gained. It is really becoming quite the fashion to see Chautauqua text books and hand books lying among every-day books, not parlor volumes kept for show, but every-day, often-used articles, and people are waking up to the great gain to be derived from this kind of study.

A portion of the reading is published in a monthly paper, magazine form, known as The Chautauquan, price \$1.50. From October until June inclusive, the following in the course for '81 and '82 has been found therein: Mosaics of History, Christianity in Art, Readings in Mathematics, Political Economy, Geology, Laws of Health, Chemistry, Mental and Moral Philosophy. This, as I said, has been published in The Chautauquan, which is published at Meadville, Penn., by Rev. Theodore Flood. In addition, the following books have been required this year. "A Short History of Art," and "Outline Lessons on Art," by Miss De Forrest; "Man's Antiquity and the Language," by Dr. Vincent; "Outlines in General History;" "Wars of the Roses;" "Art of Speech," by Dr. Townsend; "History of Ancient Literature," by Prof. Quackenbos, and McKenzie's Nineteenth Century, which alone is worth the price paid for the books. The cost including the price of the Chautauquan, and fifty cents initiation fee, has been \$5.70, and I suppose the books for '82 and '83 will cost nearly the same. It may be rather more, perhaps \$6.50. The course is as follows: Readings in the history and literature of Greece, England, Russia, Scandinavia, China, Japan, and America. Readings in geology, astronomy, physiology and hygiene. Readings in bible history, and in biblical and general religious literature.

A portion of each month's required reading is to be found in The Chautauquan, besides much other valuable literature, for it is a journal of seventy-two pages. One hundred questions and answers are arranged each month upon some topic under discussion, and are much help in fixing certain points. Forty minutes each day, Sundays excepted, devoted to the reading from October until July will cover the required, but one may begin as late in the year as Christmas, and accomplish the course by giving more than the forty minutes.

Much greater benefit to the mind is derived than what is gained merely during moments of reading; for the mind is strengthened and invigorated by the train of thought started, and often the petty annoyances, or little vexing nothings that mar one's comfort, and fret and worry, are passed lightly over, or forgotten, when matters of greater weight and more interest are present.

The past year the study has been very comprehensive, it being the last, or senior year for the class of 1882, who graduated at Chautauqua, and all over the land, August 12. This was the first class who have taken the four years' prescribed course. It was the grand day at Lake

Chautauqua, and Dr. Vincent must have felt a grand triumph to behold this child of his brain bearing first flowers of fruitage. The plan originated with him, and he is the general superintendent of instruction, while Dr. Lewis Miller, Akron, Ohio, is president. A postal card directed to Dr. J. H. Vincent, Plainfield, N. J., stating information is desired concerning the C. L. S. C., will bring a circular with directions. I will here copy a little from the last circular which I think will be of interest.

"Aim.—This new organization aims to promote habits of reading and study in nature, art, science, and in secular and sacred literature, in connection with the routine of daily life, (especially among those whose advantages have been limited,) so as to secure them the college-student's outlook upon the world and life, and to develop the habit of close, connected, and persistent thinking.

"Methods.—It proposes to encourage individual study in lines and by text-books which shall be indicated, by local circles for mutual help and encouragement, by summer courses of lectures and "Students' sessions" at Chautauqua, and by written reports and examinations.

"Time Required.—An average of forty minutes each week day will enable the student in nine months' time to complete the books required for the year. More time than this will probably be spent by many persons, and for their accommodation a special course on the same subjects has been prepared. The habit of thinking steadily upon worthy themes will, during one's secular toil, lighten labor, brighten life, and develop power.

"Memoranda.—The annual examinations will be held at the homes of the members, and in writing. Memoranda will be forwarded to them, and by their written replies the 'committee' can judge whether or not they have read the books required. These are not formal examinations so much as outlines of work accomplished."

The examinations the past year have been very easy. They are nothing to be dreaded.

Without doubt there are many HOUSEHOLD readers and lovers, reading Chautauqua, possibly already graduated.

WORDS.

BY MARY LENOX.

One would naturally expect all tolerably well educated English or American people to pronounce the English language correctly, but a close observer, well grounded in the authorities, will find that even among well-read people of habitually intelligent associations, professional men and laymen alike, a large proportion are, at least occasionally, inaccurate in pronunciation, when judged according to the received standards. This comes, of course, from carelessness and lack of observation. The error of some exemplar of early life, parent or teacher, has been copied, and every repetition of it has, in its turn, helped to fix the mistake upon some hearer too indolent or too trustful to study the lexicon for himself.

Perhaps few of us have not been mortified at finding now and then how far amiss has been our pronunciation of even familiar words. Certainly no one need be ignorant as to what is correct, with such broad-cast sowing of unabridged, and smaller forms of good dictionaries, as our generation has seen. It will be said, authorities differ, and what one condemns another sanctions. This is true only to a small extent, and will not justify a tithe of the varying pronunciations that we hear. One must, of course, have a standard, and tastes differ in this regard, but Webster and Worcester are the authorities generally received among us. Of the two, perhaps fastidious lit-

rary people prefer Worcester's decisions in orthoepy, but no pronunciation sanctioned by either lexicographer can be condemned as false, though another may be preferred, and any pronunciation given by both, without an alternative, may safely be taken as the correct one. But turning the pages of a dictionary is both dull and confusing work where one is not in search of a particular word, but of errors-at-large, so to speak, and therefore with abundant means for their correction, we go on repeating our mistakes until something besides a dictionary forces them upon our notice.

The words given below are random specimens taken from a list begun for amusement, months ago, of words noticed to be mispronounced by those who should have known better, myself being one of the offenders, and the list has become unexpectedly long.

"Idea" should be accented on the second syllable instead of the first, according to all good authorities.

A speaker said lately "The *re-search-es* of science have proved," etc., when if he had searched his dictionary he would have said, "The *re-search-es*."

This very day two highly educated clergymen, one of them also an author, have, in conversation with me, used the word often, sounding the t, when it should be silent—of'en.

A frequent mispronunciation is that of tin-y for ti-ny, making the first vowel short instead of long, as it is properly.

We occasionally hear mu-se-um, ly-ce-um, a-the-ne-um, etc., instead of mu-se-um, ly-ce-um, ath-e-ne-um.

And we also hear italics and Italian with the initial vowel long instead of short; as it should always be. Miss Woolson, in one of her bright magazine sketches spells this wrong pronunciation of the latter word "Eye-talian," when she puts it into the mouth of one of her characters.

A well-read lady who has two brothers, both professors in colleges, told me a day or two ago that a certain place was very much i-so-la-ted (eye-solated). Webster would have told her to pronounce it *is-o-lated*, and Worcester, *iz-o-lated*.

An exactly contrary mistake is in saying *mic-ro-scope* for *mi-cro-scope*. The first vowel is long.

Perhaps no words are more frequently miscalled than those designating the schools of medicine. They should be *al-lop-athy*, *ho-me-op-athy*, etc., and not *al-lo-path-y* and *home-o-path-y*.

So with certain parts of the body mentioned in accounts of injuries. Many of us learned last summer in that painful watch by the president's sick bed to speak of the *pa-ro-tid* gland, and by analogy would know that it is the *ca-ro-tid* and not the *car-o-tid* artery. Pursuing our physiological studies, we find that the murderer severs the *ju-gu-lar* and not the *jug-u-lar* vein, and that *ab-do-men*, instead of *ab-do-men* is the correct pronunciation.

A friend lately told me that her brother was ill with *bronch-i-tis*. He really had *bron-chi-tis* (bron-ki-tis).

Ally and allies are accented on the last syllable, and not on the first. Grimace and grimaces have the accent on the second syllable, with its a long—*grim-a-ces*. Simultaneously and since we have the first vowel long instead of short, as they are frequently given. So also has ephemeral. We should call an event a *no-ta-ble* one, making the first vowel of the adjective long, but we should call a housekeeper *not-a-ble*, (a short vowel,) if we mean that she is an excellent one.

Probably more people pronounce *rallery* with the first syllable long as in *rail*, than short as in *rally*, but the latter is correct, as if the word were spelled *rallery*.

THE HANDWRITING OF GREAT MEN.

The Duke of Wellington's writing was large and forcible, without attempt at decoration. During the last ten years of his life, however, his writing was indifferent and often illegible. None but a compositor in a newspaper office, accustomed to all sorts of hieroglyphics, could possibly decipher the characters. A letter of his to a minister in Lord Derby's cabinet has not to this day been unraveled. Nine out of every ten of the duke's letters treasured by autograph hunters were written by his secretary, Mr. Greeville, who wrote a hand very much like that of the duke in his best days.

Lord Brougham's hand betrayed much unconquerable restlessness of impulse. His manuscript was a mass of hieroglyphics, and, according to Dr. Belkinsop, in all Mr. Clowe's extensive printing establishment in London, there was only one man competent to grapple with it, and he often gave it up in despair.

The bold and careless freedom of Byron's handwriting, compared to the elegant little prettiness of Tom Moore's, reveals very clearly the peculiar qualities of the two poets. The elegant precision of Mrs. Heman's penmanship, and the free but clear and intelligent *abandon* of L. E. Landon's, were equally characteristic of their mental peculiarities.

The royal family of England have generally written good, clear, and free hands. William IV. wrote a remarkably plain and legible hand, and that of his brother George was showy and fluent. Queen Victoria has an elegant signature.

Locke says the faster a man writes, the slower others read what he has written. Napoleon could write fourteen pages a minute; unfortunately, however, each page consisted of eight blots and a splatter. Some of his lines to Maria Louisa appear as if scattered over the paper by the explosion of a bomb-shell.

Horace Greeley's manuscript was very illegible. A wag once observed that the sentence, "Virtue is its own reward," written by Mr. Greeley, was rendered by the compositor into "Washing with soap is wholly absurd." Hon. Thad. Stevens, the "Old Commoner," wrote an illegible hand. His signature was little more than the scrawled initials with a short zigzag line following each of them. We once had occasion to write to him, and received a letter in reply which we found it impossible to read though professing to be apt at deciphering manuscripts. Two weeks afterwards we handed Mr. Stevens the letter. He could not read it himself until we gave him a clue by reminding him of the matter we had made inquiry about.

A president of one of our popular railroads, once wrote to an old farmer, requesting him to remove some shedding along the line. The old farmer could not make it out, and, believing it to be a free pass, used it as such for a year, none of the conductors presuming to dispute the construction he put upon the scrawl.—*Exchange.*

THE GREAT VIOLIN-MAKER.

Whether the violin model came from France or Italy, it is indebted to Italy, and to Italy alone, for its rise and progress. If it was a French seed, it early floated away from its native land to take root and flourish in Italian soil. There were great lute-schools at Brescia as early as 1450, and viols were fabricated in large quantities somewhat later at Venice, Bologna, and Mantua. But it was in the work-shop of Gasparo di Salo that the first Italian violin was probably made. Like almost all the great violin-makers, he lived to an advanced age, and died after fifty good years of work, in the town of Brescia. The rise of music in Italy,

and the perfection of great violin schools closely followed the rise and perfection of Italian painting.

It was at the beginning of the sixteenth century that all the elements of the art which had existed apart from each other began to come together—the study of anatomy and chiaroscuro, from Florence and Padua; richness of color, from Venice; reverence for ideal beauty, from Umbria. It was toward the end of the seventeenth century that one great master gathered up in himself the perfections of all his predecessors, and bequeathed to modern ears, in tonal splendor, delights analogous to those which the noblest painters have left us in form and color. Like the rapid perfection of Greek sculpture under Pericles, or the sudden blossoming of Italian art under Pope Julius II., so, at the close of one short century, broke into perfect bloom the flower of the Cremonese School.

Antonius Straduarius stands crowned the monarch of his art, the Phidias or the Raphael of the violin. He was high and thin, and looked like one worn with much thought and incessant industry. In summer he wore a white cotton nightcap, and in winter a white one, made of some woolen material. He was never seen without his apron of white leather, and every day was to him exactly like every other day. His mind was always riveted upon his pursuit, and he seemed neither to know nor to desire the least change of occupation.

His violins sold for four golden livres apiece, and were considered the best in Italy; and, as he never spent anything except upon the necessities of life and his own trade, he saved a good deal of money, and the simple-minded Cremonese used to make jokes about his thriftiness, and not, perhaps, without a little touch of envy, until the favorite proverb applied to a prosperous fellow citizen used to be "as rich as Straduarius!"—*Good Words.*

ASTOR LIBRARY.

The Astor Library, New York, contains about 100,000 volumes, of which but 5,000 are theological. These are in all departments, didactic, polemic, philological, critical, and commentaries. Of civil history it has 25,000 volumes, or one-fourth of the whole collection. Of English parliamentary journals, etc., it has over 2,000 volumes, chiefly folios.

It is wholly a library of reference, no book being allowed to be taken out. In this respect it resembles our state historical libraries, which can be used only at the rooms, where ample accommodations are provided.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, if any of them will send me the instrumental music, "Among the Pines" and the "Minnehaha March," I will return the favor.

A. E. WYMAN,

Box 638, Hyde Park, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me "Silvery Waves," simplified or in full? MRS. T. A. PERRINE,

Greenland, Col.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please ask if any of the Band can tell me who is the author of the following lines, and give the rest of the poem?

"Is thy cruise of comfort wasting? rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine, it shall serve thee and thy brother,
Love divine will fill thy storehouse; or thy handful still renew
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two;
For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain,
Seeds which mildew in the garner, scattered fill with gold the plain."

M. A. MONTAGUE.

Box 80, Mt. Morris, Mich.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Marjorie March, or some other teacher, tell me where I can obtain some good, sprightly school songs, suitable for children about ten years of age? I should be

glad to learn, too, of some other ways of interesting the children, and making school less monotonous.

AMY AVIS.

Box 528, Monongahela City, Pa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask the readers of your paper if any one can tell me where I can get a copy of two select readings, one entitled "The Texas Cow Boy," and the other "Bill's first Trip to Mill."

Manchester, Ill. MRS. SOPHIA WHITNEY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please ask through your paper if some one will send some autograph verses to me suitable for a school girl?

MAY PIERCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one furnish me with the poetry entitled "Meddlesome Meg and the Snapping Brown Turtle?"

CARRIE A. WOODARD.

Halifax, Windham Co., Vt.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please ask some of your many readers if they can send me the poem commencing,

"Man wants but little here below
Nor wants that little long?"

and if I can return the favor I will gladly do so.

E. LUCINDA RIGDON.

Dublin, Hartford Co., Md.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some member of the Band tell me where I can obtain the poem, "Only a Girl?" I cannot repeat a line, and do not know the name of the author.

LUELLA E. THOMAS.

Waterford, Racine Co., Wis.

THE REVIEWER.

In THE AGE OF FABLE, OR BEAUTIES OF MYTHOLOGY, by Thomas Bulfinch, we are given an enlarged and revised edition, edited by Rev. E. E. Hale, of the work published by the author many years ago. Mr. Hale's version of the old tales is excellent in every respect, retaining the charm which such legends possess for the mature reader, while sufficiently comprehensive for the young people, not only interesting them in the classical authors, but turning their attention to many of the best writers in their own language and time. The assistance of such a volume as this to the reader who is often puzzled by allusions to mythological personages, is valuable in the extreme. The old poets, and many of the later ones, use many such.

Apollo and the Muses, and hosts of others, figure largely in their pages, and the beauty of many a passage is lost to the reader through ignorance of these classical legends.

More extended than a classical dictionary, and free from many blemishes which such usually possess, it is especially adapted for students and young readers. The chapters on Egyptian and northern mythology are particularly interesting, and the book contains a complete index—a small classical dictionary in itself—which is of great value.

Boston: S. W. Tilton & Co. Brattleboro: W. R. Geddis.

The excellence which the art of color printing has attained in England is fully set forth in the summer number of THE GRAPHIC. While looking through the many full-page illustrations which the number contains, we do not wonder at the immense sale of 520,000 copies of the subsequent number. While the paper contains a large and varied amount of reading matter, the interest centers in the attractive pictures from a variety of subjects, some telling a humorous, some a more artistic story. Price 25 cents. The Graphic, 190 Strand, London, England.

THE VOICE, is an international review of the speaking and singing voice, giving special attention to oratory, the Del Sarte philosophy, stammering, etc. Its contributors include leading foreign and American specialists, and its contents embrace many thoughtful and forcible articles, which will be of great interest as well as assistance to the student. All who are interested in the study of vocal music or oratory should read and profit by its lessons. Published monthly. \$1.00 a year. Edgar S. Werner, Albany, N. Y.

Holden's NEW BOOK ON BIRDS is a well printed pamphlet of one hundred and twenty-eight pages, containing all necessary information concerning the care of birds. A short sketch and illustration is given of each of the many varieties of canaries, parrots, finches, and other birds, together with the proper food, treatment, etc., of the same. A price list of birds and cages is added for the benefit of readers at a distance from town. Published by Geo. H. Holden, 9 Bowdoin Square, Boston, Mass.

There is never an uninteresting page in THE LITERARY NEWS, still the October magazine contains an unusual number of choice literary extracts, reviews and criticisms of new books, besides which there is much to interest and instruct the reader. The Prize Question department sustains its early popularity, and the list of new books is full and varied. In the choice of books this little monthly is a great help, and we wish it could be placed on every library table. Sixty cents per year. F. Leopold, 13 Park Row, New York.

The Travelers' Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., issues a large engraving entitled "Representative Journals and Journalists of America," giving portraits of gentlemen who will be recognized as leading representatives of the daily press of the United States. The style is decidedly unique, and it possesses much merit as a work of art as well as from a personal interest in the subjects.

WILFORD'S MICROSCOSM, a religio-scientific monthly, devoted to the discoveries, theories, and investigations of modern thought and science, in their bearing upon the religious thought of the age, contains many articles of general interest. It aims to show how science blends with Christianity instead of opposing it as many scientists affirm, and will interest many thoughtful readers. \$1.00 a year. Hall & Co., 23 Park Row, New York.

The first of the new series of Mr. Beecher's sermons, published weekly under the title of THE PLYMOUTH PULPIT is at hand. Those who enjoy reading the sermons of this popular preacher will find this regular weekly publication a convenience which they will appreciate fully. Seven cents a number. \$2.00 a year. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

The Dressing Room.

BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

BY REBA L. RAYMOND.

THE days before Christmas are very busy ones for all of us. The holidays come on so quickly after the national festival of Thanksgiving is over that few of us are ready for them in the plans we had made for the day in the way of pretty presents and pleasant surprises for our friends. There is so much to be done just at this time. The season makes extra demands upon us in every way. Our time is all taken up with its entertainments, family reunions, and the usual festivities. There are the decorations and brightening up our homes, too, in midwinter when the outlook beyond is cheerless and uninviting. Then we turn to the cheer inside, and very glad are we that Christmas is a joyful, gladsome time, that the old year that is going from us dies amid the glad greeting of friends and loved ones. And in this season the New Year is welcomed in, another gift fresh from the hand of the great Father.

It is good to cultivate the spirit of giving at this season, and let our gifts so far as can be, be useful and bring comfort to those upon whom we bestow them. They will be all the more appreciated by those to whom we give.

We keep looking up articles all the year in hopes that we will find something new and different from last year. The magazines give many suggestions, but we find no paper that gives us more seasonable hints than THE HOUSEHOLD. There are designs for fancy articles of every description, many useful articles, with many others of real beauty if of little use, in the way of decorative art, wax work, etc. In knitted and crochet work, there is a great variety, from the beautiful afghans and other large articles down to the smallest in pretty knitted articles for a baby, every thing included, hoods, mittens, leggins, laces, etc.

No one need be confined to any one variety as there are many kinds of each. Looking over the list we find so many things, that are available for us, and that we can adapt to our work, we begin to work with hearty good will and soon have a goodly array of presents finished. Grandma is at no loss to know what she will give. She revels for months in bright cashmere yarns, and the beautiful knitting silks. The clicking of the bright needles tells us how fast her presents are accumulating. She adapts so many pretty bands in the new hosiery to her work with a little bright silk mixed in the patterns until her work almost rivals that displayed in the show windows. Then there are mittens in open work, and wristers and leggins for the little ones in silk and Saxony. Her basket is soon filled with them of all sizes, colors and shades. This keeps the work from becoming monotonous to her.

We keep pieces of knitting and crochet work on hand a good part of the year. The soft, creamy laces are always acceptable for trimming flannels, and so are the beautiful crimson and scarlet so much worn by all. We do a good many pairs of mittens in coral and shell stitch. They fit the hand so neatly that they are much worn. They require some time to finish neatly but cost a trifle only in the outlay for yarn. Silk ones are more expensive as it requires two balls or nearly so of the silk that comes in such beautiful shades, and dark, rich colors in cardinal, prune, and brown.

Among the many patterns given for lamp mats, we like the moss mat the best. We have finished one in eight

shades of a beautiful mossy green. Tying in a thread of gold colored silk improves it very much. The flecks of gold brighten it and add not a little to its beauty.

Pansy mats are so simple and easily made, we try to finish several pairs of these. The white, black and canary colors with the shaded purple zephyr, are so like the colors of pansies that they are quite natural looking. The pattern given a few months back in this paper, varies with a fine white edge of Shetland, Saxony, or white silk, and gives a lovely effect. We shall always finish them so hereafter.

The shell pattern in crochet serves us in making pretty toilet sets, using tidy cotton number ten. A dainty edge in some pretty color finishes them nicely. This pattern is a good one for a husher also.

We make spatter work serve us in a good many ways now. The directions have been so clearly given in this paper from time to time that we have no trouble in following them. White Java canvas is a good foundation for this work, or a set of mats and a tidy may be made on a delicate buff ground of the same material. We did a set in this a short time ago, using a spray of the Hartford trailing fern, with some leaves of the skeleton geranium mixed with the ferns. The effect was very pretty. A single fern or other leaf on the smaller mats was very distinct and natural.

The patterns in fancy knitting twines gave us some new ideas for handy receptacles as small sachets and shopping bags. We made three of these in the pretty rice stitch which is done by putting the thread around the hook five times, putting the hook through the loop, drawing the thread through the loops on the hook. Shape them like a sachet and line with silk-finished silesia in cherry-color, allowing the silesia to come above the work four or five inches, and have a hem two inches deep with another row of stitching to form a casing. Run gum ribbon (elastic) in to draw together, not to close entirely, but leave an opening for the hand. The standing ruffle adds very much to the beauty. The handles are broad ones, knit of the twine after the pattern of the curtain band given some time since. The rice stitch is a pretty and effective pattern as the work is open and the bright lining shows through the interstices nicely. The twine used was linen of a dark color.

The pretty cotton twines in a light shade are beautiful for tidies and fringes in macrame work.

The delicate etchings done in indelible ink give us great help, too, just at this time. There are so many things that can be ornamented and embellished in this manner. Pretty handkerchiefs are made with letters and monograms in the delicate etchings, or some of the quaint little figures that come with the packets. These make presents suitable for all members of the family, with the proper materials require little work, and are quite artistic. Toilet sets, too, in this work are serviceable as they bear renewing often.

There are a great many pretty articles that can be made of pieces of silks and satins and ornamented with transfer pictures made especially for this work.

They are a great improvement on the glossy scrap-picture, of which we were growing quite tired, a happy medium between them and the beautiful hand painting which is not available to all of us.

For Cousin Josephine who sends us such handsome presents every year, we shall cover a set of toilet bottles in a delicate shade of blue satin, ornamented with daisies and fine feathery grasses, with some pretty lace at the top of the bottle, and a large square pincushion in

the same shade with a cluster of pansies in the center, finishing it with *ecru* lace. With a little practice, we can make them quite as pretty as they sell for five and seven dollars a set in the stores. Pretty sachets for the girls can be made in the same way as the pincushion.

Then there are quaint little albums and needle books from the same material. Some we noticed, were made by taking a piece of pasteboard seven or eight inches square, fold it diagonally, cover with silk or satin, ornament with the designs spoken of, fill with pretty tinted paper, and tie with a bow of ribbon. The needle book is made in the same way, only there are pieces of flannel inside, and little cases or pockets at the sides. They are very pretty, and may be covered with velvet instead of silk if preferred.

A sheath for the scissors is a useful little affair. We took a pattern of the paper casing around a pair that came to us as a present, cut pasteboard the same shape, lined the inside with fine flannel or merino, and covered the outside with pretty velvet or silk. Join the two pieces with gold-colored silk, add a bow of ribbon with a loop to hang them up by. We can think of no more acceptable present than a pair of small scissors in one of these fancy cases. A pair is always needed in making just such bits of fancy work as we have been talking of.

There are numerous other little things to be made of the scraps of silk and velvet left after the larger articles are finished.

Cunning penwipers in odd shapes as butterflies and the like, are very simple in construction, and may be fashioned out of pieces of cloth with a figure in applique. One of the most cunning was a grasshopper in bronze. These are simply put on in buttonhole stitch, with bright silk, the gold color predominating.

Among the convenient articles for grandmothers, and which we think they will like, there are for us to choose from, first, a knitting case. This is made of pasteboard, and covered with pretty cretonne, or a pretty one is made of dark canvas, say scarlet in color. Cut in strips four or five inches wide, the ends in points. The length of the strips may be twelve or fourteen inches. Hem, then with black zephyr work buttonhole stitch around each strip. Remember that the upper point is turned over on the outside three or four inches. Around these points crochet a border of scallops in black Saxony. Crochet the four strips together, and at each joining, or the seams, crochet a row of scallops of the Saxony. These stand out and improve it very much.

We meant to say, before the pieces were joined, work a border inside of the buttonhole stitch of the black zephyr in coral stitch. Go over this in the same stitch with gold-colored silk, and it is a lovely pattern, very easily made. A black tassel finishes the bottom, and smaller ones, the points that are turned over at the top. Put a stiff wire around the top. Then a black strap, or handle, of the zephyr completes it. This should be an inch broad, finished on each edge with a row of small scallops. Through the center of this strap, work a row of coral stitch in the bright silk. This is among the handsomest receptacles of the kind that we have ever seen.

A bag for balls is another article we noticed not long since. This was made of crash with a casing at the top to draw together. It was ornamented with a pattern in bright colors, and a small pocket or case on the outside. It can be cut in any pretty shape desired. Make the edges in scallops, and work in crewels. This is very handy for keeping zephyrs, crewels, silks, and floss.

Perhaps a cap box will be better appreciated than any thing else, and we learned how to make a handsome one some years ago. Take a strip of flexible pasteboard about four or five inches wide, and one yard long, and cover neatly on each side with any color of silk you prefer, (we preferred silk-finished silesia in cherry color,) fasten the ends together very nicely, making a complete round. Take a width, (less will do of the silesia,) of the silk, one and one-half or one and one-third yards long, gather one edge, and sew it tightly to the pasteboard round, make a hem on the other edge an inch or more deep, and run a second row of stitching above the stitching that holds the hem. This makes a case through which a cord is run, which is used to draw up the silk into the closed puffy side of the basket. Another piece is attached to the other edge of the pasteboard. These two sides are drawn closely up by the cords with tassels at the ends. Have a covered handle of stiff pasteboard at the top of the band. All that is needed is a bow of ribbon to cover each joining of the handle to either edge of the band. This is a nice affair when finished. We can vary the pattern by covering the pasteboard with Panama canvas, on which we have some pretty pattern in cross stitch embroidery, and the monogram or name in ornamental letters. This should be lined with the same color and material as the sides are finished with. We like the combination of the drab canvas with cherry color or blue the best. This is one of the very prettiest presents for grandmother, and is so useful that she prizes it very much.

Grandfather will like a pair of easy slippers, and a chair pillow for the back of his chair; one of the round ones we have sometimes noticed with the ends drawn together with cord and finished with tassels. It can have a knitted or crocheted cover with a broad band or strip of embroidery through the center, or it may be covered with all wool canvas, three-fourths of a yard of crimson, with black stripe through the center, and some bright silk to relieve the black. A spectacle case will make a suitable present, too.

Mother will like a new work basket, a willow one with bright lining of silesia, with pockets and cases, stationary pin cushion, and button box. And then there are many other little articles she will appreciate coming from the members of the family.

We shall give father a new scarf, which we shall make of chinchilla and shaded browns. It is very pretty and will prove a great comfort to him these cold days. Then we shall make him a large size shaving case of cloth, pinking the edges, and placing a design in the center, a pretty spray of flowers in applique, or a figure, a head or bust, glued in the center, will be pretty too.

For the boys, we shall make some pretty articles for their rooms. We thought they cared little for fancy lumber, as they call it, until Ernest came home from school, saying he wanted to fix up his room, asking for our prettiest cushion and most elaborate tidy, and Roy after burnishing up his student lamp, wanted a handsome mat for it. Among other things, we shall make them whisk broom holders, or cases, covering them with cardinal colored satin, with a ruching around the edge, and a favorite flower in the center. We shall also make them some toilet mats in bright colors.

At a church fair, among other things we noticed in one of the booths, were some dainty white aprons neatly made, with tasteful trimming. We put these down on our list of presents, as they were different from those we had been using. Then there were fancy dusting caps, and some neat, oval iron-holders. We will make a set of three in brown linen, bind in scarlet with a loop to hang them up. With a bit of tracing paper we will mark

a large letter on top, and work it in red cotton. These cases can be slipped off the quilted centers and washed when necessary. Our young housekeeper friend will appreciate the apron, cap, and holders.

For our invalid friend whose world is bounded by the walls of her room, we can think of nothing that will bring more delight than a pot of Chinese primroses in full bloom. They will bloom for months, and cheer her often in the gloomiest hours.

No boy who owns a scroll saw, is at a loss to know what presents he will make, there are so many pretty articles that can be made from the beautiful woods. One of our prettiest presents last year was a handsome frame of white holly, a delicate little friend of ours sent us. We valued it as a beautiful specimen of his handiwork.

A copy of THE HOUSEHOLD often helps us to complete our list of presents, and is an acceptable one always.

An outlay of money for presents brings more pleasure, perhaps, in the purchase of books than of any thing else. They are suitable for young and old, will last longer, and help to scatter more pleasure among our friends than any thing else. What boy is not delighted with a copy of "Æsop's Fables" or "The Life of Robinson Crusoe?"

We admire the plan of the parents who buy the books of the popular authors for children as they are published, weaving in with their warp and woof of childhood's memories these sweet, pure stories. The lessons taught them then will never be forgotten, and the child characters in them are almost as real to them as their little associates in life.

There is no better author in this line than Miss Alcott. Will the girls ever fail to be interested in the fortunes of "Little Women?" Mrs. Whitney's books are excellent reading, pure and wholesome. The girls will enjoy the later ones quite as much as they did "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," and the "Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life." Then there are those of Rose Porter, teaching lessons of love and trust. One of these came to us last Christmas, "Summer Driftwood for the Winter Fires." The title was a striking one, and it suggested new lessons to us. After all is not this the mission of books? and is there not much truth in the quotation:

"The test of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought which it suggests. Just as the charm of music dwells not in the tones, but in the echoes of our hearts."

The gift books of the season in the way of poems are very handsome, and always tempting to us.

Talking of books and presents, can any thing be more suitable for a birthday present than the books prepared for that purpose? We refer to those of Longfellow, Whittier, and Emerson. The "Longfellow Birthday Book" is a bright thought of the compiler who arranged it, from the beginning to the close, the portrait and autograph, the twelve designs appropriate for each month, the selections for each day of the year, with the names of noted persons born on each day, and the space for autographs under each date, and the index of names at the close of the book. It affords no little pleasure and amusement of an evening among a company of friends, to look up the birthdays, the illustrious persons who were born on our natal days, to hear the gems of thought of the poet read aloud by an elocutionary friend, and to record names in the book. One can easily see how much pleasure one of these books brings as a present on an anniversary of this kind. They are precious souvenirs.

We think it a pleasant custom for

friends to send photographs to dear ones that are far away from the roof tree at this time. It brings much pleasure, too. Among old friends, loving letters fly back and forth, and pleasant memories are awakened. We are not forgotten by our loved ones, old times are revived, and our hearts are cheered by the sweet remembrances of the past.

While we are enjoying so much, let us not forget those who have not been favored by fortune as we have been. There are little waifs to whom the season does not bring much joy. Let us remember them. A bright picture-book will cost us but a trifle, and will mean so much to them. Let us make up extra packets of sweetmeats, and hang them about the tree for such, and they will feel that some one thinks of them, that they are not left out of the good times.

CHIT-CHATS ON FASHION.

Number Seven.

BY MARJORIE MARCH.

Harper's Bazar says there will be an effort to restore to favor, alpaca this winter, that it will not be made so stiff and wiry as formerly, and is liked on account of its durability, but it is not seen to any extent and the choice of mourning goods remains the Henrietta cloth, imperial serge, camel's hair and cashmere.

Tamise cloth is a favorite for summer wear, it has the advantage of being alike on both sides, so a suit can be turned when soiled. A pretty quality of tamise can be bought for sixty-five cents a yard, and a beautiful quality for eighty-five cents, and as the goods are quite wide it makes comparatively a cheap suit.

In mourning costumes, a certain conformity to prevailing styles should be observed, while all elaborate trimming and jewelry are not in accordance with good taste. After two or three months the veil may be worn at the back of the bonnet, fastened on with crape covered pins, and a Brussels' net, short veil worn over the face, if a veil is desired. Widow's dresses are sometimes trimmed with crape, made half long round basque, plaited skirt or else with polonaise. A deep band of crape is placed on the underskirt, sometimes to meet the apron overskirt, which is also covered with a band of crape. Dresses worn by old or young ladies who are not widows, are made with plain skirt on which is a deep border of crape, a long overskirt and round basque. Byron collar and cuffs of crape. Small button molds are covered first with the material and then with crape. Another way of making dresses in mourning is the kilted skirt from the knee down, the upper part gored and the overskirt drawn in wrinkled folds over it, the basque is a Jersey cut, or the box plaited Norfolk waist, worn with a belt.

After the first two or three months white chokers, or slightly rolling linen collars are worn, and indeed, sometimes from the first, the wearing of white ruches of *crepe lisse* or net, or collars are adopted. Those who prefer black around the throat use the *crepe lisse* laid in high plaits. Pretty white neckerchiefs with black moons scattered over the surface, or black organdie with white polka dot, with wide hem, make dressy neckwear. Some knots for the throat are made of *crepe de chien* fringed or white *crepe lisse*. Two yards of black gros grain ribbon tied in long loops under the chin after being passed around the collar, makes another change in neckties. Long onyx pins are very pretty, and the real onyx, gold mounted can be bought for \$3.00—while a small diamond setting in a black onyx bar, is the handsomest pin that can be worn in mourning. Perfectly plain dull jet is also worn in narrow bands for bracelets, and can be bought quite cheap.

Elderly ladies wear mantles with square sleeves, while young ladies usually wear jackets made of the same material as the dress. The crape bonnet which is used with the long veil, is made perfectly plain, leaving the veil to cover it entirely. The newest size for veils is one yard square. A roll of crape is now used in the front of the widow's bonnet, instead of the white ruche formerly used. When the veil is left off, a scarf of crape five-eighths of a yard, is doubled over the bonnet in wrinkled, or else a large Alsacian bow of crape for trimming. Undressed kid gloves with long loose wrists are much worn and the silk Jersey gloves.

My correspondent in Paris writes me that hoops are no longer worn, while bustles are small at the waist line and increase gradually below it. That plaid woolen material will be much worn; the underskirt will be made of it, drapery and basque of predominant color in the plaid. She quotes one suit, the underskirt made of small blue and white check and the basque of plain blue, which was very dressy. Some dresses have the underskirt of plaid, the drapery of bias plaid and the basque of plain material. Gros grain, or bonnet silks, are more fashionable than satins or brocades. Ottomans or reps will be in demand. Hats are large felts, round high crowns, with broad brims, bands of plush around crown, with two long feathers, one on each side. Feathers will be universally used as trimming, and a good long ostrich plume costs three dollars and a half, four and five dollars, up to ten. Poke bonnets and capotes remain in favor also. The plain round turban worn on the back of the head is becoming to full faces.

Since writing the article on "Economy," published in the August HOUSEHOLD, I have found a place where I can do better for my customers in articles of silver-ware. I can now offer to buy good triple-plated table spoons, chased, for \$10.00 per dozen, forks for the same, and teaspoons for \$5.00 per dozen.

Gold watches, 14 carat, stem-winder, and Waltham movement, can be had for \$35.00. I have heard reliable jewelers say a real good watch, 18 carat, could not be had under \$60 or \$65. But these 14 carat watches with Waltham movements will do very well, if one does not feel able to pay a higher price; but the truest economy is to get the very best one can afford. Ladies' chatelaine watches of nickel are \$7.00.

A good dentifrice that will strengthen the gums, whiten the teeth, and sweeten the breath can be bought for twenty-five cents a package, and should be on the toilet stand of every one. The teeth should be brushed with a stiff brush, every morning and evening, and the powder used at least three times a week. The South Sea Islanders are noted for their beautiful teeth, which is supposed to be owing to their removing all extraneous substances with wooden sticks.

Hill's Electric Brush is the nicest brush I ever used and is invaluable to any one who suffers from neuralgia, but it is not necessary to be a sufferer to send for one, as every toilet stand needs a hair brush. I would recommend Hill's for general use, as it is much pleasanter than an ordinary brush, besides cleaning and removing all dandruff from the scalp, strengthening the roots of the hair and causing it to grow.

In sending to me for samples, or orders to be filled, if an acknowledgement is not made within a reasonable length of time, one should always write again, as some letters are even now directed to Girard street, where I have not lived for a year, and so sometimes they reach me by mere chance; other letters are sometimes without a name signed, yet they are eager for an early reply, and others forget to give

their address, and grow indignant over apparent neglect, while their letters are, of course, consigned to the waste basket. It will be impossible for me to fill orders unless the full amount accompanies the bill. Postage must be paid by those who order the goods.

I would be glad if Mrs. Hattie Compton, of Waverly, N. Y., would send me her new address, as the letter containing change from a purchase, which I sent to the above address, was returned to me from the dead letter office.

CASE FOR SILVER-WARE.

A very pretty case for silver in daily use is made as follows: Take a piece of ticking thirty inches wide and the length of your cupboard, the length to be taken lengthwise of the goods. Turn up one-third for the pocket, stitch it at convenient intervals to the back, making pockets from two to three inches wide and ten inches deep. Bind with braid, and work the stripes in any fancy stitch and colors to taste. This is to be tacked between two shelves on the back of the cupboard. For silver to be put away make the case ten inches wider for a flap at the top, and with a pointed end flap with strings to tie around. For this the division pockets should be narrow, to hold only one spoon, knife or fork. The silver is thus prevented from being scratched, as when put away in a box. SWEET ALYSSUM.

PRETTY EDGING.

Cast on sixteen stitches. Knit across once plain.

1. Slip one, knit one, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit two.

2. Thread over, knit rest plain.

3. Slip one, knit rest plain.

4. Bind off two, knit rest plain.

This is correct and I hope I have made the directions plain. H. J. E.

THE WORK TABLE.

We are constantly receiving letters from subscribers, complaining of incorrect directions for knitting insertings 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:—Can any one send a pattern of insertion to match "Wreath Leaf Lace" in July number? ELEANOR HORN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one send directions for making an afghan for a baby carriage of feather edged braid? I have seen one which was very handsome, and I want very much to know how they are made. SIS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD please give us directions for an insertion to go with "Torchon Lace," in May number, page 139, by Lisette? MRS. J. W. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Recent Subscriber will send her address to me, I will send sample of baby socks, and as plain directions as I can. Foster, R. I. MRS. H. W. WILLIAMS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the readers of this paper please send directions for knitting the old-fashioned money purse, and tell which is used in knitting, needles or crochet hook, and also what material is used? QUINDA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD give directions how to knit a lace curtain, and what number of Dexter's cotton to use? and oblige. LANA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I want to tell you that I have tried Nellie May's knitted pitcher pattern in the May number, and had no difficulty with it, the directions being so plain. Mine is of worsted, shaded red, then dark brown, and finished at the top with shaded green, the handle of green, brown, and orange, in imitation of majolica. I think they would be very pretty knit of silk, filled with cotton, and used for pincushions.

Washington, D. C. MRS. W. T. D.

The Dispensary.

SOME SANITARY CROTCHETS.

BY U. U.

IN A contribution to the Golden Rule, not long since, Dr. Dio Lewis gave a chapter of his experience in living economically for a week, at the same time recommending his course to others as a feasible one. Here, in brief, is the bill of fare for the week:

Sunday: Hulled corn and milk for breakfast, and the same for dinner. He never eats supper. Food for the day, six cents.

Monday: Oat meal and milk, and whole wheat with milk.

Tuesday: Baked beans, bean porridge and bread.

Wednesday: Hominy with syrup, with a beef stew for dinner, and hominy for dessert. This is an extravagant day.

Thursday: Oat meal, cracked wheat, and baked beans.

Friday: Hulled corn and milk; for dinner, beef stew.

Saturday: Oat meal with sugar, brown bread, and a part of a lobster with bread.

Cost for the week about fifty-four cents, while he says if the food had been provided for half a dozen persons instead of one that the rate would have been much lessened. And he maintains that he could have lived on half this expense and kept up health and strength.

He, moreover, claims that he enjoys such food, and thinks that all could relish and thrive on similar diet. So far as he, individually, is concerned, we would by no means question but he may have educated his taste to such fare, and that his system may retain its normal health thereby, still we cannot help but feel that he would be benefited by a more rational way of living as well as enjoy it better.

But, supposing he and some others can live thus, how many of us could follow his example, and not suffer thereby? Suffer in needless self-denial of the good things which nature provides for our sustenance; suffer from an uncomfortable feeling of fullness by taking wholly of the coarser foods, and also suffer from the sensation of actual hunger, which absence of meat, butter, and other nourishing food, gives, as well as from loss of strength and vigor which such a course of living is liable to cause.

There is no one rule for all in matters of diet. Some systems can partake very little of any laxative foods or fruits; others need such diet to keep the system from constipation, while there are many articles of food which nearly all can partake of in common. Some at our table will eat oat meal and coarse breads for a change; other members of the family cannot relish such foods at all. I have a friend who has never cared particularly for meat, and does not seem to need it to keep the health in a normal condition.

Some never can eat oysters, but for all that shall we all deny ourselves this luscious article of diet? To some, milk is a necessity; to others, if partaken in any quantity, it produces great discomfort.

"Is a sanitary life worth living?" is a question mooted in some of the English journals. Whether it is better to indulge the natural appetite, and attempt to live only a naturally long life, or to try to dole out an everlasting existence on a strict sanitary diet, is the question. Even if we were sure such methods would prolong life, why care to stretch our days to extreme senility, and perhaps imbecility?

An English physician of merit says: "I think men were happier and better, and lived nobler lives, before the pursuit of health and the yearning for longevity

became a craze almost to madness. What to eat, drink and avoid, what to wear, how to escape disease, etc., for a few wearied years, are questions that engross the thoughts, if they do not embitter the lives of multitudes."

Another writer says that children ought to be allowed, to a certain degree, to have their natural tastes for proper food indulged, and that taking "no thought what ye shall eat," means, in one sense, to partake of what the good Lord has evidently provided for our needs.

When the earth abounds in fish, flesh and fowl, when there are fruits, luscious to the taste, and vegetables of various kinds, when the products of the dairy are not only wholesome, but go to give tone to the system, and help supply it with needed carbon, when sweets in proper quantities add a needed ingredient to the tissues, and for some seem a necessity, why should man pretend to be wiser than his Maker, and eschew so much that is good from the pleasures and benefits of mankind?

We need other than farinaceous foods to make the best blood, and to sustain the growing system, also, to maintain its best health and vigor. Some can eat more of these foods than others. By some fruits can be partaken only sparingly, and others care little for vegetables. But something for a variety, with milk for babes, and meat in proper quantities for man, and bread as the staff of life, seems what is best for civilized people of to-day.

It is a mistaken idea, I think, that this sanitary method of living really prolongs life, that is, when it is carried to such an extent as to be the chief end of existence. Such persons I have known, and a more undesirable way of living could scarcely be imagined. Nothing could be partaken at a friend's house, unless a "health reform table" was prepared, while what to eat and what not to eat seemed to absorb life, and color existence with a strange hue. Such a one I recall, eschewing meat, butter, sugar, and many delicacies of the table, partaking heartily of the coarser foods (which fill the stomach to repletion, yet do not sufficiently nourish,) and making health and health reform the hobby of life, and looking disdainfully on a well-spread table of sensible food. Life amounted to little else than this mania. But of strong original stock, of healthful system, of a pure, temperate, and, as most would say, leading a healthful life, the strength, ere middle age, began to wane, the blood ceased to receive proper nourishment, or to sustain the system, and the result was a gradual wasting away of what it seemed might have been a strong, vigorous life.

It is the quality of our food, as well as a sufficient supply, that goes to make the best blood. The finer and coarser articles are to be used wisely, and the stomach neither overloaded nor too sparingly supplied with proper food. The natural taste is something as a guide, while what seems to assimilate best with the system, it is, as a general thing, best to indulge in, as far as circumstances will allow. Some feel very little need of hearty food, while others famish without it.

There is much said in regard to overeating, and doubtless there are not a few who eat too heartily for the amount of exercise taken, and who indulge the appetite for things which they know to be hurtful for them. On the other hand, we opine that very many hard-working people, (and people in good circumstances,) do not have a sufficiently generous table, and often there is a lack of variety, while ill-cooked food of the plainer kinds is far more deleterious to health than is a sumptuous repast where care and skill go to combine things in a proper, wholesome manner.

Thus far I had written, and made, as I supposed, my final period, when the October number of THE HOUSEHOLD came to hand, containing the article upon "The Flesh-Food Fallacy." What shall I do? Withhold my contribution in view of such a strong dissent *a priori* from its logic, or add another sheet in "bracing up" my position?

I see that Dr. Page quotes Thoreau in his head line, but did Thoreau with his vegetarian "fallacies" live to a good old age? No, in the very prime of manhood his strength wasted away, he could not rally, and so the life of the enthusiastic naturalist, the charming writer, the true poet, whether his words were uttered in prose or verse, was sacrificed, as I truly believe, to a mistaken notion upon the diet question. He thought man could live and thrive upon beans and coarse bread, with other vegetables thrown in, and hasn't he told us in his fascinating style, of his experiments in thus living? But Margaret Fuller somewhere said that let him get out of the woods into his mother's pantry, and then he would eat like a rational being. I have often felt it a pity he did not have access to his mother's table, or some other wholesome table, and thus, perhaps, his beautiful, highly inspired life might have been spared.

Thoreau is quoted as saying the horse thrives on a vegetarian diet. Well, the horse also takes his food without cooking, but is it natural for civilized man to do the same? Coarse food, to a certain extent, may be profitably used in our diet, but the human stomach, as I view its needs, should have somewhat of the finer, more strictly nourishing articles of food. A pound of good fresh beef will nourish more than twice the amount of coarse bread and like food, while it does not distend the stomach, or feel as uncomfortable as a more watery or farinaceous diet. Both are to be used as a variety and are wisely partaken of.

As Dr. Page goes slightly into personalities, I will venture to say that, though of delicate constitution, and when young subject to colds, coughs, and barely outliving youth, yet, having a good, healthy stomach, and always partaking of substantial food at least once a day, and fresh meats instead of invalid diet, the system finally escaped, as it could not have done the physicians said, except the blood had been well nourished by healthful food. And now, for years, I so seldom take cold that I hardly remember what a cold is, and with never a strong system, find it must be sustained by proper food, or there is soon evidence of decline. I never have dieted on "reform foods," but eat what suits me best, as far as it is at hand. Oat meal and graham come on to our table as a change with other foods. Vegetables of all kinds we take with relish, and, to a certain extent, with impunity. But these alone do not suffice. The absence of meat would soon cause not only suffering but illness.

Dr. Tanner sent us all into agonies by his long fast, and to my thinking the "reform dieters" are practicing a needless self-sacrifice. This, however, we will leave an open question. It may do for them, but would not for many of us, and we certainly should be ill and morbid, if we made the food question the main hobby of life. "Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not," etc., is good bible truth for us all.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

MAINE SUNFLOWER. Thanks for the voluntary reference to my book, "Anti-fat," etc. Would like to learn your true name. Of course your friend can now eat sparingly of the forbidden articles, though a word may be of service to her. The potatoes—mainly water and starch—may be eaten in moderation, with other starches, as common bread, (the "C. B. D." preferred,) while but-

ter may be taken, also sparingly, particularly in cold weather, that the heat of the body be kept at the needed point. Here I will remark—for the good of others—that the sweets do not fatten and heat as much as the oils or grease—not half as much. Those, therefore, who have reduced their fat by following the directions of my "Anti-fat and Anti-lean," will be safe in being particularly moderate in the use of all oily substances, in excess, for these are particularly objectionable as fatteners. These, also, are objectionable in the matter of digestion, so that the lean should use the starches and sweets more freely than the fats, though they may not gain fat as readily, but more safely. Please give your friend credit for her intellect in practicing so much self-denial in the matter of abstaining from the "forbidden articles," which many will not do, preferring to suffer. Please state to us how she was in strength, clearness of intellect, and general feelings. I dare affirm that she felt better in all respects, that she is now more of a woman, better able to be useful—the great object for which we were placed in this world, which is only possible with good health, which is the duty of all to seek to obtain.

ROSAMOND E. I feel complimented, of course, that you should speak kindly of my little pamphlet "Good Bread," since most cooks differ from me in some ideas presented, particularly in relation to re-kneading. I think it sensible—if yeast is used—to knead sufficiently at first, then not to disturb the dough till it is baked, on the supposition that if any of the gas is allowed to escape—as it must in kneading after it has formed—the bread cannot be as light as it would be if all of the gas should be made available—the expansion of which by the heat causes the porosity. I would by all means encourage you to "experiment with the Horsford bread preparation." I feel sure that such a sensible woman will appreciate it, and will find it all that I have claimed for it in "Good Bread." You will find, I doubt not, that the bread will be sweeter than the fermented, more nourishing, as light as you can ask, saving time in preparation, and that you will be surer of success.

THERESA. Your case is exceptional, contrary, not only to established physiological principles, but to general experience. It may be that one can violate God's laws of digestion and seem to escape the penalty, but that cannot invalidate a principle, applying to the great mass. There is no more evidence that you have a stomach and brain than that the best sleep—not mere stupefaction—is secured when the whole body is in its best state of rest, the stomach included. To secure this even the heart and lungs, supposed to labor constantly, have more rest than usual during the waking hours, or about one-half of the time. Again, stupefaction is not sleep, does not refresh like sleep. Certain animals gorge themselves—those of the lower orders—eating half their weight, then sleep, or remain in a dormant state—for from one to three weeks, to dispose of what might be digested in three or four hours, if taken in a decent quantity. Such sleep and digestion, so called, are very imperfect. It is true that one will not sleep if suffering from the pangs of hunger, and yet true that the best is secured when the stomach is at rest. A fatigued stomach may not attempt to digest even a piece of bread, but wait till morning, when the circumstances are favorable, allowing a kind of sleep. But the individual who can sleep best while the stomach and brain are at work, is no safe guide for humanity, since it is well known that the great mass do not secure good sleep, save in accordance with the laws intended for man in his normal state. Again, are you sure that a glass of water, something to cool the stomach, would not have effected the same result, or that the same sleep might not have been obtained by other and more physiological means, not impairing digestion in the future? Is it true that the stomach was made to work all of the time any more than the brain? That author who was guilty of such a foolish argument in favor of withdrawing the blood from the brain by overtasking the stomach, cannot appreciate your thanks, for it is evident that he understands but little beyond sensualism. If he does not know that there are other and better means of withdrawing the blood from the brain than by centering it at the stomach, he can learn something in the Massachusetts lower schools! But the brain should not be then at work, should not have such a supply of blood, and will not, under any ordinary circumstances. A wet cloth applied to the head, the feet put in hot water, friction applied to the whole surface, by a flesh brush or crash, will very safely equalize the circulation, without damage to any organ, with no dyspeptic tendencies. Any one will sleep if there is no cause for wakefulness—sleep that will refresh. If there is an obstacle in the way, let it be removed. It is not desirable to secure sleep at great hazards, or to do injustice to other organs, since it will be secured when needed, if all opposing causes are removed.

CORNS may be cured by painting them every night with strong tincture of iodine and wearing loose shoes.

The Dining Room.

DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Twenty-seven.

THE young housekeepers have had so many hints and helps for Christmas dinners, and the other necessities of the season, that I think we will give a little attention to a still younger class, the home-makers to be, and devote a little space to the children, their Christmas festivals, little parties, etc.

First comes the "supper," which, I am sorry to be obliged to say, should be served early. The short afternoons making the cheerfully lighted table a possibility at as early an hour as five o'clock for smaller children, and it should not be later than seven for older ones. I am glad to be at a safe distance from the crowd of indignant little ones whose mistaken parents allow them to eat party suppers at nine or ten, and who take a special pride in boasting of the late hours they are allowed to keep.

Chocolate—not too rich—lemonade and cold water, are the most suitable drinks (I have not the courage to propose milk,) and the chocolate should be limited to one small cup, the lemonade to one glass. Meats are not necessary, but if they must be served, cold tongue or pressed chicken is the best. Rolls and butter are always in order. The Neapolitan blanc mange, a recipe for which was given in the "Notes" in February, is far better than ice cream for cold weather parties, and if cream cannot be procured to whip, a white sauce or plain boiled custard may be served with it.

Gelatine jellies, and the frosted apples, directions for which were given last year, but which, perhaps, will be new to many, are the best preserves. To prepare the apples, select fair, good-sized fruit, not too sour.

Remove the cores with a corer or sharp knife, but do not cut through the apple. Then peel and put them on plates, which will fit into your steamer, and which will also answer to place on the table. Seven or eight apples can generally be put on one plate, one in the center, and the rest around it. Steam until you can pass a broom corn through them easily, and set away to cool. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, add six tablespoonfuls of sugar, (fine granulated is best,) and frost while slightly warm. Place in a quick oven for a minute or two, to brown very delicately. Serve cold. This amount of frosting is sufficient for two plates of apples. For one plate, I use the whites of two eggs, as one is not enough to frost them handsomely. These are delicious at any time, but are especially suited to children's parties, being both simple and wholesome, and at the same time making a very ornamental dish.

Figs and oranges may also be served. Do not add nuts, and raisins, and confectionary. The figs should be piled in the center of a plate—glass plates are pretty—the oranges, with the peel cut in quarters, and stripped down from the fruit, though not taken entirely from it, placed around the edge. Besides making a prettier dish, it saves much trouble to the little people who always find it difficult to peel an orange without great detriment to their general appearance.

For the cakes, one of the prettiest is sponge cake, baked in sheets, and put together with a cream or soft frosting, flavored, and colored with a little of the color or jelly used in the blanc mange. Little cakes, made from the first of the cake recipes given in the April "Notes," or any delicate cake, and frosted with the boiled frosting, will, with the sponge cake, be sufficient for the occasion. Both

are simple, and still are very nice and tempting in appearance.

I trust that the frosting may not be condemned, at least by those who would unhesitatingly add a generous allowance of candy to the table, although I have known people whose children had a regular supply of "candy money," refuse to give them a slice of frosted cake, which is comparatively harmless.

The table decorations will make this supply of goodies ample, and with a little taste, may be made very attractive with a small outlay of time alone. There are always, or nearly always, quantities of evergreens near which may be utilized to good purpose, and most of us can have at hand a goodly supply of bright leaves. An evergreen wreath wound on wire, and brightened with an occasional bunch of autumn leaves, two or three in a place for the wreath must be neither broad nor heavy, is pretty fastened all around the table. Then, if there is a chandelier, or hanging lamp, or even a stout nail in the ceiling, fasten four similar wreaths to that, bringing down two at either side of the table near the ends, dividing the table into four sections, and fasten securely to the edge of the table, which can be easily done by stout cords tied under the table from side to side. It is little work, and the effect will be very pretty.

For the center of the table take a large plate or a shallow pan, fill in wet sand till nearly full, put a smaller dish in the center, and fill that also. Set another still smaller in the center of that, and proceed in like manner until a teacup finishes the pyramid. Then fill and cover with evergreens, geranium leaves, or anything green you can procure. Smilax is beautiful for all the wreaths, but is not always plenty. Keep the pyramid shape as perfectly as possible, and after the pans or plates are well covered, add flowers if you have them, or bright leaves.

Paper flowers for which there was such a rage in many places last winter, will do very well if you can get no others, and in this case the sand need not be wet.

Similar wreaths to the one about the table should be made for each plate of cake, fruit, etc. You will find when done that the effect is extremely pretty.

It is always well to arrange the table as early in the afternoon as possible. Besides being much easier to do by daylight, it saves hurry and confusion at the last minute, which has always enough to fill it. The wreaths may be prepared a day or two before, and kept in a cool, dark place, yet exposed to the air.

There are many reasons in favor of the early hour which I have indicated for the children's supper. After the lively game or the little dance, children are not in a fit state to eat the quantity of food they always do eat at such times. Neither should they have two suppers, nor wait two or three hours beyond their usual supper hour, one of which will be the case.

While we should not neglect to give the little ones proper social privileges, rather the reverse, still we should not make such the occasion for inculcating unhealthy and senseless habits. A children's party should never be the excuse for a dangerous change of clothing, for unreasonably late hours, nor for the unwholesome trash which is often provided for the refreshments(?) at these little parties, which should be made profitable as well as pleasant. By them children should be taught ease and courtesy of manner, the nameless and numberless little graces which society at its best should teach.

Boisterousness is something scarcely separable from a crowd of children, but rudeness should never be tolerated, even from the "big boy" of the company.

If a Christmas tree be a part of the

evening's festivities, as is often the case when the party is mostly a family affair, the early supper will command itself to everybody concerned. Indeed, it should do so under any circumstances, and a trial would not fail to meet the approbation of at least the sensible elders of the company.

I am aware that many will think the old way of passing about refreshments to the guests standing around the room, the easier way, but it is really more work, and much more inconvenient, to say nothing of the possible danger to the children's clothes and the carpets.

I might leave the children, and put in a plea for those of a larger growth who have endured much in this awkward manner of serving refreshments. "Tell them for pity's sake, never to give another 'stand up' supper," suggests a by no means silent sufferer, who will have the sympathy of many a brother who has stood balancing a plate, a glass, or cup and saucer, and a dish of ice cream, and attempted at the same time to peel an orange, or otherwise assist the lady at his side.

We have often wondered how the explosion of masculine wrath and indignation, sure to follow such feats, is smoothed under the bland smile of the victim until it can be safely indulged in the privacy of his own home.

If one's dining table is too small for the comfortable accommodation of the entire company, it is best to place it across one end of the room, or across the center, and put upon it all the refreshments to be served. Then bring in all the stands and small tables the house affords—they can be hired for the occasion if one hasn't enough—make them as pretty as possible with flowers, and glass, and china, and serve the guests at the e.

It is an informal, and may be made a very pretty manner in which to serve a small party. In fact, these ideas are only offered to the givers of such, those who have large, elegant dining rooms, and who engage a corps of well-trained attendants for the occasion, have no need of assistance.

But, however informal the gathering, do not invite more than you can seat at a table of some kind. I do not make this plea entirely in the interests of the "Johns" and "Ichabods," although they have many times had my sincere though silent sympathy. I think also of my own discomfort at such times, and echo heartily the appeal to abolish "stand up" suppers.

EMILY HAYES.

BEEF VS. BEANS.

It is very common just now, when beef and other meats are so dear, to go through the catalogue of nutritious foods, and recommend their substitution for the extravagant loin and the high-priced steak. We are told that a quart of good milk is as good for food as a pound of beef steak, and eggs are recommended as very nearly perfect food with very little waste; while beans, peas, and other leguminous vegetables, are said to furnish more sustenance to the cent's worth than anything else.

The milk theory is a very pleasant one to consider, for those who like it, but we never could feel quite as stalwart for a day's work on a bread and milk, or oat meal and milk breakfast, as we do on a good sirloin steak and a cup of coffee. Your hearty man can eat his pound of steak (or all the meat he will get at the market for the price of a pound,) and drink his quart of milk besides and not feel overloaded. If he takes the milk and fixin's alone, he will feel a decided gorenness in his stomach long before dinner time. Milk doesn't "stay by you," to use a very common phrase, and the same

may be said of the oat meal or any kind of soup or porridge.

Col. Ben Thurston, who made the Lowell Washington house a famous hostelry for its good cookery, used to say that it paid to furnish a patron with a good soup to begin his dinner with, it saved so much in other things by taking off the edge of the appetite. This is so, no doubt. But the soup is apt to be more filling than permanent, especially for a working man. Beans are hearty enough, and probably more cords of wood have been chopped, more logs have been driven, and more miles have been marched on a basis of baked beans than anything else. But it is a great pity that beef and pork and mutton and poultry should get beyond the reach of the classes which most need them.—*Lowell Courier*.

HOW TO TEST FLOUR.—The writer of the following, which we quote from a provincial paper, speaks as one with authority: "Place a thimbleful in the palm of the hand, and rub it gently with the finger. If the flour smooths down, feeling gentle and slippery, it is of inferior quality, though of fancy brand, high-priced, and white as the virgin snow drift, and will never make good, light, wholesome bread. But if the flour rubs rough in the palm, feeling like fine sand, and has an orange tint, purchase confidently. It will not disappoint you. Such flour, whatever may be its branded reputation, though its price be at the lowest figure, will make good, light, nutritious bread."

THE DESSERT.

—A fruitful place—A canning establishment.

—It is better to hit the nail on the head twice than it is to hit the nail on the finger once.

—Most inventors die poor. The proverb has truly said that invention is the mother of necessity.

—There being warm weather, it is about time to discover that the ice crop was spoiled by the frost.

—He wouldn't marry her because she had false teeth. But when his wife kept him awake nights with the toothache and neuralgia, he wished he had.

—Lasting reputations are of slow growth. The man who wakes up famous some morning, is quite apt to go to bed some night and sleep it all off.

—"Don't show my letters," wrote a young man to a young lady he adored. "Don't be afraid," was the reply, "I'm just as much ashamed of them as you are."

—Thirty-six Americans are now at work in different parts of the country to invent a flying-machine. Man won't be satisfied until he has wings as well as legs.

—A home thrust.—Doctor: "Now tell me, colonel, how do you feel when you have killed a man?" Colonel: "Oh, very well, thank you, doctor. How do you?"

—There is a mighty sight of odds between knowing everybody and having everybody know you; but there are lots of folks who never discover the difference.

—It is getting so now-a-days that a man hardly dares to start to read a small item in a newspaper for fear of running his nose into some kind of a patent cough syrup.

—A little four-year-old girl did not obey when her mother first called her. So her mother spoke rather sharply. Then she came in and said: "Mamma, I've been very kind to you to-day, and I don't want you to speak so large to me."

The Kitchen.

THE SERVANT QUESTION IN KENTUCKY AND ELSEWHERE.

AMONG all the perversions and misconceptions of our versatile, flexible language, there are no two words that seem to me more generally regarded in a false light by the masses, than the words service and servant. They seem to be invested with a vague sense of disgrace, or degradation, here in free America, wholly unshared by the old countries, where the working classes appear to receive them as but natural terms expressive of a universal and essential department of labor; and why they should be otherwise construed it is difficult to explain, when remembering that largely more than half the world subsist through servitude of some description to the rest of mankind, and that clerkship and office-holding are but other names for service, and those filling them nothing less than servants in the truest sense of the word. And even when viewed on its most sensitive side, the question of social relations and distinctions, there is really but little dissimilarity in these varying forms of service.

Because a certain young man seeks and obtains a situation in the counting-house of one of our wealthy city merchants, does he suppose the position is to establish between him and his employer, or his employer's family, any degree of social intimacy? Does he expect to dine with him, to call upon his daughters in the evening, recognized as a friend of the family, or even to sit familiarly in his employer's office discussing the news of the day simply because he is an employee? Not in the least; he is merely a mercantile servant, drawing his wages regularly, and if he is a young man of common sense he expects nothing else, nor does he place himself in the position to have this fact unpleasantly impressed upon him.

Now I want to know why our young women needing money, and competent to earn it more easily through household service than any other, cannot learn to view the matter in this common-sense light, as it is well known that young women of other countries do? In slavery, I admit, there is truly an infinite sense of degradation, a trampling under foot of all the higher sensibilities, moral and intellectual, of human nature; but in a regular business contract to the effect, "You pay me so much per month, and I will do your cooking, washing, or housework," I cannot see where there is cause for any feeling of humiliation, especially if the girl seeking such employment has been accustomed to it in her own home, thus rendering it easy and natural.

Of course, where misfortune comes, forcing one into a position and necessities before unknown, it is exceedingly sad, but even then one must bear the conditions already established under such circumstances, and not expect others to make exceptions or be inconvenienced because of her misfortunes. Just as the young man who loses his fortune and is forced to go into the service of another, cannot demand nor expect any more social deference or respect than his fellow clerks, although he may have seen the proverbial "better days."

But wholly oblivious to this practical reasoning, it is this very point of social equality that stands in the way of hundreds of our American girls making for themselves an honorable and womanly support, and causing hundreds of American families to suffer discomfort and inconvenience with ample means to pay liberally for domestic labor. Here in the

south, at least, there is no provision made, and little tolerance felt for the girl who seeks the position of cook, or house maid, and then expects to be in every respect a "member of the family." And now, if looked at fairly, is it a reasonable expectation or demand? Is it to be supposed that it can be agreeable to any family always to have the presence of a stranger or outsider among them, no matter how respectable? And more than this, can it be pleasant, on all occasions, to be forced to present one necessarily bearing about her the traces of kitchen work and menial duties, perfectly honorable in themselves, but surely unseemly for the table and sitting room of those whose occupations and habits are altogether different?

In all honesty, I can say that if ever compelled by circumstances to accept a situation of this kind, I should ask, and greatly prefer, a table to myself, and the privacy of my own room in the evenings, rather than a seat with the family in whose affairs and associates I could have but an outside interest; and since I believe human nature to be very much the same all over the world, it is my candid opinion that half the girls who feel insulted by such suggestions on going into service, would experience more comfort in accepting them, were it not for the foolish idea that in doing so they would be evincing a want of proper spirit and pride.

And it is just this same false pride, this same want of common sense, that causes the American girl to flush with indignation and insulted dignity, if spoken of as a servant. Can any more natural word or name be suggested for one in service? I really think it very much more pleasant to the ear than the common "hired girl," or "help." It is simply a good old English word dignified by generations of good, respectable people who have borne it without sense of shame, and a word dignified by frequent scripture mention, where we are taught that we are all servants, and accountable to one great Master, in whose sight we stand equal, though serving one another meanwhile in this world.

Though with but little actual knowledge of the views on this subject prevalent in the north, I imagine them very similar every-where, and perhaps not less decided there than here in the south, where one is guilty of nothing less than wanton insult to offer the most needy of girls a position in household service.

This was one feature in the code of national ethics, however, of which I was quite ignorant and destined to learn only by experience, when compelled to seek assistance after the loss of those who had so completely relieved my domestic cares. In the rural district around us there were numberless American families in abject poverty, and in many of which were robust young girls who, I imagined, would accept with eagerness situations similar to those I had seen filled by the most respectable Irish and German girls in the large cities; and I was only casting about in my own mind to which of those I had occasionally seen, should I offer this chance of a pleasant and comfortable exchange for their squalid looking homes.

Impelled partly by charity, partly by choice, I decided upon applying first at one of the poorest, most dilapidated houses in the vicinity, where abject poverty alone could excuse the unsightly discomfort so apparent, and where a mother and four healthy looking girls passed their time as only he who is said to provide work for idle hands could tell.

"It will be a real charity to give one of these girls employment," I thought as I knocked with the easy confidence of one who goes to bestow a benefit, but I must

confess that I was somewhat taken aback by the *nonchalant* air of gracious hospitality by which I was received. The mother and three of the daughters sat in the comfortless room, the former serenely enjoying a pipe in the chimney corner, one of the girls piecing squares of much worn calico into an elaborate pattern of patchwork, another with an illustrated newspaper in her hand, and a third apparently in the quiet enjoyment of a leisure hour.

"Why, how d'y'e do, Mis' Raymond, come in," said the latter, who opened the door, and her greeting was cordially repeated by the others.

"Come in, and take a cheer, and set down, and take off your bonnet and stay to tea," added the mother.

No one can say that hospitality is not a native and charming feature of the south, but in this instance it was a little oppressive. "I verily believe the people think I have come for a sociable and neighborly call," I thought to myself, and in some vague way it seemed to me that my mission had lost much of its philanthropy, and I much of my complacency. Determined to make my errand known at once, however, I answered quietly:

"No, thank you; I have not time this evening; I only called to ask if one of your girls would not like a home with me as cook?"

An ominous silence, apparently induced by astonishment, followed my words, and then an electric flash of indignation seemed to rouse the group. The girls bristled all over, each evidently about to give vent to wordy response, when the mother rose to the occasion, replying for them.

"What do you take my girls for?" she cried in a passion, "do you s'pose they are darkies to be hired out? I'd like you to know that my daughters is ladies, es good es anybody, and they've got a home where they'll be likely to stay, lessen they marry and go to one o' their own. Do you understand that?"

Words certainly could make it no plainer, and not wishing further proof that I had committed a grievous blunder, I went my way a thoroughly astonished, if not a wiser woman.

My further inquiries were conducted in a more cautious, politic manner, dire necessity lending even a persuasive tone to my offers, but they were invariably followed by the same result. No, no one knew of any such girls about there; "respectable girls did not go out to hire; they staid at home and done their own work."

I returned home sadly discouraged, but the following day brought a gleam of hope. Answering a knock at my door, a most pitiable looking girl stood before me, dilapidated in dress, and illiterate in speech, introducing herself as a "po' orphelin who heerd I wanted a girl, and she was willin' to come."

The prospect was not flattering, I could but feel, but an accumulation of household duties made me thankful for any assistance, and I at once accepted the girl's offer, genuine pity prompting us all to a kindness of manner and consideration of feeling that seemed to be really appreciated.

We had a busy morning working together through sundry tasks that begrimed and soiled us not a little, and leaving me barely time to repair my toilet passably for the reception of several gentlemen invited to dine with us that day. Now, do you know, had such a thought entered my head, I should have felt it, judging by my own feelings, an actual cruelty to expect that poor girl in her unsightly, untidy garments to come in, and facing that tableful of people, take her seat among them; and it was with the most unsuspecting innocence

that I left a few directions with her for her occupation till she should have her dinner, either in the dining room or cozy kitchen, as she preferred.

How little did I anticipate the storm of indignation, insulted dignity, and wounded feelings awaiting me on the part of the "po' orphelin" when, at the conclusion of the meal, I called her to regale herself from the savory dishes.

"She set down after other people, like she wa'n't white folks too! That she wouldn't; she'd take her things and go where she could be treated respectful, and like a lady!" and to my bewildered astonishment, go she did, listening to neither remonstrance, nor reasoning, and I could only feel that with such sentiments, ready to be roused at every imaginary and unintentional slight, it was best that we two should part, best for her and best for me.

And subsequent and varied experiments have revealed to me this inherent, national peculiarity of the girls of America, and with a sincere interest in the welfare and improvement of my countrywomen, I say it is a false and unfortunate pride that should if possible be overcome by judicious, reasoning influence. It is such a palpable blindness to their own interests, such a foolish rejection of opportunities for gaining the best of all household education, and often for imbibing a true refinement and culture utterly unattainable in the narrow, restricted circumstances of poverty. Who has not been impressed by the truly lady-like, modest bearing of the genteel looking girls that answer the bell, or sweep, or wash, or cook in the wealthy homes of our large cities; girls who, perhaps, the lady of the house will tell you, were ignorant, awkward and uncouth when taken a few years back from German, Irish or Swedish homes.

These girls have their circle of friends and intimate associates among themselves, and never think of demanding social equality with the family they serve, yet seem perfectly happy and contented with their lot, doubtless conscious every day of receiving the most useful of all educations for their sphere in life, often marrying and going into homes of their own to make profitable use of instructions thus gained.

And why will our American girls permit a foolish pride to debar them from like advantages? The question of domestic service is becoming one of growing importance in our homes, and can scarcely be one void of deep personal interest to the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD. Would not the problem be in a large measure solved could a proper feeling on this subject be wisely disseminated among our poorer classes, and those who would profit by it find themselves inestimably benefited?

L. L. R.

TIDINGS FROM MISSISSIPPI.

I return sincere thanks to the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD who have kindly welcomed me to their Band, and I propose to comply with the epistolary requests of those whose faces I have never seen, and write a synopsis of the prosaic life I lead. Although it is monotonous, it is not devoid of interest, and I often wish the length of each day could be quadrupled.

I generally arise at daybreak, and my first duty is to give our cook the flour, meal, rice, bacon, potatoes, and coffee, which, when cooked and added to the *et ceteras* of milk, butter, and syrup, constitute our usual morning meal. I perform my duties in the dairy before breakfast, and immediately after breakfast I issue rations for our family dinner. At eight o'clock, A. M., I enter the school room, and teach until twelve. At that hour English studies are laid aside for the re-

mainder of the day. We dine *en famille* at one o'clock P. M., and after dinner I read, write, sew, or make preserves, or pickles until five o'clock P. M. At that hour I give a music lesson to one of my three music pupils, and at six o'clock I issue rations for our supper.

I then skim the cream from clabber. I am careful not to mix milk with cream which is to remain over night, for this sultry August weather causes the milk to coagulate, and form minute particles of curd which are difficult to remove from butter. These identical particles are often so small that, like animalcules in water, they cannot be detected without the aid of a microscope, until the butter which harbors them is spread upon hot bread. As soon as the spongy pores absorb the oily portion of the butter, the white flecks are visible upon the bread, and in my opinion stigmatize all butter which contains them. After supper I practice an hour.

We prepare warm food three times daily for our household of eleven whites and three blacks, and often feed extra laborers and travelers from our table. During the summer we always entertain a number of visitors—frequently seating a score at each meal around our long extension table. During the past month two mechanics who were making repairs upon our dwelling house and tenement houses increased the number around our board, and their dusky hirelings increased the number fed in our kitchen. Keeping house for such a family is the antipode of pastime, and sister and I are busy several hours daily performing our respective duties. She does the bulk of the sweeping requisite to keep the lower portion of our large house tidy, attends to the poultry, and gathers the quantities of vegetables which we vegetarians consume.

In fancy I hear some one query, "What do your house servants do?" They cook, milk, wash, iron, scrub, draw water, and hoe in our vegetable garden, and in sister's cotton patch.

We have a superabundance of peaches and watermelons. Some of the latter weigh thirty-eight pounds and are quite refreshing these warm days, when Sirius is in the ascendant. The peaches are also delicious, particularly when eaten with cream and sugar, or made into cobbler, and dressed with cream and butter sauce. If epicures wish a tempting dish, they have but to cover juicy peaches with sugar and add rich cream.

I wonder if there is a housekeeper who does not at times become worried. I ween not, though some are loth to confess to a feeling of annoyance. I have heard persons avow they did not worry, but a peep behind the curtain has invariably convinced me of one of two facts, viz: they were untidy housekeepers, or their exemption from worry was fallacious. I confess to a due amount of irascibility, and although I am fond of keeping house, I am sometimes frustrated, just as I was last week when fashionable guests came unexpectedly to dine with us. Sister, and the two servants, were busy ironing a large number of shirts, ruffled dresses, etc., (our family had just returned from a pleasant excursion *via* rail, and our laundry work was enlarged in consequence.) I was intent upon converting twenty pounds of peaches into preserves, and the girls were "up to their elbows" in peaches which they were paring to dry, when the visitors arrived.

When you read of some one, with half a score of children, having strength and leisure to write nice, cheering words, you sigh and say to yourself: "Oh dear! is it my misfortune, or my fault that I cannot get along better with my work, and my family small in comparison?"

No, my dear sister, it is not your fault, it is your want of strength. Possibly there are some places where you might save yourself a few steps if you knew how, and perhaps you do not take an unnecessary one. Many a mother with three or four, yes with one or two children, has her hands full to over-

The "candid confession which is good for the soul," forces me to admit that I am totally dissimilar from Rosamond E. of THE HOUSEHOLD celebrity. I am not a paragon among housekeepers as is she, and I have never, like her, worn a dress repeatedly without darning a rent in it!

Unlike her I have no Ichabod to—to—(what a treacherous memory is mine. Why can I not recall the exact word I wish to use?) to—pet(?) me, and the two precious babes who as fireside angels would now be making music in my life, have for a decade been caressed by arms more tender than those of an earthly parent; hence, my heart's best affection is lavished upon my aged father, and upon my five-year-old nephew, Tommie. Tommie says he belongs to me, so I shall consider myself an adopted mother, and add a lack of discipline to my other shortcomings.

If my readers are annoyed, as I have been, by the breaking of lamp chimneys, they can avert the annoyance by using the following preventive: Submerge the chimneys in strong brine. Place the vessel containing the brine and the chimneys upon the fire. When the brine has boiled a half hour remove the vessel from the fire, and let the chimneys remain in the brine until it is cold. Remove, wash well, dry thoroughly, and the chimneys are proof against sudden expansibility from heat, or contractility from cold.

The cooking club mania which swept over the female portion of our southern land, and called forth so many aspirants for culinary knowledge, has at last reached our quiet village. A cooking club has been duly organized, and convenes semi-monthly at the residences of the different members. The meetings are pleasant and improving, as the president and members vie in rendering them all that they should be.

My three juvenile nephews often bring me roasting ears which they have cooked after a method of their own invention, and the corn is more palatable to me than when cooked in any other way. They leave a portion of the husk, or shuck, upon the ears of corn, and cover them with embers upon which they place small coals of fire. When the corn is cooked they remove the husk, wipe the kernels with a moist cloth, and spread butter copiously impregnated with salt, over them. Roasted corn is their favorite lunch, and I do not wonder they are partial to it, when prepared according to the simple method just mentioned.

Now that I have related what I was requested to write, I trust that the readers for whose benefit these pages have been written, will not feel so disappointed at my matter-of-fact recital that they will not wish for more anon, from

Fayette, Miss. LINDA WALTON.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

My heart goes out to all the weary, heavy laden, overworked sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD family. I know there are many tired, almost discouraged ones among our number. To you this is written.

When you read of some one, with half a score of children, having strength and leisure to write nice, cheering words, you sigh and say to yourself:

"Oh dear! is it my misfortune, or my fault that I cannot get along better with my work, and my family small in comparison?"

No, my dear sister, it is not your fault, it is your want of strength. Possibly there are some places where you might save yourself a few steps if you knew how, and perhaps you do not take an unnecessary one. Many a mother with three or four, yes with one or two children, has her hands full to over-

flowing, and with poor health, drags herself about the house day after day, scarcely able to perform the duties required of her, going to bed at night so exhausted that it seems as if she never could rise, and waking in the morning nearly as weary as when she went to rest.

Not long since I heard one of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD say, "It is so discouraging to read Rosamond E.'s articles. The idea of that woman doing so much, and here am I with only two children, hardly able to take care of them, and with next to no time to read and study, when I do so long to improve my mind, and do my duty by my family, but I am so tired all the time."

Do you suppose I told her to sit up an hour later every night after the little ones were in bed, and her evening's work of sewing, knitting, patching and darning was done, and read and study, regardless of aching head, and weary, tired back and limbs? No such thing. I just took that dear child, (for she is still a child to me,) in my arms and told her not to be discouraged because she could not do like that, but to be glad that one woman can. If we do our work as well as we can, it is just as praiseworthy. And as I looked at that slender, self-sacrificing woman, and knew that every day she was going far beyond her strength, and cheerfully taking up her duties, I thought, how I wish it were possible to lighten the burdens of such.

Well do I remember the time when, with only one child, (and that a crying baby,) with little experience, and less strength, my work was harder for me than at any time since. In those days I knew not what it was to be rested. Then He who gives His "beloved rest," gave me rest for the body as well as the soul, the little strength I had, was taken, and the time came when there was nothing to do but lie and rest. Then loving hands smoothed my pillow, loving voices were hushed, loving hearts watched eagerly to see if it were the final rest. But He who sees the end from the beginning, knew what I needed, and in His own good time, raised me up to work with and for my family, having taught me and mine a lesson which we have tried to remember.

I have been taught that my strength is worth more than some of the extras which were once thought to be indispensable, and my husband keeps up with me, or in fact, is ahead, in contriving ways and means to save my strength.

I will give you some hints and you may do as you please about accepting and acting upon them. Don't put on that extra ruffle, but take the time to read, don't

tuck and trim that underskirt, but make it plain, and take a nap every day you have to iron it, you will have saved a good deal of time before it is worn out besides that saved in making it. Don't

frost that cake, it is good enough without it; then you can add a little more sugar to the amount and let the children make some candy, while you take a short walk in the open air.

Have cold water or milk or lemonade in warm weather instead of building a fire at tea time. Then when there is a

large day's work on hand or you are not feeling as well as usual, if the family do not object, give them bread and milk, or mush and milk for dinner, or cold meat and bread and butter, with what you can pick up about the house for a relish.

It is my experience that it is the housekeeper's themselves oftener than the other members of the family, who object to such a dinner, not so much because we cannot eat it, as because it "looks as if we have not got much to eat," and we have a certain pride in the matter, and wish our table to look just right.

In the winter season when the days

are so short we have only two meals at our house, not having breakfast very early and dinner at three. On account of business or prejudice some may not be able to adopt this plan, but in our home I confess I was the last one to consent to it, it having been proposed by the men. In this way I am saved a great many steps, and it is highly satisfactory all round.

I have learned so many things by experience, that I look upon the two first years of my married life as harder than any of the subsequent ones.

AUNT ANNA.

LETTER ON SILK CULTURE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—So many have written from your state to ask me about the profits of silk culture that I beg to answer them from your columns.

Every woman, no matter if she have only a city lot, can make money in silk culture, and an acre would be quite a little farm, and to some women a fortune, for one acre planted in mulberry trees (500) will feed 100,000 worms, and 100,000 worms will spin 100,000 cocoons. 100,000 cocoons will give 50,000 male and 50,000 female moths. 50,000 female moths will yield 500 ounces of eggs. 500 ounces of eggs will bring at \$2.00 per ounce wholesale \$1,000. 200 pounds of pierced cocoons (those that the moths have come out of) at fifty cents per pound will bring \$100 making a total of \$1,100, all for eight weeks' work, provided care has been taken, and the race of worm Pyrenian. Unless they are certain their race is unmixed, and is Pyrenian, they had better stifle their cocoons, for if a dealer bought mixed eggs of them once, they could never sell to the same parties again.

The same number of worms would yield about 271 pounds of dry cocoons, which at the present low price of one dollar per pound would yield \$271. But what crop or occupation would yield more for eight weeks' work?

Vermont is a good state for silk culture, in fact every New England state will do, if the eggs are kept in a temperature of about forty degrees, until the mulberry leaves are out on the trees. And eggs raised north are the healthiest and hardest of any eggs raised. People who have ground so stony that it cannot be tilled, can utilize it for mulberry trees, though of course they will grow better where the land is good. For the first five or six years after the mulberries are set out, a garden will do well planted between the rows of trees, and the trees will be the better for this vegetable cultivation.

Less than \$50 should start a party quite well, if they already have the land. The eggs should not cost over \$4 per ounce or twenty-five cents per thousand, and the finest *morus japonica* trees, only \$30 per hundred. Some have written me they have paid from \$40 to \$160 per ounce for eggs. He who charges such a price, is a swindler.

I have a few eggs that I will give away by the one hundred to any one sending a stamp for same, but I will not specify what breed they are, as they have been hatched from samples from all parts of the United States.

L. CAPSADELL, Secretary New York Silk Exchange, 27 Bond Street, N. Y.

PREPARING KINDLING.

Where wood is used for fuel in lieu of coal, the person who makes the fires in the morning frequently experiences difficulty in getting it started readily, for want of a few kindlings and a handful of shavings. This is particularly the case when one does not have access to sound and dry wood. A great many families burn nothing but green or half-seasoned

wood. When one has nothing but green wood let a few pieces be split into slabs; say half an inch thick and three or four inches wide, kiln dry them in the oven, then with a plane cut them into thick shavings. Let a few billets of wood be split also into small pieces no larger than one's little finger, and bake them all in the oven. By spending a few minutes as directed one can prepare kindling material sufficient to enable him to make a glowing fire in ten minutes. We have known young boys go in our own house to be trained in the art of making fires, so that they would start a fire and their mothers would cook breakfast, bake potatoes, make coffee, and have a meal for the family on the table in twenty minutes by the clock. Without the shavings and kindlings, the meal could not be prepared under an hour.

In the cities and villages where kindling wood is scarce, many families have old boxes and barrels which cannot be sold for as much as they are really worth for fuel, if they were sawed and split into small pieces. The staves and hoops of an old water-soaked barrel, if sawed about six inches long, split small, the pieces tied in small bundles, and placed on a shelf in the kitchen, would render satisfactory aid in starting coal fires when it is desirable to "heat up" as quickly as may be practicable. A generous supply of dry kindling wood will often be found an excellent preventive of perplexity, vexation, fretting, scolding, and disagreeable altercations, aside from the comfort in cold and stormy weather. Men and boys frequently fritter away time enough every week to saw and split all the old boxes and barrels on the premises. The true way is to do it now and not wait until some far-away future.

—*N. Y. Herald.*

FAITHFUL MOTHERS.

BY MRS. M. R. LIBBY.

A friend recently said to me, referring to a mutual acquaintance, "That woman is one of the most faithful mothers I ever knew; her devotion to her family is exceptional, I sometimes wonder if those grown up sons and daughters really know what a mother they have." And I doubt not many persons besides my friend would make similar remarks about the lady mentioned, for she certainly does approach very closely an ideal generally held of the faithful mother. Truly can it be said of her so far as all temporal interests are concerned, "she looks well to the ways of her household and eats not the bread of idleness." Her house is kept in perfect order and scrupulously, we might almost say fridgibly clean. The food for the family is prepared by her own hands, and there is always abundance and variety. She attends to every detail of the home work and is always at her post. The children always expect to see her when they come into the house and are rarely disappointed. She doesn't even leave her home and its cares to attend church, for in the morning she must assist the others in their preparations, must see that Hattie and Fannie are in good order from top to toe, and even follow Frank to the door to be sure he had a handkerchief in his pocket and hadn't forgotten his singing book. Then the rooms disarrayed by the children (they know mother always stays at home and can pick up what they throw down) must be put in order and dinner prepared, so while the other members of the family have thrown off the common cares of life, and for a portion of the day enjoy the sweet, uplifting influences of the church service, she, the mother, in extreme faithfulness to her family, prepares the temporal feast. And during all the days of the

week every energy of brain and hand seems given in answering the questions, "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" This is the woman of whom my friend said, "She is one of the most faithful mothers I ever knew."

Now, if there were no higher responsibilities committed to the woman upon whom descends the ever blessed gift of motherhood, than the care for bodily comfort, for physical development, then I think I could say with my friend "she has been most faithful;" but remembering that to every mother is intrusted the special care and training of an immortal soul as well as a mortal body, and that she who devotes all her time and energy to the latter must of necessity neglect the former, I must withhold such high praise.

I think my friend was mistaken when she said of the lady to whom she referred "she is a faithful mother." It would have been truer had she said "she is a faithful housekeeper;" for her devotion, as I understand it, is to a system of housekeeping, in the carrying forward of which there is much rivalry among women, but in whose methods there is little reference to the training and developing of our children, even to that which is finest and best in physical culture.

"Faithful mother" and faithful housekeeper are not synonymous terms, though often used as such. To be a good housekeeper is indeed a part, though only a small part of the faithful mother's work. She has duties which are as much above the ordinary cares for food and raiment and repose, as the heavens are above the earth, as much more important than these as the spirit is of greater worth than the body.

I know full well how insurmountable seem the obstacles, which with many of us lie in the way of our best work as mothers. So many are obliged to have all the care of the home and also do all its work, and the daily recurring tasks are so imperative and pressing, they weigh down in weariness both body and spirit, and so proceeding on the assumption that these things must be done, we are easily kept from that higher range of duties to which, as mothers, God has surely called us. The difficulty after all which most surely keeps us from the attainment of satisfactory success, is this: we do not take up our work as mothers (the majority do not) with this idea in mind, and then keep the fact forever before us that the claim our children make upon us is threefold, and that that made by their intellectual and spiritual natures is just as imperative and more, vastly more important than that they make as mere physical beings.

We should indeed wish their bodies, should seek to make them strong and beautiful, but no degree of faithfulness in this direction, will relieve us of the responsibility to nourish their souls, to feed them with the bread of life. It is our duty to see that they are comfortably, and so far as is possible with us, nicely and becomingly clothed, but a higher and holier duty is ours in clothing their spirits with heaven-born virtues and adorning them with angelic graces. How many children there are, and by children I mean those both large and small, all who are under immediate home influence, whose bodies are well fed and it may be handsomely clothed, but whose spirits are denied that higher and finer sustenance, the loss of which will send them out into society dwarfed or deformed, weak if not wicked. Mothers who would be shocked to see their daughters appear in company in anything but fine and fashionable attire, will with the utmost complacency, when the time comes, send them out into the world with their high-

er natures too shabbily clothed for them to appear as worthy members of the best society. The son who would not be allowed to appear in any way but well dressed, goes out from his mother's care and takes his place as a man among men, with the habiliments of his moral nature so sadly neglected that their best type is the cheap, coarse and soiled raiment he would not deign to wear.

Now if it be true, as it undoubtedly is with many of us, that we cannot meet all the requirements of our positions as mothers, shall we not pause and with great seriousness ask the question, what shall we leave undone? shall all our time be spent keeping our houses marvels of neatness, allowing neither moth nor rust to corrupt them, while the neglected spirits of our children are receiving the contamination of evil communications? shall it be accounted unto us for faithfulness in the high offices of motherhood that there is no dust in our parlors or disorder in our dining rooms, if the best gifts of mind and heart in our children are being obscured by the evil habits which grow while we sleep? shall we not wish as much care as we train the ivies about our walls or seek to fill our windows with beautiful flowers, train the tender sympathies, the unselfish purposes, the pure affections of the children so that they will instantly reach out after new and higher objects on which to bestow themselves? In all the wide world there is no greater work than that committed to the mother, and well may we cry out, who is sufficient for these things? "There was a time when to be a R man was scarce less than to be a king," but there has never been and never will come a time, when to be a faithful mother is not more than to be a queen.

—A motherly woman, writing in the Christian Monitor, declares that she fully agrees with any thoughtful woman who spares her boys the humiliation of wearing great round or triangular patches, when her own skill, and a generous supply of pieces, make the re-seated pants look almost as well as new ones. May they hold her in grateful remembrance, long after they shall have outlived the era of torn trousers. She suggests that when pants need repairing over the knee, it is a good way to rip the seams each side of the worn part, cut it out, and insert a new piece, pressing it nicely before closing the side seams again. Neither boy nor man need be ashamed to wear garments neatly patched if it be necessary, and every girl should be taught that mending well is an essential part of domestic economy.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—My mother taught me when a child, that in this world of ours in which we are compelled to take a somewhat active part, to be sure and give as much as I received. And so remembering this, and after reading THE HOUSEHOLD for seven months from the first page to the last of each number, as soon as received, and gaining so much useful knowledge, my conscience began troubling me. And so the other morning, while broiling the beef steak, the thought occurred to me, why not tell the sisters how you cook beef steak. And now I'll tell you, and some of you try it, won't you? and then "speak your minds."

Do not pound your meat unless you are convinced that it has been a long time since it was a calf, or you do not happen to be a favorite with the butcher, and he has not given you a tender cut. Spread the steak with butter, then salt and slightly pepper it, serving both sides alike, then place it on the gridiron (I use a wire one) and put it over the coals. Any kind is better than wood. But first

close off all the front draft, and open the dampers in the back part and in the pipe, and let it brown, but turn it every minute, first on one side and then on the other, and you will find the smoke will not fill the kitchen, or your meat have that strong taste that it will sometimes have, when the dampers are not prepared especially for its accommodation.

And I'll just mention how we think coffee is superior in flavor to all other ways of making it. Boil about two-thirds of the amount of coffee usually used for about five minutes, then add the remaining third, and set on the back part of the stove, where it will not boil, from five to ten minutes. Should you practice economy and heat your coffee from the last meal, let it boil, and five minutes before taking off add a spoonful of fresh ground coffee, let it steam, and you will find the dull, insipid, stale taste of warmed over coffee has disappeared. Now I do hope some of the sisters will like my way of preparing breakfast, and will give it a trial. I know John will like it, and that should be the crowning feather in the wife's bonnet.

How I do enjoy the knitting patterns in THE HOUSEHOLD, and I try every one to see how they look, there is so much pleasure for me in seeing them develop into something I never saw before. I keep the samples of them, and when they come under John's eye, he is apt to exclaim, "Oh, the dear five hundred patterns!" I just learned to knit last summer, and it has given me so much pleasure. I do not like to wear woven laces, but those knit of fine linen thread are dainty and pretty.

The floral letters have a wonderful attraction for me, and no one enjoys watching flowers grow and develop more than I do. It has always been a source of thankfulness with me that God made them of many hues and different perfumes, and that He gave us the sun's tints instead of a leaden mass with no remaining remnants of the day's brightness.

All the sisters who have wielded the pen for THE HOUSEHOLD's benefit since January are familiar to me, and when one of them drops out she may rest assured she is missed by one person anyhow.

IDLEWILD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I enjoy our paper very much, and only regret that it does not come often. I have tried many of the recipes, but am especially interested in the fancy work of all kinds. I have tried many of the patterns for knitting. I tried the premium lace in the June number, but have failed to get it right. I don't think the directions are right.

I have a washing fluid which I wish all the sisters would try. I have a large wash usually, and have found it so beneficial that I want others to know of it. I get one pound of white lime and two pounds of washing soda, and three ounces of borax, which only costs fifteen cents. I use twelve quarts of boiling water for this recipe. I take a brass kettle that will hold this amount of water, put in my lime first and slack it with one quart of the water, then put in the soda and borax and dissolve with the remaining eleven quarts of water, set away until it is cold, then dip off the fluid and bottle. The directions for washing are: put the clothes to soak the night before in cold water, wring out in the morning and put into boiling water, with one pint of fluid and half a teacup of soap, boil twenty minutes, suds and rinse well and your clothes are ready for drying. Many remark to me: "Well I would not use anything of that kind as it rots the clothes." I know it does not. I have used it one year, and know of ladies who have used it a dozen, who say the same as I do. If you have more than one boiler of clothes, use another pint of the fluid in the same boiling water.

I have a new way of cooking rice that

I like much, and find it very handy for tea in hot, summer days. I take two cups of rice and one and one-half pints of milk and steam as I would custard, until it is cooked through, pour into cups, let stand until cold, turn into saucers, and serve with good rich cream and sugar.

I always read the notes on plants with interest, as I am a great lover of them, and have quite a variety. WONETA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—A northern family settled in the south, will wonder after the first morning when the confusion is over, what their neighbors can be doing to necessitate such a continuous, monotonous, "thump, thump." Having had its curiosity piqued for about a week, and no satisfactory solution of the problem presenting itself, some member ventures to ask a caller, "What people have to pound so long in their kitchens for every morning?"

"Why, they have beat biscuit for breakfast." "And what are they?" "Why, flour, lard and water beat up. I don't know just how to make them. You will have to ask our Chloe." Chloe being questioned later, says: "I jess takes some flo' an' a mite o' lard an' a pinch o' salt an' kind o' mixes dem togedder, an' den I beats 'em till dey's light nuff, an' bakes 'em." Not being able to get any more explicit directions from her, we determine that Alice shall go over and watch her make them. This is what Chloe is doing every morning when we hear the racket: She rubs well together in a basin one quart of flour, a small tablespoonful of lard, and a teaspoonful of salt, then wets it till it is about like pie-crust; then she works it well on a marble slab which she has on purpose, and begins to beat it with the back end of a flat-iron, folding the dough over and over, continuing this operation for half an hour, at the end of which time the mass is as light and fluffy as a loaf of bread ready for the oven. She now breaks off little pieces, rolling them into shape with her hands. After baking twenty minutes in a very hot oven, they come out more than twice their original size, a beautiful brown, and as tender, delicious, fine sponged bread as you ever ate. They are much prized for lunch, when traveling, by the southerners, but I confess to liking them better hot. Let any of THE HOUSEHOLD having strong, willing servants, try Chloe's "beat biscuit." WOLVERINE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I wonder if any of the sisters have tented near some mountain stream, under the pines, and inhaled the breezes from snow-banks not far above? If you have, you have not been greatly perplexed with household cares, and have not cared to try many of the recipes for cake and puddings, but have enjoyed beef and potatoes cooked in a Dutch oven, or on a little camp stove.

Of what use is THE HOUSEHOLD to one camping? Some one may ask. Mine never did me so much good as when a rainy day came, for we do have rainy days in Colorado. I enjoyed trying the knitting patterns, and am anxious to get material enough to make the rug described by Uhlma.

How many valuable hints for adorning our homes we receive from our paper, and while some of us feel that our experience and knowledge are too trifling to give, we can appreciate and encourage others whose advice aids us so much.

The autumn will soon be here. Let us each remember to gather large numbers of the beautifully colored autumn leaves and vines; we cannot get too many; they are so pretty for looping curtains and around pictures. A nice way to keep them looking fresh is to rub a warm iron over a cake of rosin, then beeswax, then over the leaf.

If there are any among our number

suffering with lung trouble, they will probably be interested in knowing the effect of this climate upon one similarly affected. I was ordered here last spring, came in May, have driven, walked, and camped out the past month, have used the iron water from the Iron Ute spring at Manitou for a short time, and am now, September 7, well, and weigh more than at any time for three years. Last Saturday I walked to Crystal Park, three miles, up a grade of 1000 feet to the mile, climbed Sunrise Peak, 600 feet higher, and home again in the evening.

From the park one has a beautiful view of Cameron's Cone and the snowy summit of Pike's Peak, and of the plain stretching east and north.

We do not need baking powders here; can make excellent biscuit and gems with the water from the soda springs. Cheaper yet than any baking powders, isn't it?

ESTELLE JACKSON.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Each month as you come into our home, with suggestions which prove such valuable assistance, I wonder no kind friend told me of such a help in the days when I was a bride, and puzzled my brains over all the mysteries of cooking. A stranger in a strange land, with only the cook book for a guide, what a treasure this paper would have been, with all its directions given in so explicit a manner, if faithfully carried out, one can hardly fail of success!

I think the arrangement of Jo's for running a sewing machine by hand cannot be too highly commended. Not only the "weakly sister," but many a well one, also, might profit by such a suggestion. Wise and skillful physicians affirm that many a person has ruined her health by the incessant treading of a sewing machine, and the Scientific American recently mentioned a distressing case of spinal disease (*locomotor ataxia*) brought about in this way. The peculiar motion of the lower limbs in treading seems to produce an unfavorable effect upon the spine, to say nothing of the other organs.

If one has not a "handy John," she can easily unscrew the shaft from the treadle, holding it in the hand to turn the wheel by, and managing the work with the other hand.

Emily Hayes, your old-fashioned Indian pudding is delicious. I had never been fond of them before on account of their dryness, but the milk added to this one hour after commencing to bake, and allowed to soak in, is a great addition.

Mrs. Ada Moak asks for a chopped pickle recipe. Here is one I have used for years, and it never fails to be good: Six quarts of green tomatoes, thirteen green peppers, one quart of onions, and one and one-fourth cabbages or cauliflower, all chopped. Salt it well, and let it stand twelve hours. Drain off the brine, scald all together, with a piece of alum the size of a walnut.

Dressing:—Two and one-half quarts of vinegar, one pound of dark brown sugar, one teacup of flour, and five or six tablespoonfuls of mustard. Mix flour, mustard, and sugar with a little of the cold vinegar, and stir into the scalding vinegar, stirring constantly. Put a very small piece of alum in the vinegar. After draining the brine from the chopped tomatoes, etc., pour the dressing on hot.

A recipe for chow-chow, which I think is especially nice, is this: One quart of small onions, one quart of small green tomatoes, or of large ones sliced, two quarts of small cucumbers, three quarts of vinegar, one head of cauliflower, broken into pieces, one handful of small bird peppers, four stems of celery, cut into small pieces, one-half tablespoonful of mustard, one tablespoonful of English mustard, one stick of cinnamon, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, and a few small

pieces of horseradish. Soak all the vegetables in salt, then pour hot vinegar and spices over them.

MOLLIE.

DEAR BAND:—I have just read our sister's letter to THE HOUSEHOLD, and her idea that "time could be much more profitably spent than in knitting a bed spread," is an amusing one to me. Circumstances always alter cases, and the time I spend in knitting I have always considered well employed. Now, Sister Nelle, I must say my little say in favor of knitted spreads. Do you think that the sisters who are foolish enough to knit spreads devote their whole time to it, to the utter exclusion of all other necessary work? No indeed, such is not the case. Of course now I speak for myself. A bed spread, or a portion of one, is my pick-up work at home, and my visiting work when away, at least it always goes with the sewing if I have any to do. No doubt you'll be horrified at what I say, but on my bed at this present time is a crochet quilt that I was three years making, all done by the "pick-up" process, while for the past year a knit one has had sway, it is very quickly knitted and is nearly completed. While in a box (but tell it not in Gath) is a portion of the diamond and chain, printed recently in THE HOUSEHOLD, that makes three, and a fourth one is a number of sections of Riverside's (I think) beautiful four-leaf clover quilt, and it is beautiful truly.

Now, Nellie, when you come to the states come and visit me, and I'll show you that Jim's hose are neatly mended, his clothes well brushed, and also patched when they need it, meals well cooked and served, house bright and clean, and I clothed and in my right mind waiting for him to come to a meal, and is it from force of habit that I pick up that quilt and knit a few times across a strip? I find time for music, reading, calls, company, long walks and drives, time for the care of plants, and also a cat and dog, the (to me) pleasure of doing my own washing and ironing every week. No doubt you say that woman is crazy on one subject, and that is bed spreads. If I admit that I am a bit crazy on my own handicraft, let me say to you that I pity you if you make only things that are so very strong and durable. I once in a while make a tidy on purpose so it will wear out, or a rug or mat that will be ragged before my progeny fully realize what rugs or mats are used for any how. In my opinion "variety is the spice of life," and of all things on this earth, deliver me from sameness, and I should go raving crazy if, day after day, the cotton tidy, or the one on canvas worked with a never fading color, would greet my eyes, it would seem to me as if they testified to their long life and a long time to come. This may sound very spiteful to you. I didn't write in any such spirit, I assure you. A guilty conscience is its own accuser, consequently my standupness for knit spreads, and things that do wear out. If that is your really truly address, I am going to make you a tidy that costs just fifteen cents, and lasts in constant use, about a year and a half.

What Trixie Tripp writes about home comforts, I can say "them's my sentiments." We use our front door constantly, and even the "bergars that come to town" walk up and ring the bell, no doubt having heard how much we go in and out that front door. My spare time is spent in the parlor when I am at home, and before the two windows, the well worn carpet is a silent reminder of the many restless feet that have made its beauty fade, while the wrinkled tides on the two easy rockers testify to hours of careless ease. Once in a while those tides are smooth, but not for long, as those rockers are in constant use.

I never sit in a rocking chair but that I think of the poor little girl who was bound out to a hard task mistress, who never let her sit in a rocking chair, in fact she never had much chance to sit down at all. She said this: If I ever grow big, I'll have a big house, and I won't have anything in it but rocking chairs, from top to bottom!

"Somebody has shined up the teapot." Trixie, I visited where it wasn't shined up, or in fact none of the silver was, or ever had been through the shining process. Why is it that some folks persist in loading their table with a quantity of brown-colored silver ware, instead of two or three well chosen pieces, bright and shining? Silver ware is to me a delusion and a snare, especially if I am very hungry. One cold winter day I took a long drive and staid to tea. The lady knew I was to be there. Supper was announced. The table was resplendent with silver ware. At first I thought I was dreaming, but the delusion vanished when a silver cover was tenderly raised and dried beef met my astonished gaze, and it was dried in every sense of the word; the cut glass preserve dish contained dried apple sauce, the bread was dry, cake ditto, the silver was splendid, but as the Irishman said, "It was the ateing that tuk me back." They wondered at my small appetite, and they may be wondering yet why I ate so little supper. Now that woman had plenty of everything to do with, only it was such a bother to commence, and I was not company to them, but I felt sorry for the rest of the family. If their suppers are as cheerless as that, it is no festive board they gather round. How much longer would it have taken to have con-

verted that bread into toast, either dry or milk toast, or else fried it after having dipped it in beaten egg and milk, and made frizzled beef, either plain or with eggs? then I could have eaten a good square meal. So after that I vowed that for me and mine, less silver, and well cooked food, daintily served.

Constance Gregory asks for a lemon pie made of water, flour and eggs. As I never heard of a pie made of those three articles, minus the lemon, and then dubbed a lemon pie, I venture to send my recipe, and won't you please try it and report? Bake in one crust. This makes one pie. Grate the rind and squeeze the juice of one large lemon, then add one tablespoonful of flour, (I use corn starch in preference,) one teacupful of boiling water, one teacupful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of cold water, butter the size of a walnut, the yolks of two eggs beaten light, bake with a steady heat till the pie is firm. After baked, beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, beat in four tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar, spread over the pie, and return to the oven to brown.

KEZIAH BUTTERWORTH.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to offer a suggestion to you, of course weekly, without any attempt at showing any greater wisdom than any one else. Yet it is not without fear and trembling for the consequences which may ensue to one of my sex, or as one of the sisters mildly put it, the "whiskered tribe." I assure you it has taken considerable courage for me to write, especially after the awful consequences which ensued to the gentleman who wrote about his wife making suet doughnuts. Now having rid my mind of my fears, I will make my suggestion. It is this: That a page be devoted for the special purpose of hearing from husbands. Now I suppose some of your unmarried lady readers will hold up their hands in holy horror at such a thought, and I do feel thankful (for my hair's sake) that I shall not be in their presence when they read it. I would suggest that the page might be disinfected. Now I think this idea is not unreasonable in view of the fact that we husbands have to pay for the subscriptions of our wives to the paper, surely we can meekly ask for just one page.

The arguments in favor of it are numerous and very conclusive to any male mind, and of course I never argue with women; who ever knew a woman convinced by an argument, except it was in the shape of a new dress or hat? So of course I address myself to the editor. In the first place our wives rush in their letters on the success of this recipe or plan of doing something, without even consulting their husbands whether they like it or not. It is only the torture I have suffered that nerves me to this task, and I think with sadness of my suet doughnut friend, how he was squeched in such an unmerciful manner because he dared to speak about it. It reminds me of Oliver Twist daring to ask for more.

I think a man's own experience is the best argument, so I will give you a part of mine. I have a model of a wife, and her model is THE HOUSEHOLD. Its precepts and its follies she has followed for three long years. Carefully I have been taught to look on it as inspired and of great authority. Every month I am commanded to read certain portions written by unmarried ladies, on the duties of husbands to their wives. I would recommend such writers to read the "Taming of the Shrew," it would do them good. As each new month comes in I anxiously look as I enter my home for signs of THE HOUSEHOLD. As I sit down to the table, I don't know but some new recipe has been tried that day. And if, on tasting it, I gently say that I don't like such stuff, that my mother never made it that way, a storm comes, rain descends, and my wife tells me she always thought I didn't love her, that I married her for her money, or her good looks, or because she was a good cook. I am accused of breaking all the ten commandments, and two hours are spent in smoothing down her ruffled feelings.

I will give you my experience for September, THE HOUSEHOLD came September 1st. Postman brought it at noon time. I trembled when I saw it. I bolted for my work. Evening came. At the tea table my first lesson began. I was told my table manners were shocking. I was astonished because I thought I was good on that, although I do put my knife to my mouth once in a while, and sometimes use my fingers. I patiently sat and listened until it was over. After tea I settled down to read my paper. But no rest—out comes THE HOUSEHOLD again. I am now told my pronunciation is bad. Who says so? Why Marjorie March; that ought to be enough for me. My wife began, "How do you pronounce lieutenant?" I told her. She said I was wrong. I felt rather combative, so I looked up Worcester. He says lev-tenant or lu-ten-ant, and as the latter is the almost universal way of pronouncing it in this country, and the most reasonable, I hold to it, although I am an Englishman. So I was tortured about my speaking until I went to sleep. I verily do believe that if THE HOUSEHOLD said sandwust and tar made good cookies, my wife would make them and cry if I did not eat them.

Now, Mr. Editor, these are a few of the many reasons that might be given in favor of a husband's page. We might tell each other's

sorrows, (for you know misery likes company,) and may be some of those who write the articles will take pity on us, and be more careful what they recommend. Hoping the sisters will treat me tenderly, I remain yours,

THE HUSBAND OF A SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I never extended an invitation more cordially on any occasion than I did two nights ago to you and THE HOUSEHOLD Band, and it would have done me good to have heard the exclamations of admiration and delight the sight of my place that night would have elicited, for beside the night-blooming Jessamine, day Jessamine, Arabian Jessamine, honeysuckle, tecoma, oleanders, roses, etc., that are constantly in bloom, there were fifteen superb flowers on the cactus grandiflora, or night-blooming cereus, and last night ten more lifted their regal heads, and threw out their incense to the night. I wish I could describe these flowers so that persons who have never seen them could form some idea of their beauty, but that is far beyond my capabilities, and I can only tell them how they differ from others of the same species.

The flowers, which are twelve inches in length, have a double row of petals six inches long, pure white, and resemble a feather. The stamens are very numerous, resembling a heavy fringe of gold-colored silk, with a knot on the end of each thread. They are three and one-half inches long, and bend in towards the pistil, which is white or nearly so. It is twelve inches long, and is capped by a many-rayed yellow star. The other kinds of cereus have but one row of petals, and are smaller, I mean the three others in my possession, which are the only ones I have ever seen in bloom.

The cereus grandiflora planted by an oak will climb to the top of it, and throw its arms in every direction amongst the branches. A more fairy-like sight seldom is given to mortals than one of these water oaks, with its dark, shining leaves, forming a background for this queen of flowers, on a bright moonlight night.

On festive occasions in the Bahamas and at Key West, they use them for decorative purposes in a different way from which flowers are generally used. They remove the pistil, and insert the half of a wax candle, which, when lighted, turn the flowers into globes, the effect of which is both beautiful and unique.

As we have neither railroad, telegraph, nor telephone in this part of the state, my invitations are sent in spirit, and presuming they are accepted in the same, sometime I will show you other plants, amongst them the sisal hemp.

Palma Sola, Fla.

E. S. WARNER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to ask for the benefit of all who are situated as I am, what are we who live in the country to do with the long winter evenings. I may not be situated as all who live in the country. We have houses on all sides, but the houses are no society, and the people very little more. I don't mean to talk about my neighbors. I certainly don't wish to do them any harm, but they do not make any progress in the social world. Socially speaking, we are living in the backwoods, where we seldom see any civilization, and only catch glimpses enough to make us long for a different clime. It drives all the life and energy away, and with all work and no play, Jack becomes a very dull boy. I read, and go to sleep over the books, I embroider until my eyes ache, and I fear embroidery will have to become one of my lost accomplishments. I can play the piano, but I get sick and tired of my own music. Now, in such an emergency, what can the remedy be? Mine, so far, has been to bear up cheerfully, and hope for the future, but I fear that my cheerfulness may become threadbare, before this winter has passed away, and, therefore, I have come to THE HOUSEHOLD Band for relief.

JEAN.

DEAR SISTERS:—Some time has passed since I have had the pleasure of a chat with you on my favorite topic, but there is so much suffering among those obliged to bear their tortures in silence, I feel that could I but agitate the subject oftener, I should be better pleased.

Dear sisters, the summer season is fast drawing to a close, and the severities of winter are approaching, to meet which we must needs do much to increase our comfort, but let us not be unmindful of those to whom we are indebted for much of the pleasure we have enjoyed in the past, and on whom we depend to contribute in the future performance of our labors. Many there are, of good standing in society, who, I regret to say, give little thought to the comfort of their animals, aside from enough to eat. It is the treatment they receive from those to whose care they are left. All that is necessary is to watch the actions of the animal when approached and we can readily see whether it shows fear or confidence. Living as I do in the city, I have plenty of evidence before me constantly, of the suffering inflicted upon dumb creatures through the indifference of owners, and the inhumanity of servants.

At Newport, Rhode Island, the past summer, through the efforts of a member of the Massachusetts society, a society has been formed composed of the leading residents, and much has al-

ready been done. The need of such a society was readily seen by those interested in the cause, and as soon as formed there was no lack of cases calling for investigation. A marked improvement has already taken place, noticeably in the almost total disappearance of the check rein which as used at the present time keeps the horse in constant misery.

There is no city or town, in this or any other country, where the same effort should not be made to improve the condition of our dumb friends, and I am trying, dear sisters, to arouse you to the work. You are the ones to awaken an interest. It requires but a few active workers to set the whole town astir. Think how much we depend on the horse and cow. Where would our farms be without them, and should they not receive kind treatment for all that they do for us? Do they receive it? In some cases they do, in many others they do not. Through your efforts, many of those now suffering may be relieved, and knowing this, is it not your duty to act?

I suppose, dear sisters, that some one or many of you may have a horse who has rendered faithful service for many years, but is now growing old, and is not as pleasant a driver as in former years. Will you, when wishing to replace him with a younger one, have him humanely killed, or will you give him to some one who agrees to take good care of him? Before you decide to do so, let me cite two cases of the many that have been brought to my notice. First, is the case of a prominent merchant of this city, who had a pet horse that became lame. He arranged with a man to find a good home for him. The man sold the horse for fifty dollars, and it was immediately put to work. When a horse limps, he suffers. How much better it would have been to have had this horse killed than to have turned him over to others. If he was unfit to do the merchant's work, he was not fit to work for any one. The horse was injured permanently.

The second case was that of a veterinary surgeon who had a horse that had done good service for many years, but becoming old and infirm, he gave him to a farmer who promised to keep him until he died, and give him only light work. Imagine the surprise of the doctor to meet him at work in a tip cart, having been sold for a pittance sum, and by hard work and abuse wasted almost to a skeleton. The doctor immediately bought the horse and killed him. Since then he has never allowed one to pass out of his hands after he felt that his working days were over.

The above cases have wrought some good as they have been the means of saving many a poor, worn-out beast, months, perhaps years of suffering, and I hope that through the dear sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD, many more who have performed their duties faithfully for years, may, when old age comes upon them, be humanely killed, and thereby saved the torture and suffering they would have to endure if handed over to others. The excuse frequently offered for giving these faithful animals away is, "We could not see them killed." Such being the case, I always suggest lending them instead of giving. By so doing, you prevent their being afterwards sold, and are at liberty to take them, if you find they are improperly treated. I find that most persons who take these animals look upon it as a speculation, and will make a horse in his old age work harder, perhaps, than he ever did before, all owing to our generosity.

I trust, my dear sisters, that I have awakened your sympathy, and that you will urge upon all, whenever the opportunity offers, that the kindest care they can bestow upon a faithful animal, is to have it humanely killed, after he has passed his usefulness.

A SUBSCRIBER.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

FOR SEASONING SAUSAGE.—For one hundred pounds of meat, finely chopped or ground, two and one-fourth pounds of fine salt, eight ounces of black pepper, and eight ounces of sage, finely pulverized and sifted.

FOR SALTING BEEF FOR FAMILY USE.—For one hundred pounds of beef take eight pounds of salt, four pounds of brown sugar, make a brine, boil and skim, add two ounces of soda, two ounces of saltpeter, one-half ounce of cayenne pepper, let it cool, then pour over the beef, packed firmly in a barrel. Let the brine cover the meat.

FOR SALTING HAMS.—Pack them close in a cask; to one hundred pounds, ten pounds of salt, one-fourth pound of saltpeter, and one quart of molasses; dissolve these in sufficient water to cover the hams, and let stand five weeks. Smoke to taste.

MRS. N. B. HAND.

STUFFED PEPPERS.—Mary W. wishes to know how to stuff peppers. I will give her a rule which we have had in the family for years, and they are always very nice. Pick your peppers before they begin to turn red, and cut around the top, leaving the stem on, but don't cut entirely off. If you don't want them too pungent, take out most of the seeds and soak in water in which there is a little salt thrown in. Procure some

nice cabbages and chop fine, take your peppers, turn the little lid back, and fill with the chopped cabbage, tie down the lid with a thread, pack in a jar, and turn on cold vinegar. Some prefer onions chopped in with the cabbage. CLYTIE.

the top one, using butter for this purpose; now set them again in a warm place to lighten, and when sufficiently risen bake in a quick oven.

MRS. J. M. J.

CHICKEN FRICASSEE.—Prepare a couple of nice chickens, joint them, dividing the wings, side, breast, and back bone, and let them lie in salt and water half an hour, remove them to a stew-pan, with one-half pound of salt pork cut in pieces, barely cover with water, and simmer for three hours. When sufficiently tender, take out the chicken; mix a tablespoonful of flour smoothly with cold milk, add a little fine dried or chopped parsley, sage, and summer savory, and stir gradually until it boils, season to taste with pepper and salt; put back the chicken and let it boil a few moments.

FANNY.

COLD SLAW.—Shave the cabbage very thin, (or chop if preferred,) and put in a dish and season with salt and pepper to taste; then beat one egg, add four teaspoonfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of mustard, half a cup of good vinegar, more if liked very sour, set this on the stove and let it come to a boil, pour over the cabbage, mix thoroughly, cover up and let it stand a few minutes.

MRS. C. A.

RAISIN PIE.—One cup of raisins, one cup of water, one cup of sugar, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of corn-starch; put the water on the raisins and boil for five minutes, add corn-starch dissolved in a little cold water, add sugar, and boil five minutes longer. Bake with a rich upper and under crust.

COM.

LEMON PIE.—*Ed. Household:*—Constance Gregory asks for a lemon pie recipe made with water, eggs and flour. Here is one I am sure she will like. The grated rind and juice of one lemon, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour, one-half cup of water, the yolks of three eggs—the whites for top. Bake filling and crust together, then add the whites, previously beaten with a little sugar, to top, and brown.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

GINGERBREAD.—Take two coffee cups, put in each one tablespoonful of soda, four tablespoonfuls of boiling water, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter or lard, then fill with molasses. Stir until it foams, then add ginger to taste. Flour for either hard or soft.

BREAD PIE.—Two cups of bread crumbs, one cup of water, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of tartaric acid, and one teaspoonful of essence of lemon. Boil together. Bake two crusts and place mixture between.

M. H. P.

MACHE.—Chop your meat (cold) very fine, season with salt and pepper, add one cup of raw rice to two cups of chopped meat. Take the leaves off a cabbage as whole as possible, pour over them boiling water, and let them lay until thoroughly wilted. Take a good spoonful of the mixture and place in each leaf, rolling it tight, and packing them in the kettle, then add water enough to cover them, and boil an hour and a half. A good bowl of gravy is a great improvement to this dish. A few bones at the bottom of the kettle will prevent burning while cooking. This is a dish used by the Turks, and is liked very much by all my friends.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Cut the peel very fine, fine as a thread, boil in clear water till tender, drain well, and rinse in cold water. Take the pulp and juice, separating it from all the white skin, which is very bitter. Add this to the peel, and then add equal (full) weight of sugar, and boil from forty-five minutes to an hour.

M. G. H.

PEACH-TREE LEAF YEAST.—Boil one large handful of peach leaves in one quart of water ten minutes. Have grated six potatoes, (medium size,) pour the peach water over them, set the pan on the back of the stove, let simmer twenty minutes, stir to prevent burning, add one tablespoonful of salt, one-half cup of sugar; when like warm add one cup of good yeast or three yeast cakes, let it stand twenty-four hours, stir down as it rises, and put in fruit cans.

LUNETTE.

FRENCH ROLLS.—One quart of flour, rub through it thoroughly a piece of butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful of salt, now pour in half a teacup of yeast and sufficient tepid water for a soft dough, knead at least half an hour, and set it in a warm place to rise. When light roll out without kneading again, cut with a biscuit cutter, put together, and only grease

the top one, using butter for this purpose; now set them again in a warm place to lighten, and when sufficiently risen bake in a quick oven.

MRS. J. M. J.

SOUSED TRIPE.—Cut in pieces the right size to serve at table, put in a deep dish with bits of butter laid over the top, and set in a hot oven one-half to three-quarters of an hour. The more butter the richer the gravy.

M. E.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of strong coffee, one cup of molasses, one cup of butter, two cups of brown sugar, three eggs, four cups of flour, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one cup of raisins, one cup of currants, and one-half teaspoonful of saleratus. This makes two loaves.

MRS. KATE B. MCKENZIE.

ALMOND CAKE.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, the whites of one dozen eggs, the weight of six eggs in butter; cream the butter as light as possible, then add the sugar, next the flour stirred in gradually, adding the whites of the eggs beaten very light as needed, and season with one-half teaspoonful of ground mace and one teaspoonful of extract of almond.

LIGHT GINGERBREAD.—Two teacups of brown sugar, one teacup of molasses, five teacups of flour, one teacup of butter, one teacup of sour milk with one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it, ten eggs, one-half teaspoonful of ground mace, one tablespoonful of allspice, one tablespoonful of cloves, two tablespoonsfuls of ginger if very strong, three if weak; the eggs beaten separately, and all thoroughly beaten together.

MARBLE CAKE.—Whites of twelve eggs, one pound of flour, one pound of sugar, three-fourths pound of butter. Mix all as in pound cake, then halve the batter, mixing with one-half one tablespoonful of allspice, one-half tablespoonful of cloves, and one-half teaspoonful of mace. Then put a large spoonful of the two batters alternately into the cake pan, being careful not to shake it after thus filling.

MUFFINS FOR TEA.—Two eggs, one pint of flour, one-half pint of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of lard, and salt to taste. Grease the muffin tins as for cake, then bake in a quick oven, and serve immediately.

L. L. R.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please tell A. E. Lake she can clean isinglass in stoves by rubbing them with warm water and vinegar two-thirds water and one-third vinegar.

A Subscriber wants to know how to make bay rum. The following is a good recipe: One quart of French proof spirit, one and one-half ounces of extract of bay. Mix, and color with caramel. It needs no filtering.

MRS. J. J. KLEINE.

Some one inquired how to clarify lard. Take three or four medium sized potatoes, pare, and slice into a common sized cooking kettle full of lard when hot, and let it cook until the potatoes are brown. It is very good for old or bad smelling lard, also put some in when trying out rough lard. While I am on the subject, I will say that if any of the housekeepers never tried putting a teaspoonful of common baking soda into a kettle of lard when trying, they will be surprised at the difference in the lard, and never fail to use it thereafter. It makes it very white.

Now will some one that knows, please tell me if it is not better to let the lime from hard water that so many of us have to use, collect on or in the tea kettle than to remain in the water, or what becomes of it if we use the preventatives, we often see in print? I have never tried any, preferring to have the lime in the kettle, if it must be somewhere.

AUNT NELLIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD send some good pudding recipes, something they know to be good? My home is in a hotel, and the cook fails in making nice puddings. I would like a different one each day in a week.

IOWA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask the sisters to write how they preserve crab apples.

E. G. M.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—The lady who asks how to keep white cotton clothes from becoming yellow when laid away and not in use, will find them less liable to become yellow if she washes and puts them away without ironing or starching them.

MRS. W. A. B.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some one tell me how to freshen up a black lace valance?

M.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If the sisters will try putting a little simple salve around the nostrils before sweeping or shaking a dusty carpet, they will find the salve will catch all the dust that would otherwise go down the throat.

MAMIE.

The Parlor.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Live for something, be not idle;
Look about thee for employ!
Sit not down to useless dreaming;
Labor is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay.
Life for thee hath many duties—
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway!
Gentle words and cheering smiles
Better are than gold and silver,
With their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary,
Drop the tear of sympathy,
Whisper words of hope and comfort—
Give and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning,
From the perfect fountain-head;
Freely, as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

TOM KINKLE AND HIS FRIENDS.

A Story of Backwoods Life.

BY M. L. LEACH, (MOSES FAGUS.)

CHAPTER II.

AT AN early hour the next morning Tom slung his powder-horn and bullet-pouch at his side, put a small hunting-ax into his belt, stowed away in his capacious pockets a liberal supply of johnny-cake for a lunch, threw his rifle across his shoulder, and sallied forth to keep his appointment with the stranger.

It was such a morning as is seen only in this country, and in this country only in autumn. The air seemed soft and balmy, yet was sufficiently bracing to make exercise pleasant. An almost imperceptible smoky haze filled the atmosphere. The gentlest of breezes occasionally fanned the tops of the tall trees, scattering their many colored foliage in brown, and yellow, and crimson showers, and covering the earth with a rustling carpet never equaled in beauty by any similar production of art. The beeches and the hickories were dropping their nuts, a harvest as important to the chipping squirrels as the corn harvest to man, and one which they were busily storing away for future use. Even the wood mice might have been detected by a silent and patient observer, appropriating a share of the bounty thus furnished by the Creator to some of His humble creatures. A flock of wild ducks were seen circling above the lake, and the mournful call of the loon sounded from the opposite shore.

Tom had naturally a keen appreciation of the beautiful in nature, though familiarity with the peculiar attractions of forest scenes had resulted in the habit of passing them by with apparent indifference. But if he did not stop to observe his surroundings, he unconsciously yielded to their influence, and moved forward with the rapidity and elasticity of one the machinery of whose being, mental and physical, was in good working order and under the propelling force of moderate excitement. For a mile or more he followed a foot-path along the margin of the lake, till he struck the principal road at the point where the newly built log school-house was situated. Turning into this road, now half hidden beneath the freshly fallen leaves, he bent his course towards Smith's tavern, some three miles farther on.

Smith's was the ordinary stopping place for travelers, and, being central to the settlement, had been spontaneously adopted for public gatherings, as well as for a lounging place for the few loafers that infested the neighborhood. The tavern was simply a double log house, or,

more strictly, two houses, standing end to end a little distance apart, the space between them being covered by extending the shake roof from one to the other. Nailed to a tree in front was a board bearing the word Entertainment, none the less welcome sight to the fatigued wayfarer because of being evidently the work of an unartistic hand.

In the room appropriated to guests sat John Mullein, the young stranger to whom Tom had engaged to act as guide. He was apparently about twenty-five years of age, of medium height, broad shouldered, and muscular, with the manners of a man of culture. His dress was a plain suit of coarse jeans, suitable for the rough travel of the woods. In a corner of the apartment lay his luggage, consisting of a leather sachet of moderate dimensions, and a gray woolen blanket, formed into a neat roll and secured with straps, so that it could be conveniently carried in the hand or as a pack upon the shoulders. A genuine stub and twist double barreled fowling piece, standing by the baggage, showed that a dash of the sportsman entered into the composition of his character. Two other persons, evidently backwoodsmen, occupied a rough bench by the wall, and a gentleman in broadcloth sat by the only front window, with his feet perched upon the window sill in the careless, comfortable, unbecoming manner of Americans, enjoying the fragrant luxury of an imported cigar. Whether the tempting aroma of the weed roused his appetite, or whether it was simply from force of habit, one of the men on the bench slowly took from his pocket a home made pipe, the materials of which were a piece of a corn cob hollowed out for a bowl and a reed for a stem, and proceeded with the greatest deliberation to fill it with fragments of leaves of unmanufactured tobacco, which he dug up from the bottom of an old, dirty, buckskin pouch.

"I say, Bill, how much did you pay for that 'ere pipe?" said his companion with a twinkle of the eye that showed a joke was intended.

"It didn't cost much," replied the one addressed. "Cobs are cheap. But I guess the tobacker tastes as good in it as 'twould in any of them 'ere fancy things in the store down to Hokyville. Tobacker is tobacker any how, but if there is a difference, I guess we can raise a better quality here than they can down in old Viginny or anywhere else."

"How much have you raised this year?" asked the gentleman in broadcloth, apparently interested.

"Well," replies Bill, "I hadn't only a few plants in my garden, but they grow'd splendid. I calculate the soil is just exactly right for it here, and the climate can't be beat."

"I expect the soil can't be beat for any sort of a crop, nor the climate neither," said the first speaker. "I'd like to see a better crop of corn than Smith's raised this season. There an't a soft nubbin in it."

"Well, I guess I can show you a better," said Bill. "There an't no nubbins at all in mine. There an't no soil like the creek flats for corn, nor for tobacker neither, only they are a leetle too rich. I expect this 'ere's a goin' to be the greatest grain growin' region in the world. All we want is to git it cleared up, and git mills, and so on."

"I've heard that there's a good mill seat down the creek," resumed the other.

"Yes," continued Bill, "I've got as good a one on my place as there is on the creek. I've heard Tom Kinkle say there's a good one down below."

"How far from here?" asked the gentleman in broadcloth, again apparently interested.

"Well I don't exactly know," answered

Bill, "Tom's mighty close about such things."

After a silence of a few minutes, the gentleman in broadcloth turned to Mr. Mullein, and inquired if he intended to take a tramp in the woods to-day. The latter replied that such was his intention if his promised guide did not disappoint him.

"I think he is coming now," said the former, as Tom appeared among the trees in the distance.

After the morning salutations had been exchanged, Mr. Mullein asked Tom's advice as to what he ought to carry with him.

"Take your gun of course," Tom replied; "and you may as well take along your blanket, and a compass and a pocket map, if you have them, and don't forget some matches. Never go into the woods without compass and matches, is my rule. With them you are prepared to guide yourself in a cloudy day, and to make yourself comfortable at night. I've known men to suffer a great deal from neglecting this simple precaution. When you go into the woods you don't know when you'll come out again. The best backwoodsman is liable to get lost or belated. And you had better take along something to eat. Dry bread is best. Never carry salt meat, nor anything that can excite thirst. He is no hunter that can't kill as he goes, in these woods, all the meat he wants."

"I thought backwoodsmen never got lost," remarked the gentleman in broadcloth.

"That is a mistake," answered Tom. "I've been lost myself a hundred times, that is, I've been turned so that I couldn't tell the points of the compass. The difference is that a backwoodsman loses his way less frequently than another man, and, when he does, he doesn't go into a flurry, but coolly sets about calculating his whereabouts, and then acts according to his calculation; but another will become alarmed and bewildered, and will strangely lose all power to reason correctly in regard to his locality, and will wander off in obedience to his impressions, which are pretty certain to mislead him. A man in this condition will sometimes go round in a circle and think he is traveling in a straight line."

Mr. Mullein having completed his preparations, he and Tom set out.

"Goin' down the creek?" asked Bill of Tom, as they were passing out of the yard.

"Going where fortune leads," was Tom's somewhat indefinite reply, confirming the report that Bill had given in regard to his being "mighty close about such things."

Bill turned into the house with a growl of dissatisfaction. He and Tom were not particularly good friends. There was little in common in their characters to draw them together. While Tom was industrious, in his way, and strictly honest, Bill was too lazy to earn a decent living by his labor, and possessed too little integrity to prevent the practice of trickery in his dealings with his neighbors. He had secured a homestead claim to a piece of land on Muddy Creek, a short distance from Smith's, and had built a cabin and cleared a small patch for cultivation. In the preceding summer he had raised a few tobacco plants, and a small quantity of corn and vegetables, of which, as well as of the soil in which they grew, and of his supposed mill site, he never tired of boasting. Sometimes, when hard pressed by necessity, he so far roused himself as to perform efficiently the duties of guide, or, if no opportunity offered for that, he even condescended to fill for a little while the less remunerative position of day laborer. Once he had acted in a manner not strictly honorable in an affair in which

Tom had trusted him, and since that time the latter had treated him with simple civility, but with no degree of cordiality.

Tom and his companion followed the wagon road for a short distance, and then turned off into a well-beaten footpath, which led them through a sugar bush, where, in spring, the business of making sugar from the sap of the maple had been carried on. The trees had been tapped, and spouts inserted to conduct the flowing sap into buckets or troughs placed beneath. Many of the spouts were still remaining in the trees, and others had fallen to the ground. The troughs were lying bottom upwards by the trees, where they had been left for future use.

Mr. Mullein's attention was arrested by the fact that most of the trees showed numerous scars, the effect of former tapplings. The wounds made by the ax had been entirely healed by the growing wood, and must have been made many years before the first settlers entered the country. Tom explained. The Indians had occupied the country from time immemorial. They had made sugar here for a long time before the white man came. Even now they two were traveling on what had once been a famous Indian trail. These trails were the highways of the Indians. Some of them had extended hundreds of miles through the forest, and had been much traveled, as was proved by the track being deeply worn. "And there is another mark of Indian occupation," continued Tom, "that we should frequently see were it not that this thick covering of newly fallen leaves hides it from view. You will be surprised to hear that the ground over which we are walking was once an Indian cornfield before the present heavy growth of timber sprang up, and that unmistakable evidence of the fact remains. I have been in Indian cornfields in a state of actual cultivation. The Indian knew nothing of the plow and had no equivalent for it, consequently the ground was not broken up every spring before planting, but the old stalks of the last year's growth were pulled up, and the seed for the new crop was deposited in the same hills. At each hoeing the earth was drawn up around the plants, just as we 'hill up' our corn, and the successive addition of many years at length formed hillocks of such solidity that they retained their form after the field was abandoned, and may still be seen, though here is a forest more than a hundred years old growing above them. The Indian did not plant his corn in rows, but the hillocks appear scattered about without order, exactly as he plants now where the plow has been introduced. I have seen many such evidences of former cultivation in my wanderings in the forest."

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Beyond the sugar bush Tom and his companion passed through a clearing, where the family were gathering their first crop. The father and sons were digging potatoes, and the mother and daughters were gathering them up in baskets and carrying them together into heaps, where they were to be buried for preservation during the winter. The light of intelligence beaming from their eyes, in connection with the glow upon their weather browned cheeks, their well developed muscles, and the evident ease with which they performed their heavy tasks, told of sound minds in healthy bodies. Tom's familiar greeting was returned not ungracefully. On the part of the women sly glances at the stranger, and slyer instantaneous inspection of their dresses, with still slyer efforts at arrangement, smoothing a crease here and shaking out a fold there, that women

instinctively make when surprised in disorder, showed the existence of the same womanly desire to appear well in the eyes of the opposite sex in the hearts beating beneath those patched and faded garments that influences, for better or worse, the fortunate possessors of more costly apparel, while a deepening glow upon their tell-tale faces, and a slight awkwardness of bearing, betrayed the fact that they felt ill at ease in being caught in so unfeminine an employment. Mr. Mullein was too well bred to add to their confusion by seeming to notice it. As he passed on, he fell into a train of reflections on the proper employment of women, and the much discussed and perplexing question of woman's rights.

"I am a little puzzled," he said to Tom, "to determine whether those women really had any cause for feeling half ashamed of their employment, as they evidently did. Were they, in any sense, out of their proper sphere?"

"Out or in," replied Tom, "they were only doing what half the women in the settlement have done. They wouldn't have minded me at all, for I am one of their own sort, but they knew well enough that you were just in from the fashionable world, where it isn't thought lady-like for a woman to do rough, out-door work."

"Then in this neighborhood they have custom on their side," said Mr. Mullein.

"Yes," Tom continued. "Our women are in the habit of lending a helping hand in all kinds of work. But, to answer your question, I don't think they were out of their sphere in any sense. Now I will venture to say that their breakfast was eaten and their housework done an hour ago, for you must know that the morning's work of sweeping, and dusting, and putting things to rights, in a little log cabin of one room, isn't a very heavy job where there are two or three to attend to it, and no young children in the way. Then they have no fine dresses to make, and no coarse ones at present, as you have had evidence. In fact they have actually nothing to do, unless they accept such work as offers, and the most important that presents itself just now is securing their potatoes. The old lady will go into the house in time to get dinner ready for the rest, and probably will remain there, but the girls will spend the day in the field, and each will earn at least half a man's wages. This may not be thought lady-like in fashionable circles, but we plain, backwoods folks regard it as more praiseworthy than loitering about in idleness while their fathers and brothers are working themselves to death in the effort to supply them with food and clothing and a comfortable home."

Several more clearings were passed, when Tom informed his companion that they were now beyond the confines of the settlement, and on lands owned by the government and subject to entry. He proposed, however, to go farther, with the view of showing him a more desirable location. The face of the country was gently rolling, and covered with a heavy growth of timber, of which the sugar maple was the most noticeable kind. Interspersed among the maples appeared the beech, the elm, and the bass-wood, and the dark green, feathery foliage of the hemlock ornamented the hill sides where, as they advanced, the more gentle undulations gave place to rougher ground. At length the adventurers emerged from the forest on the border of a natural meadow of considerable extent, through which meandered sluggishly a small stream fringed with alders. Clumps of alders and willows were picturesquely scattered about. A luxuriant growth of blue joint and other wild grasses, with several species of herbaceous plants, in some places bound together by a tangled

network of creeping vines, the whole wearing the brown garb of autumn, at once attested the productive capabilities of the soil and added a novel feature to the landscape.

"Here," said Tom, as they paused for a few moments' rest, "is an opportunity for some man to make a strike. This piece of land is valuable."

"You wouldn't advise me to invest in marsh land, would you?" Mr. Mullein asked in some surprise.

"No," Tom replied, "unless you have plenty of money, and levy dry land for a farm near it. In that case you would find it convenient and profitable to have this natural meadow to resort to for fodder for your stock for the first few years.

One of the greatest difficulties the settler has to contend with in a timbered country like this is that of procuring winter food for his stock. The blue joint and many of the other wild grasses found growing in these natural meadows make hay of a fair quality. In some there grows only a wiry, worthless grass, but taking them as a whole, the few marshes scattered through this region will prove to be a blessing of some importance."

Beyond the meadow they entered upon a tract of level country, timbered almost exclusively with maple. Half a mile more of walking brought them upon the bank of Muddy Creek. Why it had been mis-named Muddy, Tom could not tell. It was a clear, cold, rapid stream, flowing through a wide strip of interval land, (flats Tom called it,) probably twenty feet below the general level of the country. The high land on the opposite side, beyond the flats, appeared to be much like that which they had just passed over.

The flats were elevated only a foot or two above high water mark. They consisted on the surface, of a deep, dark colored, alluvial soil, in which the butternut and the stately black walnut were growing plentifully among the other kinds of trees. Close to the stream, overhanging the water, was a wild grape vine, which had climbed to the topmost bough of a swamp maple, and, reaching for a more elevated support and finding none, had bent gracefully downward, forming a curtain of interlacing vines, among which clusters of purple fruit showed conspicuously in the noonday sun. As they drew near the bank, a belted king-fisher, as if to show them a specimen of his skill in the piscatory art, dropped perpendicular, with his head downward, from the branch of a butt wood that bent over the stream, and, plunging beneath the surface of the water with a sound like that made by throwing a stone into a pool, rose with a minnow in his bill, with which he flew away to a perch on a neighboring tree.

While they were still observing him, a great blue heron flapped his wings and rose heavily into the air, passing down the stream, following the sinuosities of the opening made by its channel among the trees.

Tom said he guessed it was dinner time, and Mr. Mullein needed no second hint. Seating themselves on the ground, they made a simple but hearty meal of a part of the bread they had brought with them, drinking the pure water of the creek out of a tin cup Tom pulled out of one of his pockets.

Just as they had finished their repast, a sound like that made by something splashing in the water arrested their attention. Mr. Mullein turned his face in the direction from which it seemed to come. Tom sprang to his feet, seized his rifle, raised it to his shoulder, and fired, it all being the work of a moment. As the report died away, Mr. Mullein saw a deer spring out of the creek several rods below them, and disappear among the trees.

"We shall have venison for supper," exclaimed Tom. "There were three of them. I think we've got one."

Moving down to where the deer had been seen, they easily found their trail, and an abundance of blood on the fallen leaves told that the shot had taken effect, and made it easy to follow the wounded victim. Tom said they would not have to go far, and so it proved. A hundred yards off, the deer, a beautiful fawn nearly full grown, was found, stone dead, having been shot through the heart.

MY SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

BY IRENE MAY.

Resting and recruiting lost health on the shores of the lovely St. Lawrence, I felt that I could not better employ my time than in communing with my HOUSEHOLD sisters. Would that you could all be with me in this beautiful part of the earth. Manatvana, or the Garden of the Great Spirit, the dusky sons of the forest called it in days gone by, and I think no more appropriate name could be found for this wonderful lake about a thousand isles, for it is really a lake about fifty miles in length, and ten across at the widest part, containing about eighteen hundred islands, from the rock a few feet across, with tiny shrubs bedecking it with green, to the islands that are miles in extent, and covered with forests, among which may be seen many white birches, whose trunks glisten like silver in the sunshine.

To see the beauties of this region in all their perfection, one must take the Island Wanderer, a large steam yacht, which makes twice a day a "forty-mile trip" among the isles. Starting from Alexandria bay, we see to the right an island called Bonnicastle, upon which is the beautiful summer home of the late poet, J. G. Holland. Looking at it one does not wonder that he thought it "the sweetest spot on earth." Thickly studding the bay are many small islands on which are beautiful summer residences, among the rest one owned by Pullman of sleeping car fame. Hart's island, on which is a handsome cottage, is reputed to be the spot on which the poet Moore wrote his celebrated "Canadian Boat Song." It is a fact that he visited the islands, but, of course, none can say for certain if the supposition is correct.

Beyond this island we get a view of the hotel and cottages, and also of Bethune chapel, situated at Westminster park, all owned or controlled by the Presbyterians. The park contains five hundred acres, and is beautifully situated at the foot of Well's islands. Passing the many beautiful islands upon which are residences, we come to one that has the appearance of an old-fashioned Dutch oven, and to complete the illusion, there is a large opening at one side, resembling the doorway of the oven. Johnson, a celebrated character of the Patriot war, is said to have hid here. It is called Oven island, and the Devil's Oven, a not very poetic name, by the way.

We soon came to the Narrows where this side of the mighty river is contracted to less than a mile in width, and is deep and rapid, giving one an idea of the power of this river, which drains half a continent. On either side are bays branching out, some hidden by peninsulas, on one of which is Central park, thickly wooded, and containing many pleasant summer homes.

Passing Central park, we soon come to Peel's dock, the scene of the burning of the steamer Sir Robert Peel, during the border troubles of 1837-8. The burning of the American steamer Caroline, near Niagara, by a band of men from Canada, had excited a feeling here that was hard

to repress, and men enlisted for, and attempted an invasion of Canada. From the history of Jefferson county, New York, are gleaned the following facts of the burning of the Peel, which I think may prove interesting:

"On the nights of the 29th and 30th of May, 1838, the British steamer Sir Robert Peel, was plundered and burned at Well's island, under the following circumstances: She was on her way from Prescott to Toronto, with nineteen passengers, and had left Brockville in the evening, which was dark and rainy, and arrived at McDonald's wharf, on the south side of Well's island at midnight, for the purpose of taking on wood. Threats of violence had been intimated, and before the steamer had left Brockville, it was hinted to one on board that there was danger of an attack, but this threat was not regarded. The passengers were asleep in the cabin, and the crew had been engaged about two hours in taking on wood, when a company of twenty-two men, disguised and painted like savages, and armed with muskets and bayonets rushed on board, yelling, and shouting, "Remember the Caroline," drove the passengers and crew to the shore, allowing but a hasty opportunity for removing a small part of the baggage, and towards morning, having cast the boat into the stream to about thirty rods distance, set it on fire.

The scene of confusion and alarm which this midnight attack occasioned among the passengers can be better imagined than described. Some of them fled to the shore in their night clothes, and a considerable portion of their baggage was lost. After the boat was fired in several places, a party including Thomas Scott, a passenger (a surgeon who had stayed to dress a wound,) got into two long boats, and started for Abel's island, four miles from Well's island, where they arrived about sunrise. He stated that there were twenty-two persons besides himself and the wounded man, in the two boats. The brigands were known to each other by fictitious names, as Tecumseh, Sir William Wallace, Judge Lynde, Captain Crockett, Nelson, Captain Crocker, Bolivar, and Admiral Benbo. Several thousand dollars in one package, and also smaller sums, and various articles of clothing were taken from the boat. The only house in the vicinity was the woodman's shanty, where the passengers found refuge until five o'clock in the morning, when the steamer Oneida came down on her regular trip, and her captain, finding the distressed situation of the unfortunate persons, returned with them to Kingston. It is said to have been the intention of those who took the Peel, to have captured with her aid the steamer Great Britain the next day, and to have cruised with these steamers on Lake Ontario, and transported troops and supplies for the patriot service."

"The leader of this outrage," says another authority, "was William, or as he was more commonly known, Bill Johnson, well known on the border for his bitter hatred of the British and Canadian governments, and ready for any measure that might aid the so-called 'patriot' cause. So far from denying, it appears that he rather gloried in the exploit. Of course, it at once not only awakened the indignation of Canada but aroused our own government to the necessity of guarding the frontier, and preventing a breach with the Canadian authorities."

Governor Marcy, then in the executive chair of New York, himself visited Jefferson county, and took measures to repress any further hostile demonstration. A large reward was offered by our own, and a larger by the Canadian executive, for the arrest of the outlaws, and the officials of both countries united in the ef-

forts for their capture, especially of Johnson. It has, however, been hinted that the Americans professedly engaged in this service, did not lose a great deal of necessary sleep by their watchfulness. Johnson was aided in his hiding among the islands, by his daughter, it is said in boy's disguise. As she was then a very attractive young woman, a spice of romance for a long time attached to her adventures, and her fame as "Queen of the Isles" extended through the whole region. Late in the fall, Johnson was arrested by the American authorities, but escaped, and was re-arrested two or three times, until the border having become quiet, he returned to Clayton, and was no more molested."

After having lingered so long by the way, we will resume our journey. We now come to several small islands, Frederick island, Occident and Orient, etc., upon which are cottages, and back of them lies Fisher's landing, and now we turn, and land at Thousand-Island park, at which place I am now staying. The boat stops here long enough to give one a chance to look around.

No more charming spot can be found for the sojourn of invalid or tourist than this is. In 1875, 1000 acres of land were purchased at the head of Well's island, by a party of gentlemen belonging to the Methodist Episcopal church, and laid out for a summer resort for Christian people. The land was divided into lots, which sold rapidly, and a dock built for steamers. There are now over two hundred cottages here, some of them really elegant structures, and during the season from two hundred to two hundred and fifty tents are also scattered about. A tabernacle for religious services which will accommodate over two thousand persons is one of the features of the place, and in it some of the best talent in the country may be heard. Prayer meetings are held in it every morning and sometimes in the afternoons also.

Standing on the dock, one can scarcely imagine a fairer scene than the wide stretch of sparkling blue water which has been compared by those who have seen the latter, to the far-famed Bay of Naples, only lacking the smoking crater of Vesuvius to complete the illusion.

Leaving the park, in a few moments we come in sight of a white building which seems to rise out of the water, for it is built on an island which it completely covers. It is the Hub, a hotel. One cannot but think of Chillon castle in the equally blue waters of Lake Leman, as the gaze rests on this building.

Passing other small isles that lie like emerald gems upon the bosom of the river, we pass Round Island park where a fine hotel and many beautiful cottages greet the eye. It is under Baptist auspices, and is a charming resort. Passing Grindstone island, one of the largest of the Thousand islands, we go into the Canadian side of this lake or river, touching at a Canadian town. We next enter Halstead bay, but by a way that makes one hold his breath, for the yacht seems about to run upon a point of land directly in front of us, but an abrupt turn brings us into open water and the scenery we now pass through would delight both poet and painter, so beautiful is it. Each moment some new beauty dawns upon us. Here we pass a narrow inlet and see within it a sheltered bay, in which are green isles, whose color is reflected in the sparkling water, each branch and twig perfectly reproduced on its mirror-like surface, and, anon, we come upon another tiny inlet, its whole surface covered with blossoms and leaves of the water lily. It is a beautiful sight, one which once seen cannot soon be forgotten.

At one point the stream becomes so

swift that steam is shut off and the yacht allowed to drift for a little, to give the passengers a chance to realize its force. We now come to the Fiddler's Elbow, probably so called for the many abrupt turns taken to reach this point, a high cliff at the head of a small island upon which as we pass we see an old man playing on a violin, and as the boat slackens speed, we hear the sounds of that instrument, and the captain goes on to explain that more than fifty years ago, an old man used to play on this point. He had a son who was blind, and this blind son is the present fiddler. A box was on the boat to receive the contributions of the charitable for this poor old blind man.

Just beyond is the Lost Channel, through which we pass. No satisfactory reason can be given for calling this passage the Lost Channel. When asked why it is so called, the answer is "Because everybody else calls it so." It is said to be the channel, through which one of Fennimore Cooper's heroes went to the relief of a fort hidden among the islands.

Echo Point has a remarkable echo, the sound of the steamer's whistle being repeated exactly.

Thus we sail on, forgetful of the passing hours, feeling that we have had a glimpse of fairy land. Here is a spot that we can almost see peopled with naiads and mermaids, and there are isles with rough-hewn rocks piled irregularly around where it would seem that Titans had been sporting, and, anon, a grove so beautiful that only for fairy dwelling place would it seem fitted. But most of all will the scene produce upon the beholder, thankfulness to the God of the universe who has created so much that is beautiful for us to gaze upon.

STEPPING STONES.

What are they? all along our path they lie, and many of us avail ourselves of the advantages they afford, to lift us into a broader field of action, a higher range of thought and feeling, than we should otherwise attain.

Education is one of the greatest helps in this winding, mazy path we tread. We step upon it, and new worlds open before us. The past unlocks its treasures, and from the tomb of buried nations, a voice speaks to us in a language unintelligible till education interprets its mystic signs and symbols, translates the hitherto unmeaning jargon, and we revel in the presence of almost forgotten centuries. Education lifts us above the clouds and vapors that envelop the ignorant, and we understand more clearly our duties to each other, and are encouraged to rise still higher, by every means in our power. From the standpoint of knowledge to which man has attained, what a field of resources, and what a wide range for the exercise of his talent is spread before him. He bids the ocean render up its tribute to enrich and add to his treasures. The ocean shakes its hoary mane and roars in rebellion, but its rage is futile, a master's hand is upon it and it must submit. He imprisons the electric belt that so often leaves ruin and desolation in its path, and makes it a trusty messenger, carrying tidings of peace or war, prosperity or adversity, joy or grief, all over the expanse of our broad land.

With a flash of the sunlight he paints pictures of our loved ones with an accuracy pen or pencil can never achieve. He throws a chain across the rushing river, hurrying madly on to find the sea, and it is compelled to aid in carrying out the various enterprises he has projected. Science and education, what a field of usefulness and enjoyment unfolds when once we gain them.

And here is a broad platform, thronged with eager travelers, toiling with feverish anxiety, in order to reach the coveted station. This is the stepping stone of wealth, but wealth will not lift us higher, only as it affords us the means of promoting the comfort and lessening the toils and privations of our less fortunate fellow travelers. It will avail us nothing unless we reach down a helping hand to those who are too feeble to climb, and lift them over the rough places we meet on the way.

Farther, farther on, near the top of the mountain, where the skies are clearer, the air is purer, and the crowd more quiet in their upward progress, is the stepping stone of religion. Eyes that have grown dim with sorrow along the way flash with hope and courage for faith anoints and strengthens them, and on the heights alone they catch a glimpse of the land of Beulah. Ears, dull to the noise of life's battle, can hear above the roar of Jordan's billows the music of the heavenly choir floating down from the gates of pearl.

Cheeks that are paled and wasted by care and trials, freshen and bloom anew, as a breeze from the cedars of Lebanon, a waft of perfume from the flowers of paradise, sweep across them. Only a little higher to climb, a little longer to journey on, then the goal is reached. And clothed in white garments, they rest on the mead, Where the Lamb loveth best His children to feed, One by one.

These are a very few of the stepping stones in our path, for there are many of infinite value to us, and yet we do not heed them. Let us remember that every duty faithfully performed, every temptation met and overcome, is a stepping stone to lift us higher. Deeds of sympathy and charity, words of love and encouragement to each other, are tending to our elevation, though we may not realize it.

Forgiving and forgetting every real or fancied injury we may receive, overlooking each other's faults and foibles that we may see more clearly the foot-prints of Him who has climbed so far above us, our lives will widen and deepen, we shall be lifted higher.

Till we rest in that home of the pure and the blest,
Where the many mansions be,
And our hearts are athrill with the strange new song,
Swelling over the jasper sea.

LILLIS GRAHAM.

OLD ROMAN FESTIVALS.

DIONYSUS IN ROME TO GLAUCUS IN ATHENS.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

XIXTH DAY OF JANUARY, 1875.
Year of Rome DCCLXV.

BELOVED FRIEND:—A long time ago I promised, I think, to write you regarding the grand fetes of this splendid capital. There are no people in the world so fond of amusements and sports as these Romans. The higher classes seem to live for nothing else than pleasure. They are so different from our Athenian citizens. In our good city the people spend their leisure in going to hear the wise men and the rhetoricians in the gardens and in the Agora. Here nothing is thought of but games and festivals. Almost every day there is some great show or pageantry, either civil or sacred. Perhaps you would like to be told something about these various festivals.

The Romans, as you know, begin their year with the first of January, which seems very strange to me. I think our own way much the best. When our Greek year began, at the summer solstice, I was with you. Do you not remember how we walked that night in the grove of the Academus, and talked of the old gods and the heroes? How quiet and dreamy everything was! And now I am here alone amid all the noise and stir and

pomp of the capital of the world. The Roman year formerly began on the twenty-fifth of December, at the winter solstice, but the great Julius, the present Caesar's grand-uncle, ordered it to begin January first. The day is celebrated by feasts and sacrifices. The month takes its name from Janus, one of their great gods, and New Year's day is especially sacred to him. As the day is believed to impart its character to the whole year, people are careful to have their thoughts, words and acts on that day pure, beneficent and just. They greet each other with gifts and good wishes, and perform some part of whatever work they have planned for the year. Uncle Decius began to spade the garden where he is going to have a great reservoir, and Aunt Cleomene began the embroidery of a large piece of tapestry.

When the old year went out, there was also a festival. Some of the ceremonies were very curious. The day is under the conduct of the Luperci, or priests of Pan, and the festival is called the Lupercalia, or wolf festival. These priests sacrifice white goats in the temple of the rustic god, and smear the faces of two boys of noble birth with the blood of these animals, then wipe off the stains with wool dipped in milk. These boys, they are not so old as you or I, are then furnished with thongs from the skins of the goats, and go running and leaping like wolves through the streets, lashing all the young women who deem it a special favor to receive the blows.

In March will come the great war festival. The Romans have always been very warlike, and owe their present power to their conquests. Mars is their great war god, and the month takes its name from him. A large part of the month is devoted to his festival. During its first few days, the twelve Salii, or priests of Mars, who were chosen from the noblest families, pass through the city singing, dancing, and beating their rods upon their brazen shields. The last days are given up to revelry and feasting. There are gay processions to the temples, and dancing, and I fear much debauchery.

Next in order to the war festival are the celebration of the several periods of the farmer's year. The Romans were formerly famous agriculturists. You would not suppose it now, for a Roman will scarcely put his feet on the ground if he can help it. But in old times even senators had their pieces of land, and cultivated the crops with their own hands.

Some of the greatest families derive their names from some ancestor who had been known as a successful cultivator of vegetables, as the Lutulli, the Fabii, the Pisones, and even Cicero, the famous orator, was of a family that used to raise and sell vetches (cicer.) Though none care at present to be cultivators of the soil, they all reverence the old country festivals.

There are many of these, some as ancient as the reign of Romulus. Some of these consist of rustic sports, during which the figures of the Lares, or household gods, are crowned with flowers. Others comprise horse racing, wrestling, leaping, shooting the javelin, and various other trials of robust or dexterous superiority. All are characterized by processions, and sacrifices in the temples. The month of April is marked by days of sacrifice to the nourishing earth, to Ceres, the goddess of growth, to the patroness of flocks, and to Jupiter the protector of vines. In May the Arval Brothers, a company of twelve priests, hold a three days' festival in honor of Dea Dia, invoking her blessing in maintaining the fertility of the earth, and granting prosperity to the whole territory of Rome. August has its harvest festival; October, its wine celebrations in honor of Jupiter;

December, its two thanksgivings for the treasures of the granary, its Saturnalia on the seventeenth, and its celebration of the shortest day which brought back the new sun.

Of all the festivals the Saturnalia is, perhaps, the most magnificent and the most popular. Everybody takes a part in its observances. Universal joy and harmony prevail, in commemoration of the peaceful and happy age in which Saturn flourished. The festival formerly did not extend beyond one day, but Augustus has gratified the people with two additional days of sport and festivity. No serious business is allowed, but all kinds of amusements and indulgence mark this period of license. A distinguished feature of the festival is the custom which elevates the lowest servants to a temporary equality with their masters, who patiently bear every freedom of remark from their menials, and even submit to the keenest sarcasms.

These festivals constitute the life of Rome. Uncle Decius told me yesterday that it was declared in one of the Sibylline volumes, in the assumed spirit of prophecy, that if the Romans would continue to honor the principal deities with magnificent spectacles and games, their dominion would be remarkably extensive and pre-eminent. Perhaps it is because they have been so faithful in these observances that they have been permitted to conquer fair Greece and all the rest of the world.

The games which enliven the solemn festivals are exhibited at other times in the circus. Among these are chariot races and combats of wild beasts, both of which are viewed with great transport by the Romans. The beasts fight with each other or with men, either criminals or mercenaries. It is dreadful and brutal sport, I think. Such exhibitions could please only people who have a strong tincture of ferocity. It is a singular fact that gladiatorial sports were first introduced in Rome at a funeral. Two citizens, of the name of Brutus, are said to have done so at the funeral of their father. The example thus set has been followed both by citizens and magistrates. Julius Cæsar gratified the people with a battle between five hundred men and twenty elephants. On another occasion he exhibited a thousand combatants on horseback and on foot against twenty elephants, each with a tower on his back containing sixty warriors. These combats have since been introduced at social entertainments, to enliven the festivities. You may think, perhaps, that guests who can be thus amused, are only one degree above cannibals, but I assure you that many of the best men in Rome follow the custom. I can only account for it by the fact that the Romans have become so hardened in the practice of war that they deem human life of no value.

At first, it was customary to employ only slaves and criminals on these occasions, but it has become fashionable in late years for citizens who have not committed any crime and who wish to signalize their courage, to enter the lists, and regular schools of gladiators are now formed. Even some of the noblest ladies do not hesitate to take lessons in fencing. What would our Greek girls think of this, dear Glaucus?

I was fortunate enough to be in the city when Tiberias returned from Spain after the conquest of the Cantabrians and the Asturians. The Cæsar was so well pleased with the success of his adopted son that he awarded him a triumph. It was a sight worth seeing, and I wish you could have beheld it, Glaucus.

On the appointed day, the young Cæsar was met at the Triumphal gate by the senate and all the magistrates in splendid

apparel. Taking the lead of the procession, they were followed by a band of trumpeters, and a train of wagons laden with the spoils of the conquered countries, which were indicated by tablets inscribed in large letters with their names. Then came a band of flute players, preceding the white oxen destined for sacrifice, their horns gilded and adorned with wreaths of flowers and fillets of wool. Models in wood and ivory of the conquered cities, pictures of mountains, rivers, and other natural features of the regions subdued, with loads of gold and silver, were followed by a train of captives. Behind these walked the twelve lictors of Augustus in single file, their fasces wreathed in laurel, and then came the victorious prince himself in his circular chariot drawn by four white horses. His robes glistened with golden embroidery, he bore a scepter, and upon his head was a wreath of Delphic laurel. A slave, standing behind him, held above him a crown of Etruscan gold. Behind the general rode his lieutenants, and following them marched the entire army, their spears adorned with laurel, who either sang hymns of praise, or amused themselves and the bystanders with coarse jests, and doggerel verses at their commander's expense. This rude license of speech is intended to neutralize the effect of over-much flattery, which the Romans are taught especially to dread. The people all in gala dress thronged the streets, and every temple and shrine was adorned with flowers.

As a terrible contrast to the joy of the day, just as the procession had nearly finished its course to the Capitol, some of the captive chiefs were led aside and put to death. When these executions were announced, the sacrifices were offered in the temple of Capitoline Jove; the laurel crown of Tiberias was placed in the lap of the image; a magnificent banquet was served, and the triumphator was escorted home late in the evening, by a crowd of citizens bearing torches and pipes. It was past midnight when the city was quiet again.

I expect to be in Athens by April, but intend to write you once more, if this long letter does not weary you. In my next, I shall tell you something of the home life of this wonderful people. I send this by my uncle's good friend, M. Claridius Piso, who is on his way to his province in the East. Greet Antiochus for me. *Vale!* DIONYSUS.

A LOAD OF WOOD.

Sitting by the window of a friend, the other day, I saw, what in itself was a very commonplace thing. Only a load of mossy wood, which she had ordered for the open fireplace in her lovely little studio.

It brought to my mind the time, many years ago, when I, fresh from the city, and knowing little of the delights of living in the country, went to live in a small New England village. I had been married several years, and had two little ones, but I was little more than a child myself, and everything seemed so strange, and yet so delightful, that I felt just like a little girl again. We moved there in the spring, just when everything was beginning to look more lovely every day. We had a large woodpile, and one of my greatest delights was to climb over it, and gather mosses and lichens from the logs. It seems even now as if they were the most beautiful ones that I have ever seen, and I could not bear the thought that they should be burned.

I expect the neighbors used to think me crazy. They never said so directly, but laughed and wondered that I could see any beauty in such common things "that were no manner of use."

Then the delightful rambles in those dear old woods, sometimes with my husband, or brother, but more often alone, until my little ones grew large enough to go with me. There was nothing to harm one, and I never felt the least fear, although it was much more pleasant to have some one with me, but the people had never heard of any one "poking around the woods except in the nutting season," and some of them would often stop me on my way home to ask me what I had been after this time and when I would show them my treasures, sometimes a basket of early wild flowers, tiny ferns, moss and acorns, or perhaps only some mossy twigs and sticks, they would laugh heartily and say, "What are you going to do with them?" But I made a great many lovely things, and learned many beautiful lessons from these rambles.

I remember one old lady, (who was very fond of fancy work in the form of bedquilts and shell work.) One morning in the early winter she came hurrying in; soon after she was seated she said, "Some of the folks tell me that you have a lot of beautiful ferns that you found in the woods around here, and I would like to see them, for I have lived here a great many years and never heard of any such thing before." I showed her how I had fixed my rooms with what I called a beautiful collection of ferns, from the first tiny ones of spring, to those bleached almost white by the frost, and mingled with bright autumn leaves they gave the room a very showy look. She looked at them for a few moments, and then laughed loudly, and said, "Why those are nothing but brakes, and we have lots of them right back in our yard, and I would about as soon have thought of pressing burdock leaves as them things," but she admitted that they were pretty, and not long after I saw some in her parlor.

Dear old lady, she was a good, kind-hearted neighbor, and I felt very sorry to hear of her death not long after we left the place.

Then as my children grew older nothing delighted them more than long rambles in the woods with mamma. I would hurry to get through with my household duties, so as to be ready when they came from school; such good times as we used to have together, and what treasures we would find. In the spring when the ferns were just peeping from the ground, and the Mitchella vine with its glossy leaves and brilliant red berries, and lovely cushions of velvet moss, the whole air perfumed with the violet and other wild flowers, and everything so fresh and green, and seeming so glad that the long cold winter was at last over.

Then in the full glory of the summer months, it was always so cool and pleasant in the woods, and if it was a long, warm walk to reach them, we were amply repaid when we reached its lovely shade, and the whole place would seem one mass of beautiful green, and as one of my boys, then about five years old, once said, "Oh mamma! don't you wish that we could take it all home?" and it was just what I had been trying to express, and wishing that I was artist enough to make a picture of the grand old trees, and the lovely little brook singing along over the stones, and among the ferns and mosses.

Then in the early autumn; when the frost had lightly touched the trees and made them seem one gorgeous blaze of beauty, turning the lofty oak to crimson and brown, and the many tinted maple, and then what can look more lovely than a group of sumac bushes touched by the frost with their brilliant leaves, and large spikes of crimson berries; and then later, when the trees were beginning to drop

their store of nuts, how delightful it was to search among the fallen leaves for the glossy chestnut, and, if we were quick enough, to see the busy little squirrel with a nut or an acorn in his mouth. The birds always seem to sing so differently in the fall. In the spring and summer their song would seem full of rejoicing, but in the fall it always seemed like a farewell, and it always makes me sad to hear the birds sing in autumn.

Then in the winter we found almost as much beauty in the woods, if the snow was not too deep. If any of my readers have never been in the woods on what one of Mrs. Whitney's characters calls "a diamond morning," I would tell them that they have missed a most beautiful sight. I mean a morning when everything from the smallest twig and stone to the loftiest tree, is all covered with ice. On such a morning, just as the sun begins to show, it is truly a fairy scene. Then the pleasure of going for the Christmas tree and greens! I often think as Christmas draws near, and we are thinking about getting our greens, if I could only be at the old home, what lovely ones we have, such lovely running pine, it seems as if there were acres of it, and the glossy princess pine, and beautiful bittersweet, and alder berries, and bright moss all make me long for a walk in those dear old woods once more.

I generally had more than my own children with me in my rambles, for when the other boys found out what good times we had in the woods, and what treasures we found, they all wanted to go too, and as their mothers were all of them too busy, or else were "afraid of getting lost, or seeing a snake, or meeting a tramp," or some like calamity, I generally had quite a body guard of boys with me, and they all seemed to enjoy it. After we moved away one of them sent me word that he wished we would come back, so that he could have some more of those nice walks.

We spent ten very happy years in that quiet old village, and only left it when our children's education demanded that we should move to the city, as there were no advantages there, beyond the district school. I at times almost wish that we were there again. It always seemed to me that it was easier to do right in the country; and we lived such a quiet, happy life, not but what our life has been a happy one since, for I do not think that there are many happier homes than ours, but in the city one has so many things to take one's attention.

The neighbors often wondered at me a city bred woman, being so contented and happy in such a lonely place, but it was my home, and my dear ones were there, and that was enough for me. But even could I go back again, it would not be the same, for my darlings will soon be grown and leaving the home nest for homes of their own, and I would not hinder them, but only pray that they may have happy homes, as happy as the one they will leave. I do not think that "mother's place" in their hearts will ever be filled, but only shared with other loves, and I am sure that they will always remember those pleasant rambles in the old woods near their childhood's home.

But I have wandered a long way from my subject, and yet all of these memories were brought to my mind by the sight of those mossy logs, and as I sat by the blazing wood fire, and thought of those dear old times, I felt as if I wanted to write them all down, for perhaps they might awaken some such memories in other hearts, and perhaps make some one feel happier to know that others had the same bright recollections of the woods and country pleasures.

LOUISE C. WILSON.
Bridgeport, Conn.

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.

Let every subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD send full name and address to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., and get one of their cook books free of charge.

ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH

—OF—

FIRST-CLASS SHEET MUSIC FREE.

Buy fifteen bars of Dobbins' Electric Soap of any grocer; cut from each wrapper the picture of Mrs. Foggy and Mrs. Enterprise, and mail the fifteen pictures to us, with your full name and address, and we will mail you, *free of all expense*, your own selection, from the following list of Sheet Music, to the value of *One Dollar*.

We absolutely guarantee that the music is unabridged, and is sold by all first-class music houses, at the following prices:

INSTRUMENTAL.

Artists' Life, (Kunster Leben,) waltzes, Price	
op. 316, Strauss, 75	
Ever or Never, (Toujours ou Jamais,) Waltzes, - Waldteufel, 75	
Chasse Infernale, Grand Galop, Brilliant, op. 23, Kolling, 75	
Turkish Patrol Reveille, - Krug, 35	
Pirates of Penzance, (Lanciers,) D'Albert, 50	
Sirens Waltzes, - Waldteufel, 75	
Fatuitza, Suppe, Potpourri, - Moellering, 1 00	
Mascotte, Andian, Potpourri, - Roconini, 1 00	
Il Trovatore, Verdi, Potpourri, - Dorn, 75	
Night on the Water, Idyl, op. 93, Wilson, 60	
Rustling Leaves, - op. 68, Lange, 60	

VOCAL.

Patience, (The Magnet and the Churn,) Price	
Sullivan, 35	
Olivette, (Torpedo and the Whale,) Audran, 40	
When I am Near Thee, English and German words, - Abt, 40	
Who's at my Window, - Osborne, 35	
Lost Chord, - Sullivan, 40	
My Dearest Heart, - Sullivan, 35	
Life's Best Hopes, - Meininger, 40	
Requited Love, (4 part Song,) Archer, 35	
Sleep while the Soft Evening Breezes, (4 part Song,) - Bishop, 35	
In the Gloaming, - Harrison, 30	
Only be True, - Vickers, 35	
Under the Eaves, - Winner, 35	
Free Lunch Cadets, - Sousa, 35	

If the music selected amounts to just \$1.00, nothing need be sent us but the fifteen pictures, your name, address, and selection of music. If the music selected comes to over \$1.00, the excess can be enclosed in postage stamps.

We make this liberal offer because we desire to give a present sufficiently large to induce *every one* to give Dobbins' Electric Soap a trial long enough to know just how good it is. If, after such trial, they continue to use the Soap for years, we shall be repaid. If they only use the fifteen bars, getting the dollar's worth of music gratis, we shall lose money. This shows our confidence. The Soap can be bought of all grocers. The music can only be got of us. See that our name is on each wrapper.

A box of this Soap contains sixty bars. Any lady buying a box, and sending us sixty cuts of Mrs. Foggy, can select music to the amount of \$4.50. This soap improves with age, and you are not asked to buy a useless article, but one you can use every week. I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,

116 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

This is one of the most generous offers ever made by any reliable firm for the introduction of their goods, when one considers that in addition to the above choice selection of music, Messrs. Cragin & Co. send the full money's worth of their Electric Soap, which thousands of the best housekeepers in the land insist is the best soap manufactured, the combined offer appears truly wonderful. Nevertheless, they will do as they agree.

Ed. HOUSEHOLD.

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.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please tell the sisters that I desire to make a postal card autograph album, before spoken of in your paper, and ask all that can conveniently to contribute their autographs and verses?

NELLIE B. HUFF.

Lanesville, Essex Co., Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you be kind enough to tell the ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD I should like very much to have an album composed of the autographs of the subscribers of our paper? Will be pleased to return all such favors.

Maplewood, Mass. MRS. MABEL I. KENNON.

I have "Walton's Written Arithmetic" and key (new), which I will exchange with any one wishing it, for anything useful or ornamental.

Athens, Me.

BOX 64.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please say to the Band, that if any sister will send stamps for postage I will be pleased to send her a nice bunch of Florida moss? I know how our northern sisters appreciate it, for I too was delighted to receive a box of it before I left my New Hampshire home to make one for John in this "Sunny Land."

Fernandina, Florida. MRS. WM. LAKE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to inquire if any one who takes or reads THE HOUSEHOLD can give me any information of a man by the name of Jacob Walton Mayberry. He lived near Devil's Bluff, on White river, Arkansas, and left there in 1865. Any information concerning him will be gratefully received by

MRS. CLARK MAYBERRY.

THE RAVAGES OF CONSUMPTION.

In spite of all that medical science and professional skill has been able to do in that most fatal of all diseases, Consumption of the Lungs, it is steadily on the increase. The number of deaths from this cause, as shown by our bills of mortality, is simply appalling.

That Consumption of the Lungs cannot be cured by any of the remedial agents known to either of the great schools of medicine, or by the eclecticism which includes the best curative appliances of both is too well and sorrowfully known to the hundreds of thousands of wasting and slowly-dying invalids, whose pale faces, sunken eyes and feeble steps meet us in every city, town and neighborhood.

It is no fault of the Profession that it cannot cure this disease. *Not because it is incurable*, but because in its *Materia Medica* no substance is found in use of which the diseased system can be furnished with an antidote or an effective resistant. But this is no proof that such a substance does not exist, and that Consumption must still go on destroying its hundreds of thousands every year. The search for an agent that would give the vitality which is needed to arrest this disease and restore the patient to health, has been an earnest pursuit with some of the ablest physicians in the past and present century; and some form of Oxygen-administration has been with many regarded as the means by which the ardently-desired end would be gained. Experiments in this direction have been made from time to time, but not until within the past few years have they been carried to a successful result. Satisfied that if a new combination of Oxygen and Nitrogen could be made in which the former substance would be in excess of what is found in common air, a physician who had been forced to abandon his practice in consequence of an attack of Pneumonia, was led to make persistent experiments which finally resulted in the discovery of a new substance now known as Compound Oxygen, and by the use of which he was himself restored to permanent good health.

It is over twelve years since this great

result was reached—a result which has inaugurated a new era in the healing art. *Consumption of the Lungs stands no longer in the list of incurable diseases.*

The action of "COMPOUND OXYGEN" in arresting the progress of Pulmonary Consumption has been so marked and constant under the administration of this new substance, that we are warranted in saying that, *if taken in the early stages, eight out of every ten persons affected with this disease, might be cured*. In Consumption, as every one is aware, the only hope for the patient lies in the establishment of a higher vital condition. Now Compound Oxygen is an agent that gives directly this new and higher vitality, which generally becomes apparent at the very beginning of its use, manifesting itself in an almost immediate increase of appetite, and in a sense of life and bodily comfort. If the use of Oxygen is continued, *a steady improvement nearly always follows*; and where the disease has not become too deeply seated, *a cure may be confidently looked for*.

To those who wish to inform themselves in regard to this new Treatment, we will send, *free of cost*, our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen" and our pamphlet containing over fifty "Unsolicited Testimonials," also "Health and Life," our Quarterly Record of Cases and Cures, under the Compound Oxygen Treatment, in which will be found, as reported by patients themselves, *and open for verification, more remarkable results in a single period of three months than all the medical journals of the United States can show in a year*. DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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*.

Mrs. L. A. Hudson, Brattleboro, Vt., has stamped Turkish rug patterns to exchange for fancy articles of same value, also copper ore and minerals for scraps of bright silks or fancy ad. cards.

Mrs. E. S. Warner, Palma Sola, Manatee Co., Fla., has handsome corals, large pink conch shells from the gulf coast, sea fans, alligator teeth, moss, plants and other curiosities to exchange for farm products.

Miss C. E. Williams, Ruckersville, Greene Co., Va., has 50 varieties of flower seeds to exchange for reading matter, or for anything useful or ornamental.

Mrs. E. M. Wood, Ayer, Mass., has 25 pieces of music to exchange. Would like "Roses Underneath the Snow," "The Old Wooden Rocker," "Let the Dead and the Beautiful Rest," and "It was a Dream," also curiosities for a cabinet.

Mrs. Jane E. Wells, Monroe, Green Co., Wis., has 27 varieties of fresh hollyhock seeds which she will exchange for nice cabinet specimens and curiosities, or for anything pretty or useful.

Miss Lavonia P. Hammond, North Berwick, Maine, (care loco box 6,) wishes to exchange ad. cards, also magazines for stereoscopic views, choice shells, curiosities, or anything useful or ornamental.

Mrs. Clark Mayberry, Belcher, Prairie Co., Ark., has altha seed, China berries, cotton bolls and seed, to exchange for vegetable or flower seed, also "The Grahams" for one of Mary Holmes' novels.

Mrs. O. C. Earle, Malone, N. Y., has a year's No. of Harper's magazine, a few flower seeds and cuttings of geraniums, to exchange for flowering bulbs.

Mrs. Ella G. Long, Royalton Center, Niagara Co., N. Y., has a child's night drawers pattern with feet, also pink oxalis bulbs to exchange for a rooted slip of English ivy, a calla lily, a New Life geranium, or a hoyia.

M. A. Blair, Ketchumville, Tioga Co., N. Y., has a photographic piano with eighteen pieces of music to exchange for a good foot-power scroll saw. Write first.

Mrs. A. R. Newton, 26 Ft. Wayne Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., would like one of Watts' old hymn books and magazine engravings in exchange for music, patterns of rick-rack, or Berlin work.

Mrs. E. F. Whitney, Monroe, Tenn., has 25 or 30 different kinds of flower seeds to exchange for specimens for cabinet, also a few bulbs of canna, caladium and dahlia, for gladioli, except scarlet.

Mrs. E. H. Root, Aten, Cedar Co., Neb., has patterns of infant's wardrobe, four dresses, and bib and shirt patterns, any two for 20 pieces of print 4 inches square, or for a few yards of lace.

Mrs. Rose Foreman, Bidwell Bar, Butte Co., Cal., has some very fine pampas plumes to exchange for fancy work, or anything useful or ornamental.

A. R. Folsom, West Mitchell, Mitchell Co., Iowa, will exchange geological specimens of Iowa and Sioux quartzite, for shells, moss, minerals, stuffed birds, or anything nice for a cabinet.

Mrs. J. E. Ambrose, Coral, Me., will exchange an organette and music costing \$12 for a lady's watch worth \$10. The organette and music is in good order.

Mrs. J. M. Holland, Orlean, Va., has pink daffy rose and white lilac to exchange for wall-pocket, pampas plume, or magazines of any kind.

Mrs. H. Wales, Bridgeport, Conn., will exchange sea mosses for geological specimens, minerals, fossils, etc.

Mrs. Will Hayward, Spirit Lake, Dickinson Co., Iowa, has sheet music in good condition to exchange for minerals, cabinet specimens, pampas plumes, Florida moss, or the Century magazine. Write first.

Mrs. E. J. Frost, 1826 Wallace St., Philadelphia, Pa., has music in good condition to exchange for woolen scraps, either bright colors, white or grey, or bright colored silk.

Mrs. Col. Wolcott, Pawtucket, R. I., will exchange advertising cards of all kinds.

Amelia H. Botsford, Lockport, Niagara Co., N. Y., will exchange oil paintings, cushion, tidiess, etc., for bound copies of George Macdonald's works, Emerson's or Bacon's essays, and George Eliot's novels. Write first.

Mrs. Ella Sheldon, Southampton, Hampshire Co., Mass., has a pair of standard napkin rings lined with gold, also embroidered nightdress to exchange for Webster's unabridged dictionary.

Katie Gaynor, North San Juan, Nevada Co., has sheet music, flower seeds, and chromos to exchange for fancy advertising cards.

Ella M. Granniss, 17 Wall St., New Haven, Conn., has Mrs. Hemans' poems to exchange for Will Carleton's, Bret Harte's, or Alice and Phoebe Cary's, also silk and worsted pieces for others. Write first.

Lillian Higgins, Anamosa, Jones Co., Iowa, will exchange advertising cards for the same.

Mrs. W. M. Russell, Plymouth, Grafton Co., N. H., has a nice fitting pattern for kid or buck gloves to exchange for pampas plumes, sea shells or stuffed birds.

Will some one send me a few bulls of the lily of the valley and of the Cuban lily? I will send in exchange beautiful feather braid, crochet, pieces of print, volumes of Seaside Library, or oil chromos, unmounted, nine by eleven. MRS. T. F. Jones, Blakely, Early Co., Ga.

Mrs. O. Bruce, Creighton, Knox Co., Neb., has panels, palettes, fans, and photograph frames, painted in oil and water colors, to exchange for Indian relics, fossils, minerals, or shells.

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.

[ESTABLISHED 1817.]

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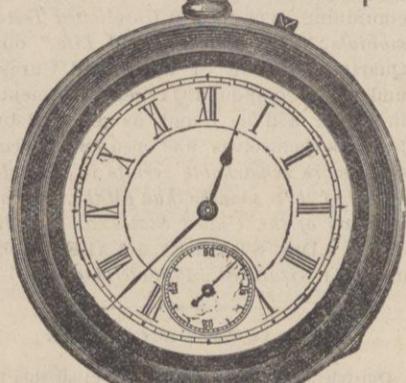
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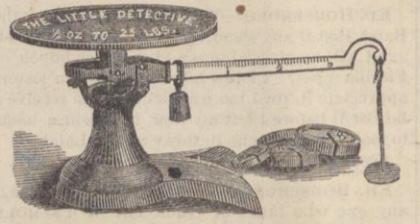
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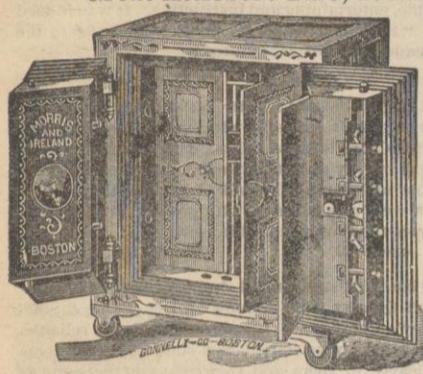
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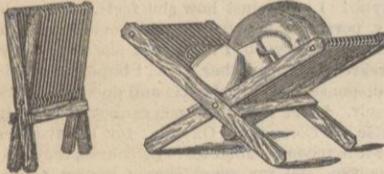
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As invented and worn by him
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In this style type
Minnie B. Rose
50 elegant new Chromo Cards 10c. 14 pks. \$1.
make 50 per cent. Please send 20c for Agent's
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GUTHIRD CARD WORKS, Northford, Conn.

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The Household

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Accurate and as Serviceable

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For the Piles its truly wonderful effects can only be fully appreciated in its use by the afflicted one. It is equally beneficial for the speedy cure of Sore Nipples, no harm coming to the infant. The Ointment is neatly put up in tin boxes, and will be sent post-paid to any part of the United States or Canada on receipt of 25 cents. Liberal discount to the trade.

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We take pleasure in speaking a word in praise of this Ointment. It has been used in our family for several years and always with the most satisfactory results.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.

50 Chromos, Latest Designs, no two alike, 10c. 12 packs \$1. Elegant premiums given. Illustrated list with each order. Album of Samples 25c. E. B. Gilbert, Higganum, Ct.

40 New no 2 alike Chromo Visiting Cards name on 10 cents. Warranted best pack sold. Agents Wanted. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.



Entered as second-class mail matter at Brattleboro, Vt., Post Office.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., DECEMBER, 1882.

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

We can no longer supply January numbers to our subscribers. Agents and others forwarding subscriptions will please bear this in mind.

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

PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.10 per year, including the postage.

MONEY MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK by postal order, or in a registered letter, or by a bank check payable in New York or Boston. Don't send personal checks on local banks.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS 1's and 3's—will be received in payment for THE HOUSEHOLD from those who are unable to send subscriptions in any other form. Do Not send any larger ones.

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

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

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM OUR FRIENDS are desired upon any and all subjects within the province of THE HOUSEHOLD. We particularly desire short, practical articles and suggestions from experienced housekeepers, everywhere, who have passed through the trials and perplexities which to a greater or less degree, are the lot of every new pupil in the school of domestic life. Ladies, write for your paper.

RESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular (some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written.

CANADIAN STAMPS are of no use to us, neither can we credit full price for mutilated coin. Revenue and proprietary stamps are *not postage stamps* and we have no use for them. And will all our readers, *every one*, if you must send the ten cents in stamps, oblige us by sending 1's and 3's, and put them into the letters *loosely*. Do not attempt to fasten them even slightly, as many are spoiled by so doing. Seal the envelope well, and they can't get away.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

TO CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—It would save us considerable time and no little annoyance, besides aiding us to give prompt and satisfactory attention to the requests of our correspondents, if they would in every case sign their names to their letters—which may fall to do—and also give post-office address including the state. Especially is this desirable when subscriptions are sent, or any matter pertaining to business is enclosed. We desire to be prompt and correct in our dealing with our friends, but they often make it extremely difficult for us by omitting these most essential portions of their communications.

AN ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN FREE to any subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer, and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD? We have already sent out many of these organs, literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned, they have

given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

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 1882. 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 *ruthily*, 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 sender if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in parcels—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

E. R. KELSY of Everett, is sole agent for THE HOUSEHOLD for Suffolk County, Mass., to whom all persons wishing agencies in that county should apply.

NOW JUST LOOK HERE!

The Golden Rule to Jan. 1 for only 10 cents! Put a ten-cent piece in an envelope and the thing is done.

The Golden Rule to Jan. 1 for only 10 cents!

Now every reader of "The Household" can have it.

The Golden Rule to Jan. 1 for only 10 cents!

Don't delay. Do it now. You will not be sorry. The publisher of "The Household" has advised you to do this over and over again. Now do it. Wrap a 10-cent piece in a small piece of newspaper and enclose it in an envelope, with your name and postoffice address written plainly on piece of writing paper. It will take you just five minutes to do this. Now do it. Every reader of "The Household," address GOLDEN RULE, Boston, Mass.

TWO

of the BEST PAPERS for nearly the price of

ONE!

THE

Rural New-Yorker,

the Great National Farm and Garden Weekly of America, with its celebrated Free Seed and Plant Distributions, and

The Household,

ALL ONE YEAR FOR \$2.50!

The RURAL NEW-YORKER is *original* from beginning to end, and costs more in its make-up than any other Rural journal published. It presents 500 Illustrations yearly from nature. It is the first to have established experiment grounds; the first to have distributed valuable seeds and plants free among its subscribers; the first to have engaged the best farm and garden writers in the world; the first to present accurate portraits of farm animals, fruits, cereal and other farm plants and seeds which are carefully tested in its Experiment Grounds and impartially reported; the first to combine in practice the

True Interests of the Farm, Garden, Orchard, and Country Home, with the Editorial Labor of a Rural Journal.

Thus it is that the RURAL NEW-YORKER has gained its present acknowledged position as the

FIRST Agricultural and Horticultural Journal of America.

It has introduced many of the best plants in cultivation.

The RURAL NEW-YORKER is conducted by real Farmers, Gardeners, Stockmen and Horticulturists. It is conscientious, alive, progressive. Inquire of those who know. Special departments devoted to Women, the Household, Original Farm Stories, blending sound practice and the romance of country life. The Complete Journal for Country Homes.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS FROM THE FIRST MEN IN THE COUNTRY.

Prof. W. J. Beal, of the Michigan Ag. College, says "The RURAL is the best paper."

Prof. E. M. Shelton, of the Kansas Ag. College: "The RURAL has more influence and is more quoted than all the rest put together."

"My visit to your farm yesterday was a most instructive one, and I do not know where a man could go in this country to get more valuable information on general agriculture. I feel that you are doing a great and good work, and its results must be of vast benefit to the whole country. I hope your health will be spared until your fondest hopes are realized in the work you have so much at heart. Yours truly,

J. H. REALL,
Secretary of the American Agricultural Association and Editor of its Journal.

ITS PRESENT FREE

Seed Distribution,

to be sent free to the subscribers of *Both Papers* is, in brief, as follows:

THE GIANT WHEAT, the Black-bearded Centennial, for Spring or Fall Sowing; 74 pounds to the bushel. The largest grain known.

THE BLUSH POTATO. A new, intermediate, drought-resisting variety, unsurpassed in quality, in keeping qualities and yield.

SEEDS OF THE GREAT NIAGARA GRAPE.—The white grape for the million. A large amount in presents will be offered for the best seedlings. A new era in seedling grape culture, in which we hope all HOUSEHOLD ruralists will enthusiastically unite.

THE RURAL MIXED GARDEN TREASURES. A grand treat for the ladies.—Shrub, tree, annual, and perennial plants of the finest kinds and strains. Fifty different varieties!

THE PERFECTION WATERMELON. In quality, unequalled by any other. Shapely, Early, Heavy, Productive, Delicious.

Send for free Specimens and carefully compare them with other farm papers before selecting for 1883—and judge for yourselves.

RURAL NEW-YORKER,
34 Park Row, New York.

SWAYNES



OINTMENT

THE GREAT CURE FOR
ITCHING PILES

Symptoms are moisture, stinging, itching, worse at night. "Suffered from Itching Piles; used many remedies, but no permanent cure until I used Swayne's Ointment. GEO. SIMPSON, New Haven, Conn." As a pleasant, economical and positive cure, SWAYNE'S OINTMENT is superior to any article in the market. Sold by druggists, or send 50 cts. in 3-ct. Stamps. 3 Boxes, \$1.25. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

LACES In the finest manner. Price List Free.

CLEANSED, Lewando's French Dye House,
17 Temple Pl., Boston.

NEW YORK SHOPPING.

Aunt Addie (Mrs. A. B. Ackerman) begs leave to inform her friends, and the public generally, that she is prepared to make purchases of every description, for ladies and gentlemen, in New York city. Orders by mail from all parts of the country promptly executed. For references and information send for circular. Address, Mrs. A. B. ACKERMAN, care of C. G. H. Crane, Tribune Office, New York city.

30 The White Gold Edge Cards, name on 10c, Sample Book 25cts. An Elegant Christmas or New Year Card 10cts. F. M. Shaw & Co., Jersey City, N. J.



Nature's Sparkling Specific for indigestion and biliousness, the water of the famous Seltzer Spa, is duplicated in moment with a spoonful of TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT, which contains every valuable element of the German spring. The greatest physicians of Europe pronounce that free gift of Providence the most potent of all known alternatives, and its *fac simile*, fresh and sparkling, is now placed within the reach of every invalid in the western world.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

OUR LOOKING GLASS.

IN WHICH OUR ADVERTISERS CAN SEE THEMSELVES AS OUR READERS SEE THEM.

We endeavor to exclude from our advertising columns everything that savors of fraud or deception in any form, and the fact that an advertisement appears in THE HOUSEHOLD may be taken as evidence that the editor regards it as an honest statement of facts by a responsible party. Nevertheless the world is full of plausible rascals, and occasionally one may gain access to our pages. We set apart this column in which our friends may give their experience in answering the advertisements found in this magazine whether satisfactory or otherwise. State facts as briefly as possible, and real name and address every time. And we earnestly request our readers when answering any advertisement found in these columns to be particular and state that it was seen in THE HOUSEHOLD, and we think they will be pretty sure of a prompt and satisfactory response.

I saw the advertisement of "The Golden Rule" in THE HOUSEHOLD, and subscribed for it. We like the paper very much. It is thoroughly readable, entertaining and instructive. It was indeed a "rare offer" that its publishers made to the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD.

MRS. C. H. CLOSSON.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Co and other sisters who wish to knit with silk, will send to the Nonotuck Silk Co., Florence, Mass., whose advertisement was in July and other papers, for rules for knitting and samples of silk, I am sure they will be as well pleased as I with my silk mittens made from the Florence knitting silk.

Stonewall, Col. MRS. E. H. DAY, JR.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I feel almost compelled to tell Querist what I know of Drs. Palen & Starkey's Compound Oxygen. They are reliable, first class physicians. You state your symptoms clearly to them and they treat you the same as any other physician, if you need any thing besides the oxygen, all for the same price. My husband and myself have taken the oxygen. I have been an invalid fifteen years. I have been practicing Swedish movements, but my system was so reduced and my nerve power so small, that it did not supply the demand. I concluded to try the oxygen to restore vitality, in connection with the movements. I have improved wonderfully since.

My husband was scarcely able to do anything, and I feared that he was going into consumption. After taking oxygen two months, he went with the hands that were clearing some timber land, and worked all day without feeling tired. He would gather corn from early in the morning till late at night without fatigue.

One young lady was so far gone with consumption as not to be able to walk across the street. I induced her to try oxygen, and she is seemingly well and hearty, yet she is still taking the oxygen. I consider it a sure cure for consumption, asthma, etc., if not too far gone.

I have been feeling so sorry for Gladys Wayne! I know just how she feels. If I could only persuade her to try the movements and Compound Oxygen, I think that she would never regret it. In another year, I hope to be able to dispense with hired girls and do all my work myself. I feel that too much cannot be said in praise of Compound Oxygen, for all diseases that it is recommended for. Of course, they that have been sick for years cannot expect to get well in a few months, but if they continue the treatment, it will do what it is recommended to do.

CORNELIA.

HEART DISEASE.

IS YOUR HEART SOUND?

Many people think themselves sick and doctor for kidney or liver troubles, or dyspepsia, while if the truth were known, the real cause is at the heart. The renowned Dr. Clandinin, startlingly says "one-third of my subjects show signs of heart disease." The heart weighs about nine ounces, and yet man's twenty-eight pounds of blood passes through it once in a minute and a-half, resting not day or night! Surely this subject should have careful attention.

Dr. Graves a celebrated physician has prepared a specific for all heart troubles and kindred disorders. It is known as Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator and can be obtained at your druggists, \$1. per bottle, six bottles for \$5 by express. Send stamp for Dr. Graves' thorough and exhaustive treatise. (1) P. E. Ingalls, Sole American Agent, Concord, N. H.

HEART TROUBLES:

Free! Cards and Chromos.

We will send free by mail a sample set of our large German, French, and American Chromo Cards, on tinted and gold grounds, with a price list of over 200 different designs, on receipt of a stamp for postage. We will also send free by mail as samples, ten of our beautiful Chromos, on receipt of ten cents to pay for packing and postage; also enclose a confidential price list of our large oil chromos. Agents wanted. Address F. GLEASON & Co., 46 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Dec.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

LIBRARY
COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

377

OUR DUTY.

BY ERNESTINE IRVING.

"Mid pleasures and palaces
Altho' we may roam;
Be it ever so humble
There's no place like home."

From Mrs. Dent's cheerful kitchen rang out this familiar song, and the pleasant little woman was stepping briskly to and fro setting things "to rights," and carefully assorting the weeks' ironing, laying aside what needed a button, or an extra stitch, and running her fingers into the heels and toes of stockings to make sure they were well darned. The atmosphere of the room was soft and cheery and it was a pleasant place to rest one, at least so thought Allie Ware as she dropped into a friendly rocker, that stood with open arms and cushioned back and seat, to receive her. The demure housecat purred dreamily from her nest near the stove, the kettle hummed serenely, the sunlight streamed in at the western windows with a warm, bright radiance and all the while the words of that old song were borne to her ears, a soothing, restful melody.

Little Mrs. Dent was a housekeeper (a home-keeper) in the essential meaning of the word, and it was here to this plain, humble home, that Allie Ware, petted child of fashion and fortune that she was, came for rest from world-weariness and strength for the future, and she seldom failed to find both. Not because Mrs. Dent was possessed of great learning or erudition, these she could find in the people of her world, but always after a call here, she felt better fitted to meet the demands of her stylish home and better satisfied with herself and life in general.

I think the reason lay in the simple fact, as a rule Mrs. Dent did her duty. Her home was meagre, but she made it very cheerful and happy; her three boys were always comfortably and tidily dressed, her husband was a mechanic, but his home was the centre of his affections, and no saloon or bar-room ever saw him within its precincts. Mrs. Dent did her duty; this was the key-note of their happy home, and of the loving thoughtfulness, one for the other, that Allie Ware missed in her own luxurious home. Her brothers had not been taught to be more mindful of their mother and sister than of strangers; and to-day as she passed through the little gate, and entered that home-spun kitchen, she felt she would willingly give their costly mansion, servants, horses, carriages, all the appurtenances of wealth for the restful comfort found here. She was often very dissatisfied with what seemed to her, her aimless, fruitless life. But Mrs. Dent was beside her, and that simple song floating about her. Already a sense of relief was finding its way to her heart and then their talk a few moments later about each doing his best wherever he was placed, if on the higher planes, or lower walks in life; not to turn back, but resolutely grapple with and overcome, having put the hand to the plow not to look behind, but press on, and in the end use and beauty would be found.

Then she repeated these words,

"Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the one, and thou shalt see
The other, ever follows thee."

But Allie Ware and Mrs. Dent are not the only ones to be profited by these truthful lines; they are meant for everybody, everywhere, for duty is the main-spring of happiness and beauty. It is only in the way of duty we have any promise of receiving blessing, whether in plain kitchen or grand parlor. Riches may take to themselves wings and fly away; the rewards of duty, never.

Self-sacrifice is not always duty. One

has a duty to one's self which must be met and he who fails in this respect, fails most woefully, for it underlies all others.

"The duty that lies nearest," this was Mrs. Dent's motto, and this what she sought to impart to Allie Ware. This is what will build a beautiful home, and rear a beautiful life and character, and then the example of a dutiful life, who can estimate? It is beyond compare. Its benefit can never be fully known. Seek to follow the "straight line of duty."

—Going home from church she remarked to her husband: "Did you notice that bald-headed man in front of us, and how young he looked? I never saw any one so young before with a bald head." Then he shut her up by replying, "My dear, I was bald-headed before I was a year old."

—Mrs. Gilpin called upon Squire McGill's wife the other evening, and in the course of conversation mentioned that she had just purchased a cuspidore. "Dear me," said Mrs. McGill, "so you've bought one, have you? I wanted to get one for Fanny, but she didn't seem to have any ear for music, so we finally gave it up."

—Housekeeper (to milkman): "How is it, Mr. Creamer, you are so late this morning with the milk?" Mr. Creamer: "One of my cows have had an accident, and we have had to doctor it." He did not explain that some mischievous boys had blocked up the pump spout with turnips, and written on it "Best cow's choked."

We are pleased to call attention to the clubbing combination announced in our advertising columns, between the Rural New-Yorker and THE HOUSEHOLD. The original investigations and enterprise of the Rural through its experiment grounds, and through the ablest writers and artists in the country, have led to its general recognition as the leading journal of rural affairs in America. It has introduced and disseminated free among its subscribers some of the most valuable farm and garden plants in cultivation. These distributions are utterly free of all false pretense, and the journal is conducted in the true interests of the country home. This journal and the Rural New-Yorker with its free seed distribution, one year for \$2.50. Those of our readers who wish to take advantage of this combination will please address Rural New-Yorker, 34 Park Row, New York City.

—"I never contract bad habits," said Robinson to his wife. "No dear, you generally expand them," was her reply.

No one whose blood is impure can feel well. There is a weary, languid feeling, and often a sense of discouragement and despondency. Persons having this feeling of lassitude and depression, should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify and vitalize the blood.

—The meanest woman on record is the one who boiled codfish in a fire-proof safe to keep her neighbors from getting a smell.

FARINACEOUS SUBSTANCES are not proper food for infants, and the indiscriminate use thereof tends largely to augment the excessive mortality among children deprived of a mother's nursing. Mellin's Food, while extremely nutritive, is free from any such objection, and is highly commended by all who have used it. All leading druggists have it for sale. Price, 75 cents. T. METCALF & CO., Boston, Mass.

—The world is apt to coo in your ear like a dove when you are rich, but if you happen to be poor it kicks like a mule.

Paralytic strokes, heart disease, and kidney affections, prevented by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters.

—The difference between a hill and a pill is that the hill is hard to get up and the pill hard to get down.

If your hair is coming out, or turning gray, do not murmur over a misfortune you can so easily avert. Ayer's Hair Vigor will remove the cause of your grief by restoring your hair to its natural color, and therewith your good looks and good nature.

WILL BE SENT FREE.

Four beautiful Fancy Chromo Heads to every one who is using, or has used, Brown's Iron Bitters. Write, stating disease for which medicine was taken, benefits derived, &c., giving correct address, to BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Maryland.

—An old lady in a Michigan village on the Fourth rose during the delivery of the oration and left. She explained that she had heard that speech about twenty times before.

"And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm
To raise me from amidst this *plunge* of sorrow?"

A friendly and saving arm is extended to all who are *plunged* into sorrow because they have heart disease. For a dollar you can buy a bottle of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator, an infallible cure for this terrifying disease.

—A wealthy man displaying one day his jewels to a philosopher, the latter said, "Thank you, sir, for being willing to share such magnificent jewels with me." "Share them with you sir!" exclaimed the man, "what do you mean?" "Why you allow me to look at them; and what more can you do with them yourself?" replied the philosopher.

Persons prematurely gray can have their hair restored to its youthful beauty, by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, the best article in the market.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Overworked Nervous Systems.

DR. EDWARD L. DUER, Philadelphia, says:

"I consider it valuable in overworked nervous systems."

—"Give us an article on dogs," writes a correspondent who is an enthusiast regarding the canine race. A dog collar is an article on dogs; so are fleas. Which will you have?

If cleanliness indeed be next to godliness, we know of no one that is doing more to promote this virtue than James Pyle, through the introduction of his Pearline.

—"The only lady that ever impressed me much," said an old bachelor, "was a 300-pound woman, who was standing in a car, and when the car turned a corner fell against me."

Nursing mothers gain strength by using Brown's Iron Bitters. It acts like a charm in restoring to health and strength overstrained nature.

—Old friends are like old clothes, not so showy as the new ones, but more easy and comfortable.

The quieting, rest-procuring qualities, as well as the far-reaching and powerful curative effects of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, render it the very best remedy known for lung diseases.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Dr. Hanaford's new book, Mother and Child, will be sent by mail, free of charge for postage, for \$1.25. Send to the author at Reading, Mass.

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fee, etc.

Purge out the morbid humors of the blood by a dose or two of Ayer's Pills, and you will have clearer heads as well as healthier bodies.

worth \$200 will be sent to any person who will send us Two Hundred yearly subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD, and at the same rate for a cheaper or more costly instrument. These organs will be new, sent from the well known manufacturer of J. Estey & Co., and fully warranted to give the most perfect satisfaction, both as regards beauty of workmanship and clearness of tone.

This offer places one of the most desirable organs for the family or society room within reach of thousands of our readers. Many have already availed themselves of our previous similar offers and many others will we trust do so this season.

YOUR NAME in Elegant Script Type
CARDS
on 50 of the most beautiful designs of chromo cards ever published, 10c. 14 packs. \$1.25 25 large size German embossed cards, 10c. 29 pearl bevel gilt edge cards with lapped corners, 10c. Agents' large size album, containing all the latest styles of imported and satin fringe cards with illustrated premium list and private terms to agents, 25c. The greatest inducements ever before offered to agents! The most useful premiums! All orders filled as soon as received and satisfaction warranted. Blank cards at wholesale. Good work a specialty. Gordon Printing Co., Northford, Conn.

JEWELRY FREE. The NE PLUS ULTRA Stationery Package contains 18 Sheets Fine Note Paper, 18 Envelopes, 1 Penholder, 6 Colorado-Gold Pens, 1 Best Lead Pencil, 1 West Eraser, 1 Blotter, and an elegant piece of Jewelry, will be sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. W. C. GRISWOLD, Box 100, Centre Brook, Conn.

NEW STYLES
—IN—
Dress Reform.
Bates Waist,
(a perfect substitute for corsets,) \$1.75. Chemelites, Union Flannels, Skirt and Hose Support's, etc. Agents Wanted. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, free.

MISS C. BATES, 129 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

LITTLE WONDER TIME KEEPER
Just what everybody needs. Farmers, Mechanics, Business Men, or Boys can now own a Perfect Time Keeper. The Little Wonder Time Keeper is NO HUMBUG, nor is it a cheap toy. It is a thoroughly reliable teller of the time of day, in a handsome silver nickel hunting-case, and fully warranted. Cheap Watches are as a general thing poor time keepers, but the Little Wonder can always be relied upon. Read our offer.

We want 200,000 new readers for our paper immediately, and in order to obtain them and introduce it into every home in the Union where it is not a regular visitor, we are now making extraordinary offers. We will send the **ILLUSTRATED BOSTON GAZETTE** free for the next three months to all who will send us 36 cents in postage stamps, to help pay postage and cost of this advertisement, and to each person we will send, free one of the **LITTLE WONDER TIME KEEPERS** and a fine gold-plated Vest Chain attached. The Time Keeper and chain is well worth double the price asked. The Gazette is a Mammoth Family Story Paper, filled with bright and sparkling Stories, Sketches, Poems, Fashion Notes, Needlework, and Household matters, in fact, everything to amuse and delight the whole family circle. We know that you will be more than pleased. Write to-day. Address, **INGRAHAM & CO., NO. 17 BATTERY** March Street, Boston, Mass.

FALL CATALOGUE OF
DUTCH BULBS
Ready in September.

A choice selection of Holland Bulbs, direct. Among the finest yet offered Catalogue mailed free.

12 choice named Hyacinths for forcing. by mail, \$2.50
12 " mixed " the garden, " 1.25
12 " " " forcing, " 1.00
8 " " " " 1.00
12 " Hyacinths, in special colors, for forcing, " 1.75
12 " mixed Tulips for forcing or garden, per 100, \$2.50, " 56
12 " Tulips, in special colors, for forcing or bedding out, " .75

12 choice mixed Crocus for forcing or garden, per 100, \$1.25, " .29
12 " " " forcing, " 1.80
12 " " " 2.60

10 Tea and Bourbon Roses, strong plants for winter flowering, " 1.00
12 Distinct varieties Geraniums, " new and old varieties, " 1.00
24 of the following: 2 Hyacinths, 6 Tulips, 12 Crocus, 2 Tea Roses, 2 Geraniums, " 1.00
30 of the following: 3 Hyacinths, 6 Tulips, 6 Crocus, 6 Snowdrops, 2 Jonquils, 2 Anemone, " 1.00
2 Ranunculus, 1 Japan Lily, " 1.00

10 Winter Blooming Plants: 1 Primrose, 1 Tea Rose, 1 Calla, 1 Cyclamen, 1 Smilax, 1 Begonia, " 1.00
1 Heliotrope, 1 Fuchsia, 2 Hyacinths, " 1.00
10 Hardy Perpetual Roses, " by mail, \$1.00 | 12 English Ivy, " 1.00
6 Carnations, strong plants for winter blooming, \$1.00, or 20c. each. 6 Begonias, winter bloomers, 50c.

12 Pelargoniums, \$1.00. 8 Bronze and Tri-color Geraniums, \$1.00. 12 Pansies, choice strain, \$1.00, for forcing or open ground. Fall is a good season for planting pansies.

ROSES, specially prepared for winter blooming, strong plants, 6 for \$1; 18 for \$2.

50,000 STRAWBERRY PLANTS, 1,000,000 LAYERS

Address, C. E. ALLEN, Florist and Seedsman, Brattleboro, Vt.



OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY.

The most beautifully Illustrated Magazine for Little People in the World.

The extraordinary success of this Magazine proves that the people desire the best literary and artistic matter for the instruction and amusement of little children. The stories and poems, all original, are by the best writers for children. The illustrations, 380 a year, are made by the best artists in the world, expressly for this work. The cheapest as well as the best. \$1.50 a year, 15 cents a copy. Invaluable as an educator. Newsdealers sell it. Specimen free. The most liberal terms to Agents.

RUSSELL PUBLISHING CO., Boston, Mass!



THE IMPROVED COMFORT CORSET.

—NO BONES TO BREAK.—

Ladies who have not worn the *Comfort Corset* cannot realize its superiority to any other Corset.

It has a variety of shoulder sizes for each waist size, adjusting them to a tapering waist, or a straight form.

No other Corset has more than one size at the top, for any one waist size.

Stylish and tasty as a French Corset, combining ease and comfort with elegance and shape.

Instead of bones, rows of very stiff cord are inserted, giving all the support of bones and still yielding to every movement of the form, and of being washed without injury to the corset in any particular.

The whole burden of the clothes is transferred to that portion of the shoulders best adapted to sustain their weight, supporting everything without inconvenience, and almost without the wearer's consciousness, making this garment in truth, *A Comfort Corset*.

Two measures required. Send for our circular, with rule for measurement and Price List. Waists for children on same principle.

MANUFACTURED AND FOR SALE BY THE

BOSTON COMFORT CORSET COMPANY,

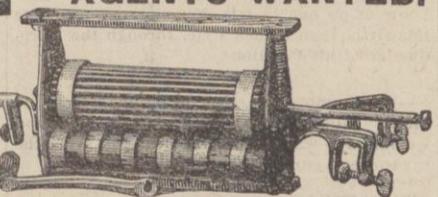
76 CHAUNCEY STREET, Boston, Mass.

Also for sale by the Leading Dry-Goods Houses throughout the Country.

THE KEYSTONE WASHER.

OVER 300,000 IN ACTUAL USE
And all giving perfect satisfaction.

AGENTS WANTED.



Will wash Cleaner, Easier, and with Less Injury to Clothes than any other in the World. We challenge any manufacturer to produce a better Washer. Every Machine Warranted FIVE Years, and Satisfaction Guaranteed. The only Washer that can be clamped to any sized tub like a Wringer. Made of malleable iron, galvanized, and will outlast any two wooden machines. Agents wanted. Exclusive Territory. Our agents all over the country are making from \$75 to \$200 per month. Retail price, \$7. Sample to agents, \$3. Also our celebrated

KEYSTONE WRINGERS AT LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES.

Circulars Free. Refer to editor of this paper. Address F. F. ADAMS & CO., Erie, Pa.

A VALUABLE GIFT! The Little Wonder Time Keeper and a Handsome Steel Vest Chain Sent Absolutely FREE!

This illustration represents, upon a reduced scale, the Little Wonder Time Keeper, one of the greatest inventions of the age. It is no humbug—neither is it a toy. It is a reliable time-keeper, in a handsome nickel-plated case. Simply open the case, and the time is known to within a second, and indefinitely. It is far better than any cheap watch you could buy. All cheap watches are unreliable, while the Little Wonder Time-keeper can always be relied upon to denote correct time. In addition to this it has a compass of the best quality, which is useful to everybody. It is of the utmost value to farmers, mechanics, and all business men. It is just the thing for the boys, who will be as proud of it as they would be of a new suit of clothes. The Little Wonder Time-keeper looks exactly like a watch, and it can be worn in the pocket precisely as an ordinary watch. The cases are of fine nickel plate, and will last a lifetime. Being the publisher of the old-established and well-known family paper, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, and wishing to obtain for it 100,000 new subscribers during the next few months, we now make the following unprecedented offer: Upon receipt of Thirty-three Cents in postage stamps, we will send *The Cricket on the Hearth* for Three Months, out to every subscriber we will also send, FREE of postage, *The Little Wonder Time-keeper* and a Handsome Steel Vest Chain. The Cricket is 16 pages, 64 columns illustrated paper, filled with charming Serials and Short Stories, Sketches, Poems, Useful Knowledge, Farm and Household Hints and Recipes, Puzzles, Games and Stories for the Young, Wit and Humor, and everything to amuse, entertain and instruct the whole family. That this is a most remarkable bargain no one can deny, and the offer is made simply to increase the circulation of our paper. Take advantage of it at once. Remember, the Time-keeper and Chain, which have heretofore been sold at \$1.00, are now given absolutely free: you are required to pay only the price of a three months' subscription to the paper. For \$1.00 we will send four subscriptions to the paper and four Time-keepers and Chains. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. As to our reliability, we refer to the publisher of any newspaper in New York.

Address, S. H. MOORE, Publisher, No. 3 Park Place, New York.

The New GRAPES Prentiss,

Pocklington, Duchess, Lady Washington Jefferson, Vergennes, Early Victor, Moore's Early, Brighton, Noah, Lady, Wordens, etc., etc. *Op. Prices reduced*

Warranted true to name. All the older varieties in large Illustrated Catalogue free. T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N.Y.

\$1.00 for 25 cts.

price is 50 cents a year, or 25 cents for six months' trial, but to enable all to take the paper, we will send 6 copies, if ordered at one time, for \$1.50 a year, thus giving you a Dollar monthly for 25 cents. Stamps taken. Send stamp for samples and see what it is. Address Farm and Garden, 125 S. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Latest

Our New Designs for 1883

50 CHROMO CARDS in seven colors, comprising sets of Summer Scenes, Winter Landscapes, Marine Views, German, French, Italian and Oriental Vignettes, Panel Cards in Gold & Silver, Birds, Florals, Mottoes etc., 50 designs, with your name in neat type inc.

A BOOK OF SAMPLES FOR 1883

containing all the most stylish cards now in use. Foreign and Domestic Chromos. Bevel-edge, Satin Fringe, Birthday, Sunday School and Easter Cards, together with our private terms to agents, all sent for 30cts. Hundreds of ornamental and useful articles given to agents for clubs, or liberal cash commissions paid. CAXTON PRINTING COMPANY, Northford, Conn.

PLANTS, SEEDS, BULBS, by mail, or express. Cut-flowers and floral designs for funerals, weddings, etc. C. E. ALLEN, Brattleboro, Vt.

50 New & Elegant Hand, Bouquet, Pond Lily, Horse Shoe, Lily of the Valley, &c. Cards, name on, 10c. Sample Book free with \$1 order. Star Card Co., Clintonville, Ct.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

EXTRA
FINE STOCK.

SAYE MONEY, YOUNG & OLD!!

GET UP CLUBS of 15 names for 15 packs (10c. a pack) of 50 lovely imported All Chrome Cards for \$1.00 Landscapes, Swiss & French Florals, Birds, Wreaths &c., with name in the finest style of new type. Sample Book for agents 25c., unequalled for all the new styles of Cards, also Imported Christmas and Birthday Cards. Send 3c. for entire new Catalogue and Premium List of useful and fancy articles given as premiums or largest cash commissions paid. Register Letters to E. F. EATON, Northford, Conn.



\$1.00 COLLECTIONS.

Those unacquainted with varieties, these collections enable the purchaser to select 12 Plants at very low rates. They are not culled plants, but good, healthy, and well rooted, many of them of the best new varieties. The plants are labeled, printed directions sent with each package for their treatment, and guaranteed to reach the purchaser in good order. My aim is to satisfy all who favor me with their orders, but can forward no order at these low rates for less than \$1, the choice of variety always left with me. Those who prefer less than \$1 worth, and wish to make their own selection, should send for Catalogue, where price and description of single plants are given. I forward free or postage to every State and Canada, and offer liberal inducements to clubs of \$5 or \$10.

20 VERBENAS, 20 VARIETIES. \$1.

		Varie-		Varie-
12 Ageratum,	1 \$1	12 Pelargoniums,	12 \$1	12 Petunia, double,
12 Alternantheras,	4 1	12 Geraniums, single,	12 1	20 " single,
12 Basket Plants,	12 1	12 " double,	12 1	Varie-
12 Begonias,	12 1	8 " Golden Bronze, 8 1	12 1	ties.
12 Bouvardia,	31 1	12 " Sweet Scented, 12 1	12 1	12 ROSES,
12 Carnations,	12 1	12 " Ivy Leaf, 6 1	12 1	Everblooming, 12
12 Centaurea,	4 1	18 Gladiolus, mixed 1	10 1	10 Roses, Hardy Perpetual, 1
12 Coleus,	12 1	12 Heliotrope, 6 1	12 1	12 Climbing, 1
12 Chrysanthemum,	12 1	12 Ivy, English, 1 1	5 1	5 " Moss, 3 1
12 Cigar Plant,	1 1	12 Lantanas, 12 1	15 1	12 Salvia, 4 1
8 Cyclamen,	1 1	12 Smilax, 1 1	15 1	15 Tuberoze, double, common, 1
12 Daisy, double,	1 1	12 Oxalis, 3 1	15 1	12 " Pearl, 1 1
12 Feverfew,	3 1	15 Pansy, choice strain, mixed 1	12 1	12 Verbenas, Lemon, 1 1
12 Fuchsia,	12 1	8 Primrose, single, mixed 1	12 1	

Purchasers can select 12 plants, 1 of a kind, from above list for \$1, except Moss Rose, Primrose, Bronze Geranium, and Cyclamen; of those 8 plants may be selected for \$1, not including Moss Rose. 6 \$1 packages for \$5; 13 \$1 packages for \$10. 15 plants, (15 varieties) my choice, from above list for \$1. 8 Golden Bronze Geraniums, including the new Happy Thought, J. Offin, Distinction, Crystal Gem, Exquisite, Goldfinch, Richard Thornton, and Model, for \$1.

For \$1 will send 1 each, Primrose, Tuberoze, Moss, Tea, Bourbon, Hardy, Climbing, and China Roses, fine, strong plants, (8 in all.)

For \$1 will send 1 each, Camellia, Azalla, Wax Plant, Bouvardia, and Caladium.

For \$1 will send 1 each, Stevia, Eupatorium, Calla, Bouvardia, Canna, and Caladium.

For \$1 will send 2 Dahlia, 2 Cannas, 1 Calladium, and one hardy Phlox.

For \$1 will send 3 varieties Japan Lilies, 1 Paleonia, and one hardy Phlox.

For \$1 will send 3 varieties Climbing Honeysuckle, and 3 varieties Hardy Flowering Shrubs.

For \$1 will send 1 each, Century Plant, Echeveria, Cactus, Artillery Plant, and Abutilon.

For \$1 will send 1 each, Fern, Ornamental Grass, Abutilon, Cobeia, Hydrangea, and Gloxinia.

When ordered by express will send 4 \$1 packages for \$3; 5 \$1 packages for \$3.75, or 7 \$1 packages for \$5.

All labeled.

ROSES!

I deliver to any part of the U. S. or Canada, free of postage, strong pot grown plants of Everblooming Roses that will give abundance of flowers during the summer and guarantee them to arrive safely. 6 beautiful varieties for \$1; 13 varieties for \$2; 20 varieties for \$3; 27 varieties for \$4; 36 for \$5: your choice, all labeled. I will also forward 12 roses, my choice of varieties, not labeled, by mail, prepaid, for \$1; 25 for \$2. See mailing list above.

The roses are all wintered in cold houses, and are in condition to produce the very best results for summer blooming, with proper treatment.

Collections for Bedding Out.

For convenience of those unable to select best bedding varieties, I offer below a list selected with my best judgment, only the most distinct and free blooming sorts among our best old and new varieties, and the purchaser is sure to be pleased with the result. Large, strong plants, ready for immediate bloom, by mail or express.

Six Best Sorts

Carnations,	\$1.00	Geraniums, Single,	\$1.00	Pansies,	\$0.40	
Coleus,	.75	Double,	1.00	Petunia, Double,	1.00	
Dahlia,	1.00	Golden Bronze,	1.00	Pelargoniums,	1.00	
Fuchsias,	1.00	Silver and Golden	1.00	Roses, Everblooming,	1.00	
Gladioli,	.50	Tri-color,	1.00	Summer Blooming Bulbs,	1.00	
Heliottropes.	.75	Ivy Leaf,	1.00	Verbenas,	.40	

Four \$1 packages, by express, \$3; 6 \$1 packages, by express, \$4.50; 15 \$1 packages, by express, \$10. For larger quantities, \$4 to \$12 per 100. If sent by mail add 10 cents on each \$1 worth.

New Choice and Rare Plants and Seeds.

New Verbenas. Set of 12 distinct sorts for \$1.

New Geraniums. (double) President Garfield, delicate rose, 30 cents. Mrs. E. G. Hill, bluish white, new color, fine, 35 cents. Remarkable, immense truss of magenta, best of its color, 30 cents. Richard Brett, orange yellow, fine, 30 cents. Mr. Henderson, immense bright scarlet flowers, 30 cents. The Blonde, salmon, shaded orange, distinct, 30 cents. Candidissima Plena, pure white, 25 cents. Set of seven varieties by mail or express, \$1.75. For distinct colors, freedom of growth, bloom, large truss and flowers, are the best new varieties ever sent out.

New Single Geraniums. M. H. Foote, salmon, 35 cents. Mazeppa, deep scarlet, 35 cents. Conference, darkest maroon scarlet, velvety, 25 cents. W. C. Bryant, immense flower, pure scarlet, 25 cents. White Vesuvius, 25 cents. C. rigo, purple amaranth, 35 cents. Set of six for \$1.50.

Fuchsia. Snow White. Best double white Fuchsia ever sent out, 25 cents.

Heliottrope. Snow Wreath. Pure white, very fine, large heads, 25 cents.

New and Scarce Tea Roses. Mme. Welck, apricot yellow, 20 cents. Perle de Jardin, canary yellow, 20 cents. Catharine Mermet, silver rose, 20 cents. Rovelli, carmine rose, shaded yellow, 20 cents. The set of six for \$1. Oldier Varieties, for bedding and house culture, which are among the best, price 15 cents each; \$1.50 per set of 12. Aline Sisley, violet red; Bourbon Queen, carmine rose; Laurette, white rose center; Marie Sisley, pale yellow; M. Niel, sulphur yellow; Cornelia Cook, pure white; Duchesse de Brabant, rosy blush; Douglas, dark red; Devonensis, creamy white; Safrano, bright apricot; Hermosa, deep pink; Agrippina, fiery red.

CHOICE SEEDS.

Pansy Seed. I offer a choice strain selected from the choicest named varieties of the Improved Large Flowering, per packet 15 cents, 8 packets \$1.

Balsam. Improved Camellia Flowered, extra double, finest quality. Mixed packet 15 cents.

Petunia. Double Fringed, selected with great care by the best European growers, per packet 50 cents.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 54,000 Copies.
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Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

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Half inch, 1 m. 2 m. 3 m. 4 m. 6 m. 1 yr.
\$3.25 \$6.00 \$8.75 \$11.50 \$16.50 \$30.00
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Four " 21.50 37.50 50.00 64.50 90.00 170.00
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Less than one-half inch at line rates.

Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.
Reading notices 75 cents 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 1882, by Geo. E. Crorell, 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.

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.

The Government Chemist Analyzes two of the Leading Baking Powders, and what he finds them made of.

I have examined samples of "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder" and "Royal Baking Powder," purchased by myself in this city, and I find they contain:

"Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Flour

Available carbonic acid gas 12.61 per cent., equivalent to 118.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

"Royal Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Carbonate of Ammonia
Tartaric Acid
Starch

Available carbonic acid gas 12.40 per cent., equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

Ammonia gas 0.43 per cent., equivalent to 10.4 cubic inches per ounce of Powder.

Note.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless introduced as free acid, but subsequently combined with ammonia, and exists in the Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.

E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.
NEW YORK, JAN'Y 17TH, 1881.

The above shows conclusively that "Cleveland's Superior" is a strictly pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. It has also been analyzed by Professor Johnson of Yale College; Dr. Gent of the University of Pennsylvania; President Morton of the Stevens Institute; Wm. M. Habershaw, F. C. S., Analyst for the Chemical Trade of New York, and other eminent chemists, all of whom pronounce it absolutely pure and healthful.—*Hall's Journal of Health* for April, 1882.

On receipt of 60 cents we will forward to any address, postage paid, a pound can.

CLEVELAND BROTHERS, Albany, N. Y.

DIAMOND

ONLY
10 CENTS
FOR ANY COLOR.

DYES.

The Best Dyes Ever Made.

DRESSES, COATS, SCARFS, HOODS, YARN, STOCKINGS, CARPET RAGS, RIBBONS, FEATHERS, or any fabric or fancy article, easily and perfectly colored to any shade. Black, Brown, Green, Blue, Scarlet, Cardinal Red, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Olive Green, and 20 other best colors, warranted Fast and Durable. Each package will color one to four lbs. of goods. If you have never used Dyes try these once. You will be delighted. Sold by druggists, or send us 10 cents and any color wanted sent post paid. 24 colored samples and a set of fancy cards sent for a 3c. stamp.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

50 Large Chromo, Motto, Roses, &c., new style cards, name on 10c. G. A. SPRING, New Haven, Conn.

Select your Visiting Cards from our Beautiful Sample Package, only 10c. and see the quality and price before purchasing elsewhere. T. DODD & CO., Glens Falls, N. Y.

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 Street, N. Y.

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PEARLINE
THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR
WASHING AND BLEACHING
IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of

JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

BARRETT'S Goods by Mail
DYE HOUSE. or Express.
Send for Price List.

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Our new catalogue will tell you how safely, easily and cheaply you can buy clothing for men or boys by mail. Send your address, and we will forward it by return post.

Wanamaker & Brown.

Oak Hall,
Sixth and Market Sts., Philadelphia.

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RELIABLE
FOOD
IN THE WORLD
FOR
INFANTS
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SOLD BY DRUGGISTS

RIDGE'S
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FOR
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THE
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FOUR SIZES
35 65 1.25 1.75
Woolrich 6c.
ON EVERY LABEL.

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NOTED MEN!

DR. JOHN F. HANCOCK,
late President of the National Pharmaceutical Association of the United States, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters has a heavy sale, is conceded to be a fine tonic; the character of the manufacturers is a voucher for its purity and medicinal excellence."

DR. JOSEPH ROBERTS,
President Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"I indorse it as a fine medicine, reliable as a strengthening tonic, free from alcoholic poisons."

DR. J. FARIS MOORE, PH.
D., Professor of Pharmacy, Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters is a safe and reliable medicine, positively free from alcoholic poisons, and can be recommended as a tonic for use among those who oppose alcohol."

DR. EDWARD EARICKSON,
Secretary Baltimore College of Pharmacy, says:

"I indorse it as an excellent medicine, a good digestive agent, and a non-intoxicant in the fullest sense."

DR. RICHARD SAPINGTON,
one of Baltimore's oldest and most reliable physicians, says:

"All who have used it praise its standard virtues, and the well-known character of the house which makes it a sufficient guarantee of its being all that is claimed, for they are men who could not be induced to offer anything else but a reliable medicine for public use."

A Druggist Cured.

Boonsboro, Md., Oct. 12, 1880.
Gentlemen: Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of a bad attack of Indigestion and fullness in the stomach. Having tested it, I take pleasure in recommending it to my customers, and am glad to say it gives entire satisfaction to all."

GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Druggist.

Ask your Druggist for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and take no other. One trial will convince you that it is just what you need.

MELLIN'S
FOOD
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS

The successful use of an artificial food for infants must depend upon one property, its close resemblance to mother's milk.

MELLIN'S FOOD

Possesses this qualification in the highest degree, and is in fact

The Only Perfect Substitute
for Mother's Milk.

It requires neither boiling nor straining. For sale by all druggists. Price 75 cents. A valuable pamphlet sent free to any one who mentions "The Household."

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41 Central Wharf, Boston.

PURE
FLAVORING EXTRACTS
and brands of
Genuine Selected
SPICES
by superior strength & flavor
are preferable to all others.
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We will start you with an outfit worth \$4.00 FREE!

If you are employed during the day, you can make from \$1 to \$3 during an evening. Some of our agents report a profit of \$25 in a single day. Write at once for full particulars to

E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

THE HOUSEHOLD LINIMENT.

Let the 54,000 families, readers of "The Household," step into their nearest medicine store and get a bottle of THE HOUSEHOLD LINIMENT,

and see if they do not pronounce it the very best pain-killing medicine they ever tried.

THE HOUSEHOLD LINIMENT

is an internal and external remedy, for any and all local pains on man or beast, and is really a genuine article of great merit, which ought at once to take its rightful place among the standard class of remedies. It has been used by a few persons, for various complaints, and always gave perfect satisfaction in every case. Neighbors buy it by the pint. An old gentleman said it kept himself and aged wife alive. He buys it, a pint at a time. One person strained his back, at heavy lifting, couldn't stand up straight; one application relieved him, and two or three more entirely cured him. Ought to be always on hand, in every household, ready for use day or night.

A lady severely burned was relieved at once. A teamster buys it by the gallon, in case of sudden attacks of Wind Colic, either on his 20 horses or their drivers. Can more be said of this really truly wonderful remedy? It is, also, good for Sprains, Strains and Swellings, Lameness, Neuralgia and Lumbo, Back, Head, Tooth and Ear-ache, Sciatic Rheumatism, Gout, Sore Throat, Burns and Scalds, Frosted Feet and Ears. Excellent for Chilblains, Coughs, Wounds and Pains too numerous to mention.

Price—Large 4 oz. bottles, only 50 cents.

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, Mass., General Agents, to whom all orders should be addressed.

N. B.—We very much desire to have every lady that uses this medicine in her family, write Mr. Crowell, proprietor of "The Household," the results of her experiment.