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THE
HOUSEHOLD

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No. 7.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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The Veranda.

THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

The grain! the grain! the beautiful grain!
How it laughs to the breeze with a glad refrain,
Blessing the famishing earth in her pain,
Making her smile with glee.

Lifting in praise each bright golden crown
As it drinks the dew the Father sends down,
Courting the sun's warm lover-like frown,
Returning it smilingly.

The grain! the grain! the beautiful sheaves!
A song of joy their rustling weaves,
For the gracious gift that the earth receives,
Given most royally.

From every hillside, every plain,
Comes the farmer's song as he reaps the grain;
And the gentle breeze wafts on the strain,
In wildest harmony.

He pours o'er the earth his brimming horn,
That the valley may laugh and sing with corn,
While hope from her death trance rises new born,
The brighter day to see.

THE MEDIEVAL FARM AND
FARMER.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

THE farmer of the middle ages is seen stepping out of the courtly pages of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," with those other types of English industry, who start on that interesting pilgrimage from the Tabard Inn on that sunny May morning five hundred years ago. Each wears the livery of his craft, and the honest plowman who would "dike and delve for the poor without hire," is dressed in a gray tabard or short jerkin, chausses or long stockings, has a hat upon his head, wooden shoes on his feet, and carries a scrip and staff. This is his holiday attire; doubtless his ordinary garb was not so comfortable. "Hathless and shoeless must I go one-half the year, and my wife e'en the same," mourns Piers the Ploughman, in William Longman's famous ballad of that time.

Let us look at his home. Here is a picture from an old illuminated chronicle, and it is a graphic one. It is a hut, nothing more, its walls of earth, its roof of turf or of thatched straw. It is bordered by no fence of any kind. Fowls are roosting on its gables, and swine and sheep are feeding before the door. The cabin has no other floor than the earth, one narrow window admits all the light, and it has no chimney. The fire was built on an elevated platform of stone in the center of the floor, and the smoke found egress from a hole in the roof and from the window. Such was the farmer and his home in the "good old times."

The manorial system on which the so-

cial organization of every rural part of England rested, had divided the land, for the purposes of cultivation and of internal order, into a number of large estates; in each of which about a fourth of the soil was usually retained by the owner of the manor as his demesne or home farm, while the remainder was distributed among tenants who were bound to render service to their lord. This service and the time of rendering it had become limited by custom. Each man owned his little hut with the plot around it and had the privilege of turning out a few cattle on the waste of the manor. The labor rent differed in its nature and extent among the various classes of peasant proprietors. For instance, the villain or free tenant was only bound to gather in his lord's harvest and to aid in the plowing and sowing of autumn and Lent, while the cotter, the border and the laborer were bound to aid in the work of the home farm throughout the year. In fact, the cultivation of the demesne, as it was called, rested wholly with the tenants; it was by them that the great grange of the lord was filled with sheaves, his sheep sheared, his grain malted, the wood hewn for the hall fire.

Later the system of tenure underwent a little change, which somewhat improved the agricultural class. This arose from the introduction of leases. The lord of the manor, instead of cultivating the demesne through his own bailiff, for the sake of convenience or profit often let the manor to a tenant at a given rate payable either in money or in kind. It is to this system of leasing, or rather to the usual term for the rent it entailed (feorm, from the Latin *firme*), that we owe the words "farm" and "farmer," the growing use of which from the twelfth century, marks the first step in the rural revolution which we are examining.

Indirectly free labor grew out of this latter system. Instead of personal service the tenant was free to pay "malt-silver," "wood-silver," and "larder-silver." Labor was no longer bound to one spot or one master; it was free to hire itself to what employer, and to choose what field of employment it would. Before the close of the fourteenth century the lords of manors were something in the condition of modern landlords, receiving rentals in money from their tenants, and relying on hired labor for the cultivation of their own demesnes; while the wealthier of the tenants often took the demesne on lease as its farmers and thus created a new class intermediate between the larger proprietors and the customary tenants. These lessees were the "franklins" of Chaucer's time, in whose houses "it snowed of meat and drink," and who wore his anelace or knife and a gipciere or purse of silk hanging at his girdle, white as milk.

The price of labor rose so high, from various causes, the wars in France, the Black Death, etc., that Parliament was fain to enact statutes reducing the actual rate of wages and in restricting the mass

of floating labor to definite areas of employment. In spite of statutes, however, the market remained in the laborer's hands. The comfort of the worker rose with his wages. But there were dark shades in this general prosperity of the farming class. There were seasons of the year during which employment for the floating mass of labor was hard to find. In the long interval between harvest-tide and harvest-tide work and food were alike scarce in the mediæval home-

stead. The agriculture of this period was generally as low as was possible in an age making any pretensions to civilization. No hoed crops or edible vegetables were cultivated, and even as late as the reign of Henry VIII., Queen Catherine was obliged to send to Flanders for salad to supply her table. Neither Indian corn, potatoes, squashes, carrots nor turnips, were known in England till after the beginning of the sixteenth century. The peasants subsisted chiefly upon bread made of oats or barley, ground in the quern or hand mill, and baked by themselves. They knew the use neither of coffee, tea or sugar. Honey took the place of the latter, and mead or beer was the beverage in common use.

We may fix upon the sixteenth century as the time when Europe awoke from its long slumber. From that time to the present, the gradual elevation of the middle and lower classes has continued, and agriculture has steadily advanced.

About 1520, was published the first work on agriculture in England, entitled the "Boke of Husbandrie," by Sir Anthony Fitz Herbert, who styled himself "a farmer of forty years experience." From this work we are able to get a pretty good idea of the style of farming of the time. "A housebande cannot thyve," says the writer, "by his corne without cattell, nor by his cattell without corne;" and he adds, "Shepe in myne opinion is the most profitblest cattell that any man can have." From him it appears that marl was in common use in his day, as it had been in the island even when it was invaded by the Romans before the Christian era.

—A well kept flock of poultry is proportionately the most profitable of all farm stock. But a little stock well kept, like a little farm well tilled, brings the most profit to the farmer. Just so many as can be kept without crowding, and with ease and convenience, will be the most profitable. Poultry will not bear crowding any more than sheep or pigs or people, and it is well known that when any of these are too closely kept, disease appears and works mischief.

—Soapsuds, a valuable fertilizer for all forms of vegetation, is especially serviceable for small fruits, and in the fruit garden proper will never be wasted. It makes an excellent manure for grape vines, which may be trained on a trellis in the kitchen yard where the soapsuds will be at hand.

The Drawing Room.

PRACTICAL DECORATION.

Number Three.

BY KESIAH SHELTON.

After the deft fingers of the helpful daughters have prepared the cheap but pretty curtains of cheese cloth adorned with drawn work, or old-time stitching in colors to match the drapery and general furnishing of the little parlor, then comes the question of cornices. We will presume that our ideal room has had the mantel or a thin board laid over it, covered with crimson flannel, finely twilled, quality about seventy-five cents a yard; a valance of same put on plainly of the depth of an outer curtain of seine twine, minus the fringe. This grey curtain of macrame cord, seine twine, or "shoe thread," can be either a handsome pattern of macrame lace or hand knit from any open pattern of forty or more stitches, or it may be even less artistically made, simply crocheted; the work of this depends upon the ability of the work woman. After tying in a deep fringe this grey curtain should be tacked over the plain red valance, with gilt tacks. The tables and stands should be covered with either crimson plush, felt or flannel, and grey bordered to match the mantel, or one or more might have grey felt or flannel cover and a deep fringe of red and gold for curtain.

Crimson satin drapery, damask or cotton plush (double faced canton flannel) should hang with the cheese cloth. A cornice made of thin pine boards can then be put up by any boy of sixteen taught to use the saw and hammer. Grey Spanish moss is now advertised at one dollar per pound post paid. This quantity will drape a room sixteen feet square. Tack this lace-like moss on pine cornices, and you have a novel, effective and charming lambrequin. A gentleman of taste, speaking of such a room says, "No frescoer's brush ever produced a softer, pleasanter effect." If the cornice of your room is dull, or if you have but an old-fashioned bordering of paper, you can tack festoons of this delicate moss around the whole room with slight trouble and rare effectiveness. Five pounds will be sent (not prepaid) by express, at seventy-five cents a pound. This is something quite recent; few, except travelers, have been able to procure this moss. As a novelty in home decoration it has not been surpassed. It drapes pictures, corners and archways where one has no real use for it. Its power is great.

Once upon a time there was a woman, poor but respectable, with an eye for color and a love for effective fancy work. Her purse was not plethoric with unearned, inherited greenbacks, and she could not pay ten dollars for materials and five dollars for lessons in Kensington; neither could she afford that next step, to pur-

chase at the art rooms or the women's exchange, work which being "well be gun is often more than "half done." In her bed room was a painted stand, much marred, and its bareness unpleasant in these days of covers and drapery. Seventy-five cents a yard for two yards of flannel and fifty cents for embroidery silk and upholsterers' gilt tacks absorbed the last penny of the two-dollar bill, which was pin money she earned herself, and all she could use to decorate two rooms. She tore off a piece to fit her stand, caught it on firmly with a half dozen common tacks, then she put a piece of heavy, dark brown woolen fringe (she found in her odds and ends box) around the edge, fastening with gilt tacks once in two and one-half inches. Soon done, and it looked like new. The short mantel had a thin board covered with a strip of the flannel that came off the width when the stand was covered. Around the edge of this, was a band of java canvas, grey, worked with a Grecian pattern in red; the band was made of one width divided into three parts. Two bed slats were sawed off the width of window casings, then nailed on top of casing, and the other two boards of canvas were tacked on the edge of these with brass headed tacks like mantel, and almost without any trouble, there they were, pretty cornices. These bands were so ancient when put up this time their cost is not reckoned in the two dollars outlay for the two rooms.

Now came the sitting room; a handsomely made but painted center table is fitted with a plain flannel cover. A band three inches deep pinked with the scissors on one straight edge, but "he" cut the lower edge with a pinking iron in large scallops with finely notched edge. This is shirred twice and drawn around the edge of the table and gilt tacks hold it in place, put in with two inches of space. It was then whirled into a dark corner, from whence it glows brightly.

A thin mantel board is covered with a strip of the flannel. A strip nine inches deep is pinked in scallops with the iron. Our "poor, but respectable" woman proceeds to sketch out with tailors' chalk, leaves, flags and cat-tails (no storks) in groups. Then she corrects her rude drawings as well as she can and tries to make it still more correct with a needle and long stitches of white thread. Finally she ventures to outline it with the yellow silk. Between these groups she works over scraps of canvas, with beads from the family bead-box, some roses, leaves etc. Brass tacks attach this lambrequin to the thin mantel board and really with her mere two dollars she has quite enlivened her most important rooms, the bed room and sitting room. Not artistically covered? Perhaps not, but very likely as much so, as if she had spent more money. The rich girl who with her "dividend" purchases her pattern worked, or three-quarters done, and who manages to finish it and make it up, will of course be considered the greater artist—such is life.

HOST AND GUEST.

Civility is one of the first laws of civilized society. Upon it is based not only our moral progress but our commercial prosperity. So well is this recognized by practical men that merchants make it one of the essential qualifications of their clerks, and in every avocation politeness is found to be indispensable to success. Courtesy is capital. It will not altogether take the place of money, but it is a valuable adjunct. The courteous salesman, other things being equal, is the most successful. Thus, when an employe engages his services to another, he is in honor bound to bring to his work an air

of civility and respectful demeanor that will produce the best results.

That which is required in mercenary employment is due in still higher degree in social intercourse. The savage Arab's hospitality protects the stranger, and even the bitter enemy while under his roof. When the visitor has departed he is no longer a guest and may become the prey of his late host, who will kill or plunder him on the plains. In Christian lands we carry our sense of hospitable amenities to a higher degree of perfection. The hospitable spirit when genuine, is thoughtful in a thousand minor details for the comfort of the guest. The state of the weather, the condition of his health; his likes and dislikes, his habits and tastes; these and many other things that go to make up the wonderful differences that characterize individuals are all to be considered. It is true it would be burdensome to sit down and deliberately study each of these peculiarities of the guest, but a little tact and forethought will enable the host to anticipate enough of true individual characteristic to make the visitor feel that a thoughtful kindness surrounds him on every side.

Upon the other hand this very desire and purpose to anticipate and provide for the wants of a guest may lead to unpleasant results. Carried to excess they defeat their object. Said an eminent public man: "I always prefer, if possible, to stop at a hotel. I am free from restraint there. I pay for my lodging and I do as I please. For the time being it is my home. If I go to a private house, though it be the home of a dear friend who is solicitous for my comfort, I am made the recipient of exaggerated attention, which, in my fatigue, I would gladly escape. I am expected to talk to and entertain a warm-hearted circle of friends, and am so overloaded with attentions that they worry me."

"During one of my western lecture tours," said Henry Ward Beecher, "I stopped at the house of a distinguished citizen. He was a warm personal friend of mine, but I would rather he had been my enemy. His solicitude for my comfort made me nervous. He was a fussy man and was constantly flitting about me to see what he could do for me. 'Mr. Beecher, won't you have a pillow in your chair?' 'Mr. Beecher, won't you have an ottoman under your feet?' And wouldn't I have this, and wouldn't I have that, when the only thing I longed for and couldn't have was to be let alone to rest in comfort. He meant to make me extremely comfortable; he succeeded in making me extremely miserable."

Many of our readers have had in some degree, no doubt, Mr. Beecher's experience. Let them not forget when it is theirs to entertain their friends. Entreat them kindly; anticipate their wants; do as you would be done by; and then, having come up to the measurement of true hospitality, stop there, and let your guests feel that they, too, are permitted to play some little part in the drama of "Host and Guest," including the privilege of resting when and as they may desire.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

ETIQUET OF CONVERSATION.

Do not manifest impatience.
Do not engage in argument.
Do not interrupt another when speaking.
Do not find fault, though you may gently criticize.
Do not talk of your private, personal and family matters.
Do not appear to notice inaccuracies of speech in others.
Do not allow yourself to lose temper or speak excitedly.

Do not allude to unfortunate peculiarities of any one present.

Do not always commence a conversation by allusion to the weather.

Do not, when narrating an incident, continually say, "you see," "you know," etc.

Do not intrude professional or other topics that the company generally cannot take an interest in.

Do not talk very loud. A firm, clear, distinct, yet mild, gentle and musical voice has great power.

Do not be absent-minded, requiring the speaker to repeat what has been said that you may understand.

Do not speak disrespectfully of personal appearance when any one present may have the same defects.

Do not try to force yourself into the confidence of others. If they give their confidence, never betray it.

Do not use profanity, vulgar terms, slang phrases, words of double meaning, or language that will bring a blush to any one.

Do not intersperse your conversation with foreign words and high-sounding terms. It shows affectation, and will draw ridicule upon you.

Do not carry on a conversation with another in company about matters which the general company knows nothing of. It is almost as impolite as to whisper.

The Conservatory.

JULY.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

When the scarlet cardinal tells
Her dream to the dragon-fly,
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees,
And murmurs a lullaby.

It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls
The corn-flower's blue cap awry,
And the lilles tall lean over the wall
To bow to the butterfly.

It is July.

When the heat like a mist-veil floats,
And poppies flame in the rye,
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat
Has softened almost to a sigh.

It is July.

When the hours are so still that time
Forgets them and lets them lie
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink
At the sunset in the sky,

It is July.

—*St. Nicholas.*

CONCERNING VINES.

FOR growing about porches and covering walls, stumps, and any unsightly place, there is no vine quite equal to the Virginia creeper. It is an exceedingly rapid grower, often extending twenty feet in one season. It clings to whatever it comes in contact with, with finger-like tendrils of most tenacious clasp. It is to us what the ivy is to the English. It is always beautiful. In summer its foliage is wonderfully luxuriant, and the rich green leaves are ornamental enough for any place. Few vines have finer. Later in the season it gives a profuse crop of greenish white berries, which in fall are purple; and as they are borne in great profusion, they are extremely ornamental. And in fall the plant becomes gorgeous in all shades of scarlet and crimson. It seems to be ablaze with the most brilliant blossoms. It will clamber to the eaves of high houses and drape them with festoons of airy gracefulness. It will cover trees with wreaths of foliage, and trail its long and slender growth from the highest branches. One of the most picturesque uses I have ever seen made of it was in a garden not far from New York. It was planted at the foot of a Norway spruce, about twenty five feet high, and it had interlaced itself among every branch of the evergreen. When I saw it, it had put on its brilliant fall crimson,

and the contrast between the somber foliage of the spruce and the rich color of the vine was exquisite. Balconies can be draped with this vine and made into most charming nooks. No curtain can be bought that is so beautiful as a screen of this over the windows. It is adapted for any place or purpose where an elegant, rapid growing vine is needed. The *akebia quinata* is a Japanese climber with attractive foliage. It has small chocolate flowers with a purple shade. It is a rapid grower, often making twenty feet in a single season. The foliage forms a dense mass, and is very useful in forming screens over unsightly objects. The flowers are of delightful fragrance.

The clematis is a favorite climber. The new varieties have immense flowers of intense shades of blue, violet, and purple. In August, a vine is literally covered with flowers. One of the best vines I have ever used is the variety known by botanists as *Virginiana*, or virgin's bower. It bears a great profusion of white flowers, with four petals, within which is a cluster of long stamens, also white, giving a cluster of graceful and airy appearance. The flowers are succeeded by fruit with feathery tails, so that the vine is always conspicuous and ornamental. For lattice work about a porch or for covering summer houses, I prefer it to anything else.

The bitter-sweet is one of our native climbers that far exceeds in merit many of those which are introduced from other countries with a great flourish of trumpets. It is the cleanest of all climbers. I have never known any worm or insect to infest it. It is a rapid grower, and will coil about any thing it comes in contact with. Its foliage is a bright, shining green. It bears clusters of bright red berries, enclosed in an orange colored shell, which bursts in three pieces and turns back, disclosing the showy fruit within.

The wistaria is another rapid growing vine, most frequently seen in cities, where it reaches to the upper stories of the houses, and displays a lavish profusion of flowers of a delicate mauve, or purplish blue, somewhat pea shaped, borne in long, drooping racemes. It often gives a smaller crop of flowers in the fall.

The *aristolochia*, or Dutchman's pipe, is a rapid growing vine, with heart shaped leaves of great size, borne so plentifully as to overlap each other, thus making a screen impenetrable to the eye. It has brownish flowers, bearing a marked resemblance to a Dutchman's pipe whence its name. It is fine for archways, or porches.

For pillars about verandas, one of the most desirable vines is the honeysuckle. It is not a tall grower, but it braces freely, and blooms during the entire season. The best varieties are: Monthly fragrant, a constant blooming kind, with very large red and yellow flowers of delightful fragrance; scarlet trumpet, long, scarlet flowers, produced the entire season; *aurea verticillata*, with beautifully variegated foliage, the leaves netted with clear, golden yellow—it has yellow flowers, very fragrant; Chinese twining, a variety with nearly white flowers, having the peculiarity of retaining its foliage until very late in the season.

From the above list, you will be able to select vines to suit any and all locations. Every house should have some of them growing about it, to hide its angularities and cover its defects.—*Ex.*

THE CARE OF CANARIES.

Having had several years' experience in rearing and caring for canaries, I hope I may be able to reply satisfactorily to Nellie E. Stuart's request for informa-

tion in the March HOUSEHOLD. My first canary came to me on a winter evening, at a time when I was slowly recovering from a long illness. I had had in my sick room window, plants, pictures, sunshine, every thing pleasant to the invalid, nor was I conscious of the lack of any thing that could cheer or beautify my surroundings, till that lack was supplied by the first musical notes from that tiny throat. It was like a sudden glimpse of summer through a frosted window when, at the first peep of day light, my birdling tried his voice in his new home.

A friend soon afterward sent me a mate for him, and the brother to whose thoughtfulness I was indebted for "Chips," the singer, sent at the same time, a hand-book of directions for the care of birds. In my zeal lest I should, in my ignorance, leave undone something needful to the comfort of my pets, I for a time consulted this book frequently. Very soon, however, I began to suspect what experience has but verified, that a little intelligent observation, and some knowledge of the habits of wild birds, is better than the wisdom of many "bird-books." Proper food and drink may be considered the first essentials of a healthy and happy life in a cage. The hand-books above mentioned tell us, almost invariably, to procure a mixture of canary, rape and millet seed, in certain proportions. Eight years' experience has convinced me that canary seed alone is far better. A canary's natural food is dry; rape and millet seed are therefore superfluous, and likely to be injurious, though the bird may eat of them for a long time without apparent injury. Like tea and coffee for ourselves, if not used habitually, they are an excellent medicine for certain ailments. But birdie will never be ailing if treated as he should be. I have raised scores of canaries, and never lost one except by accident, as once, for instance by the breaking of a leg.

The canary is a greedy creature by nature, and his friends and admirers, who would make a pet of him, take advantage of this fact to tempt him to familiarity by proffering him dainties. This is all right, and is the surest and quickest way to his heart; but care should be exercised in selecting the sweet bait. He has no desire for foods he has no knowledge of, and he will take from your lips or fingers, sugar, cracker, or apple, as readily as cake or confectionary. It was an unceasing delight and amusement to the children to see my Chips pick all the sugar daintily off my lips, and then, with a knowing look in his bright eye, gently poke his bill in quite to my shut teeth in the hope of discovering another sweet grain.

Canary seed, a cracker stuck between the wires of the cage, cuttle-fish bone, and plenty of sand, are all my birds have for food. Any thing else is a rarity. All the sugar, sweet apple, bread, or leaves, he will eat from your lips will not harm him; but any or all of these articles, placed where he can have free access to them, will surely work him harm in the end.

"What makes my bird's plumage so rough?" a friend often asks me. The answer is usually to be found in the cage, in the shape of Indian meal, potato, apples, cake, grass, chickweed, a box of sugar—all these, and perhaps still other things. These harm the occupant of the cage not only because he eats them, but because their presence keeps the cage continually littered and dirty. If there is one thing more indispensable to his comfort than another, it is a clean floor and perches for his feet, and these it is impossible to have if the cage is kept full of wilted weeds and soft food.

"I should feel as if I were downright cruel if I did not give my Dick something from the dinner table," said the friend just alluded to. Her well meant but mis-

taken kindness is in itself a cruelty, for these frequent "tid-bits" from the table keep the bird rough and dumpy, and his mistress frets because he does not sing.

Hand-books on the care of birds always give directions for ridding birds and their cages of lice. A clean bird in a clean cage will never be troubled with vermin. Should their presence be suspected, however, (and they are sometimes brought to a cage by a bird newly purchased), an effectual way of getting rid of them is to throw a white napkin over the top of the cage at night. In the morning, the lice, if any, will appear as red specks upon the napkin, which, by the way, must be removed while birdie's head is still under his wing; for it is only a sleeping bird they leave.

Perches should be scraped (not washed) clean, and a clean brown paper put over the bottom of the cage, every day. Once a week the wires of the cage should be cleaned by wiping them with a damp cloth. In warm weather the bird should be allowed to bathe every day; in winter once in two days. The bath should be given at a regular hour each day. An early hour is not desirable; ten o'clock suits most birds best. To prepare the bath, remove the bottom of the cage, and place the upper part, with the bird in it, over a saucer of water not too cold, but fresh. If he is inclined to bathe, he will go to the water at once. If he manifest no desire for it, do not, as too many do, allow the bath to remain in the cage hour after hour. It only renders the water filthy, and, as a rule, a bird cannot be tempted into a bath he does not want by having it within reach.

Some authorities say, "Do not let the bird go into the bath but once." I say, let him plunge in twenty times in succession, if so inclined; he will be the fresher for it. When he has finished his ablutions, and begun the work of drying and re-oiling his feathers, remove the water, and with a towel, dry the cage thoroughly, inside and out. Hold the cage slightly tipped, in the left hand, and if your bird is as tame as mine, he will hop accordingly from place to place to allow you to complete your work inside his house.

Mine not unfrequently hops over my hand, towel and all, that I may dry the end of the perch where he has been standing.

Birds like to be in the sunshine for a little while, after bathing. And this reminds me to allude to a mistake most persons make in hanging the cage where the sun will shine upon it hours at a time. Now, neither out-of-door birds nor caged birds like continual sunshine; the former build their nests in shade, and retire to the shade to rest. Canaries are particularly sensitive to heat, and the heat of the sun will make them droop perceptibly.

See to it, therefore, that your pet's cage is hung where he can at any time have shade. It is much better hung at the side of a window than directly in front of it. It should also be hung low rather than high. We frequently notice cages hung at the very top of the room, presumably to be out of the reach of cats. But we always wonder whether the mistress is aware of the oppressively heated air that constantly dwells in that part of the room. Better banish the cat, and give the bird more comfort. Four or five feet from the floor is a good height.

Screens, particularly of muslin, are not to be recommended. They annoy the bird, and are of but little use, save in the way of ornament. Who has not observed that in cages thus screened the bird spends most of his time on perches above the screen?

A bird cage looks pretty and poetical hanging over window plants, but oh, the work it makes! The plants are kept constantly untidy, from the accumulation of

seeds and hulls, while as for the popular notion that birds enjoy hanging among flowers, I am sorry to have to say it is most fallacious. All the interest my birds ever manifest in my plants, is in having occasional liberty to nibble a tender leaf or scratch up the earth in the pots with their busy feet. It is well to let the bird out of his cage as often as possible, into the larger freedom of the sitting room. It strengthens him, and helps to keep him tame. They learn cunning, familiar ways of perching on one's lap or shoulder. One of mine delights to hop upon my head, and peck at my frizzles, sometimes in nesting time, doing his little utmost to pull a few hairs for his mate's nest.

Keep the drinking cup filled with fresh water. Refill it every day. And do not spoil his enjoyment of it by flavoring it with rusty nails or any other of the many much recommended abominations. He likes pure water, and has no more fancy than you or I would have for drinking from a glass lined with green slime.

Beside being always clean, perches should be of different sizes, and not too smooth. Daily scraping is a safeguard against the latter fault. A bird's feet are very delicate, and need special care, since they, more than any other part of his little frame, suffer from the unnaturalness of confinement. If constantly they clasp a perch of one size, they will in time grow out of shape. Be sure the perch is large enough. It is very painful for a bird to stand long on a perch that is too small for his feet. Two birds in the same cage may need perches of different sizes, the feet of some canaries being much longer than those of others. When I buy a cage furnished with perches, although it is a sacrifice to give up the nicely tinned ends, I take the perches out and replace them with home-made ones. Notice, if you have a large and a smaller perch in the cage, how much oftener your bird is to be seen on the former, especially when at roost.

I have found it very easy to tame canaries, by beginning when they are young, but with those not of my own rearing purchased, perhaps, when two or three years old, the task is comparatively difficult. Most canaries may, however, be easily taught to repeat odd phrases, parrot fashion, such as, for instance, "Pretty quick! pretty quick!" "We know it! we know it!"

There are special seasons and occasions when canaries need special food and treatment, as when sick, or in nesting time.

NELLY BROWNE.

HAND BOUQUETS.

What size should a ladies's hand bouquet be? is a question often asked, but never satisfactorily answered. It would not be difficult to reply to if simple taste alone decided the point, but it is one of those matters in which fashion interferes, and just now fashion requires that bouquets should be large, very large; and bouquetists are by no means slow to follow the lead, for obvious reasons. At a popular concert held a few days ago, a prima donna brought into the orchestra an immense bouquet, which she appeared to gladly deposit in a chair as speedily as she possibly could. It was, doubtless, a superb work of art, a huge mass of white flowers with a kind of central crown of blossoms rising two inches or so higher in the center, but it was as formal looking as a cauliflower.

In London, which is the center of fashion, size is the first requisite; but one can scarcely refrain from pitying the women-folk who have to carry them, or the attendant cavalier who has to bear the burden in his turn. At almost every flower show prizes are offered for bouquets, and

it is not uncommon for country judges to object to large ones, on the ground that they are too big, however good they may otherwise be. We have seen what would be termed magnificent bouquets put behind others from this cause. It is difficult, if not impossible, to lay down hard and fast rules for the construction of bouquets. That they are needlessly big is unquestionably true, and that they become less and less objects of desirable and winning attractiveness in proportion as their dimensions are extended is doubtless true also.—*London Gar. Chronicle.*

PRESERVING CUT FLOWERS.

Different flowers require a different mode of keeping; for instance, rose buds from the carnation. I have found by experience that all flowers, after they are cut, in order to retain freshness, should be kept in a cool place, and away from the air as much as possible.

I have seen handsome cut flowers arranged in a vase or basket set in the front window, with the window raised and a full current of air blowing in upon them, which would soon cause them to droop and hang their heads. By all means do not raise the window on cut flowers, the air will cause them to wither sooner than the heat.

Should you have a bouquet or a basket, see that the flowers are kept well sprinkled with cold water through the day, and at night before you retire have your basket or bouquet put in some air-tight vessel, and placed in the coolest part of the house; be careful and do not put it where it will freeze. Keep it in a temperature of from 40° to 45°; cover the flowers with well moistened paper or a very thin cloth, and you will find that the flowers which were wilted and hanging their heads the night before, will have freshened up and look nearly, if not quite as well, as they did when received from the florist.—*Ex.*

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—To the sister who asks how to manage a fernery that has looked well through the winter, I will say that if she desires to have it look well next winter, she must take the plants out of it and set them in some shady place. They will then increase enough to fill two ferneries by September, when it will be time to arrange the fernery again. I take mine to pieces about the first of June, just when it is looking best. I do so dislike to disturb it, but I know that if I let it remain, I shall not have a nice-looking fernery next winter.

MRS. C. S. B.

New Haven, Ct.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one tell me what treatment to give a fig tree in order to have it bear? I have one that is six years old. It is six feet tall and not many leaves on it.

E. HUNTER.

Will some of the sisters tell us how to treat primroses in the summer? I have one given me by a friend I would like to keep; mine always die in the summer.

MRS. E.

Some of the sisters wished to know my method of growing calla lilies. I usually set them out in the shade the last of June or first of July, turn the pots on the side, and let them remain about two months; then take off the small bulbs, and re-pot in good soil. I have no rule, but take about three fourths loam from a plowed field, one-fourth fine old manure, add about a pint of sand to a peatful. I use the same soil for most of my plants. Sometimes I get leaf mould from the woods. When the snow melts in the spring, I use water from the barnyard a few times, not very strong, at intervals of a week. I use soft water, blood warm, every day, keeping the earth wet, but not letting water stand in the saucer. I have not counted the lilies this winter, but have had buds or blossoms all the time; for the second time this winter, I have a lily and bud on the same root.

Please thank Mrs. Flanders for answers in regard to plants. I get so many good hints from this paper, I hope this may help some one to have "lots" of lilies.

MRS. D. N. WARE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask how to treat hyacinth bulbs. After mine were through blooming I dried them, now what shall I do with them to have them bloom next winter?

MRS. G. Y.

The Nursery.

LITTLE MISS CATHIE THE ARTIST.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

Little Miss Cathie sits under a tree—
A four-year-old, golden-haired "artist" is she.
With her slate and her pencil she's sketching to-day
A little brown bird, and a small squirrel gray.
One swings on a twig, and cares nothing for art,
The other in hunting for dinner takes part.
But, nothing dismayed, the wee artist sits still,
And sketches her models to suit her own will.

The little brown bird is beginning to sing,
The squirrel is chattering till the woods ring;
The sunbeams are peeping beneath Cathie's hat,
And kissing the dimples in round cheeks so fat;
The breezes are humming a lullaby sweet,
The crickets are chirping 'neath Cathie's small feet,
Till, all of a sudden, so drowsy is she,
That she slips into dream land right under the tree.

Then down hops the birdie, and spying around,
He sees Cathie's slate as it lies on the ground;
And up skips the squirrel the drawing to view,
And much interested indeed are the two.
But what it is meant for, I'm sorry to say,
Is beyond the brown bird, and the small squirrel gray.
Yet looking awhile a decision they fix,
And call it an excellent picture of—sticks!

—Our Little Ones.

THE STORY OF THE WHITE SHIP.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

IT WAS a long time ago, seven hundred years or more, that the White Ship sailed on the blue waters. It was a Norman ship, not much larger than a yacht, but splendidly built with timber from the Breton forests, and with a gilded prow like a swan's beak. Deck, sides and masts were all painted white and shone like the sunlight. Fifty bronzed seamen, sailors of renown, manned the fair vessel, and the captain was Fitz Stephen, one of the most famous mariners of the time. It was a brand new vessel and was staunch and strong.

To Barfleur, in the harbor of which the White Ship lay, there came one day late in the year a splendid train of nobles and ladies, all joyous and merry as young folks are apt to be. There had been a gay marriage somewhere, and the bridal company had come to Barfleur so as to cross the channel to England. Among the crowd was the king of England himself, the stern and warlike Henry, son of the conqueror. It was his son, Prince William, who had been married, a gay young gallant who delighted in fine clothes and in having his own way generally. Dressed in a rich suit of velvet bordered with fur, with a golden chain about his neck and a plumed cap above his long curling hair, it was hard to tell which was the handsomest, he or his fair bride, the gentle Alice of Anjou, the daughter of flattering Count Fulke.

Would you like to know how she was dressed? Here she is then, a small, slight figure, for she is only thirteen years of age, stately in a long skirted dress of cloth of gold bordered with ermine, the sleeves of which were so long that they had to be tied up in knots so as to avoid treading on them. Her golden hair is braided in two long plaits and coquettishly tied with parti-colored ribbons. Her little feet are thrust into strange-looking shoes with long, peaked toes. How much money her father had spent for this dress, first and last, I do not know, but it was a great deal, and the girl bride looked very gorgeous in it.

What a happy, joyous party they were—this little bride and her princely bridegroom, and the bold and handsome knights and ladies who attended them! They rode out to hunt the deer in the dim old woods, and to hawk the heron in the meadows in the day time, and took evening sails on the moonlit waters of the harbor. They laughed and jested, and danced and caroused as young folks will,

and kept late hours till they were ready to sail for England.

On that day there came to King Henry the bronzed old sea captain Fitz Stephen. Said he:

"My father commanded the Moira, the ship which bore thy father across the channel to the realm he conquered. I have a better ship than that. It is light and swift as a bird, and my fifty sea browned sailors are the most skillful in the Norman service. Sir, I pray you let me have the honor of carrying you and your train to the English land."

"I am sorry," replied the king, "but I have already ordered my ship and we sail at sunset. I cannot go with you, but my son and the young nobles shall sail in the fair White Ship manned by the fifty sailors of renown."

So King Henry sailed away, and with him went the girl bride. They left behind the prince and all the gay and boisterous nobles and the fair, witty ladies. There were one hundred and twenty of the nobles and eighteen ladies of the highest rank. These all went on board the White Ship as the sun went down.

"Fitz Stephen," said the prince, "in how short a time can you reach England?"

"The White Ship has wings and will fly over the sea like a swallow," answered the bronzed captain. "If we sail at midnight, we shall reach the white cliffs of the island realm before your father."

"There is time, then, to make merry," said Prince William. "Fitz Stephen, give three casks of Rhenish to thy fifty sailors of renown. The night is pleasant, we will give the hours to joy."

The prince's orders were obeyed, and the seamen and the young nobles drank out the three casks of wine, and the beautiful ladies danced on the deck to the music of harps and flutes. The hunter's moon rose over the harbor and shone on the decks of the White Ship, and the merry company.

When at length the anchors were raised and the noble vessel shot out of the harbor of Barfleur, there was scarcely a sober person on board. But the sails were all set and the rowers moved their oars with regular motion. Clad in their bright colored mantles to protect them from the night damps the thoughtless roisterers leaned over the ship's sides laughing and singing.

"Sail yet faster," cried the gay young prince to Fitz Stephen, "or I shall think your swallow has bat's wings."

The captain urged his sailors to row yet harder, and the gay ladies clapped their hands as the White Ship swept over the mirrory waters.

All at once, crash, crash, went the vessel. They had struck upon a rock, and the White Ship began to sink. A terrible cry rose from the three hundred throats.

"Take the boat and row off to the land," cried Fitz Stephen to the prince. "The water is smooth and you may escape. The rest of us must die."

He pushed the prince and a dozen of the nearest nobles into the long boat, and they rowed away. A pleading voice called to him as he was far from the sinking ship.

"It is my sister Marie," said Prince William. "Row back, I cannot leave her."

He had authority and they obeyed him. This last deed of his life was so grand and noble that we forgive him all his faults. They reached the side of the sinking ship, and the prince held out his hands for his weeping sister. At the same instant so many leaped into the boat that it was overset. It sunk, and not many minutes after the White Ship went down too.

Two men alone floated of all the three

hundred. They clung to a spar which they had seized and which was large enough to support them. One was a gay young noble who was serious enough now. The other was a burly butcher of Rouen. By and by a third swimmer joined them. By his long hair and his seaman's dress they saw that it was Fitz Stephen.

"Where is the prince?" he asked.

"Dead," they answered. "Every soul has perished save we three."

"Woe is me," then cried the captain, and he let go his hold and sunk to the bottom. Before morning the young noble perished from exhaustion, and the butcher was the only man saved alive to tell the dismal tale.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

Number Three.

BY CECIL LEIGH.

The little call bell upon the teacher's desk is struck, and every child in position. The windows of the school-room are open and the soft summer air moving gently about is verily a scented breeze.

The beautiful summer is abroad but the fragrance within, this particular afternoon, is due to the roses the children hold, for every child has one in his hand.

Yesterday the teacher had said, that the next day was Wednesday and she should talk with them a little about the rose family, and desired each child to bring one into the class-room. This they had done and the teacher, as she smiled upon them, was truly pardonable if she considered them the rose school of the town, for they were becoming more and more interested in the study of flowers as the season advanced, bringing quantities to her, and, in their small way analyzing them. The fruits of her teaching were manifest, and now as she gives her talk to the multitude of scholars and small people of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, she wonders if they can tell the calyx and corolla, stamens and pistil, of the flower!

The rose family is a very large, extensive, and numerous family, and, as the little folks can comprehend but little she will only speak of a few main points of the rose family proper. The apple, the quince, the hawthorn, along with the cherry, the plum and the peach, the raspberry, the blackberry, and the strawberry, and many others, all belong to the rose family, but it is only the beautiful flower commonly known to us as the rose to which I shall allude.

A number of the pupils are holding a pink wild-rose gathered by the roadside probably, fresh and sweet with the very nectar of summer stored in its perfume, such as one the teacher also holds to the school, asking how many rows of petals in its corolla.

"One," the answer comes, quick and decisive. The children are awake. The teacher holds another. This a garden flower; a cultivated rose. "Two," they reply. When she exhibits another, and calls attention of those who possess such, just filled, or composed wholly of corolla petals.

The first, consisting of but one row of petals, she tells them is called a simple or primary flower, for example, the lovely little wild-rose; it is in its wild, natural state. The "Language of Flowers," tells us the symbol of this flower is "simplicity;" but the others are called compound flowers. She adds, that she cannot enter into an explanation of compound flowers, for she has not time, and if she had the subject would be quite beyond their grasp, but this little point she gives, that the tufted center from which all the leaves or petals appear to start is

called the "head."

Reviewing—flowers, consisting of one row of petals in the corolla are simple or primary, the wild rose for example; those with two or more rows of petals in the corolla, compound—the "double" rose for example.

This the teacher wrote upon the blackboard, then called upon an active lad to give the different parts of a flower as he had learned them. His answer came, "calyx, corolla, stamens, and pistils."

Another was called to give the parts of each. Her answer with some help from other members was, "Leaves of calyx called sepals; of corolla, petals; stamen consists of two parts, upper, most important; pistil of three parts containing seed."

Then the teacher asked how many classes they had learned of, and was told two, simple and compound.

After this the different kinds of roses each had known came up for discussion, the teacher writing the variety upon the board the moment it was mentioned. Here are some kinds teacher and pupils together gave: red rose, white rose, moss rose, prairie rose, bridal rose, tea rose, blush rose, cabbage rose, sweet briar rose, wild rose, hawthorn rose, China rose, damask rose, yellow rose, while one wee girl gave "rosemary."

Then the teacher said by many the rose was considered the queen of flowers; that roses and rose buds were appropriate for almost all occasions as gifts, and in forming bouquets; that it was an old-fashioned flower that grew in the grandmother's garden a half century ago; that it is a new-fashioned flower that the city florist exhausts his skill upon; among the latest novelties as a flower of fashion, among the dearest treasures of a far-away story; and the class is dismissed, each holding fast his flower, looking thoughtfully at it, as he filed out. But the roses are fast fading as the radiant summer comes on, and soon August flowers will be before us.

A PIE CRUST SERMON.

BY MARY R. P. HATCH.

It was before the tirade against pies had broken forth, and mother's were always particularly toothsome and delightful. But alas! when there were pies there was always a margin of crust to be got rid of. Mamie used sometimes to tuck hers under the edge of her plate, Johnny tossed his to the chickens, into the wood box, anywhere fate or ingenuity suggested, but Roland attacked and vanquished his pie crust before beginning an onslaught upon the better and larger part.

One day Aunt Miriam said to Johnny, "Why did you throw away your crust?"

"I didn't need it, auntie, and there's nothing gained by eating what I don't want, I've heard father say."

"Shouldn't you have eaten more if it hadn't been crust?"

"I guess so."

"Didn't you know when you took a large piece that you shouldn't eat it all?"

"I might have known it, for I never do."

"That shows, Johnny, that you like and don't mean to deny yourself what gives you pleasure. You don't provide for the crusts. I like to see Roland eat his, for I notice he always seems to enjoy the remainder so much better than the rest of us do. I think if you were to take, say half a piece, and eat it all, it would be a good preparation and fit you to take hold of your grown up duties when they come."

"What can eating pie crust have to do with grown up duties?" asked Johnny, much amused.

"I'll tell you. I have noticed that you like to play first and study afterwards and

often the studying has to be entirely neglected. That is pie crust, Johnny. When your mother asks you to do some little chore for her, you say, "That's pie crust, mother." I beg your pardon, Johnny, you don't say that exactly, but "Wait till I've done playing," and so your mother does it herself.

When you are grown up I'm afraid your hatred of pie crust will continue. If it does, there will be idle hours, but no employment nor advancement because when any thing disagreeable is constantly being put off, it gets crowded out of sight, and is disregarded altogether.

There is a margin of pie crust to every thing, Johnny. The more sweets the more crust. If you can't endure the crust, be content with less sweet. I imagine that our most distinguished men, poets, statesmen, and bankers, eat many a crust—perhaps, like Roland, ate them first. They swallowed study, disappointments, hardships, every thing which goes to make up the world's pie crust, and they tasted just so much sweet as went with it in the way of recreation and success.

"You will choose a profession by and by, Johnny, and every one has its pie crust which must be eaten or the sweets cannot be enjoyed. Farming has its crust of labor, heat, frosts, blight and small gains, but it has the sweets of pure air, wholesome food, and freedom from want. The medical profession has for its crust untiring study, unstated hours, and sleepless nights. The law has for many a year nothing often but the pie crust of disappointment. And so it is, Johnny. A boy who cannot eat what he doesn't like, cannot deny himself for others, and puts off duties to by and by, is dining from the sweets and will be likely to see a time when the crusts will all have to be eaten. Fancy having to pick up and eat all you have thrown away. You would say, "O, if I had eaten them when they were wholesome, and when I had sweets to go with them." Now fancy yourself grown to manhood and sitting down to sup upon the mistakes of a life-time, upon the mouldy crusts of indolence, privation, sorrow and remorse. Have I frightened you, my boy, with these long words? Well, it will not hurt you, this pie crust sermon, though may be I have not made it short enough.

Some day, I will tell Mamie what I think of her way of tucking her crusts out of sight.

CAPTAIN ROBERT.

Robert was kept in the house by a cold, so he flattened his nose against the glass, and watched a military procession pass by. They were in very gay uniform, with very bright buttons, and kept step beautifully.

Robert watched until the last glimmer of their brightness disappeared around a corner, then turned with a sigh to watch his mother place pies in the oven, and said to her, "I would like to be a soldier."

"Very well," said the mother, "then I would be."

Robert stared at her a few minutes, and then said, "would be what?"

"Why, a soldier. Wasn't that what you wanted?"

"Well, but how could I be?"

"Easy enough; that is, if you put your mind to it. A soldier's life is never an easy one of course. Clara, you may hand me that other pie; I think I can make room for it."

"But, mother, I don't know what you mean." This Robert said.

"Don't? You haven't forgotten the verse we talked about so long? 'Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.' It takes a real soldier-like fighting to rule a spirit, I can tell you."

"Oh," said Robert, and he flattened his nose against the glass again, and thought.

"But, mother," he said at last, "I didn't mean that kind. I would like to be a captain and have soldiers under me."

"Nothing easier," said his mother, shutting the oven door with a satisfied air.

"There are your ten fingers, and your eyes, and your ears, and that troublesome tongue that hates to obey. I am sure you have soldiers enough to control. I pity any captain who has as troublesome ones."

Robert laughed. He had had so many talks with his mother that he understood her very well; yet this was a new way of putting it. He stood there a good while thinking about it, deciding that he would be a captain forthwith, and that his soldiers should obey perfectly. Then he wondered what orders he should have to give them first.

Poor fellow! In less than ten minutes from that time he knew.

He went to the sitting room, to find that baby Carrie had been there before him. There lay his birthday books, his beautiful "Family Flight" on the floor, some of the loveliest pictures in it torn into bits. His photograph album was on the sofa; but chubby fingers had tugged at mamma's picture until it lay loose and ruined, and papa's page was gone entirely.

Oh, how angry was Captain Robert! He wanted to run after Carrie and slap her naughty fingers; she was almost two years old, and ought to know better. He wanted to run to his mother, and with red face and angry voice tell his story of wrong and demand that Carrie be whipped. He wanted to bury his head in the sofa cushions and cry just as loud as he could roar. Why did he do none of these things? Just because he remembered in time that he was a captain, and had soldiers that must obey.

"Halt!" he said to his feet as they were about to rush away; and they instantly obeyed. "Stop!" he said to the tears, as they began to rush in torrents to his eyes; and back they all went, save one little straggler, who rolled down his nose and was instantly wiped out of existence. In short, the boy proved himself a good captain for that time at least. He even sent his feet up stairs presently with a rosy-cheeked apple for Carrie, and bade his arms give her a loving hug, which they immediately did.

Mamma found out all about it, as mammas almost always do; and when papa came home at night, what did he do but bow low, and say, "Captain Robert, I am proud to salute you. I hear you have fought a battle and won a victory to-day."

—*The Pansy.*

A PARADISE FOR BIRDS.

A young lady in this city, who has been a diligent student in ornithology the past three years, stated in conversation with the writer last evening that the beautiful arsenal domain of the United States, the island of Rock Island, is the birds' paradise in the northwest. No gunshot is ever fired at them there, no cruel boys hunt them with slings, arrows, blow-pipes, rubber-guns or stones, or destroy their nests.

And the birds and fowls appear to have learned this, for the lives and homes of the feathered tribes have been thus protected on the island for nearly fifteen years. Almost any time now a person riding along the avenues will see thousands of young birds, resting on the telegraph wires, whirring among the trees, or flying up from the meadows of this island home. The young lady says that in a walk through the woods and groves of the island at dawn in early June one would hear as grand a concert as the

feathered tribes ever give, and at the present time the singing, warbling, trilling, echoing, calling, cooing, make delightful music. At about sunset these evenings, if one lingers near the grove, just west of the garden tract, on the south side of the island, and midway between Western avenue and the old mill, he will be treated to a concert more delightful than men can create.—*Davenport (Iowa) Gazette.*

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

Doubtless it would be impertinent for a father to address the readers of *THE HOUSEHOLD* from the Mothers' Chair; but perhaps he may be allowed to say a few words from one of the back seats of The Nursery.

I am very sensitive concerning the treatment of little children, and it is a source of regret that nothing having the true motherly ring has recently been written by our mothers. It pains me not a little to see so many persons bent on making babies toe the mark like old soldiers on dress parade.

It is admitted that the present is a progressive century, but the human race has hardly yet reached that state of development where infants four months old can be given allopathic doses of ethics, morals, and rights of property. It used to be thought that the proper work of a babe is to cry, nurse and crow, and be the autocrat of the cradle. But now she must be a kind of prim-rose; must keep her hands in polite position, must eat with the fork, must not touch another's property—must in short be a Chesterfield, a Blackstone, and a modest young lady, never elevating her feet higher than two inches from the floor. Let us have done with this diplomatic behavior, this military discipline, these Medo-Persian laws for children.

Mr. A.'s youngest boy is over three years old; and he lately got to untying his shoes and taking them off out doors, thus endangering his health and increasing his mother's work. Very likely Mrs. A. could have mended the matter by light punishment; but she now ties his shoes in hard knots, and the child will soon forget the habit. This treatment is a type of her management of children. Having no hired help, Mr. and Mrs. A. do their own work and take care of their children themselves. They could lighten their work very much by restricting, cramping, and snubbing their little ones; but neither their judgment, their conscience, nor their love will permit them to do so.

They tax their ingenuity sharply to avoid whipping, torturing, or frightening their children. Sometimes these boys and girls are naughty and willful, do misdeeds purposely, and disobey their parents. But I can tell you they are bright, sweet, loving children. They are not deceitful nor sullen. On the contrary, they seem to have a strong love of right, justice, and tenderness. Their home means more to them than shelter, clothing, food, and protection; they love their home, their parents and one another with genuine childlike affection.

Moses may have made all the mistakes that are sometimes attributed to him, but his benignant use of the rod in smiting the rock instead of the quivering back, was not one of them. Like all noble souls, his blood boiled against the oppressor of the weak, and he smote the Egyptian fatally for brutally abusing a bondman.

Whip and conquer—conquer at all hazards—has been the orthodox theory for ages; but it is a melancholy fact that the whipping of children is a heinous vice and crime. Nine-tenths of the punishing of the little ones is done out of spite, not for the good of the child.

Frequently a child is severely thrashed for an accident or trifling offence, just to inflict pain upon its father or mother. Unconquerable will on the part of adults is thought to be a glorious quality; but the wills of children must be broken, subdued, and crushed.

Thousands of little children live in constant dread of the fury of their parents. They dare not take any liberty in the house or yard lest some little accident happen that will bring upon them parental vengeance.

We are all akin to Gesler, and cannot brook disregard of our authority. Although our wives and husbands and others around us broadly skip many of our mandates, if our unthinking, unreasoning little child disobeys us, he must be tortured into obedience. I fear our great Judge does not classify offences as we do.

The stability of the universe does not depend on my commands being obeyed; nor does any thing very momentous depend on my always keeping my word. It is better to permit what you have just now forbidden than to do injustice to your child. If God permits disregard of his authority, it would seem that erring earthly mortals might sometimes take the risk of tolerating bits of disobedience. A child is inconsiderate, impulsive, and forgetful, and easily becomes absorbed in its play, which often it is unable to quit even for a minute to attend to other important little matters. Why should a stricter obedience be required of this child than of persons of mature years, who have much less claim to the positions mentioned above?

With children above eight years, severe whipping may be resorted to in extreme cases; but we must remember that corporal punishment will not cure all cases, and that every whipping injures the child morally, mentally and physically. A much-whipped boy is stubborn, dull, and desperate; and besides lacking very much in the milk of human kindness, is sure to fall behind his classmates at school.

But not only must we abstain from whipping, frightening, or torturing our children; we must look after their comfort and happiness in many ways. Whether children are born to us or adopted, this sacred duty cannot be neglected or shirked without great cruelty and criminality on our part.

When a babe cries and frets from mere peevishness or a desire to be carried or rocked, it can be disregarded; but to let a child cry for nearly half a day from pain, hunger, or discomfort is worse than brutish. Sometimes a child is tied in a high chair, and afterwards works itself down into a cramped and painful position where it frets and suffers for a long time.

Again, many parents do not allow a child to cry when punished. Nature's anæsthetic is rapid and deep breathing, and it is cruel to compel the little one to smother its grief and pain into convulsive sobs. Let us hang murderers, shoot burglars, and punish all crime with certainty and severity; but let us show mercy, forgiveness, indulgence, tenderness, and love to our children.

PEG.

—The power of reading! Is it possible to estimate its force? We asked a boy of thirteen recently if he read much. He thought he did, and on telling upon what books his hours for the last two weeks had been spent, we found the list embraced four dime novels. Guard carefully the school library. A young person is made to enjoy good reading as easily as to enjoy trash. Teachers cannot do all, but parents and teachers can do the whole. Guard well the reading of the boys and girls. It makes character.—*Student.*

The Library.

A WORD AND A DEED.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary man might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A lad'e at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toll might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well
By summer never dried,
Has cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last! —Charles Mackay.

THE TEACHER'S WORK.

BY HOPE HARVEY.

IN ADDITION to the instructive and suggestive HOUSEHOLD articles during the last year or more by Rosamond E., Charity Snow, and others, I would add a few thoughts in reference to points not made, I think, by those writers.

The nature of teaching in distinction from governing is a matter which should be made clearer to young teachers. They are so apt to confound the two terms, thinking them almost synonymous, or going farther still in their misapprehension, thinking that governing includes the teaching, as well as covers nearly every thing else a teacher may, can or must do, be, or suffer. And why should they not get this idea, since ever since they can remember they have heard the one subject of "order" discussed and enforced by parents and "committee," almost to the exclusion of any other? "Does she keep good order?" is the question the little ones attending their first school hear addressed to themselves as well as older pupils. "The master kep' fust rate awder this winter. He whaled 'em good, and made 'em toe the mark, I tell ye," comes to be considered the highest encomium; while the remark, "The scholars learnt like every thing, but then he didn't keep no sort of awder," is intended to convey the greatest contempt possible for the country teacher's abilities, in some localities.

Now, my dear young teacher, for I want to address you personally, these notions are not all wrong, yet they are far from containing all the right. They misplace things a little, and so confuse. The true idea is this. Good government, or "good order" is a good thing, an essential thing, one of the first things in fact, but it is not the main thing. That is teaching. To teach is what you have engaged to do, and for which you are to receive wages. To teach is the thing for which you have assumed the name of teacher, and entered upon that office. Bear this in mind, and your work is at once simplified by understanding the nature of it. It is ennobled too, as you perceive the worthy object of it. To keep order merely, by the enforcement of rigid rules with strict penalties attached, is a constant strain upon teacher and pupil, dreary, weary, discouraging, maddening almost. To teach, on the other hand, is to wake up the slumbering or laggard mind; to make learning attractive to the child; to set potent motives before him for acquiring it; to impart this knowledge in quantities which he can assimilate, and by methods which he can grasp; to instruct in manners and morals in a proportion to secure even de-

velopment to all the powers of body and mind; this, and much more in the same line of effort, is teaching. And this is to be your end and aim, my friend. Order in all this is necessary, but it is to be only an aider and abettor to teaching. Order is your helper, and must be made to know and keep its proper place as an assistant. Order rules, it is true, but as a subordinate ruler, itself subject to your higher sway. And that sway consists in the power of your right style of teaching, which unawares to your pupils, subdues their propensity to misbehavior of any kind, from mere animal restlessness or playfulness up to vicious mutiny; while at the same time it elevates and refines the best part of their natures so that disorder is distasteful. Thus the anxious question of "order" answers itself, and is then relegated to the background where it belongs. Things in the school room are adjusted smoothly on a higher plane, since on a higher principle than is the arbitrary style of "do this," or "do that," "you shall" or "you shan't."

Do I make myself clear to you, teacher? Because I want to save you much future trouble, by starting you on the right track. Not by offering exact directions for particular cases of discipline, but by stating the general principle upon which you can act intelligently and independently. A well regulated family is a good model for a school, inasmuch as the right kind of people at its head are the best of teachers. In this household there is no lack of control by the parents, no lack of prompt and thorough obedience by the children. Order pervades every room, every occupation, every heart of every one. But there is plenty of activity, life, cheerful bustle, proper noise; while there is a rapid and corresponding progress in all domestic arts and joys, accomplished by the head or the feet, the heart or the hands. How is this brought about and maintained? Not by the parents holding a rod over these young, active beings, whose speedy descent is momentarily expected for a known or unknown cause. Not by noisy, excitable driving, like that of the farmer with his young oxen, with vociferations of "whoa-hishe," and "gee-up," emphasized by frequent prodings of his goad stick. Not by lying awake nights in an agony of anxiety planning how "we ever shall manage those children." Nor by reading to them each morning from a paper tacked to the wall, a long list of stringent regulations whose fracture is to be followed by unfailing penalties. No, nothing of the kind. The wise father and mother meet and train and teach each little man and woman, guided by the love, interest and enthusiasm of their inmost hearts. Their first object is right education of the children, their improvement, enlargement, development, a glad and natural growing up; not order. The result is, both. Do you see? Imitate these successful parents. Take into your school as much of their methods as possible, carried out with as many of their motives as your soul is capable of adopting and adapting, and you too shall succeed. Yes, I insist none the less that you must have "awder," but beware how you secure it. Don't try the cemetery style. It is very beautiful up there, very still, very orderly, but—very dead! We scarcely want to send our young, growing, happy children there yet, to stay.

The teacher's influence every young teacher should consider. This is something, very much of a something too, to which not only thought should be given, but time and preparation. Shall you make this a study? Yes. You are going to teach, we will say, for the first time, or in a new place. You post yourself well in the branches to be taught in that particular "deestruck." You want

to be "well qualified," for you are conscientious about it, my gentle girl or manly boy. You rub up your geography, review your history, and a little nervously take your slate to work over some of the hardest problems in arithmetic. You hope to "pass a good examination." You take a high rank, and flourish your certificate accordingly. Let me look over your papers, please, and see how high your per cent. counts on "influence." The committee never examined you on that? Ah, but your scholars will! The greatest demand upon your resources will be in that direction, and you will teach them more from that part of your individual personality than from all their text books together. That is a very strange thing, but it is true. And you don't realize the truth of it a bit, and you can't realize it fully for all the older folks tell you, till you have taught one, or five, or ten, or twenty years, and your hair is streaked a little, and you spy one or two wrinkles, and your earliest pupils have grown up, and you begin to look around to see what you have done and made with yourself and other people. Then your reports will begin to come in fast, and according as you have been a bad or good teacher, so will your returns be. If they are ill, can you bear the sorrow, or if good, will you not be exceeding glad in the joy? Then believe us more experienced people now, when we tell you that one or the other experience is sometime surely coming to you. Therefore you ought to be studying influence.

To help you see the importance of this study, begin by recalling your own teachers of your early childhood and youth. Remember what impressions they made upon you in the minor matters even, of dress, manners and various peculiarities. Think how you imitated them till you even acquired for awhile, if not for always, their attitudes, expression of countenance, their very gait and voice, as well as habits of speech and action. One dear lady, when you were the tiniest boy or girl in the class, taught you hymns and texts, that fixed your loving faith forevermore on the Heavenly Father. One excellent man, in your maturer youth, was so real and practical, and earnest also, that he roused you almost to red heat, and then stamped you with his convictions, until you believed every word he said, and he wrought an entire change in your style of thought, mental processes of study, your methods of explanation; in short, you are now a far different reader, thinker, teacher, man or woman, than you would have been but for his stirring, persuasive influence. Thank God, it was a good one. You have other memories, not so pleasant, of the strong influences of other teachers which gave you a life-long hurt. The child is so impressionable.

Now apply these reminiscences to yourself, judging something by them of what you, in turn, desire to be to your pupils, and then take up this wonderful, intricately-working, far-reaching study in good earnest.

"Yes," you say, quite docile and apparently convinced, "I will think about it, and watch myself in school, and do just about the right thing. I intend my influence to be admirable."

Thank you for your attention and intention, but listen to me a little longer, while I say you must not only promise to do, but must really be. Character has to be good, before the influence. Your scholars expect you to be good, and that will help you, not only by restraint, but by happy impulse. A rather wild boy made the remark lately, "A teacher ought to be better than his scholars. We want him to be, and like him all the better for it." Of a teacher I knew, the pupils said: "He is an excellent teacher, but he is no sort of a man." Yet these

were the very youths he invited to smoke with him, while he descended to smaller boys still upon the delights of cigarettes! They all despised him for it, yet his bad sowing is coming forward to a wretched reaping, such is the perversity of human nature to imitate what it dislikes as well as loves. I would far rather that boys under my care should never know their alphabet, then be led by such a teacher.

Yes, there will have to be some tremendously deep studying and practicing of these influence problems, before you can teach them well. Indeed, they are to be lived, rather than taught. It is not so much what you say, as what you are, that is going to mould these forming minds before you day by day. If the saying, and doing, and being, are all consistent with each other, and all the right kind, then, all right. Go ahead. But don't you dare, thoughtless man or woman, to touch a white soul with hands defiled. Don't you dare to meddle with a plastic, immortal mind, until you can say, looking up to high heaven, "I will do my best to shape it aright." Heaven knows you will make many petty mistakes and some awful blunders yet, but accents and blesses a great deal of very imperfect work, if only it is honest and whole hearted.

"Thou must thyself be true,
If then the truth wouldst teach
Thy soul-must overflow, if thou
Another's soul would reach.
It needs the fullness of the heart
To give the lips full speech."

And then comes the teacher's reward, or it is coming all the time, as it does in all work faithfully done. The teacher can see something each day and week to give him pleasure and pay in his work. Expansion of intellect, new strength, new delight in study, increase of knowledge, the sure development of the threefold nature of his pupils: all this is precious need to the earnest, watchful teacher. And as years go on, there is the reward of his benign, formative influence exerted all the way along, which is constantly increasing with delightfully startling rapidity, like your mathematical series. Like the children of the good woman in the good book, so do those of the good teachers "rise up and call them blessed;" and thus to find themselves second only to parents in dignity and high privilege is one large part of their reward.

Then courage, young teacher. Very weak and incompetent you may feel just now, but your work is noble, and you are favored indeed to be allowed to enter upon it and its noble recompense.

An aged artist called to him his young pupil to finish a picture which his age obliged him to suspend. "I commission thee, my son, to do thy best upon this work. Do thy best." The youth protested against touching a canvas already consecrated by the master's hand. "Do thy best," was the old man's calm reply, and to continued reluctance, he only answered, "Do thy best." The young man seized the brush, and kneeling before the easel, he prayed, "It is for the sake of my beloved master that I implore skill and power to do this deed." He painted, and his hand grew steady. The artist soul gleamed from his eye. Fear and self-distrust were gone, and the last stroke was given to his picture in a spirit of humble, yet glad assurance. As his master was borne into the studio to pass judgment upon the work, he burst into tears at this triumph of art, and embracing the student, he exclaimed, "My son, I paint no more!" Thus did the young Leonardo Da Vinci enter upon his artist's career, and in later years he produced his great painting which annually attracts to its shrine hundreds of the worshippers of art.

So shall it be with the young teacher who accepts shrinkingly, yet reverently,

his higher commission. The Master has called him; let him "do his best" for that Master's sake. His enthusiasm shall bear him on, his influence shall grow holy, his work shall be enduring, and his reward shall be commensurate.

A LITERARY FORGER.

Psalmanazar died in 1763, some years before Chatterton. In some respects he was yet more remarkable; with less genius, doubtless, without even talent or real literary aptitude, he displayed a fertility of invention hardly to be surpassed. Psalmanazar, to speak correctly, was not a fabricator of autographs; he was more and less than that—the inventor of a language, of a chirography—what do I say? of a nation. But his life was yet more wonderful than his inventions. It is all a romance. This romance he has written; we possess his autobiography, yet we do not know his name! Out of regard for his family he has sought to conceal it, and he has carried his secret with him. We shall never know who he was, nor even whence he was. It is supposed, however, that he was born in the south of France, in Languedoc or Provence. His family was poor, his father established at a distance, in Germany.

George had been brought up with the Jesuits, then with the Dominicans; having finished his theological course, he was received as preceptor in several families. But he had indolent and adventurous tastes. He was not slow to adopt the role of religious impostor, no doubt in order to profit by his theological studies. We find him borrowing, begging, traversing Provence, on his way to Rome; repairing to Germany; playing the part sometimes of a converted Huguenot, sometimes of an Irish student, or, again, of a pilgrim. He ran many risks, came near being shot as a spy, fell into the depths of misery, and beheld himself covered with sores and vermin.

From adventure to adventure, from knavery to knavery, George arrived at the grand fraud of his life. Finding himself in a Protestant country, he could remain neither pilgrim nor Catholic; he gave himself out as a Japanese from the island of Formosa, taken to Europe, he said, by Dutch merchants. Formosa was very little known; the young impostor recalled, as well as possible, such accounts of Japan as he had heard among the Jesuits; then, upon this slight canvas, he began to embroider a whole world of fancy. He fabricated a so-called language of Formosa, an alphabet for writing it, a grammar to explain the rules. He made a new division of the year into twenty months. He invented a new religion, with a book of prayers, and went so far as to worship the rising and setting sun, with all sorts of forms and mummeries. Finally, he accustomed himself to eat raw meat. The idea of doubting the veracity of a man who ate raw meat, and who wrote fluently in characters which no one knew!

Meanwhile Psalmanazar (such was the name he had adopted on becoming Japanese, and which he retained to the end of his life) had met another rogue, who conceived the plan of profiting by him. This person, named Innes, was chaplain of a Scotch regiment then in garrison at Sluis, in Holland. It was here that Psalmanazar made his acquaintance, and that they became intimate. It is probable that Innes at first had been himself deceived by the false Japanese, and it is certain that he soon discovered the fraud; however, he did not abandon his designs on that account. Innes took up Psalmanazar, taught him English, carried him to England, showed him to the bishop of London baptized him with much ceremony, and, altogether, man-

aged so well that he ended by obtaining from the bishop, as a reward for services rendered to religion, a living in the county of Essex.

Psalmanazar, under such patronage, could not fail to develop his happy gifts and ingenious knaveries. He hastened to translate the English catechism into the Formosian language, and had the pleasure of beholding the bishop of London accord a gracious reception to this work. It was submitted to *savants*, who saw in it nothing out of the way. To whom could it occur to suspect a young man of twenty of so colossal an imposture? Not that there were not, here and there, weak points in the system of the Formosian. It is impossible to be forewarned of every thing. He had forgotten to give names to the letters of his alphabet, which caused him some embarrassment. He had believed that the Japanese wrote from right to left, like other Oriental nations, which furnished another argument against him. He had asserted, rather carelessly, that the inhabitants of Formosa sacrificed eighteen thousand male infants every year; and when it was represented to him that, at this rate, the island would long before have been depopulated, he had no other answer than an obstinate perseverance in his declaration; he had early formed the resolution never to retract.

Psalmanazar, however, understood what he owed to the public, and he crowned all his frauds by a new and gigantic one, "An Historical and Geographical Description of the Island of Formosa, with an Explanation of the Religion, Customs, and Manners of the Inhabitants. By George Psalmanazar, a Native of that Island." The work appeared at London, in the English language, in 1704, and was soon translated into French and German. In the French it passed through three or four editions. It was adorned by the famous alphabet, a map of the island, plates representing divinities of the country, costumes, religious ceremonies, edifices, and vessels!

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask your readers if any of them have a poem, the last line of each verse of which is,

"And let the kingdom in."

MISS ANNIE BURBANK.
4500 Rubicam Ave., Germantown, Pa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will one of your readers send me the poem, "Shakespeare's Seven Ages?" I believe the first two lines are,

"The world's a stage
On which mankind engage."

I will return stamps, and be greatly obliged. I would also like the poem entitled, "The Rich Quaker's Wooing," MRS. C. H. WELLINGTON.
North Oxford, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the poem entitled "Nothing to Wear?" I think the first lines are,

"Miss Flora McFlimsy of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris,
And her father assures me each time she was there
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris."

I should like to know the author's name. Also, please send me the poem in which these lines occur:

"It is not on the battle field
That I would wish to die."

I will return the favor if I can.

MRS. ANNIE BURNHAM.
Draper, Salt Lake Co., Utah.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one send me the music of the song called "The Maniac Bride?" The first words are,

"'Twas early spring and the year was young,
The flowers they bloomed, and the birds they sung,
Never was bird happier than I
When my love, my sailor love, was nigh."

I will return stamps. MRS. JOHN F. BROWN.
Fitchburg, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please ask the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD if any one can send me the words of the song entitled "Friendless and Sad, I Am Dreaming," also, the

song called "Little Barefoot?" I will gladly return postage, or repay the favor in any way I can.

SOPHIE MAAG.

Texas Hill, Arizona.

THE REVIEWER.

It was a bright thought of the publishers when they collected in book form the excellent short stories which have appeared from time to time in our leading magazines, and which will make STORIES BY AMERICAN AUTHORS a successful venture. Too many of the best stories by noted writers are forgotten in the obscurity of the book-cases where we pile away the accumulating monthlies, until we can "have them bound;" and we could want no pleasanter companion on a railway trip, or a day out of doors, than either of the two first volumes of this delightful series, containing stories by Bayard Taylor, Geo. P. Lathrop, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Henry James, Celia Thaxter, Frank R. Stockton, and many other of our best writers. Price 50 cents per volume. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Arthur Gilman's HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE is a pleasing departure from the usual historical work.

It begins with the old romantic theories of the new world prior to the early discoverers and follows the growth of the country, step by step, to the present day. Although condensed into one volume, nothing seems hurried, the brevity being balanced by an ease of style which lends a charm to the narrative. The part of the book describing the habits and manners of the past, the adventurous explorations of the early discoverers, and the strange people by whom the new country was inhabited, is especially interesting. The book is profusely illustrated and altogether it is a valuable addition to our historical literature. Price \$1.50. Boston: Lothrop & Co.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., have brought out a new and much improved edition of COLBURN'S INTELLECTUAL ARITHMETIC with an appendix, containing a sketch of the author's life, and with George R. Emerson's introduction to the edition of 1863. No mathematical text book for young learners has ever attained so great and withal so deserved a popularity as this little manual, and with the greatly improved arrangement of its contents, it responds yet more fully to the demands of educators in our public schools. Price 35 cents. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

Those who have followed with interest the story of AN AVERAGE MAN, by Robert Grant, published as a serial in the Century, will be glad to have it in book form.

Though we do not like to think that the young hero of the story with his weaknesses and ambitions is really an average man, yet he is certainly a fair type of those young men, who, anxious to attain to public honors are drawn into political intrigues losing gradually but surely their finer sense of honor in the mad race for material prosperity and political honors. But there are other characters in the story which are as well and truly drawn, of finer mould, and which are pleasant to turn to from the more painful parts of the story. Painful because they are not improbable or uncommon at the present time. Price \$1.50. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THE TRIPLE E, by Mrs. S. R. Graham Clark, the latest of the "Yensie Walton" series is marked by the same characteristics which make the preceding volumes so popular in the Sunday school libraries. Still we sometimes wonder what becomes of the girls who are obliged to work in mills—the favorite ground in story books—and who do not develop at an early age into highly educated ladies who marry

distinguished and remarkable men. We are somewhat tired of the "be good and you shall marry a rich husband" style of moral which most of these books point. Price \$1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Boston, have recently published DORA DARLING, OR THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT, by Mrs. Jane G. Austen, the story of the adoption, by a company of soldiers during the civil war, of a young girl who is the heroine of the sketch. The subject, already worn threadbare, gains no new interest in its present form.

The same publishers have issued the story by Mr. Harry W. French, entitled THE ONLY ONE, previously appearing in serial form. It can, however, add little to the author's popularity. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard offer a new edition of MARTIN MERIVALE HIS X MARK, by J. T. Trowbridge, in neat and attractive form. Although not one of the best of Mr. Trowbridge's stories yet he has many admirers who will wish to read or re-read the book. Price \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

Three timely and handsomely printed pamphlets just received are Wendell Phillips' EULOGY OF GARRISON and his two popular lectures, THE LOST ARTS, and DANIEL O'CONNELL, THE IRISH PATRIOT. Price 25 cents each. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June is brimming with good things, the number of illustrated articles being unusually fine and varied. The opening article, a sketch of Biarritz, by Mrs. Lucy C. Lille, is charmingly written, and a very interesting paper entitled "The New York Custom House," is contributed by R. Wheatley, the illustrations adding greatly to the interest of the reader. "The North Shore," by John A. Butler, is delightful reading and the illustrations are exquisite. "The Great Western March," and a sketch of Sheffield, famous for its cutlery, are papers of great interest. The two serials, "Judith Shakespeare," and "Nature's Serial Story," are well represented, and there are poems by Dinah M. Craik and Louise Chandler Moulton. Three short stories and a host of excellent reading in the editorial departments complete the number. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for June opens with an able article on "Harboring Conspiracy." Henry Wade Rogers discusses corporations and monopolies in an article entitled, "Lords of Industry," and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps contributes a powerful, though somewhat unsatisfactory article upon the "Struggle for Immortality." Other able and interesting articles are: "Sociological Fallacies," by Prof. W. G. Sumner, "The Rise and Fall of Authority," by President Welling, "Walt Whitman," by Walter Kennedy, and a symposium on expert testimony, by Rossiter Johnson, Dr. W. W. Godding, T. O'Conor Sloane and Dr. Chas. L. Dina. \$5.00 a year. New York: The North American Review.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for June is a very beautiful number, the charming illustrations of the opening paper on "Fontainebleau: Village Communities of Painters," by Robert Louis Stevenson, would make a far less able paper readable. "Some Venetian Visiting Cards," is a very interesting and amusing article, the illustrations being quaint and comical in the extreme. The second paper on "Syon House," by Eustace Balfour, is excellent, and the five engravings which are given are especially beautiful. Helen Zimmern contributes an able sketch of Adolf Menzel and his works, and Andrew Lang gives a most interesting paper on "Elzevirs," with numerous engravings from these rare old books, and Julia Cartwright tells pleasantly the charming story of "The Lady of Schloss Ambras." Several fine full-page engravings are given, and the Art Notes are of more than usual interest. \$3.00 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN for June, offers an attractive combination of pleasant reading and charming illustrations. A timely and breezy sketch of the "Hull Yacht Club," opens the number, followed by a readable account of bicycling trips in Canada and abroad. A canoeing article contains some good practical advice, and there is an excellent paper on out-door life in Florida, taking the reader over the comparatively new ground for magazine travels, the beautiful west coast of the land of flowers. An amusing short story entitled, "Miss Sparrow's Husband," is contributed by Sophie Swett and there is a generous instalment of the serial

EVENING SONG.

ABENDLIED.

G. BECKER.

Allegretto.



"Summer Sweethearts." Several poems, among which "Come, Archer, Come," by Samuel Minton Peck, is especially pretty, and the usual amount of editorial matter complete an excellent number. \$2.00 a year. Boston: The Wheelman Co.

WIDE AWAKE for June will find a welcome from all the girls who are anxious to follow the fortunes of Miss Phelps' "Brave Girl," one of her best stories for young people, although it will find dangerous rivals in the historical romance of "Masks Off," by Rev. Charles R. Talbot, and "In No Man's Land," which delights boys and girls alike. Mr. Holder's paper on "White Elephants," is of special interest just now, and there are many other articles which will please their young readers. Among the many pretty poems, "The Little Sailor Kiss," by M. E. B., whose well known initials always promise something charming, is very sweet and tender. The illustrations are quaint and grotesque enough to please any child. The supplement contains the usual amount of interesting and instructive matter. \$3.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

THE GARDENERS' MONTHLY AND HORTICULTURIST for June, opens with a seasonable and helpful paper on the care of roses, and other bedding plants, followed by an unusual amount of practical articles of value to the grower of plants and small fruits. A chapter on the "Orchids in flower at the Botanic Gardens, at Cambridge, Mass., will be read with pleasure by all lovers of these strange and beautiful plants. The editorial departments are full of valuable hints and helps to gardeners. \$2.00 a year. Philadelphia: Charles H. Marot.

The sixth number of OGILVIE'S POPULAR READING contains Black's charming story "That Beautiful Wretch," Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" complete, and several other stories of less merit. Published monthly. \$3.50 a year, 30 cents a number. New York: J. S. Oglivie & Co.

THE PATHFINDER RAILWAY GUIDE for this month has all the latest changes in transportation lines, and the editorial pages include official reports of the meetings recently held in the Pathfinder office that will be of interest to railroad men. As the official guide of New England it is up to the standard. \$2.50 a year, 25 cents a

number. Boston: The New England Railway Pub. Co.

We have received a circular and program of the SUMMER SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES at Amherst College. All information regarding the school, which will begin on July 7th and continue five weeks, may be obtained of the director, W. L. Montague, Amherst, Mass.

The publishers of The Continent have issued a CAMPAIGN MEMORANDUM BOOK, which will be a great convenience to those wishing to keep notes of events during the presidential campaign.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE CENTURY for June. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

THE ART FOLIO for May. \$3.00 a year. Providence, R. I.: J. A. & R. A. Reid.

THE CONTINENT for June. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Continent Pub. Co.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for June, \$1.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. Published weekly. \$8.00 a year. Boston: Littell & Co.

THE AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN AND ORIENTAL JOURNAL for May. \$4.00 a year. Published bi-monthly. Chicago: F. H. Revell, 150 Madison St.

THE INDUSTRIAL NEWS. \$1.50 a year. New York: The Inventors' Institute, Cooper Union.

THE LITERARY NEWS for June. \$1.00 a year. New York: The Literary News, 31 Park Row.

ST. NICHOLAS for June. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

THE ELECTRA for June. \$2.00 a year. Louisville, Ky.: Miss I. M. Leyburn.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY for June. \$1.50 a year. Boston: The Russell Publishing Co.

THE PANSY for June. 75 cents a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

THE FOLIO for June. \$1.50 a year. Boston: White, Smith & Co.

THE MUSICAL RECORD for June. \$1.00 a year. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

The Dispensary.

STAMMERING CHILDREN.

Part I.

BY PROF. FRANK A. BRYANT.

A LMOST every community contains a class of sufferers whose ailment is little understood and who do not receive the sympathy from parent, teacher and friend that is their due. Although their affliction is not numbered among "the thousand natural shocks flesh is heir to," yet that it is not a light calamity, we may gather from the words of the poet Tupper, who wrote:

"Come, I will show thee an affliction unnumbered among this world's sorrows;
Yet real and wearisome and constant, embittering the cup of life;
For at every turn to want a word, thou canst not guess that want;
It is as lack of breath or bread; life hath no grief more galling!"

The first indications of this trouble are frequently looked upon, if noticed at all, with indifference; or still more frequently is the little sufferer's condition made a source of amusement, not only for brothers and sisters but for strangers as well. The little unsuspecting victim is required to repeat words and sentences in which occur words that his would-be-amused questioner is sure he will trip over; and when the spasm has been produced, and the incorrect articulation effected, then is the person highly amused.

That any but a thoughtless person can thus jeopardize a child's highest interests, (for what is a man or woman without fluent speech,) we cannot believe; for surely no one could be so cruel as to cause a child to do the very things that confirm this habit, if they realized one-tenth of the anxiety and misery they were bringing upon his after life.

This brings us to say something about the nature of this derangement; and as every one is liable to be thrown into relations more or less intimate with such children, a clear understanding of their case is desirable.

It is quite a common mistake to suppose the defect hereditary, although many of the indirect causes may be so. Learned pathologists tell us that in some families a general diseased condition exists, and what shows itself in one person as consumption or weakness and irritability of lung tissue, may in substance in another take the form of scrofula, rheumatism, or that peculiar irritability and nervous weakness of the muscles of speech known as stammering.

We are apt to regard these diseased conditions as unavoidable; yet if correct ways of living and taking care of one's health were and always had been the rule, much if not all of this tendency to disease would be avoided. This state of weak muscles and deranged nerve function, is also not infrequently the result of scarlatina, whooping-cough, diphtheria, or similar weakening disorders, inducing either faulty respiration, sluggish vocalization, or faltering articulation; or as is sometimes the case with many who have no particular defect, a style of speech partaking of each of these defects.

The reasonable conclusion then is, and one concurred in by eminent physicians and specialists, that stammering is a habit, and not a disease as many are apt to regard it; and although in its course of development an erratic or diseased condition of mind exists, yet it is only the result of habit and not physical disease.

As other evidence of this position, may be mentioned that disturbed speech often results from impetuosity, eagerness, confusion of thought, imitation as well as excessive or prolonged grief and fear,

sudden fright, a fall, harshness or cruelty, and any thing producing a shock to the nervous system is conducive to stammering.

To illustrate: A kitten was once placed in the cradle beside a sleeping boy who had long curly hair. The kitten became tangled in the curls, and in its efforts to extricate itself, woke the child in a terrible fright, and it was with the greatest difficulty the little fellow was quieted. He grew to be a learned man, yet never could control himself at the sight of a cat, and would jump upon a chair or do any thing to protect himself. The early fright so disturbed his nervous force that whenever the remembrance of the cradle scene was brought to his mind, the same excited condition existed, and with all his reason he was not able to remain calm.

One word more regarding the element of fear entering largely into the causes of defective speech. It is well known that without studied carefulness any condition of the mind, whether of joy or grief, confidence or fear, is observable in the quality of the voice, therefore it is not unreasonable to suppose that severe and continued fright would permanently affect the nerves governing the speech muscles. From what has already been said, it need hardly be repeated that as a preventive, every care should be taken to guard children from sudden fright, as for instance, playing ghost, or "bear," false faces, an ugly dog, sudden dashes of cold water, harsh chidings, and, in fact, any thing and every thing producing shock to the nervous system.

"O, many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word at random spoken!
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken!"

Speech, as the term is commonly used, is not natural, that is, it is an acquisition, an art, as much so as is music or painting, and as an art, there are certain fundamental principles or rules governing its production, which must be observed either consciously or automatically, as faithfully as must those of the so-called higher arts.

The production of speech, then, being so largely mechanical, and the mechanism so varied and delicately adjusted, in the way of muscular bands, cords, etc., like so many bands and pulleys about our sewing machines, it is not difficult to see how eagerness and impetuosity on the one hand, may give the vocal machine a few violent jerks in one part, while the others remain inactive, or how disordered and embarrassed thought on the other hand, failing to supply the mental part of speech production, will produce confusion of muscular action and consequently disordered speech. It is authentically stated that for the production of a single ordinary tone, the action of more than one hundred muscles is required.—The voice. Behold then how necessary it is that the action of these one hundred servants of speech be not "overdone or come tardy off," the slightest departure in either direction, unavoidably resulting in irregularity and want of intelligibility.

The important thought in an article on this subject is, in case of a child showing an inclination to stammer, what should be done? This will be answered from a conscientious, philanthropic standpoint, with the hope that the necessarily limited directions may serve some anxious parent or teacher in preventing the acquisition and establishment of a habit, whose power and influence will otherwise tinge every act of the sufferer's future life.

FULL BREATHING.

We have always maintained that the most important agent for the preservation of health and the cure of disease is a full and constant supply of pure air for the

lungs. All the plans for systematizing exercise by combining it with proper pleasures should be encouraged. Horseback riding, walking, bicycling, foot racing and athletic sports are hardly less valuable for the increased quantity of air that they compel us to consume than from the exhilarating and healthful effects produced in our minds. In order to be of real value, exercise should be regular and if possible, in the open air, and sufficient each day for the wants of the system, but never excessive. Extremes are always dangerous. Gymsnasiums have caused the breaking down of hundreds of young men. Fearing to go out in inclement weather is a vain fear. There may be a day occasionally during the winter when it might be prudent to remain indoors, but with proper attention immediately afterward no well person while exercising is likely to be the worse for a thorough drenching or wet feet.

Air is the best of all blood purifiers, and the more thoroughly the lungs do their work, the purer the blood and the less liability will there be to disease. I believe that the chief cause of pneumonia is breathing impure air and next to this over-eating. Both tend to befoul the blood. The victims of this disease are principally among "good liver," who do not take sufficient exercise in the open air. The disease seldom attacks those whose occupations require them to spend much of their time out of doors. The main object of exercise, then, is to compel the breathing of as much air as is required for the elimination of effete matters from the blood, and the reward is an almost certain immunity from all forms of disease.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

REMEDY FOR ASTHMA.

I consider THE HOUSEHOLD a mutual information society, and as I have been a subscriber these many years, I have thereby received much valuable information.

Old Subscriber, in the March number, asks for a remedy for asthma in the case of her little boy. I will send her one I heard of a short time ago. I was told that a noted physician had made a standing offer of one thousand dollars for a case he could not cure, and this is the recipe: Take four ounces of the common white daisy blossoms, pour on them one pint of boiling water and steep thoroughly. Dose, one tablespoonful three times a day. It is said it was never known to fail of a cure. Of course I do not know whether an Old Subscriber lives in the city or country, or whether she can get the daisy blossoms or not. If she cannot I will get some when they blossom and send to her if she will send the postage. Also, if any one is cured of asthma by this recipe, please let me know.

AUNT DINAH.

RURAL HYGIENE.

The causes of sickness among farmers are summarized in the Massachusetts Health Report to the following effect: "1. Overwork and exposure, the women being more frequently overworked. 2. Improper and improperly cooked food. 3. Damp location of dwellings. 4. Want of cleanliness about their houses, especially in reference to drains, cellars, and proximity to barnyards and hog-pens. 5. Impure drinking water, largely due to the preceding cause. 6. Bed rooms imperfectly ventilated, and on the ground floor, with too general use of feather beds. 7. Insufficient recreation.

—The efficacy of mustard plasters is not generally known. The way to make one is to mix one part of corn meal flour

with two parts of mustard, and wet sufficiently to make moist. Mix well together and spread on a piece of muslin, cover with a square of lawn or Swiss and hold before the fire a moment before applying. A neuralgic pain in the face or any part of the body is helped by a mustard plaster, and also toothache, rheumatism and pain in the chest or side.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

MISS M., Lowell, Mass., as you say nothing of your employment and natural constitution, I cannot decide accurately in your case, yet I do not hesitate to pronounce it a decided case of indigestion, differing only in degree from thousands all around us, for we are a nation of dyspeptics, owing to our habits of living, eating in one-sixth of the needed time, eating what no sensible mortal should eat, eating very much more than we need, washing each mouthful down with hot tea or coffee, instead of chewing and insalivating our food as we should do, hurrying to and from our meals to save time, eating at bed time, even taking rich pies and cakes, sausages, pork, requiring more than five hours for digestion, in fact doing almost every thing imaginable calculated to destroy the digestive organs, and then attribute our woes to the influence of our climate, as good as any in the world, for us, to a bad inheritance, to "colds," not one-half of which are real colds, or closed pores, or to an "afflictive dispensation of Providence!" Either you did not inherit reasonable digestive powers, or your brain labors do not allow good digestion, or your food and habits are wrong. That "acid stomach," "coated tongue," "constipated bowels," etc., all show the imperfection of the digestive process. The "physic" which you take, simply must aggravate the constipation, relieving it for the time, only to demand a larger dose to operate in the future, with a constant increase of the difficulty. There is no hope in that direction, and if you cannot eat oatmeal and such food, I see no hope for you! So long as the causes remain the effects will continue. The fact that you "vomit six or eight hours," is the best evidence that the stomach is much out of order, demanding so long time to cleanse it. You cannot secure but a small part of the good of the food taken, while you vomit so much and while the stomach is so weak. The "almost constant headache," the "vomiting," "hot head," and consequent cold feet, the supposed "heart disease," generally a derangement of the stomach, all may be directly connected with the constipation.

From one statement made by you, I strongly suspect that you eat too much butter, sugar, oily foods in general, with pastry, some of which are very difficult of digestion. "Is my case curable?" I see no good reason why almost any case may not be cured, as dyspepsia is only another name for a fatigued stomach. It is as easy to rest the stomach, if we will, as the arm, or the whole body, by taking the proper course. If you will take the right kinds of food, eat only just what the stomach can fairly dispose of, allowing fair time and opportunity for rest, a cure, in any common case, is an easy matter. It may be that your stomach is so weak that you cannot take more than one-fourth the present amount. If so, that is all that can do you any good, for only the food digested can do any good. It may be necessary for you to take certain drinks, requiring no stomach labor, but nourishing all the same, that the stomach may secure rest. I have known very bad cases cured, the patient taking even less than one-half as much as most persons take at a single meal, that sufficing for the day's food.

H. H. Drinking Hot Water. No, I do not believe in the modern fashion of drinking very hot drinks, either of water, tea, coffee, or cocoa. The reasons for this opinion are based on the philosophy of the digestive process. The natural heat of the stomach, during digestion, is one hundred degrees, Fahrenheit, at which point it is supposed that digestion proceeds the most successfully. The stomach, or gastric juice, is the most important of the digestive solvents, two-thirds of which is pepsin. This pepsin, in its action on the foods, is slow at less than one hundred degrees, Fahrenheit, rapid at one hundred degrees, but is rendered inert at from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty degrees. It can scarcely be called hot water till after it reaches more than twenty degrees above the temperature of the stomach, from which fact we may reasonably infer that this new fashion of drinking hot water—safer than hot whiskey, or any whiskey—must disturb or utterly destroy digestion in the stomach. Very cold or very hot drinks and foods are unnatural, as we may infer from the temperature of the milk furnished by the mammals on which the young subsist for a considerable time. Again, just to the extent that we furnish an unnatural heat, higher than that of the body, we are discouraging the generation of heat by the vital powers practically enervating the body. Coolness stimulates the powers to increased activity, while the opposite effect follows undue warmth.

The Dressing Room.

FASHION NOTES.

Number Two.

ONE very noticeable and admirable trait in Madame "La Mode's" government nowadays is that she allows each one to choose for one's self. We are not all obliged to wear brown, or grey, or green, or black, neither are those of us who are thin obliged to make our defects apparent by wearing tight-fitting clothes, nor the stout members of society to squeeze themselves into uncomfortable garments. No, stout sister, expand yourself, and, thin sister, dress as you please, only choose a becoming color, and make in a suitable style, and remember that most people wear a bustle.

This latitude as to dress is a very good thing in its way, but some of us are not as good judges of what becomes us as perhaps a friend would be, though I can understand that this is rather hard doctrine, we are all so apt to think we know best. For instance, in this reign of the "jersey," any one considers a jersey "the thing," whereas, for a thin figure, a jersey is not becoming. It is close and clinging and suits a round, plump figure.

Round waists with belts and yoke waists are great favorites, and many girls make their yokes and sleeves of rick-rack trimming, made by themselves. In some it forms the entire yoke, in others the rick-rack is alternated with tucking. The fancy and home-made laces are much used. Basques are worn and we see some polonaises.

As to skirts the same variety of style is observed. They are full and round (except when they have trains) and are much trimmed or not. There may be three narrow frills at the bottom of the skirt, or three broad frills reaching the waist, or the skirt may be tucked the whole way up. This is a lovely style for a young girl, but, like most good things, not easily made. It is troublesome. A beautiful dress I saw the other day, had the skirt made in alternate bands of broad insertion and deep tucks, a yoke waist, the yoke made of tucks and insertion, and a belt and sash, the ends of the sash finished by a tuck and insertion and a hem. Such a dress is difficult of accomplishment, but beautiful when it is done. Ribbon sashes and bows are much used.

What I have been saying, of course, applies only to lawns and wash goods. The woolens, muslins, and light veillings and summer silks and fancy velvets open a theme too extensive for the circumscribed limits of a short article such as this is.

Something new and very pretty in the lawn and white batiste dresses is the addition of a great deal of ribbon. The tucks are sometimes stitched on the dress and run the entire length of the skirt from the waist down. These tucks are laid in groups (say of three) and spaces are left in the stitching at a pretty distance from the bottom of the skirt through which colored ribbon is run. This is tied in a bow on one side. Two rows, sometimes three, are seen, and the effect is lovely. It is pretty not to let the tucks run the whole way down, but to finish the bottom of the skirt with frills. In a morning dress the skirt of which is made in this way, the long basque or sacque must be made round and finished like the skirt. No overskirt.

For the morning, Mother Hubbard wrappers are great favorites, and easy to make, with no fitting except of the yoke. Some ladies use the same pattern for

nightgowns, quite a good notion if not made too full in the skirt.

About hats—great variety as in every thing else. One of the latest is the Mascotte which has a high crown and flat brim, turned up a little at the edge. Colored straws matching the dress are seen in hats and bonnets, and are often trimmed with the dress material, and they are so simply trimmed in many cases that ladies are quite independent of the milliner.

I will mention for the devotees of fashion that the mushroom is most in favor this year. Its tint is the fashionable color, and it appears as an ornament, either in clusters for wearing, or it is the pattern on the material. Sometimes it is cut in wood or ivory and forms the handle of the umbrella.

In my next, I will give an account of a pretty table cover that I saw recently, which, I am sure, will catch the fancy of the girls.

P. V. B.

BABY'S WARDROBE.

I want to have a talk about baby's wardrobe, with those who are obliged to practice economy, and I hope some of the mothers may find suggestions that will be of practical use.

I will say, first of all, make the everyday dresses plain. One cut sack pattern, measuring thirty-four inches from the front of the neck to the bottom, and finished there with a two-inch hem, with a little edging to finish the neck and sleeves, is prettier than one with a great amount of work on it. Six of these plain dresses with one or two for "best" are all that is required. Lonsdale cambric is good material to use; it is cheap, a shilling per yard, and looks well after being washed.

For a nice dress make five fine tucks each side of the center of the front, running the entire length, leaving a space an inch wide between the clusters, then five more the same width all around the bottom, the last one being an inch from the edge. Trim the bottom with Hamburg, or any kind of edging you may fancy. Put a ruffle of narrow trimming around the neck, also at the edge of the sleeves with a cluster of tucks above. A sash of the dress material, four inches wide, plainly hemmed and fastened at the back, brought around to the front and tied at the side, may be added, but the dress looks well without it. If still better dresses are wanted, they can be bought ready made at a reasonable rate, say from \$2.25 upwards.

For flannel skirts, get flannel that is part cotton as it washes much better than all wool. Good qualities can be bought for prices ranging from thirty to fifty cents per yard. These skirts should be three-fourths of a yard long, with a two-inch hem; baste the hem, and catch it down with a row of feather stitching done on the right side with linen floss. Trimming, knitted or crocheted of Saxony yarn, makes a handsome finish. Or, without a hem, stamp a pretty pattern and embroider with cotton, linen, or silk. There are patent stamping patterns which are very pretty. One piece of six yards will be enough to stamp three skirts. One may be worked outline stitch with working cotton, while another may be done with silk in embroidery stitch, thus making two very different edges, both stamped with the same pattern.

Darned lace makes a cheap and durable home-made trimming, and used without or combined with bias or vertical tucking is suitable for dresses, skirts, or night-dresses.

Mother's old stockings cut over are just as good for baby as new ones. Plain colored ones are made attractive by a pretty vine or fancy stitch on the side, or commencing a little way from the toe and running half-way up the leg, done in

a contrasting color with silk. Linen floss or working cotton may be used on cotton stockings.

The bottom part of worn-out wrappers is good for the first shirts. Make them high-necked and with long sleeves. Around the neck turn the edge over and stitch twice, leaving a space between the two rows of stitching. Run in a tape, made purposely for babies' dresses, and tie in front. A row of small scallops may be crocheted of Saxony to finish the edge; but they look well without this extra work. Then sew wristers cut from the old ones on to the sleeves, and you will be well satisfied with this little garment. Shirts knit of Saxony yarn, for which so many patterns are given in THE HOUSEHOLD, should be made for baby when he gets to be three or four months old, or as soon as the first shirts are outgrown. Those knit seamed are preferable to the plain ones. When the sleeves of these shirts have become too short, crochet on a piece as long as needed.

I wonder if any of you have an old-fashioned lace or muslin embroidered cap, such as our grandmothers used to wear for day caps, laid away in some box or drawer. If so, just bring it out, wash and iron it nicely, trim the edge all around with one row of wide, or two rows of narrow lace, gathered or plaited on, sew bows of ribbon on the top and back, and pieces for tying on. If this bonnet is lined with colored cashmere or fine flannel, it will do for winter wear.

The richest-looking bonnets I have seen, were two that were sent to a friend of mine. I will try to describe them. They were crocheted of knitting silk, one being the yellow white, and the other the blue white. The crown of the yellow one was formed by crocheting from the center, round and round in single crochet stitch, rows of shells fastened to the crown formed the front, and near the front edge were two rows of loops with satin ribbon one-half inch in width run in, that is, the ribbon was put under one loop or chain, over one, under one, etc. The blue white one was formed in the same way with the exception of the crown which was done in double instead of single crochet, and around the front a narrow lace ruche was basted in. The latter was the prettier of the two.

The fact that colors for infants' cloaks have become fashionable is to be hailed with joy. For use in the country especially, colors are much better than white. There are very handsome white merino cloaks embroidered with silk or trimmed with white or blue satin quilted, baby blue ones garnished in the same manner, drab trimmed with drab or blue, seal brown trimmed with light or seal brown, and dark green trimmed with the same shade. These cloaks are made of two circles; one is long, the other is the cape and is much shorter; both are lined with drilling or silesia the same color as the outside, and one thickness of wadding is used in each. The satin may be quilted in diamonds, or stitched in clusters of three rows. A round hood drawn up with rubber cord, or a false hood finished with a small tassel completes this cloak. Ready made these cloaks will cost \$4.00 and upwards, according to the quality of the goods, but if made at home, the expense will, of course, be much less.

For blankets get the wide flannel made expressly for this purpose, and for a plain one, bind the edge with white silk tape and out of an old magazine draw off a corner that is designed for braiding, and sew on white silk braid, or using the same pattern, work it with embroidery silk in chain or outline stitch. Another way is to work the edge in scallops. Those stamping patterns I spoke of before, come in very pretty borders. The book of samples Briggs sends out costs

twenty-one cents, and is a great help in selecting what one wants.

Another blanket is of split zephyr or Shetland wool, knit or crocheted in the same way ladies' shawls are, only smaller. In the border make three rows of chain, and run in ribbon one-half inch wide. Cut the ribbon at each corner and tie it in a double bow knot, leaving the two ends to fly. This makes three clusters of bows and ends in each corner of the blanket.

For the baby basket, procure a basket of the desired size and shape, or one can be made at home by using several thicknesses of heavy paper pasted together, and pressed until dry around a pan, or by using a square pasteboard box. Cover the basket with blue or pink cambric, then with dotted muslin or darned lace, gathered on. Make a pincushion, cover in the same way, and fasten one side of the cushion to the edge of the basket, and the other side to the bottom so it will be inclined. Make a miniature basket or pocket, cover, and fasten on the opposite side. If the basket is square, put in two cushions and two pockets, one on each of the four sides. Then with a fine brush, comb, powder box and puff, and a plentiful supply of safety pins, the basket is ready for use.

I would recommend to the sisters the use of vasaline instead of powder. My experience is that it is far better.

AUNT MARTHA.

CRAZY STITCH IN CROCHET.

Several correspondents have asked for directions for crazy stitch, which is also called basket stitch. Below will be found a description, also hints as to its application. It is an easy stitch, and resembles shell stitch in some respects, but results in forming a square or rectangular pattern, which has a zigzag or irregular appearance, from which the name of the stitch was probably derived.

Make a foundation chain of any number of stitches which, omitting the loop on the hook, shall be an exact multiple of three, as twelve, twenty-four, thirty, ninety-nine, etc. Having made the chain, turn, put wool over the hook, insert the hook in the third stitch from the end, or fourth stitch, and draw the wool through. There are now three loops on the hook, draw the wool through two, and then through the two remaining. This is the regular double crochet stitch. Make two more double crochets in the same stitch, then miss two chain, insert the hook in the third stitch and draw the wool through. There are now two loops on the hook. Draw the wool through these. This completes the ordinary single crochet stitch. Make two chains on the top of this single stitch, put the wool around the hook and work as before three double crochets in the same chain stitch. Then, missing two chain as before, make a single stitch into the third stitch, and repeat to the end of the row. The pattern consists of a single crochet and two chain, equal to a double crochet, and three double crochets, or four double crochets in all.

After making a single stitch in the last chain of the foundation, don't break off the wool, but turn the work and proceed as follows: Make two chain, throw the wool around the hook and work three double crochets through the horizontal stitch next the single crochet. Then put the hook under the two chains of the pattern below, draw the wool through and make a single crochet. In the first row, it will be remembered, the two chain is made on the top of each single stitch at the beginning of each pattern. When the work is turned the two chain is naturally found at the end or left hand side of the pattern. The hook is put through

the hole between the two chain and the adjoining double crochet on the right. Having completed the single crochet, make two chain, work in the same opening in which the single crochet was made three double crochet, and finish with a single crochet under the two chain of the next pattern. Repeat to the end of the row. Every row is like the second, and ends with a single crochet. The work is turned at the end of each row.

Increasing is done by a whole pattern at a time in this way. After working the four double crochet of each pattern under the two chain of the pattern below, instead of making a single crochet on the two chain of the next pattern, make the horizontal stitch immediately adjoining the hole through which you have been working, then make two chain, and through the same opening work three double crochet, finishing with a single crochet on the two chain at the end of the next pattern. This makes two patterns where only one would usually be made, and so is an increase of one.

To decrease, put the hook under the two chain as usual, and then under the two chain of the next pattern, and make a single crochet stitch, thus causing one pattern to take the place of two.

If it is desired to make a child's jacket in this crazy stitch, first, make a chain sufficiently long to form the lower edge of the jacket, and work forward and back as per the above directions till the armholes are reached. Work from the edge to this point (the lower edge of the armhole) then turn and work back, and keep working in this manner till the top of the armhole is reached. Fasten and break off the wool after working the last single stitch. This piece forms one of the fronts. Now join the wool on the first pattern of the back, and work across till the next armhole is reached. Turn back and work this piece backward and forward till it is as long as the first piece already finished, and fasten off. Then begin on the other front and work that the same as the first front piece, then work straight across, joining the fronts and back with a single crochet stitch by passing the hook through the two chain of the last pattern and the first stitch on the next pattern at the top of the armholes. In the following round decrease immediately over each armhole. Continue to work to and fro, not forgetting the narrowing till the neck is deep enough, and fasten off. Next join the wool at the bottom of the armhole and work the same pattern, not going round and round, but turning back every time the under part of the sleeve is reached. When long enough fasten off and sew up the under side of the sleeve. The body of the jacket is now made. It can be finished with a border of a contrasting color around the bottom, up the front, and around the neck and sleeves.

For a square shawl nothing more is necessary than to make a chain of the required length and work till the square is complete, edging the whole with an edging.

For a half-square or three-cornered shawl, begin with a chain of nine stitches and after the second row increase one pattern in the middle of the shawl every row or every other row, according to the shape desired.

These are only general directions, but after one has mastered the stitch it may be used for various useful articles. First, become thoroughly familiar with the stitch, and other applications will suggest themselves.

MRS. J. C. MEINS.

The Dalles, Oregon.

WIDE LACE.

Cast on thirty stitches.

1. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, slip second stitch on the needle in the

left hand over the first and continue to do so till you have four slipped, over four times, knit four, over, narrow, slip second stitch on left hand needle over the first and so on till you have four slipped, over four, knit four, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

2. Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, over, narrow, knit four, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

3. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit eight, over, narrow, knit eight, over, narrow, knit eight.

4. Slip one, knit eight, over, narrow, slip the second stitch on the needle in the left hand over the first, and so on until four are slipped, over four, knit four, over, narrow, slip four on the left hand needle, over four, knit four, over, narrow, knit one.

5. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit four, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, knit four, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over two, narrow, over two, narrow, knit one.

6. Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, knit eight, over, narrow, knit one.

7. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, slip four on the left hand needle, over four, knit four, over, narrow, knit eleven.

8. Slip one, knit eleven, over, narrow, knit four, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, knit four, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

9. Slip one, over, narrow, knit eight, over, narrow, knit eight, over, narrow, knit four, over two, narrow, over two, narrow, knit three.

10. Slip one, knit four, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit five, over, narrow, slip four on the left hand needle, over four, knit four, over, narrow, knit one.

11. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit four, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, knit four, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, knit thirteen.

12. Bind off seven, knit six, over, narrow, knit eight, over, narrow, knit eight, over, narrow, knit one.

Salisbury, Ct. CARRIE E. CONKLIN.

BRUSH BROOM HOLDER AND THERMOMETER CASE.

Dew Drop asks in the February number, for some simple but pretty presents for friends. I have been making two which she may like.

For the thermometer case cut two

palettes of pasteboard, as one is hardly

heavy enough, eight inches long. Take

garnet satin to cover one of them, and

before putting it on, paint or embroider

any spray that suits you. Cover one side

of the other, which is to be the back,

place them together, and sew the edges

over and over carefully with silk the

same color. In some places little ther-

ometers four inches long may be ob-

tained on purpose for mounting, without

a tin case for protection. Sew one of

these on near the center, so that when

the palette hangs on a nail it will be ex-

actly vertical. A bow of light blue rib-

bon an inch wide, tied through the whole

and over the top completes mine. They

may be made panel shape and set on a

little easel.

For the broom holder, I covered paste-

boards twelve inches long in the same

way, first painting small sprays of ferns. After they were sewed together, I fastened a blue ribbon one and one-half inches wide loosely across from the hole to the left lower side in a slanting position. I put a small painting on this, but they are very pretty to embroider this band alone. This is to hold the broom, and I put a bow of narrower ribbon at the end of this band, as it looked incomplete. A bow may be put at the top if you wish. I puffed satin the same color of the palette over the upper part of the broom from the handle to the depth of

two or three inches. Get a small broom if you can.

I saw a nice one which had another one of the same size put on the back. They were sewed together over the top and part way down the sides. Then between the two were fastened many sheets of various colors of tissue paper pinked around the edges, thus combining a shaving case with the broom holder.

MRS. MOSES MOTT.

AN ODD SCRAP BAG.

Materials: Matting that comes around a tea chest, black and colored worsteds, just what you happen to have in the house, one yard of red cambric (paper muslin), one yard of red flannel, and bits of black or dark green velvet and stiffening.

First, on the tea chest cover, draw a straight line twenty inches long, directly at right angles with this, draw another the same length. Draw a line twenty-one inches long, from the point to half-way between the tops of the lines; now curve an upper line accordingly. Cut this out and line immediately, to prevent stretching, with the red cambric.

Now draw a line seventeen inches long, find the center of this, and draw one perpendicular seven and one-half inches; curve the lower line by this, cut and line Lap the raw edge of the linings on the right side, it will all be covered. It is well to have a wire across the big piece to stiffen it.

Lay the small piece on the top center of large piece, and mark off the space it will occupy when put together. Then draw a coarse scroll design on the large piece below this, and work in outline or stem stitch with black worsted. Cut leaves out of the velvet and line with crinoline and buttonhole round with different colors of worsted. Fasten them on here and there by the stemming of the leaves. Make a dozen balls of red

worsted and hang them from the center of the scrolls. Now work any pretty design on the small piece. Cut red flannel an inch or so wide, crosswise of the goods, and box plait it around the curved bottom of the small piece. Now join this to the large piece, and put the box plaiting across the top, then join together as cornucopia, and run on box plaiting to cover the joining. Hang up by a cord of red worsted, also, have a bow of cord and balls on the point.

Of course, you can use any color for lining, balls, and plaiting. We used red because it is bright and always looks pretty.

FRANK E.

Massachusetts.

CROCHET LACE.

1. Make eighteen chain, turn.

2. Three chain, one double in second stitch from turn, two chain, two double crochet in fifth and sixth chain stitches, two chain, two double in ninth and tenth, two chain, two double in thirteenth and fourteenth, two chain, two double in seventeenth and eighteenth.

3. Turn, three chain, * two double, two chain, repeat from * four times, making five holes with two double in each, then four chain, fasten by one double in last

row, * two chain, two double, repeat from * to end of row, turn.

4. Twelve double in last loop of third row, * two chain, two double, repeat from * to end of row, turn.

5. Three chain, two double in first two chain, two double, two chain, two double, two chain, two double, one chain, * one double between first and second double crochet of fourth row, repeat from * making ten double in all, turn.

6. Three chain, one double crochet between each double in fifth row making eleven in all, * two chain, two double in next hole, repeat from * to end of row, turn.

7. Three chain, two double, two chain, repeat four times, one double, one chain, one double in last hole of sixth row, one chain, one double between each stitch of last row.

8. Turn, one single two double one single in first hole of last row, repeat eleven times, three chain, two double in next hole, repeat to end of row, turn.

This makes one scallop. Begin at third row. In the second scallop, the third row is fastened to one of the small edge scallops by a single crochet stitch.

MAGGIE.

A CHEAP DRESSING TABLE.

Rosy Nell wants to know how to make something pretty and cheap for her guest chamber. I have a dressing table which I made, and the cost was but trifling. I got a large dry goods box, and covered it smoothly with pink cambric on three sides, and nailed white oil cloth securely across the top. I had an old gilt frame looking glass, which I placed on the wall above the box. Then I got some lace, and fastened in the center at the top of my glass. I looped the lace all down the side until it reached the box where the ends seem lost. On the edge of the box I tacked lace, and let it hang in folds to the floor. Finish with a large loop box of red satin ribbon about two inches wide, and if your success equals mine you will be delighted. It is a pretty addition to the room, though so cheap.

For a stand to match, have a round top of wood nailed to a strong standard, then cover the same with lace. Tie a ribbon around it, about half-way to the floor.

BESSIE TEMPLE.

Aliceville, Kan.

POINT LACE.

Cast on fifteen stitches.

1. Knit three, over, slip one, narrow, pull the slipped stitch over, over, knit three, over, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow.

2. Over, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, purl six, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

3. Knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit eight.

4. Bind off three, knit four, purl six, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

5. Knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, slip one, narrow, pull the slipped stitch over, over, knit two, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow.

6. Over, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, purl six, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

7. Knit three, over, narrow, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit eight.

8. Bind off three, knit four, purl six, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

Mt. Gilead, Ky. CLARA C. DAVIS.

LEATHER FRAMES.

In answer to an inquiry in a late HOUSE-HOLD about leather picture frames, I will say in as few words as possible, I have made several, have two very pretty ones, use fair tanned sheepskin, cut leaves from patterns desired, dip in cold water to soften them, crease with some blunt

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edged instrument, then pinch and pull them into shape, and let them dry. Use oil shaded the desired color with Venetian red and lampblack. You will readily learn the proportions by mixing. I like a rather dark walnut, of which mine is a very good imitation. A pretty arrangement is made of the grape and leaves, a cluster at each corner—but here is where one's taste must be exercised—the rose and leaves, single or double, the dahlia, etc., all of which are pretty. When painted and dry, give a coat of copal varnish on the under edges of the leaves, and tack on the frame with small gimp tacks. Finish by one, two or three coats of varnish, and I think you will be well pleased with your effort. For further inquiries enclose stamp to

MRS. C. B. SHRIVER.

Volga, Dakota.

SHAWL STRAP.

Take two pieces of canvas, each one yard long and one and one-half inches wide, and another twelve inches long and two inches wide. Work the Grecian or any other pretty border upon them. Sew the strips to pieces of leather of the same length lined with silk. Bind the edges of the canvas, and sew the shortest strip on the two others as a handle. Then sew a pretty worsted edging along the edges. Then make your button holes and sew on your button as you wish. These shawl straps are both serviceable and pretty.

HAIRPIN RECEIVER.—Cut from cardboard four pieces four inches long and three inches wide and another three inches square. Work a border on the four pieces, and a star or other figure in the center of each. Sew the four pieces in the form of a square with the square piece for the bottom. Line it with pasteboard and fill with coarse horse hair.

For the top cast on thirty stitches.

1. Knit plain.
2. Place the thread over the forefinger of the left hand to form a loop. Knit this loop as a stitch.

Repeat like first and second rows until a perfect square has been knit. Then bind off and sew to the cardboard. Finish with ribbon or with cord and tassels. A receiver made of silver cardboard, worked with blue and finished with bright blue ribbon plaited, would be beautiful.

MUSIC STOOL COVER.—A chair tidy placed upon a music stool makes a pretty cover. A pretty one is made by taking one-half yard of buff Java canvas, working it with red, and fastening it on the stool by patent tidy fasteners of a cardinal color.

Will some one tell me how to make a splasher, and the most durable material to make it of, also, give directions for making a jewel case, work basket, tooth brush case, and thimble case?

ANNIE MAY.

PRETTY PAPER HOLDERS.

The first is a strip of canvas one yard long and one inch wide. Line with calico, silk or ribbon. But first work name, initials, or cross stitch patterns on it. Sew a ring on each end. Put a ribbon bow over the ring, then drive two nails into the walls and hang up the holder. Lay the papers over the strap. It may be hung low enough so you can sit and read with paper drawn down in front or slipped over back, depending at what part you are reading. These holders are especially useful when a number of papers are sewed together.

The second one is much admired. You want two rustic picture frames, two sizes, the smaller one almost fitting the inside of the larger one—where glass goes.

These can be made up length or width ways. Remove the glasses and wind the frames with chenille or ribbon. Then in the smaller frame put three picture hooks on each side, then the glass, picture and wooden back. (These are sold with the frames.) On the larger frame put three picture hooks. Fasten the chenille in the hooks on the small frame. Lay the frames together to see if the hooks are opposite. If so, fasten the other end of the chenille, making it as long as you wish room in the holder. Fasten each lower corner by small brads or screws, then tack on a bow of ribbon or loops of chenille. The back frame may have a picture or a plain pasteboard back, covered with gilt or colored paper.

A handsome one can be made cheaply by taking plain strips of lath, cutting them to proper lengths, and pasting coarse sand paper on them. Then nail together to form frames. Take thick gum arabic, drop some on the sand paper, on that put a little rice or hemp seed or a few beans. Do this at intervals along the frame. Then get a bottle of liquid gilding and give the frame two coats. Ornament with blue ribbon and bows. Pressed ferns may be used in place of pictures. KEZIAH BUTTERWORTH.

HAIR SWITCH.

Mrs. A. B. Clarke wishes directions for making a hair switch, so I send my plan for making them. I save all the combings. Take number eight, black spool cotton, double tying the ends, having it when doubled a little over twice the length I wish the switch. Have some one hold the thread, knot end in one hand and loop end in the other, then place a small piece of combings in the middle of the double thread, extending one-half inch above the thread, hold securely, having thread holder pass the knot end of the thread through the loop end, which will cross the thread, draw tightly, and turn the ends of the combings down. Put in another piece of combings, and continue in this way until you have the desired length. When done twist a little, fasten the end of the thread to form a loop, comb down and smooth off the combings. This makes a light foundation for a switch. For the covering for foundation, fix the thread as before, count off fifteen or twenty long hairs, place the root ends in the middle of the doubled thread, having the ends extend one-half inch above the thread, pass the thread as before, draw tightly, turn ends down, place in another piece, pass thread as before, and continue until you have a piece about three inches long, then wrap around the loop end of the foundation, and comb down over so as to conceal the foundation. I prefer having three small, to one large switch, and then wear two in a rope twist, or all in a three braid.

MRS. A. E. MOORE.
Corsicana, Texas.

CIRCULAR RUG.

I want to tell how I made a rug that is just lovely, which I have never seen mentioned in our paper. Use a hoop, an iron one, mine was a wagon tire. I cut my rags about an inch in width, and long enough to tie across the hoop in the center. There should be eight strands each way. Tie each end to the hoop on the outside of it, so as to have all the room possible inside. The last time across the rags are to be put under and over the others—those put across first—in basket form. Now you have your foundation, or frame for a rug, with a solid square for the center. Next, take a strip of cloth, tie at either corner, and weave it under and over clear around, and after the first time, add one every time around at every

corner. You can shade the corners in very handsomely from dark down to very light, and then a stripe of white, then begin the darkest shade of some other color again. Have the corners all alike. When the corners are all filled out and the hoop is as full as you can make it, fasten every rag to the last row of filling and untie the knots, cut off the rags even about a finger in length for a fringe, and you have a rug that is very handsome, if you have made good selections of colors.

I made mine in two days, and I was so much pleased with it that I said I will tell the sisters of it. I hope you will all try one and be as charmed as I was. I spread a damp cloth over mine and ironed it after it was all done.

MRS. ASA SMITH.

A CHAIR TIDY.

I am knitting a tidy that I catch up occasionally these housecleaning days, and one who never tried it, would be surprised to see how much she could accomplish, though it might be that only a few times across could be done at a time. This pattern is simple and requires no thought, so that it can be left off anywhere, and no trouble to know where to begin next time. It is knit in strips, and only two needles are used. These are the directions:

With number 10 cotton cast on thirty-one stitches.

1. Knit fifteen, narrow, knit thirteen, make one, knit one.
2. Purl fifteen, purl two together, purl thirteen, make one, purl one.
3. Same as first row.
4. Same as second row.
5. Same as first row.
6. Same as first row.
7. Same as second row, etc., reversing the sixth row, so that it will come in ribs.

The strips may be knit any length desired according to the size your tidy is wanted. Also, you can vary the number of strips. Sew or crochet the strips together, and finish with a fringe at both ends.

NELLIE MAY.

CROCHETED CAP.

Mrs. F. H. Severance asks for directions for a crocheted cap for a boy. Use Germantown wool or double zephyr and a coarse crochet needle. Make a chain of five and join into a round. For the first row, work two stitches into each one with long or double crochet. For the second row twice into every stitch, third row, twice into every third stitch, and fourth row, twice into every fifth stitch. Work in this way for twenty-four rows, keeping the work flat. Now work nine or ten rows plain. For the turning of the cap, miss every tenth stitch in the next row, then every eighth, then every sixth, to make it fit the head. Finish with eight rows plain.

Will some of the sisters please give directions for making clover leaf edging?

BERTHA MILLER.

TIN CAN FOOT-RESTS.

Have directions ever been given in THE HOUSEHOLD for foot-rests of old tin cans? It is such a good way of using them that I would like to tell how I made some.

Take seven old quart tin cans, wrap each in a piece of old muslin, put them in a circle and one in the middle, bind them together tightly with a strip of strong cloth the width of the cans, put a few thicknesses of wadding over the top, and cover. A pretty and easy way is to piece a top. Cut six pieces so that when sewed together they will be the shape, and a little larger sized than the top of your cans. Herring-bone the seams with zephyr, and fasten a worsted ball or button strongly in the center.

CLARA RUHLMAN.

SNOW FLAKE LACE.

Cast on eight stitches. Knit across plain.

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

2. Slip one, make three stitches in loop, knit the first, seam the next, knit next, knit one, seam loop, knit one, seam loop, knit the last two.

3. Slip one, knit one, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit the remaining four plain.

4. Knit the first two, then bind off until there remain eight stitches, knit two stitches plain, seam loop, knit one stitch, seam loop, knit two stitches.

This is correct.

Lewis, N. Y.

BELL G. DERBY.

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.

Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please explain double feather stitch?

B. E. H.

Will Woodside, who wrote about the pretty card receiver of card-board, perforated and plain, send me her address?

MRS. K. L. LANDON.
Box 412, Englewood, Ill.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will one of the sisters please send directions for stamping on felt, velvet and plush, without rubbing off? And will some one send directions for making some pretty crochet collars?

ALLEGHENY SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you once more let me beg through our paper for a pattern of the "Garfield monument" patchwork? A lady mentioned a pattern called the "tangled skein," and another called the "pine burr." If any one will send them to me I will send stamps in return.

MRS. MINNIE D. KEITH.
Kingston, Plymouth Co., Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask some of the Band how to make pretty rugs, not blocked rugs, but something pretty and plain, something that I can use cotton and woolen rags together, or cotton alone, also how to make curtains for a bed room window, something homemade.

A. D. G.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one send directions for a broad lace collar, fitting the neck?

Connecticut.

HETTY MARSHALL.

Will some one of the Band give plain directions for making mats for vases?

EOLA.

Will some one please send directions for making air castles and wall pockets out of silver card-board?

FREDA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I gave the directions for fly-net the same as was sent to me, but I found it a very large size, so have made the strip between the ears only twenty-one rows, and the foundation chain for the ear, forty-eight stitches, which makes twenty-eight treble crochet around the ear. The rest of the pattern is correct.

Pine River, Wis.

LIDA BROWN.

Will some of the Band please send to THE HOUSEHOLD directions for lady's crocheted hood? I think the stitch is called feather stitch. At the end of each row the wool is broken off, and the work when finished has a ridged appearance. The style is new this winter, and is said to be very easily done. Please give the quantity, and kind of wool used, and as plain directions as possible and oblige one of the Band.

MAGGIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of your subscribers please give directions for a crocheted (cotton) counterpane, a close design, no open work in the pattern, unless it would be in the border? I would like a different design from the one given in one of last year's papers. Also a pattern for a d-alaine quilt different from the old-fashioned log cabin.

MARY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I should like to ask some of the sisters to send directions for making pretty chair cushions. I have one of crazy patch-work and would like something new.

I rise to second the motion of having a society pin. I think it would be very serviceable and pretty.

Seneca, Ohio.

The Dining Room.

A WELL-SET TABLE.

TO MANY who are neophytes in housewifery the manner in which the every-day meals of a family are served seems to be a matter of no importance. Because they cannot afford to use silver, china, and cut glass, they think there is no use trying to impart an attractive appearance to their meals, or they find their cares increasing, and begin to lessen them by neglecting one of the things most essential to a tidily-kept home. Certainly none will gainsay the fact that a meal is more enjoyable when neatly and tastily served, neither will any dispute that bright silver and glass and unsullied damask are good appetizers. While all cannot possess these handsome and expensive appurtenances for their tables, all can, by the expenditure of a little time, and a fractional portion of the good taste, which every woman of refinement receives as a heritage from nature, contrive to render their tables so attractive that savor will be imparted to the plainest dishes upon it. Suppose a dinner to consist of cold boiled ham, or the remains of a roast, either cold, or hashed with potatoes, or warmed over with gravy, baked, boiled or fried potatoes, bread and butter, and a cup of tea or coffee. So limited and simple a bill of fare is certainly not calculated to arouse epicurean enthusiasm, and will be almost distasteful if carelessly placed upon a soiled table cloth, and eaten out of cracked plates with stained or rusty knives and forks. Red or buff table cloths, no matter how common they may be, will keep clean a week if starched and smoothly ironed, provided the children in the family are careful not to spill gravy, coffee, etc., upon them, and the dining room maid remembers always to use a crumb brush before folding the cloth neatly in the same creases after every meal. Try this experiment faithfully for a few months, and be convinced by experience that a little extra care is an actual saving of washing.

If inexpensive white, red, or buff table cloths are actually non-procurable, a white, a buff or a mottled oil cloth can be substituted. It can be rubbed with a moist cloth after each meal, and is preferable by far to a soiled or crumpled cloth, no matter how fine the texture of the latter may be. Neat plates, large enough for ordinary use, can be purchased at one dollar per dozen. Cups and saucers to match the plates do not cost more than eighty cents per half-dozen. Circular and oval dishes, with or without covers, to correspond with the plates, cups and saucers cost from fifty to seventy-five cents each, owing to the size.

So much for the crockery, now for the cutlery. Plain steel knives and forks with pure white handles if kept bright and clean answer every purpose when more expensive ones cannot be afforded. As to spoons, the plated ones do nicely where genuine silver ones are beyond the reach of one's finances. A caster may be dispensed with altogether, or a cheap wicker one containing a salt-cellars and two cruets, one with a stopple for vinegar, and the other with a perforated cover for pepper, may be used in lieu of a distinct cruet, pepper-box and salt-cellars. No matter how cheap and how common the glasses and sugar dish may be, always have them as clean as soap and water and proper drying can make them. A center-piece of bright flowers, either wild or cultivated, adds greatly to the comely appearance of this plainly-set table and its simple food.

To take a stride in advance of the ex-

vere simplicity just mentioned, I allude firstly, to the pretty table cloths and doilies, some buff with red borders, some red with white borders, and some white with red or blue borders. Secondly, to a few of the pretty dishes which will not be considered expensive by the possessors of moderate means when it is seen how much a plain table is enhanced in good appearance by the addition of these beautifiers. For containing butter, there are lovely white plates representing tri-petalous flowers, also buff and green plates representing elliptical leaves, the effect of which is charming, particularly in spring when the butter in them is solid and golden. There are pretty red Bohemian or its imitation, and white or buff or pale green goblets for spoons, etc., and there are all sorts of dishes in the shapes of shells, fish, cantaloupes, etc., to hold vegetables, fish, bread, cake, pudding, etc.

A refined possessor of good taste can soon make out a list of ornamental dishes within the reach of the owners of modest incomes. If only a sparse expenditure of money for crockery is to be thought of, make the very best use of whatever happens to be within reach. As far as possible, have all dishes to correspond. For instance, do not place a small oval dish beside a large circular dish, if you can possibly avoid doing so. Those obstinate realities, reduced circumstances, are obstacles always to the display of good taste, inasmuch as they force us to act not as we wish to act but as we can. But this difficulty can, in some instances, be obviated by placing a fewer number of dishes upon the table.

The one who has charge of the dining room table must be ambitious to keep every thing pertaining to it perfectly clean. The cruets in the caster must be often washed and refilled, and silver or plated portions be frequently polished. The salt-cellars must be kept freshly filled, and carefully smoothed and stamped.

It is not so troublesome as many seem to think it is, to keep steel knives bright. A little rubbing daily bestowed with a cork dipped in brick-dust will keep them bright. If time and strength are inadequate for the weekly polishing of silver and plated ware, give it a liberal bath of hot soap-suds with ammonia added sparingly to it. The blackish sediment remaining in the soap-suds after the removal of the silver and plated ware will testify to the efficacy of this labor-saving mode of procedure.

While upon the subject of cleaning silver and plated ware let me advocate the use of the nice wooden spoons which are really ornamental to dishes of potato salad, cabbage slaw, lettuce, cucumbers, tomatoes, or other vegetables upon which vinegar is freely used. Such a spoon will also be suitable to use with poached or boiled eggs which, as is well known, produce discolorations upon silver. We have one of these wooden spoons, stained, not painted, an ochre color, which has rendered us good service for more than a decade. This useful contrivance is a combination of a spoon and a fork united upon the handles by a screw. The screw is to this combined spoon and fork what a pivot is to a pair of scissors. The extremities of the two handles of this combined spoon and fork are furnished with orifices in which the thumb and fingers are to be inserted just as they are inserted in using a pair of scissors or shears.

I repeat that all dishes must correspond in color and size, and be tastily arranged in order to perfect the good arrangements of a table. It takes more time to arrange a table carefully than to set one carelessly, but the added charm furnishes ample compensation for the ex-

penditure of additional time. Whenever it happens to be necessary to have so simple a bill of fare as the one described in the beginning of this article, please let it be served with at least a few embellishments.

Sometimes housekeepers who are really anxious to give entertainments decline doing so, simply because they have not dishes which they consider suitable to appear upon a festal board. But a table can be well arranged with very ordinary crockery, cutlery and glass ware, provided the dishes and edibles are so placed that every thing will show to the best advantage. To have all things appear to good advantage nothing upon the table must look crowded or out of place. "A place for every thing, and every thing in its place," should be observed in table arrangements as well as in other household arrangements. LINDA WALTON.

Fayette, Miss.

DINING ROOM ETIQUET.

Mothers who seek to develop good table manners in their children will first provide good table appointments, and carefully prepared and daintily served food, and will then insist upon good behavior. These three things insisted on will in time create a sentiment in the minds of children that will make correct table manners a second nature.

As to table appointments. The cloth should be scrupulously clean, though it be only coarse material; nicely starched and ironed, and put on straight, its folds parallel with the side of the table, and they with the side of the room. The napkins, of however coarse material, must also be clean, carefully ironed and put on in place. The arrangement of the dishes on the table must be uniform, regular and tasteful, each dish, plate, spoon, glass, being in its appointed place and kept there. Any one accustomed to orderly appointments by habit soon learns to feel the necessity of taste and exactitude. These are fearfully neglected in many families. Table furniture of all sorts is hustled on without regard to appearance or order, the napery is disgusting, the carelessness in disposing it equally so, and the results are only such as might be expected.

It is impossible to feel polite and well mannered over unpalatable, coarse, ill-prepared food. Every mouthful of it provokes ill-humor, resentment, dissatisfaction. The house mother who insists on good table manners must give her family good food. There is no need of sour bread, muddy coffee, soggy potatoes, heavy pie-crust, leathery batter cakes. Chesterfield himself would forget his manners if compelled for any length of time to subsist on such a diet.

With the assistance of the knife and fork the food may be so divided as to relieve the incisors of the heaviest part of their work and make small mouthfuls a pleasure. The grinders indicate that grinding in the mouth is a part of the process of nutrition. The lips are so constructed that the noise of the grinding, which is intolerable to ears polite, may be effectually disguised. This is a point that cannot be too urgently insisted on. Food, whether liquid or solid, must be conveyed into the mouth and from the mouth downward silently.

The position at table should be unconstrained and easy, the person sitting erect or slightly bent forward when eating, so that the mouth may be directly above the plate; the arms should be held at the side, not extended at right angles with the body. The elbows should be kept off the table. Leaning back in one's chair or dancing on one leg of the chair, is a grievous violation of table etiquette, permitted only and wrongly to spoiled

children. The mouth and fingers must be kept during all the process of eating, absolutely clean. The dainty eater will keep his plate in order and leave it so, with knife and fork laid together across the plate. The use of the fork to the exclusion of the knife in carrying food to the mouth is insisted on. Leave-taking is admissible only by permission of the hostess. Table talk should be light, agreeable, general, each person present contributing his or her quota to the general fund, and children observing the excellent rule of being "seen and not heard," unless they are in such majority that the conversation is keyed to their level.

Parents who will be at the pains to set their children such examples as they wish to see followed and will themselves conform to a high standard of table etiquette, will have little difficulty in attaining the results of culture they all desire.—Ex.

THE DESSERT.

An Irish paper says: "At present the Scotch poor are not fed, they exist on the recollection of what they ate in former years!"

"I don't like that cat; it's got splinters in its feet!" was the excuse of a four-year-old, for throwing the kitten down the area.

"My nephew is not content with a gig," says Mrs. Ramsbotham, "but he gets two horses, puts one before the other, and drives about the country in a tantrum."

"Are you feeling very ill?" asked the physician; "let me see your tongue, please." "It's no use, doctor," replied the patient; "no tongue can tell how bad I feel."

"In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of a quiet-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," calmly replied the boy.

"What a wonderful age of invention it is," said Mrs. Peterson; "I see they are now making wire cloth, and I'll have some this very week to put a seat in Johnny's every-day pants."

When the teacher asked what was the feminine of tailor, a small boy on a front seat in a public school in Brockton promptly exclaimed, "Dressmaker," and was greatly delighted that he was able to get in the answer first.

A Galveston school teacher asked a new boy: "If a carpenter wants to cover a roof fifteen feet wide by thirty feet broad with shingles five feet broad by twelve feet long, how many shingles will be needed?" The boy took up his hat and slid for the door. "Where are you going?" asked the teacher. "To find a carpenter. He ought to know that better than any of we fellers."

Marital affection is a beautiful thing, and every fresh exhibition of its tenderness and loyalty affects us to tears. A wife—possibly an old wife—on a certain occasion fell overboard. The husband rushed frantically about the deck, literally tearing his hair out by the handfuls and crying in the most beseeching tones, "For heaven's sake, save her, save her, she is my wife!" The noble sailors thought of their own sweethearts and ran all risks, and at last brought the poor woman into the cabin of the swooning husband. The look of gratitude he gave them fully repaid them for all their efforts. Then, recovering his equilibrium, he thrust his hand into his wife's wet pocket, pulled out a somewhat plethoric purse, and with infinite relief said, "There, old woman, the next time you tumble overboard just leave that purse behind, will you? You scared me 'most to death."

The Kitchen.

DORINDA GERNEY.

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

"HARK, Martha Ann! There's the bell a ringin' again. That's twice this week. I wonder who's gone now. Can't be Jim Bowman's baby? No, there's more'n one toll. Oh! I guess it's Althea Willis, she's bin ailing all the spring. Wonderful sickly family, them Willises! Her brother Philip went off just in a minit, and Mrs. Willis wasn't sick more'n a week, but then she was well on in years. Twenty-five, did you say? Well, it isn't Althea then, for she's only eighteen. Well, I don't think this minit of any one likely to be a tolling for, 'sep, maybe, Grandmother Tinkum, she might go most any time, I suppose, for she's ninety-six and failing in her mind. Only sixty! well, it does beat all! Who ever can it be?"

While this little monologue went on in the village, Dorinda Gerney and her mother sat with clasped hands in their sitting room, trying in vain to understand the change that had befallen them.

Only one short day was gone since that had been an unbroken family. Father, mother and child happy and comfortable. Yesterday morning Gerney had risen from the breakfast table with a cheery word for those two who so dearly loved him, had stepped out of the little tidy kitchen and fallen upon the threshold never to rise again.

The battle with death was brief but sharp, and before the next morning Dorinda and her mother were left to carry the burden of life on their unaccustomed shoulders, with what courage and strength heaven should send them.

At first they sunk helplessly under the crushing blow, from which Dorinda, however, owing partly to her youth, rose the most quickly, and her disordered faculties recovered their poise the soonest.

She felt sorely unwilling to give up their farm and move away from the home so endeared to them both by the memory of the father's presence, and by a thousand tender associations.

When the old deacon came to talk with mother and daughter about their plans, they could not discuss any thing that involved parting with their farm, and he left them, feeling angry that they should be so obstinate and childish as he expressed it. "For what could two women do with a farm?"

Indeed, these two poor women did not themselves see their way plainly, but an immediate decision was not necessary, as a few days must elapse before the matter would be settled in either way, and during these few days spring covered the fruit bushes with its fragrant snow, and whispered words of comfort to their aching hearts.

Dorinda ran into the house one morning, after an hour spent in pacing back and forth in the old garden, with the light of fresh hope shining in her face, and the sound of her wonted energy in her voice. The rubicon was passed. She had thrown off the paralyzing effect of her grief, and was ready to do battle with the world for her home and her mother.

"Mother," she cried, as she threw herself down beside her chair, "we cannot let the place go. I have a plan. Don't you remember Miss Joyce, when she boarded at Mrs. Peter's last summer, told us about the preserves and all such things that they sold at her Society? I am going to try. Look at our raspberry bushes and see how full of blossoms they are, and see too how full the currants hang. This is a splendid apple year, and our

young pear trees are going to bear well, too, and there are always bushels of quinces down in the corner lot. Caleb Ames said yesterday he would mow the meadow on shares, and there is grass enough now for Buttercup, so don't, don't grieve so mother dear, for Miss Joyce said my jelly was as fine as any she ever ate, so I am sure I can pay the interest on the mortgage, and we can live here still, and save father's dear old home."

Hope and courage faltered at the sound of the familiar name, and tears would come, but the necessity for prompt action was a potent check upon them, for there was plenty to do, and neither mother nor daughter had ever been much given to idleness.

Deacon Millett could not gainsay their argument, and his grumbling they did not mind. So the summer passed, and pot after pot of ruby jelly, graced Dorinda's pantry, and a little money that she had been saving for a year or so for the purchase of some desired finery paid for barrels of sugar and boxes of glasses and jars.

Miss Joyce proved a good friend when she was written to and apprized of the plan. After a little while the checks that came back from the city where the jelly was sent, paid for additional supplies of sugar and glass, and at last when the cold and dreary winter came there was enough balance to pay the interest on the mortgage, and they felt that they would be able to keep the home.

Additional years brought additional custom as well as experience. Dorinda grew to be a great, successful fruit raiser. Acre after acre was set out year by year in various kinds of fruit. It paid her to have an experienced and skillful gardener to superintend her plantations. It paid her finally to build a convenient addition to the kitchen where she could attend to large orders, with greater comfort to herself and her assistants than in the little room of smaller beginnings.

The day came when not only the interest, but the whole mortgage was paid off, and she owned not only the farm, but its superintendent, too, and when with her widely known and thoroughly appreciated business, she paid the way through college of four sons, and lived to see them men of sound sense, good education, and all manly virtues, able to take their place in the world, and emulate the industry, capability, and probity of their mother.

The great secret of her success was the fact that every thing she furnished to her customers was, from the first, and always, just what it professed to be. There was no gelatine in her jelly, no sand in her sugar, no false bottoms in her jars. She saw that her wares were honestly picked, honestly cooked, and honestly sold, and she reaped her reward.

WOMAN'S WORK.

Part II.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

An English woman, who has written some notable papers on women of various types, says "The sphere of human action is determined by the fact of sex," and that a public and professional life for women is incompatible with the discharge of their highest duties, or the cultivation of their noblest qualities. This voices the men's view of the matter as well as if one of them had written it. In every country it is insisted that woman shall stay in "her own sphere." Again I would ask—what is her sphere? No one doubts that woman is naturally and especially designed for the care and training of children, and that this is her noblest work—if nobly done. We have had occasion to remark before that under the existing conception of "woman's work,"

and her endeavor to meet its demands upon her, she seldom has time to do it nobly even if fitted for it.

But aside from this, is "woman's sphere" by divine and natural laws so clearly marked out, so distinctly separated from that of the other sex that all races and all men at once and instinctively recognize it, and agree on one and the same thing? Or does the special sphere and work allotted to woman in any land arise from the traditions, growth of customs, prejudices or necessities of that land? If this is the case, it will be found to vary somewhat with different races, climates and civilizations.

It may be worth while to investigate this matter. We will go first to the antipodes. Here we find a nation possessed, in a certain sense, of a high degree of civilization—at least, they claim it as such. Yet a Chinese woman is regarded by her lord as his special slave. If she be of good blood, that is, high rank, of which a foot two or three inches long is conclusive proof, he pays a large price for her. She bears his children, and serves him in the position of a slave. She stands and waits upon him at meals, eating afterwards what he may graciously leave her; if he graciously leaves nothing, she goes without. Among the lower classes she is harnessed into the plow, and does the work our horses do. When she goes out, she weekly follows in the wake of her master, who marches ahead with the children—that is, if they are boys; those of the girl babies which escape drowning, must be kept out of his sight. As they have no souls, they are no more to be considered than superfluous kittens.

It is recorded that one Chinese woman—I wish I could remember her name—despite much opposition, persisted in learning to read and write. This was considered very reprehensible on her part. She had definitely stepped out of her sphere. Chinese society held up its hands in horror at this unwomanly blue-stocking. She was to them a flagrant example of what the English writer above mentioned calls the "shrieking sisterhood."

An Americanized Chinaman of considerable intelligence, while lecturing recently on the customs of his country, said that one man once meeting another in a Chinese city told him there was a woman across the street who could write. "I don't believe it," said the man.

"It is true; come and see."

When the woman took her brush, mixed her ink, and produced row after row of neat hieroglyphics, the new-comer could not believe his eyes.

"It is magic," he said.

"It is no magic," said the other, "this woman really can write."

But the man went away only half convinced. It was to him one of the impossibles. "Here," said the lecturer, "you say women have souls and treat them as if they hadn't."

He showed samples of embroidery so exquisitely done that it resembled fine painting. The best of this work, he said, was done by men. Indeed, much of the work here relegated to women—washing, ironing, cooking, sewing, etc., is done by Chinese men, as a matter of course.

In India the condition of women is, or has been, even worse. It is too dreadful to dwell on. Neither will I speak of the savage nations where, as in the two above mentioned, woman's sphere is evidently regulated by the application of the principle that might makes right. But indeed, is not that principle actively, even if unconsciously, employed here and every where as well? Men make the laws; women must obey them, are punished if they do not.

The Turks entertain extreme views regarding the proper sphere of woman,

which in the upper classes is held to be chiefly seclusion and inaction.

"What do you do all day?" asked an American woman who had as a great favor been admitted to see the lovely young wife of a royal dignitary.

The room in which they sat was large and handsome, but bare of furniture, except for the long divans built at each end, and piled high with cushions.

"Do?" said the lovely creature, smiling placidly. "Why, what should I do? I sit here; and sometimes I go and sit there," waving her hand toward the opposite divan.

In a harem of this sort where there are jewels and silken attire enough to go round, and the first wives are not required to hand over their bangles and tunics to the latest favorite, the women are contented, and happy after their fashion. They even express pity for the American woman, poor creature! who has to work, and must be so lonesome all alone in the harem. In the lower classes it is different. If the wife chance to have money, her lot is comparatively comfortable; for the Turkish law, on that point more just than ours, secures a woman's property to herself forever. She alone has power to control or dispose of it, and the husband can share it only by her good will and gracious permission, hence, is on his good behavior. If she has no private purse, she is the veriest slave.

Yet we see that their ideas in regard to woman's work and sphere differ as widely from ours as their costumes differ from ours.

In Turkey no sewing is done at home; such work is sent to the tailor. An American talking with a Turk of the middle, or lower middle class, asked in the course of conversation, if his wife did not sew.

"Oh, no," was the answer. "She has no time to sew. She is busy doing woman's work."

"Ah, indeed! and what is that?"

"Cutting and drawing wood from the neighboring forest."

This is no made up story, but a fact, and a somewhat significant one when we remember that "chopping wood" is a trump card with those who wish to refute without waste of words all the arguments of the presumptuous women who claim that their sex can do, or at least learn to do, any work which human need requires.

"You think you can do any thing a man can, eh? Well, suppose you go and chop us a few cords of wood." And this with a sneer implying that in his opinion a woman who should attempt such a thing would put herself quite beyond the pale of respectability.

But whatever the theories of men may be, I find that in point of fact, they do not as a rule strongly object to a woman undertaking any work which lifts a burden from their own shoulders. A half-mile from us lives a German woman who swings her axe with as vigorous a stroke as any man. She washes, irons, cleans house, cooks for threshers, or works in the vegetable garden, all day, and day after day, and "never feels tired," and is the envy of all the women in the neighborhood. Is she unwomanly? She looks after her household, and minds her own business. She is not driven by actual poverty to all this hard work (which, however, seems not beyond her strength, and so is not hard or injurious to her,) but does it because she likes to turn an honest penny, and, at the same time, oblige her neighbors. She is honest, kind-hearted, thrifty, intelligent, certainly not cultured, but just as certainly not vulgar or unwomanly.

American women cannot take her as a model, however. Not one in a hundred possesses her physical strength. They can only look on and wonder at her

achievements, and sigh over their own which they are made to feel as such; for, with the exception of wood-cutting, most short-comings — yes, short-comings, of the work done by this sturdy German frau is that called by common consent "woman's work," and some considerable measure of which is expected of all women not rich enough to put aside all household care.

Now as the conception of woman's sphere and work is seen to vary so widely with different races, degrees of civilization, and the resulting customs and modes of thought, can it be reasonably asserted that there is in the distinction of sex, and the natural laws governing and relating to it, any absolute standard by which a special set of occupations may be measured, ruled off and labeled as especially and peculiarly woman's work? Would it not be wiser, juster and more reasonable to conclude that any work suited to a woman's physical and mental capacity, and which, therefore, may be carried on without overmuch wear and tear of brain, nerve and muscle, is woman's work, and may without presumption be undertaken by her?

Many, while agreeing to this as a general proposition, will add that the work by long established usage allotted to woman is suited to her capacity, all beyond that is not, and for that reason alone is denied to her. Experience will test the soundness of this objection, has tested it, for many fields of work now in the successful possession of woman were long withheld from her on this very plea of physical and mental incapacity.

This is an old cry, and it will not be wholly silenced until women, despite sneers and opposition, by sheer courage and persistent hard work, have freed themselves from the bondage of the petty thought and low ideals, the indolent and frivolous habits of mind and body, transmitted to them by generations of foremothers (possessed of these characteristics because by all the influences and circumstances of their lives restrained from developing others), and by the accomplishment of noble, high minded work have proved beyond cavil that they are capable of it. Listen to what Charles Barnard says with regard to one field of thought and work usually considered unsuited to women:

"Objections are sometimes raised against the study of mechanics by girls as being in a general way useless, seeing that the feminine mind is not inventive. To the mechanical mind this objection has a certain flavor of decayed absurdity, a mingled air of ignorance and prejudice. How shall the bird fly if it is born and reared in a cage? The most valuable mental faculty in invention is imagination. Women certainly have that. The trouble is not that they cannot invent, but that they have not imagined the necessity of an invention. One of the greatest of American inventors could construct complete in his mind a working carpet-loom, and it would at once make such carpets as he saw in his mind. Given imagination, there need be only a knowledge of mechanics, patience and work. These are the essentials of invention, and they are as much feminine as masculine. The seeing a want prompts to a lively imagination of a way of supplying the want, and this is invention. When women are educated to see the relation of things and understand something of mechanics, feminine invention will follow quickly enough. In fact, the patent office reports already contain a very considerable number of patents issued to women, some of which have proved of great commercial value."

I confess I cannot understand why it should be held of so much importance that boundaries should be drawn, that

all the work of the world should be arbitrarily divided into two classes, one for each sex. Work is work the whole world over, and if it be well done, and without injury to the doer, what matters the sex?

I cannot help thinking that if every person could choose his or her life-work with direct reference to his or her individual taste, training, capacity and natural bias, and to no minor considerations, there would be less poor work done in the world, and fewer discontented, discouraged workers.

I know of one woman, the daughter of a physician, who though intelligent, and well educated for her time, made an indifferent, indolent teacher before her marriage, an indifferent, indolent house-keeper after it. After a time she, with husband and children moved westward into a new country where towns were rare, and medical help not always at hand. It was probably for the sake of her children at first that she began to pore over certain medical books her father had given her. Then through kindness she nursed her sick neighbors, in case of need, and her care and counsel were eagerly sought after. This roused her. She had at last caught a glimpse of her true sphere and power, and began to study in earnest. She is now an accomplished physician, leading an active, useful life, respected and beloved by all who know her. She was the only girl in a large family; yet not one of her many brothers had, like herself, inherited the father's predilection for medical science. In her it was discovered almost by accident. The one talent was buried long. In her youth a "woman doctor" had scarcely been heard of. It was said then—it is sometimes said now, despite positive evidence to the contrary—that no woman can study and practice medicine without unsexing herself.

Granting that there may be respectable occupations the following of which must of necessity unsex a woman, I will say, I cannot think of any. A woman may unsex herself, if so inclined, and if so inclined, she will probably do it, sooner or later, wherever placed; but the work will not unsex her. A true woman will make any congenial work womanly, often that which is not congenial.

Some one told me the other day of a lady who would not wear this or that convenient garment about her work, would not do this or that common and unimportant thing because her servant-girls wore the one, did the other, and she feared if she did, people might fancy her to be no better than they.

"It is a pity," I said, "if Mrs. — has nothing to show her superiority to her ignorant servant-girls except her refusal to wear a working garment, or do these trifling things."

And so I say I pity that girl who can show her womanliness only by her adherence to "woman's work," as delivered to her by conventional tradition, and fears that if she drops the one, she can no longer claim the other. And I pity that boy who can bring forward no proof of his manliness and manhood beyond the fact of his abstaining from all "woman's work," and making his mother and sisters wait on him.

HOME ECONOMIES.

To be careful in small matters and careless in greater ones is obviously folly. If we are going to economize, the first thing to do, is to try to save in the things that are most valuable, and what is more precious than time? Once gone it can never be recalled. We have only one life to live here, so we must make the most of it.

There is always so much to do, so much that we should like to do. What to leave undone, is often a grave problem for the

weary, care-worn mother who feels her life and spirit fast ebbing away, and yet imperative duties meeting her at every turn. She must keep her house clean and nice, and her drawers, boxes and closets in good order. She must see that the children are suitably fed and clothed, and that they have clean and comfortable beds to sleep in at night, and it is certainly not a less important duty to provide a proper nourishment for the growth of their minds and hearts. And then how much there is that women may do outside of home in benevolent work, mission work and temperance work. Surely every true woman will feel that she may arrange to find time to do some good outside without neglecting any home duty, for never was there a time when woman's aid was more needed at home and abroad.

To see the good work being done by thousands of brave women should surely be an inspiration. But how to save time for it is the question. For city people to have any leisure is especially hard, there is always so much going on, so much to be done, so many calls upon one, so many interruptions, but we must save somewhere a little leisure or we should soon be worn out.

The great secret in saving time is to do every thing methodically, to have a time for every thing and to do every thing in its time. Solomon tells us "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." (Eccl. iii. 1.) This is a lesson that is learned well at school, and it sometimes is more useful in after life than all the facts learned from the school books.

Every one, and especially every house-keeper should have a regular order of work, a particular day and hour for every thing. In this way much more will be accomplished with less hurry. Thus we may have not only a particular day or days for washing, for ironing, for baking bread, and for cleaning and sweeping, but we may, and ought also, to have a day or an hour, or perhaps only a few minutes assigned for the performance of each of the various duties that devolve upon us; and a great deal depends upon the relative amount of time assigned to each. For example, the lady who spends the greater part of each day in elaborate cooking, fancy sewing for herself and children, or in receiving calls, cannot be expected to have so much time left for other things.

For many people it is the greatest economy to buy clothing ready made, or, at least, underclothing, saving thereby time and eyesight. Much time may also be saved by using an abundance of fruit for food, in its native state. Certainly, it is more healthful and delicious to have a dessert of apples, grapes or strawberries, according to season, than any of these fruits elaborately prepared, and as Abby Morton Diaz says, "Imprisoned in a paste of grease and flour." Or if any invalid cannot eat them uncooked, they may be simply stewed and eaten with bread. By the using of good canned goods in winter, much valuable time is also saved.

Women should also be careful to avail themselves of all the improvements in the way of labor-saving machines. The thrifty farmer always does this for the benefit of his horses, and should women be valued less than cattle?

Much valuable time may also be saved by arranging to do the most difficult or important duties when we have the most strength, and under the most favorable circumstances. Give your best and your strongest to that which lasts longest. If there is any one duty more important than another, give it your best time and strength. We are very apt to make mistakes in estimating the compar-

tive value and importance of our work in different directions, and sometimes we hear women say, "There is so much to do, I don't know what to do first." In this case, sometimes we shall do well to remember the good advice of an old saint, "First, think of what must be, and then of what may be." And as a general rule, the most disagreeable "must be's" had better be done first, and then they will be off our minds and consciences. "Take the bull by the horns," and fear nothing. "Make the head save the heels," is an excellent old proverb, and however much we may have to do, let us always take time to think,

"For evil is wrought
From want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

If while the children are at school or asleep, and the husband is away, we do our head work, planning, thinking, contriving for the house, and our writing, reading, and resting, as well as our more difficult house work, and outside benevolent work, we may, during the hours they are with us, be more at leisure to attend to their wants, and to cultivate that love and sympathy which are so important an aid in our efforts for their welfare and progress in good things.

For their sakes also as well as our own we must take some time for recreation and repose. The bow that is never unbent, soon loses its elasticity.

We should be careful to avoid the common mistake of undertaking more than we can perform at once, or of having "too many irons in the fire," as it is sometimes called. In cleaning house, for example, or sewing, or any fatiguing work, take your time. To overdo may prove the very worst economy, if it brings on illness and doctors' bills, not to speak of any thing more serious.

A little well done is better than a great deal ill done. One step taken in the right direction is better than many steps the wrong way. The man or woman who goes through life with a rush, will be very likely to go through it the wrong way, and to find out the mistake when it is too late for remedy.

Be diligent, but never hurry. Be careful, but never worry. This is an economy of health, strength and good temper, and these are quite as valuable as time.

It will very often happen that our best laid plans will be interrupted or broken down. As Burns says,

"The best laid plans o' mice and men
Gang aft agley."

Affairs may not turn out as you expected. You may be led through many dark and rough places. It must have looked dark enough to Joseph when he was sold into Egypt, but he simply obeyed, and then trusted in God, and what a blessing was in store for him. So our sorest trials often prove in the end our greatest blessings. Our loving Heavenly Father never permits one needless pang to try the hearts of His children. In the Divine economy nothing is ever wasted or useless.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

HINTS ON BUILDING CHIMNEYS.

A broad, deep, and substantial foundation is necessary—one that will not settle or be disturbed by frost. If the chimney is built in or rests upon the wall of the basement or cellar, the wall at that point should be sufficiently broad.

The chimney should be perpendicular, straight and smooth, without angles, corners, jogs, or contraction, and at no point in contact with wood; with a space of an inch or more where it passes joists, rafters, or timbers, or through floors, ceilings, or roofs, and at least four inches between the back of the chimney and the end or side of the building. Joists should not be masoned in or rest upon or against

the chimney wall, but a header well removed from the chimney used for their support. An additional reason why chimneys should be built very strong and entirely free from contact with any wood in the frame buildings of our western country is that they are so often what is known as "balloon frames," so lightly put up that they are always liable to be shaken by our heavy winds so as to cause cracks in chimneys otherwise constructed.

The walls of the chimney, when built of brick, should be six, eight, or more inches thick. A chimney with six-inch walls, the inside course set on the edge and bound with brick laid transversely every four or five courses, is nearly as safe as an eight-inch. Where an eight-inch wall is laid it is perhaps better to leave a space of about an inch between the two courses of brick, occasionally binding by laying a brick transversely. A wall of this kind will not heat so as to endanger wood even in pretty close proximity. The chimney should be put up at a time when free access can be had by the masons to every part of its outside, before joists and other timbers have been placed in the way and before the roof has been put on. Four-inch walls are unsafe at the best, and particularly so if there is any truth in the theory that brick exposed to hot air or steam will in time show a larger amount of heat than is at any time in the heated air or steam passing by or in contact with it; that is, if brick will accumulate heat as we know some metals and minerals do. We know of some facts that seem to support this theory. It is true, many queer fires from furnaces and chimneys will perhaps be more satisfactorily accounted for.

There should be openings at the bottom of the chimney and of each separate flue for the removal of soot. These openings should be closed with a heavy iron box or scoop-shaped stopper. If left open the draught will be affected, and besides, there will be danger of fire falling on the floor. These soot boxes, or scoops, unless made of heavy iron, are liable to rust out, owing to the damp soot and pyrolytic acid.

The chimney should be smoothly plastered with a cement made especially for this purpose, and used before it sets, or becomes hard. A chimney plastered will soon present a hard surface nearly as smooth as glass. Soot will not accumulate on the sides of the flue, and the draught will be quite perfect, other things being observed. The draught will be still further improved if the area of the flue is increased one inch every ten feet from the bottom to the top.

The flue for an ordinary dwelling fire-place or stovepipe should have an area of at least one hundred and twenty-eight square inches for a wood or soft coal fire, and not less than ninety-six square inches for a grate or stove burning hard coal. Where large wood or soft coal fires are required, the area should be one hundred and ninety-two square inches. Each fire-place or stove-pipe should have a separate flue, otherwise you cannot rely upon the draught. If for any cause more than one stove-pipe is to enter the same flue, the size of the flue should be increased one-fourth for each additional pipe.

The hearth should rest upon a brick or stone arch. Timber and board foundations are always concealed incendiaries; iron, because of its power to conduct heat, is also unsafe.

The throat of the fire-place should be well contracted and pitched forward, so as to be directly over the fire. This will insure a draught, owing to the fact that the part of the atmosphere not passing through the fire, but entering the flue, will come in more direct contact with the

heat, and thereby be more highly rarefied. The construction of the chimney being right, the draught is produced by the air being rarefied in passing through and over the fire. This heated and lighter air ascends the flue, while the denser air in the room rushes forward to supply the partial vacuum. Sometimes the draught is imperfect, because a sufficient supply of air is not admitted to the room; and in other cases, owing to an open pipe or soot-box hole. All openings should be closed with brick and mortar or closely fitted metal stoppers. The modern practice of pasting a piece of paper over an opening should not be permitted.

The walls of the chimney, particularly on the back side, where it is concealed from inspection, and at points where the chimney passes near wood, should be most carefully laid, pointed and plastered on the outside. Fires from defective flues where there is no crack usually reveal the fact, if the chimney is left standing, that the wall on the back side, at points passing near timbers through floors or the roof, has not been well pointed and plastered on the outside. Good work has been done only at points or places exposed to the eye, and where there was no danger from fire.

The practice, in many cases, of building a water-shed by projecting the brick just above the roof, should not obtain, nor should the chimney at this point be enlarged for any purpose. The projecting bricks in a majority of cases rest upon the rafters or roof boards; and if at any time the chimney below should settle, there will be a crack and by and by a fire. Chimneys thus enlarged above the roof, presenting a massive and substantial appearance, fail to suggest the truth as to the small and cheaply constructed flue below. A word in regard to chimney sweeps and stated periods for cleaning flues. In places where ordinances have been passed and enforced on this subject, and sweeps licensed, fires caused by the burning out of chimneys or from defective flues have been of rare occurrence. Perhaps if in our respective fields we were to aid in having ordinances touching this matter passed we would prove ourselves public benefactors, and at the same time promote the interests of insurance companies.—*Ex.*

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

Number Fourteen.

BY THERESA.

In the April number Emma gives her process of cleaning lamp burners, which was new to me, and as we had one that needed cleaning, I accordingly availed myself of the information, boiling it in a small kettle of ashes and water. It was not Emma's fault that it boiled over, and ran down on the side of the stove, and made a mess generally, but my own for not watching it. It did clean and "shine" it up beautifully, and I hope others will try her part of it, but not mine, for with all the scrubbing, it was many days before the marks left the stove, and then with such rough hands! Washing in vinegar and water was beneficial.

Housecleaning for this spring will be over before this is published, but it may be in season for the fall cleaning, though the days are so short then one cannot find time to rest, as in the long days of spring cleaning. Many prefer to read, or take up some light work, such as knitting, or crocheting, while resting between whiles, as it diverts the mind, and keeps before it that there is something more interesting than continual household drudgery, then have something useful when done.

Last fall I repaired a good, red flannel skirt, trimming the bottom with lace,

knit of scarlet yarn on hand, left from a pair of mittens. The work of knitting it was not felt at all, as it was done in odd moments while sitting to rest, at the general "clar up" of the spring before, and I considered it useful, as the skirt was too short, and this lengthened it. The pattern is such as is almost invariably used for flannel skirts, and there's nothing more simple to do. Any pattern can be used, but the idea is, to have something commenced that is no more work than plain knitting, for such odd jobs. Through the winter I footed two pairs of cotton stockings, considerable being done at twilight, though often they were not touched for several days or weeks at a time, and if I did not have them on hand to show should hardly know I did it, as the work being done in such a way was not felt. Of course I did a great deal of knitting for others, and fancy too, which I did feel pretty sensibly; but these came in when one would not naturally think of working.

Who that has baking to do cannot show scars on hands and wrists from burning against the oven while turning the baking around? I think a holder in the shape of a large mitten, with long wrist, would be a preventive. The idea is original, but I have neither as yet carried my invention into practice or had it patented, so the sisters will not infringe if they try it.

Should any do so, please report success. C. A. F., in May number, we have taken grease spots from worsted dresses with either pulverized chalk or fine flour, by putting some between pieces of paper each side of the spot and pressed with a warm iron. When we saw the paper greased which the warmth drew out, we moved the paper, and repeated the process until none was to be seen. You might try it on your silk, which I am sure could not injure it, if the iron was not too hot, or, if you dislike to try the iron, let the spot lie with the chalk or flour on the upper and under side of it awhile, and it might remove it. We have also used benzine, with good success, for the same purpose, though not on silk.

Those having occasion to patch calico dress sleeves would do well to shrink the patches first, (if the dresses have been washed,) so they will not shrink afterwards, and make the sleeves draw up and too short, which nowadays are short enough when new for comfort, as every one knows. Besides this, they may fade some, and be nearer the color of the worn sleeves, thereby making the patches less prominent.

How many neglect the use of tooth brushes, yet they were made on purpose for cleaning the teeth. After being used, they should be rinsed thoroughly, slapped on a towel several times, with the brush down, and laid on the side to dry, instead of the back, as if laid on the latter, the water does not dry out, but settles, and turns the ivory black.

Will the young housekeepers please accept a little wholesome advice, (and the old ones too, if necessary?) When you wash dresses and aprons that have pockets, be sure to turn and brush them, before putting in the wash water. Who has not seen the lower corners to pockets on white, or light colored aprons black, when they were pretended to be clean, because this was not done! A lady who moved into a house that was not particularly clean, said she "always did hate to see mopboards dressed in mourning," (who also, has not seen them in this dress?) and so I think about the aprons.

There is no reason why the bottoms of your ovens should not be as clean as the tops or as the dishes you bake in. If the bread runs over, or the filling to the pie stew out, and drizzle down through the door, on the outside of the stove, close the door tight after the oven is empty,

and when it burns off sufficiently, wing out, and wash up clean before using again. How I have longed to tell this to owners of such ovens many times, when seen in such a plight, old housekeepers too, but of course was obliged to desist, as politeness required it.

After combing the hair, whirl the broom around several times where you made your toilet, to gather the hairs that may have fallen. You think there will not be enough to pay for the trouble, but try it and see how many will collect on the broom. These should be picked off, and disposed of, either into the hair-receiver or the fire.

USEFUL HINTS.

To mend china or broken earthenware, take a very thick solution of gum arabic in water, and stir into it plaster of Paris until the mixture becomes of the consistency of cream, apply with a brush to the broken edges of the ware, and join together. In three days the article cannot be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement makes it doubly valuable.

The best thing for cleaning tinware is common soda; dampen a cloth and dip in soda, rub the tin briskly, after which wipe dry, and black and dirty tinware can be made to look like new.

To take rust out of steel, rub the steel with sweet oil, in a day or two rub with finely powdered unslaked lime until the rust all disappears, then oil again, roll in woolen, and put in a dry place, especially if it be table cutlery.

To clean silver, first wash to remove all the grease from the silver, then rub with a woolen cloth wet with ammonia and whiting, and polish on the chased and filigree parts with a tooth brush. This whiting is wet with ammonia and made into cakes or boxes, and agents are around selling it for fifty cents a box, that the probability is, cost them ten cents. It is nice to clean glass windows and all kinds of glass ware.

To polish brass kettles that are very much tarnished, first rub with a solution of oxalic acid, then dry and polish with rotten stone or the finest emery.

To clean old lamp burners, wash and boil them in ashes and water, then rub them with oxalic acid, then dry and polish with fine coal ashes, and they will be clean and bright. Wash the wicks and dry. Many times the burners are condemned when only the wicks are at fault.

To color stockings a light delicate blue, use bluing. Put into warm water till the right shade, dip the stockings in and set with salt and water. Very handsome pink of a delicate shade may be made by using rose aniline. Make a very little dye and weaken to the right shade; it would be better to dissolve the aniline in a bottle and shade by adding till the right shade is obtained. Those are pretty, set with warm alum water.

To wash red table linen, use tepid water with a little powdered borax, (borax sets the color,) hang to dry in a shady place. The washing must be done separately and done quickly with very little soap, the rinsing water should have a very little starch in it. Iron when nearly dry.

HATTIE D. TAFT.

DISH WASHING AND DISH CLOTHS.

A practical subject certainly to present to a young wife just beginning to be disgusted with housework in general, and dish washing in particular. At home she never did more in that line than rinse out the silver and glass and perhaps wipe the remainder of the table dishes, while mother did the rest. Now no hands but her own stand ready to attack the huge pile, and she sighs as she commences and sighs as she finishes them.||

Now, my young friend, let me give you an insight into the science of this matter, and you will dread it no longer. When you clear up your table, remove all the food first, then the caster, sugar bowl, etc. Then take a knife and scrape all the crumbs from every plate and dish into the hens' pail, put the bits of butter into the plate of cooking butter, and pour out all slops of tea, coffee or water. Then pile up the plates artistically, (here is some of the science,) the larger ones at the bottom, and so on.

When all are picked up and arranged in order, convey them to a shelf or a table in close proximity to the sink. Mix in your dish pan, which should be a large tin one with two handles, as tin is so much easier to keep sweet and clean than the little wooden tubs we used years ago, and will never rust if scalded and wiped dry every time it is used, a small quantity of pretty warm water, with a little soap. Wash every dish separately, commencing with glass and silver, and ending with tins and kettles. Then wash out your dish pan, pile all, or as many of the dishes as you can into it, pour a dipper of hot water into your tins, and wipe while hot—never drying by or on the stove as it spoils them. Rinse your silver and glass and wipe immediately; then pour the hot water over the dishes, with enough more to scald them thoroughly, and rinse off all the dish water. Whirl them around rapidly in the pan, then turn one by one upon a rack to drain, said rack supposed to be an indispensable appendage to the sink. Wipe as fast as possible. You will have to work lively at this stage of operations, as they must not be allowed to drain dry, as by so doing they have a spotted, streaked look. You will be perfectly astonished at the fun of washing dishes if you proceed in this way. They are finished up so suddenly that you wonder what has become of them.—*Exchange.*

TO CLEAN TIN COVERS.

Mix a little of the finest powdered whiting with the least drop of sweet oil, rub the covers well with it, and wipe them clean. Then dust over them some dry whiting in a muslin bag, and rub bright with dry leather. This last is to prevent rust, which must be guarded against by wiping them dry and putting them by the fire when they come from the dining room, for if but once hung up damp the inside will rust.

The decomposition of paste may be prevented by adding to it a small quantity of carbolic acid. In the same way, the disagreeable smell which glue has, may be prevented. If a few drops of the solution be added to ink or mucilage, they will not mold. For whitewash, especially when used in cellars and such places, the addition of one ounce of carbolic acid to a gallon will prevent mold and disagreeable odors.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a silent member of THE HOUSEHOLD for several years, and I have enjoyed its pages as I would enjoy reading so many letters from dear friends, and I have derived a great deal of comfort from it, for which I am very thankful. I have not seen the shirt starching and ironing question discussed for some time, and I will give my experience, hoping it may benefit some young housekeepers in their efforts to please their Johns in that line, which is no small item. Take two heaping teaspoonsfuls of good starch, one teaspoonful, not heaping, of pulverized borax, dissolve in one and one-half teacupfuls of cold water, with a very little bluing

added, wring the bosoms, collars, and cuffs out of this, roll them up in a towel for two hours or so, and they will be ready to iron, as stiff as a board, and no previous starching is needed. I hope some of the sisters will try this and report.

I will also add my recipe for lemon pie, which I like better than any other I have tried. Put an even tablespoonful of cornstarch into a coffee cup and dissolve with a little cold water, then fill the cup with boiling water, pour into a dish, add one cup of sugar and the juice of one lemon, and lastly a beaten egg. Bake without upper crust, or, if liked better, only put in the yolk, and beat the white to a froth, and add it after baking the pie, and put back in the oven a few minutes.

My little boy inquires long before time for THE HOUSEHOLD to come, "Mamma, has THE HOUSEHOLD come yet?" He also takes great delight in reading the knitting patterns for me while I try them. I am knitting a bedspread of the striped pattern given in the March number, and I think it is very pretty and easy to knit.

Loudoun Co., Va. CAMILA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to tell Rosy Nell how I have furnished my guest chamber at very little expense, and we think it looks quite pretty. To begin with, the room has two windows, and is fifteen feet square, with a nice closet in one corner. My John bought some ready mixed paint and a brush for seventy-five cents, and painted the floor a pretty gray. For the floor covering, I took the best part of a red and black carpet from one of the larger rooms, and made a rug thirteen and one-half feet square, which I bound all around with carpet binding, and tacked at the four corners and the center of each side with a brass-headed tack.

Like Rosy Nell, I had only a bed, so I set my wits to work to invent some other articles of furniture. For the windows I made curtains of cheese cloth, finishing them with a broad hem, and across the top where the curtains were fastened on, I put a double ruffle of the cheese cloth. As this material only cost five cents a yard, I made my curtains for sixty cents. The room had no mantel, so John made a shelf sixteen inches wide and thirty inches long, which I covered with cretonne, and I made a lambrequin of the same for the edges. The cretonne has a gray ground and crimson roses over it, so it matches the floor. I tacked the lambrequin on with brass headed tacks and put cretonne fringe on the bottom and it looks very pretty. Over this I hung a mirror, for which I paid seventy-five cents. On the shelf I put a pincushion, a set of toilet bottles, a pretty vase, a Japanese tray for little odds and ends, and a hairpin cushion, and it answers the place of a dressing table.

For the washstand I used a little stand which had been banished to the attic. To this I gave a coat of varnish, and on the top I tacked a piece of thin oil cloth, and over that I put a scarf of linen fringed at the ends and with a Greenaway figure etched in red in each corner. This stand had a drawer which held comb, brush, etc. On the stand I placed a plain white washstand set, costing \$2, and above it hung a towel rack which cost fifty cents.

The next thing we did was to manufacture an ottoman, which is to hold shoes and overshoes. We took a soap box and John made a lid which he fastened on with hinges, and put four small castors on the bottom. I lined this with red silesia, and the sides I covered with pieces of carpet left from the rug, and on the top, which I padded, I put a cover of silk "crazy patch." It is quite pretty.

At one of the windows I put a small

table, covered with a table scarf of cretonne, like that on the shelf, with fringe at each end. On this is an inkstand and penwiper, and underneath it is a basket for waste paper made from a peach basket. I painted an old peach basket both outside and in with paint left from the floor. The inside is lined with red silesia, and on the outside are pretty scrap book pictures; around the top edge is a piece of fringe left from the shelf lambrequin.

With a plain chair and a little rocker taken from some other room, and a few pretty pictures, two brackets, and a little willow work basket I bought for \$1.50, I think my little room looks very cozy, and I feel sure my old school friend will like it, and thus compensate me for what little trouble it has been, and the expense was small.

Perhaps it would be interesting to Rosy Nell to know how we manufactured something to use for a wardrobe in another room. In one corner we had put up about six feet from the floor a three-cornered shelf, the sides forming the right angle each two feet long. On the under side we put hooks such as are used to hang clothes on. Across the front I put cretonne curtains just long enough to touch the floor, and across the top where the curtains were fastened on, I placed a box pleating of cretonne, each pleat fastened down with a brass-headed tack. It made a very nice place to hang clothes, and the shelf at the top kept the dust from settling on the clothes.

MADGE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As I have derived so much benefit from our valuable paper I feel that I ought not to keep silent longer. I frequently see questions that I could answer, but wait for some one abler than I to answer them. If Veronica will put a little lard on a cloth and rub her flatirons with it before putting them away, she will not have rusty flatirons. Be sure and get the lard well up on the sides. When you want to use them, take old newspaper and rub them well and they are ready for the finest linen. If they are much rusted on the sides it would be best to put kerosene on once.

I cannot tell you how much THE HOUSEHOLD is appreciated in our home in Dakota far away from all relatives. Although my husband does not read it so much as I do, I know he appreciates it, and you can add one to the list of men that help their wives. My John helped wash all winter, brought all the water and coal, and has kneaded bread many times. But in the summer I have to depend on my own exertions, as the farmers in Dakota are very busy during the summer months. In the winter we have a rest and plenty of time to read.

If the gentlemen want to contribute to our paper, I think they ought to have the chance.

I am glad to hear from Rosamond E. again. I never doubted her reality, and have enjoyed her talks very much.

With many thanks to all the Band, I will close this letter from

DAKOTA SISTER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am a new subscriber and a stranger to all of you, but I don't mean to be any longer. I am very much interested in reading THE HOUSEHOLD. I find good recipes and much good advice in all the letters. My John is very much pleased with our paper, and wishes me to ask if any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD will tell him how to raise cranberries. What kind of soil is best to grow them in, etc.? We live in the mountains of California, and think the climate here will suit them.

MRS. R. A. DAILY.

Shingletown, Shasta Co., Cal.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will Idina or some other HOUSEHOLD sister in the coast counties of southern California correspond with me? Would like to find some one who will soon, as we expect to move there in the fall, and I am anxious for more information than I possess.

Do all the sisters know what pretty rugs can be made from old stockings, mittens, or knit jackets? I've just made one, and it is so nice to use in a bed-room. Save every scrap of old stockings, etc., cut in strips lengthwise, a little more than an inch wide, and ravel a little more than half the width of them, sew to a good foundation; 'tis fun for the children to cut and ravel the strips, rainy or cold days when they want something to do.

Emily Hayes' cookies are delicious; I improved the white cookies by sprinkling cocoanut on the top. I have not succeeded in keeping them long.

Lime Springs, Iowa. L. A. BENSON.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to tell Q. Y. Z. how to make chocolate creams. For the cream take two cups of sugar, one cup of milk or cream, one tablespoonful of cornstarch. If milk is used, add one teaspoonful of butter. I cook this in a granite ware saucepan with a handle, but any dish with a smooth surface will do. While the sugar, etc., are dissolving fill two biscuit tins half full of flour, smooth it with a knife, and press a thimble into it at intervals of one inch, thus making moulds for the drops. Boil the cream eight minutes, beating constantly, then remove from the stove, add any flavoring preferred and beat till it begins to grow thick. Then fill each mould by pouring a spoonful through a tunnel. You can make one of writing paper if you haven't a tin one.

While these are cooling, grate one-half cake of chocolate, put it in a bowl and set over the teakettle. Let it get very hot. Take the candy out of the tins into a towel and shake it a little to knock the flour off. Make a little basket with a handle out of broom wire, and with this dip each drop into the chocolate and lay it on a buttered paper. If the chocolate is hot enough it won't run off much and they will be coated just right. If these are kept till the next day they will be creamier, but as I have two big brothers mine don't get creamy very often.

Another nice candy is made by cooking the chocolate with the cream. This should be poured in a buttered tin and cut in squares when cool.

Will some one tell me how to can pie-plant?

I will say to numerous inquiring sisters, the best way to amuse children is to keep them busy and make them believe they are helping mamma. Very small children can help clear up a room, pile up books and papers and dust furniture, also pick up their own playthings, and this helps tired mothers. Making scrap books will amuse the quiet ones and a hammer and nails and a block of wood will sometimes furnish a half-hour's entertainment for the boys and tomboys. But there are peculiar cases that require peculiar treatment. I have a small nephew who when every thing else fails comes to me and says "pank me auntie," and howls and refuses to be comforted till I do "pank" him. Perhaps there may be other youngsters equally eccentric. Try it sisters.

FRANCES BURRILL.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have long wanted to knock for admittance to the Band but have not had courage enough till now as I am sending my subscription for the third year. The first was a wedding present for which I have always been thankful.

I enjoy our paper as much as any one can. My husband said one day, "If there was a recipe in THE HOUSEHOLD

for a pudding made of sawdust and tar, you would make it and force me to eat it." He exaggerates a trifle.

I want to tell my way of making clam soup, that is of long clams. Boil and take from the shell, separate the tough from the soft part, of course discarding the necks, chop the hard part fine. Just before serving put into the hot broth about a third as much hot milk, butter, and all the clams. I think it a great improvement on any other way when the clams are large. I invented it myself, perhaps that is the reason I think it is so nice.

Some one asked how to clean zinc. I find that to rub with kerosene, wash with hot suds and wipe dry is an excellent way, especially if it is greasy.

I won't linger any longer now, but I expect I shall want to come again.

California.

CARANELLA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have read THE HOUSEHOLD several years, and with an increasing interest and pleasure. I have only just decided to do a duty I think we all owe each other, that is, to try to give something, however small, in return for all the good things some of the members give to us. Do you all make as much use of the paper as I do?

If you have not done so already, take your furs and any thing else you wish to keep from being moth eaten, brush all dust out, air, then wrap in newspaper, (not your HOUSEHOLD,) seal up with mucilage or flour paste, and you need fear no trouble from moths. This should be done early in the spring, at least before June.

Clean tin with paper, and it will shine better and you won't need to keep an old dusty piece of flannel in your box of whiting.

Use paper to wipe the soot off the bottom of all vessels used next the fire, and in so doing keep both dish cloth and water clean.

A WOULD-BE-HELPER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Please allow me to tell the sisters, through our paper, my way of cooking rhubarb. Wash thoroughly, cut in small pieces leaving the skin on, put it in an earthen dish with what sugar is required, and steam till done. We can it in this way without a drop of water, and find it far superior to any way we have ever tried. Other tender fruit can be cooked in the same way.

I agree with A. B. in regard to the steamer, and ours is in almost daily use. We think oat meal much better steamed than cooked in any other way, and many other things the same. And, sisters, if you want your cook stoves always to look like new, dissolve your stove blacking in coffee, and get the kind of blacking which is used in the hardware shops.

To Mrs. John Bemis who is in trouble about her stove, please say that for cracks in a stove or for lining, there is nothing better than this: To common potter's clay, add one sixth its bulk of plaster of Paris, and about the same quantity of wood ashes. Mix all together with water into a thick paste, then plaster it thickly and smoothly on the place where the lining is wanted, or fill cracks with the same. This makes a perfectly hard and durable fire brick lining for stoves or fire-places.

I am in favor of the badge. What shall it be? Suppose we leave it for our editor to decide.

A.

Pennsylvania.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a subscriber for three years, but have never ventured to write to you before. In Emily Hayes' "Dining Room Notes" for March, she tells how to fix a north window. I saw one the other day which was very pretty, and but little care; it had a

box about three feet long, by one foot wide, filled with the three varieties of tradescantia, green, green and white, and dark; it needs but a good watering once or twice a week, and to be moved back from the window on very cold nights. Nellie E. Stuart, give your bird canary seed with occasionally a few rape or millet seeds, keep his cage clean, give him once in a while the yolk of a hard boiled egg, a small piece of apple, or a little chickweed; don't hang him in a draft, don't let him bathe in the winter except when the sun shines, hang his cage low so that he can get acquainted with you all, unless you keep a cat, and I think he will please you by his sweet song and cunning ways.

Mrs. E. W. R., try my sago pudding. A pint of milk, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of pearl sago, two eggs, two large spoonfuls of sugar, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Wash the sago in warm, but not hot water, twice; then put it with the milk into a pail and set it into a kettle of hot water, stir it very often as it swells fast; when it has boiled two or three minutes, take the pail from the kettle, add the salt and the eggs beaten with the sugar. Flavor it with vanilla or lemon, put into a dish and grate nutmeg over it. Bake about three-quarters of an hour. If you double the rule bake an hour.

Now I will close by sending you my best recipe for soft gingerbread. Two cups of molasses, one cup of shortening, melted, one cup of cold water, two teaspoonsfuls of saleratus, two spoonfuls of sugar, and spice to taste. I use ginger, clove and cinnamon, one-third of each. Currants or raisins are a great addition.

CHRISTIE CAMPBELL.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I thought I belonged to a very small family, but find, since I subscribed for THE HOUSEHOLD, that I am one of seventy thousand sisters, and I want to tell one of them, Viola, who inquired in the February number for a good hair dressing, that if she will try such as I use, I know she will like it, as it is perfectly harmless, very clean, and has stood the test of years. This is the formula: One pint of alcohol, 95 per cent. proof, one and one-half ounces of castor oil, one ounce of ether, one ounce of tincture of cantharides. Add a little bergamot or citronella for perfume, shake thoroughly before using, apply with a sponge, using a brush freely.

I want to tell you about my way of heating an iron. You know it is not always convenient to have a flat iron on the kitchen stove, and as my work requires a good deal of pressing, I utilize the sitting room fire. I take the tongs, slip them through the handle of the iron, and rest the ends on the back of the fire pot, this keeps it from resting on the coal, which is very injurious to irons, and it is ready for use in a few minutes. I do my weekly ironing in this way, having my ironing board close by, and it saves a great many steps. I hope some of you may find this as great a convenience as I do. As I have not applied for a patent for this arrangement you are all welcome to it.

How lovely the Easter cards are this year. I dearly love beautiful things. A fine picture is a perfect delight to me, and I often wish I lived where I could have access to some of the art galleries, but as I do not, I try to get all the enjoyment possible out of those things which are free to all, and how much there is to give pleasure, beautiful sunrises, sunsets, trees, birds, lovely flowers, and green fields. I have on the table before me, a small vase containing a few petunia blossoms, a few pinks, some oxalis, a few leaves of red coleus, and some variegated geranium leaves, and I enjoy these simple flowers more than many people do the

most elaborately arranged bouquet of the choicest flowers from the conservatory.

At the side of my flowers is something else so pretty I must tell you about it. Six weeks ago I cut about an inch from the top of a large carrot, put it in a preserve plate with some water, and it very soon began to throw out leaves which now hang gracefully around the plate, and look as delicate and pretty as ferns. I enjoy reading in THE HOUSEHOLD the descriptions of your conservatories, bay windows and plants. But, dear me! I must stop, so I wish all the sisters happiness and prosperity, and say good by.

OCTAVIA BELL.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to thank those sisters who in answer to my inquiry in a late number so kindly sent me recipes for pickling green tomatoes. I was glad to receive them and hope to experiment successfully next pickling season.

I have a way of making lemon pudding which I will give. It is quickly made which is often a consideration with those of us who have little ones to care for.

Three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch mixed with a little cold water, pour on boiling water, stirring until thick, add one-half teacupful of white sugar, juice and pulp of one and one-half lemons, and the yolk of two eggs, and bake about fifteen minutes, have the whites of the eggs well beaten with one-half cupful of sugar, and spread over the top and return to the oven to brown. It may be eaten warm or cold.

A sister asked for different ways of cooking sago. I use it in soups in preference to other thickening, and for milk puddings, allowing two large tablespoonfuls to one quart of milk and two eggs, sugar and flavoring to taste, letting it settle before placing in the oven, and baking half an hour.

Could some one give the exact mode for making good peppermint molasses candy?

ETHELWIN WINTON.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I wonder how many of you live away off in the south-west corner of our big country, and if those who do, have learned, as I have, two grand lessons. First, very few of the things we consider necessary for our happiness, are really so, and that we would be much happier, if we could divest our minds of many imaginary necessities. Secondly, a great deal of our household labor can be cancelled.

I would take out a patent on my second lesson, were I not satisfied some of the sisters had already forestalled me in this as well as in all the good advice I might give. As we live in a locality where there are no schools, the education of my children devolves upon me in addition to my housework. For six months I've succeeded in giving them four hours and a half instruction daily besides accomplishing the housework. For the benefit of those sisters who may be similarly placed, in the future, I'll throw out a few hints. Make it a law as fixed as those of the Medes and Persians to have no unnecessary ceremony.

Now don't upset my theory by asking what is unnecessary ceremony, but just learn by experience, as I did. In my domestic education, to wear an untrimmed undergarment, was an act bordering on sin. In my present enlightened condition, the reverse is the sin—where time is the object. I bake large quantities of bread at a time, use mostly canned fruit to save making desserts. I make all the little ones' aprons of a good quality of gingham, as plainly as possible, to save time both in making and washing. I make only worsted dresses, except in very warm weather. There are hundreds of time-savers of which each housekeeper is best judge in her own household.

In teaching my pupils to read, I find it a good plan to interest them in stories captivating to childish minds, read a portion of it to them, then set them to work for the sake of the story. I think this kind of baiting beneficial in many ways. When they come to hard places in their text books I apparently drop the book lesson, and give it to them in a way suited to their comprehension. As for instance, I saw my little boy getting bewildered about the lines on his map. How happy he was when I told him he need not learn that lesson, but began to tell him a story of

a lost ship, eliciting such questions as, "How could the men know where it was?" etc. Thus latitude and longitude became a feast in stead of a bugbear. Pictures are such a help in developing young minds. In teaching the alphabet, I give the little one a piece of paper and a pin, then teacher and pupil go hunting. We stick all the Mr. A's, B's, etc. This is more fun than book and blocks alone. Where the child is old enough, the word system is rather the best.

I shall be especially interested in some light on best methods of teaching, and suitable reading for scholars. How can I make history interesting?

I have been greatly benefited by your letters and wish to co-operate with you in this household science.

MRS. J. E. SMALLEY.

Missouri.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have wondered if any thing I could say on the hospital nurse question would interest your readers. I have been a nurse in a hospital for a year and have intimate friends in the profession. A person who has a talent that way and really loves to care for the sick will find the work very interesting, but also laborious. I look back on my experience with much pleasure, enough so that I hope to resume it soon, still, how many, many disagreeable things I had to do and endure, and how weary I have been.

Shall I tell you a little about it? It was a small hospital with no training school at that time. I first went there to serve as house girl, but after three months the superintendent admitted me to the male wards as assistant nurse. The larger ward would accommodate fifteen patients, the smaller, seven. There were five private rooms. In the winter the beds were most all occupied. To care for these patients there was only the head nurse (male) and myself, while we had a ward maid to assist in the care of the wards.

We were required to be on duty at six A. M., until half-past nine P. M., with an hour "off duty" each day and frequently more when it could be arranged. The patients' food was prepared in the house kitchen and sent into the ward kitchen in large tins, where we divided it according to order of the attending physicians, put it on trays and carried it to the patients. My work would have been excessively disagreeable to me, as it is the assistant's place to do the drudgery of which there is a plenty, only Mr. S. was so kind as to partially exchange works after teaching me to take temperatures, pulses, give medicines, dress wounds and bandage, besides applying poultices, stapes, etc.

The knowledge has served me excellently since, and a while before I left the hospital there occurred an unfortunate loss of nurses in the female ward so that I was sent in there. I enjoyed the responsibility of being in charge of the ward for quite a while. Among the patients, there were all sorts of people; some pleasant and grateful for every care, others the reverse. One pretty widow who had been there months would never again be able to use one of her limbs. Although she had three small children dependent on public charity she was always cheerful and kind. When able to sit up, she was sewing and knitting constantly, and I now have some lovely lace to remind me of her industry.

Another woman I often think of. She came to have an awful operation performed, but being very delicate and nervous it was a fearful ordeal. How glad we were when she prepared so quietly for it; not once did courage desert her as she was assisted out of the ward, through the long corridor into the surgery where a dozen doctors were waiting and chatting as though no poor heart was troubled. She died soon after in spite of our best care.

One more I must speak about; a young man, a victim of a railroad accident, was brought there with the femur bone of the left limb fractured. It proved to be very serious, but the doctors hoped to save the limb by certain means which I cannot explain, but which kept him on his back a year while he endured most awful pain, without a murmur. Not once was he heard to utter a complaint, nor known to cause any one the least unnecessary trouble. At the end of that time the limb had to be amputated after all. At that operation I assisted with the matron, and am glad to remember he recovered nicely. There are many more cases interesting, but I fear my letter is too long already, so I'll not write about them.

If there are any inexperienced girls thinking of joining a training school, I would tell them it is no sentimental work and unless they have good health and a strong stomach it would be very hard for them to succeed. I believe Dr. Loveland did not mention the training school of Hartford hospital, Hartford, Conn., or of the city hospital of Providence, R. I. The latter is a school quite recently established, but I have heard them both well spoken of.

In closing I would like to tell the editor how much pleasure THE HOUSEHOLD gives us.

Massachusetts.

S. E. P.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Another of those "terrible Johns" begs leave to say a few words through the columns of your valuable paper. My wife

received THE HOUSEHOLD as a wedding present last year, and thought this year she must certainly afford it, as it gives so much assistance in her household affairs. She thinks the recipes are excellent, having tried some of them with good success.

I must say I think THE HOUSEHOLD an invaluable paper for young housekeepers. I think that wives have many a burden to bear that few "Johns" ever think about, and if a man can make their burdens any lighter by kind words, he certainly is in duty bound to do so. Husbands are apt to think that all a wife needs, is simply the necessities of life, and she should be contented therewith, when many times in single life, they had all the luxuries wealth could buy. Is it any wonder that after a short experience in married life, young wives sigh for single blessedness? I think very few wives get the sympathy actually due them for the important part they assume in assisting their partners through life's journey. Hoping to hear from some of the other "Johns" I remain, yours truly,

L. W.
Massachusetts.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am often asked by eastern friends about the various strange things found on our coast, and thinking a few lines about the petrifications found in our hydraulic mines might be of interest, I will try to tell you something about them. The gold obtained by hydraulic mining lies in immense deposits of gravel that by some long-ago upheaval of nature were precipitated into the river beds and water-courses of that remote age, carrying with them in their descent every thing that lay in their path.

In this way forest trees were buried to a great depth, and sometimes in large quantities. This occurred ages ago. The present time found many feet of soil and sometimes full grown forests upon these gravel beds.

I suppose it would be taking up too much space to describe the process of gravel mining in this letter, so I'll only say that by it this gravel is washed out clear down to the bed rock or surface as it existed before the gravel slid in, and in washing out the gravel they find trees, sometimes whole, roots and all, sometimes in fragments, nuts, acorns, and in the bed of the water courses in the fine sand the impress of leaves, every line as clearly marked as the day it was laid there, but the leaf was only an impression,

while the trees, though no longer wood, retain their forms, and, in some instances, their color, showing the grain of the wood, every pore, and the circles that mark its growth, and are rocks as much as the granite boulders at their side. I said that in some instances the trees retain their natural color; whether this is owing to the nature of the wood, or to the mineral substance that petrified it, I don't know, but as far as my observation and inquiries have reached, the trees that have kept their original color are oak.

I know such a tree a couple of miles from my home. It is a huge fellow. The root and several feet of the trunk lie upon the ground, the body has been broken in such a way that it looks like cord wood. It requires no stretch of the imagination to fancy that the wood chopper has done his work, and the wood is ready for market. I believe this form of petrification is called calcareous. It's of a limy nature, and wherever you find a hollow or what was once a rotten place, you now find tiny crystals. Indeed, every internal cavity or unevenness is massed and covered with them.

Another kind called carbonized is black as coal, usually without luster, and generally breaks with a slaty fracture, following the grain of the wood. The cavities in this are filled with crystals, often large, of clear white through various shades to dark yellow. The miners' theory is that this wood was pine, the crystals taking the place formerly filled by pitch. Be that as it may, the crystals are calcareous, and very fine aragonite is often found. It is quite evident to one totally ignorant of botany that the carbonized trees are not confined to one variety.

The above described are the most common, being found in nearly every hydraulic mine. Next come the agatized and opalized woods. These are very beautiful, and, as is usually the case with beautiful things, comparatively rare. In this case the wood has become solid agate or opal without grain or crystal. It breaks as readily one way as another, and sometimes flies like glass. It is found in all colors from a pure, pearly white through every shade to black. It is often cut for jewelry, the less glassy kinds taking a finish like genuine agate. It shows the grain and growth of the wood like other petrifications, but oh, the colors! I wish I could do them justice. I have seen rich contrasting colors, like black and orange, bright pink, rich green, then again, the most delicate tints, gray, brown, fawn, slate and cream, so blended you couldn't tell where one left off and the other began. I'll not try to discourse learnedly on this subject, but leave it for a wiser than I to say why agatized wood takes so many colors, or why it becomes agatized at all.

To the interested collector, the gathering of these specimens is fascinating work, though often involving miles of weary walking, wading through tallings ankle deep, climbing over boulders, or risking life or limb under overhang-

ing banks. The writer has sometimes come home after a day's tramp, so weary it took many days to make her as good as new again, but loaded with treasures.

MRS. L. H. BICKFORD.
North San Juan, Nevada Co., Cal.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Having been west for the past four years, I had lost all trace, until recently, of THE HOUSEHOLD and its correspondents. While making a call on a lady friend, a stray leaf of THE HOUSEHOLD was lying on the sofa, and our conversation proved we had been subscribers for the same years and had read the same articles in our eastern homes, and I then resolved I would again become a subscriber.

I will try and give your eastern readers some idea of this little spot in the great west. We are situated 7500 feet above the level of the sea, but at such an altitude the climate is delightful, and very beneficial for weak lungs. I have known some cases where all hope was gone, and the invalids not expected to live to get to their journey's end, recover in an almost miraculous manner, while others failed rapidly, the change of climate not having been made in time. From observation I am fully persuaded that persons suffering from pulmonary diseases, in the first and second stages, may prolong their lives many years, by remaining in a high and dry altitude.

While many of our northeastern friends are wrapped in furs, and their thermometers register below zero, we are sitting without fires, and with open doors. December twenty sixth, our thermometer registered at noon 98° in the sun, and in the house 82°, but after sundown the change is very great, and it grows really cold.

This is a mining district in the Magdalena mountains, so named from a perfect picture of a woman's head and face, high upon the mountain's side, and called Mary Magdalene. Magdalena was formerly our post office address, but it is now changed to Kelley, in honor of our largest mine.

Six miles distant is a deserted Indian village, no one knows how old, supposed to have been inhabited by one of the Pueblo tribes. The Pueblos are peaceable, sell fruits, pottery, baskets, etc., for a livelihood, and I have seen it stated that no rats, mice, nor vermin of any kind, infest their villages, while white people have all in abundance.

From one point on our mountain, 10,000 feet above sea level, a bird's eye view may be had of a part of Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico, and by difficult climbing many beautiful crystals can be gathered, of which I send specimens for THE HOUSEHOLD cabinet. MRS. I. E. C. Kelley, New Mexico.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

RYE AND INDIAN BREAD.—One and one-half cups of Indian meal, one and one-half cups of rye meal, two cups of sour milk, and one cup of sweet milk, salt and molasses to taste, and two teaspoonfuls of saleratus. Steam three hours, and bake in the oven for half an hour.

RED AND WHITE CAKE.—Ora asks for a cake shaded with red instead of spices. Any cake recipe may be used, reserving half the quantity and using a few teaspoonfuls of cochineal coloring to give the requisite color. The cochineal may be obtained at the druggist's and is said to be harmless. It is used in coloring candies.

WATERMELON CAKE.—I send a recipe for watermelon cake which I have never seen in THE HOUSEHOLD.

White Part—Two cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, three and one-half cups of flour, whites of eight eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water.

Red Part—One cup of red sugar, half a cup of butter, one-third of a cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, whites of four eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teacup of stoned raisins, one-half cup of blanched almonds. Put the raisins in the red part to represent ripe seeds.

Blanch the almonds by pouring boiling water on them, when the skins will easily slip off. Cut them in two and put them in the white part.

Have a pan with a tube in the center, put the red part next the tube and the white part around the outside. Very pretty and attractive.

TO CLEAN NICKEL PLATING.—I keep the nickel plated trimmings on my stove bright by using whiting once in a while. Simply rubbing with a flannel rag every morning when you dust will keep them looking very well. TRACY.

FANCY CAKE.—*Ed. Household*:—Please give Ora, of the February number, the following for fancy cake: One and one-half cups of sugar, the same quantity of flour, one-half cup each of butter, corn starch and milk, the whites of four eggs, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-fourth teaspoonful of soda. Color one-third of the above with extract of cochineal, a harmless liquid to be obtained at any drug store.

Arrange in the pan in three layers with red in the center.

KITTEEN.

ONE EGG CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one egg broken into the cup, fill the cup with sweet cream, pour over the sugar, and beat thoroughly with egg beater, two and one-half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt, and one teaspoonful of flavoring. Bake in a loaf.

CREAM PIE.—One cup of milk, one egg, one tablespoonful of sifted flour, and one tablespoonful of sugar. Put the milk on the stove and heat. Break the egg, separating the yolk from the white. Stir the flour into a little cold milk, add the yolk of the egg and beat well, stir into the boiling milk, and stir until it thickens. Flavor with one teaspoonful of lemon. Pour into a crust previously baked. Beat the white to a stiff froth, adding two tablespoonfuls of white sugar. Spread over the pie. Put in the oven and slightly brown. Try these and you will find them good.

MRS. P. L. KROFT.

Newport, Ohio.

DOLLIE VARDEN WHITE CAKE.—Cream together one cup of white sugar and one-third cup of butter. Stir in the whites of three eggs beaten stiff, and beat the whole together until smoothly foamy, then add a small cupful of sweet milk into which has been stirred one teaspoonful of soda and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. If the butter be very fresh, add a pinch of salt. Much of the insipidity of cake is the result of a lack of salt. Thicken with flour to the consistency of ordinary cup cake, and bake in a biscuit tin or sponge cake sheet.

To the yolks of the three eggs add a teaspoonful of pulverized Poland starch, and sugar enough to beat very stiff. While the cake is still warm from the oven, spread upon it the frosting thus made, and put it in a cool place to stiffen. This cake is very ornamental, being of snowy whiteness, with a bright yellow frosting.

NELLY BROWNE.

TO CLEAN ZINC.—Rub with a cloth dampened slightly with kerosene to get off all the spots, then take another cloth and rub with dry brick, and then another cloth to polish. M. H.

TO CAN STRAWBERRIES.—Put as much sugar as will be required to sweeten one can in a porcelain kettle, and add enough water to melt it. When hot, add the berries, bring to a boil, skim out the berries, fill the can nearly full, boil the juice, so it will just fill the can. Use glass cans. Try it once and you will again.

SALLY ANN.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of clear strong coffee, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one half cup of butter, two eggs, three cups of flour, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of allspice, one-half pound of chopped raisins, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a little citron. This makes two loaves. Bake in a moderate oven.

MRS. J. LYONS.

STARCH POLISH:—I think Emma Powers will find this recipe good for putting a gloss on shirts: One ounce of spermaceti, two ounces of white wax, and seven drops of glycerine; melt all together in an earthen dish, when cold keep wrapped in a paper. Wash the shirts and dry them, make your starch, one tablespoonful of dry starch to each shirt, and while cooking put in a piece of the wax as large as a Lima bean to each shirt, rub it in while warm, until every part of the bosom looks clear when held to the light, roll up and don't iron for a few hours, then dip a cloth in clear water, rub your linen, and iron with a hot iron. After it is ironed and thoroughly dried, use a wet cloth and a polishing iron.

MRS. H. D. KNIGHT.

ANGELS' FOOD CAKE:—Find a tumbler which holds exactly two and one-fourth gills, or eighteen tablespoonfuls. Eight tablespoonfuls, liquid measure, is an accurate enough measure of a gill. One and one-half tumblers of white granulated sugar sifted several times before measuring, one tumbler of flour sifted four times before measuring, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar sifted into the flour, no soda, whites of eleven eggs well beaten, and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of extract of vanilla. Beat the eggs very thoroughly, and add easily the sugar, then, as lightly as possible, the flour, then the extract. The cake must be mixed in a platter, (a large flat dish,) and not in a bowl. Bake in a new pan, without a particle of grease, about forty minutes, and try with a straw. When done, invert the pan on two or three goblets. Let it cool, then with the assistance of a knife it is easily removed. Be sure to ice it. BESSIE.

HORSERADISH SAUCE.—This sauce is a very great improvement upon the plainly scraped or grated horseradish, is much milder and more pleasant to the taste, and looks nice. A dessert

spoonful of sweet cream or olive oil, the same of powdered mustard, a tablespoonful of vinegar, a very little salt (to taste,) and two tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish. It must be well mixed, and it will keep three or five days if oil not cream be used, but I prefer the cream. Try it, it is delicious.

CHEAP WHITE CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two eggs, or the whites of four, if you want it very white, three cups of flour, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. This is always light, and not very expensive, and makes a nice even loaf to frost over if one wishes.

New York.

MARY OLIN.

STRAWBERRY PUDDING.—Take one-half box of good gelatine and soak in one-half pint of water one hour, then add one cup of sugar and one pint of boiling water, and stir all together. When it is nearly cold, have ready one quart of fresh strawberries, hulled, and stir into it. Turn into a mould or deep dish, and set away to harden. I have usually done mine over night. Then make a boiled custard in the morning of one quart of milk and six eggs, reserving the whites of three of them for frosting, a pinch of salt, and one cup of sugar. Put this in the ice box or a cool place. Just before time to serve the pudding, beat whites to froth and drop into hot milk to set, and then turn the custard over the gelatine, and dot the frosting over the custard and serve.

SALAD DRESSING.—Two boiled potatoes, medium size, put through a sieve, and add one teaspoonful of mustard, not mixed, stirring thoroughly into the sifted potato, then add two teaspoonfuls of salt, and a very small pinch of cayenne pepper, break in one raw egg and mix all well together. Boil two eggs for twenty minutes, and when cooked, mash the yolks very fine and add to the above mixture, then add four tablespoonfuls of olive oil or melted butter and mix well, then eight tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one tablespoonful of white sugar, and three or four tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, and last of all the white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth. Bottle and set in a cool place, and it is all ready for use. It makes a delicious dressing for all salads.

ELLA V. B.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one tell me how to take grease spots out of matting, and how to clean it in general?

How can I preserve lemon juice for use in the fall?

LAURA.

Can any of the sisters tell me how to make borax soap?

G. H. T.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the contributors give a recipe for getting rid of ants? and oblige

FLORA.

Cedar Lake, Mich.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one send a good recipe for canned corn? I canned a good deal last year and was very successful with peaches, but the corn after a few days fermented. I would also like a good recipe for waffles and fritters.

Veronica asks for a recipe for float, here is one which I think very nice:

Egg Float.—Two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of corn starch, one quart of milk. Boil slowly a few minutes, stir to keep smooth. Beat the whites of six eggs to a froth, add sugar and flavoring to season. Mix with the custard, and pour over cake that has been previously crumbled with jelly.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—May I ask if Emily Hayes can give us a recipe for doughnuts, specifying the exact amount of flour required? I am very much troubled by having doughnuts too hard or too soft.

MRS. E. A. F.

Pascoag, R. I.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one tell me how to make blackberry cordial, and wine out of the native grapes?

MRS. M. Y. McGINNIS.

Sherman, Texas.

Will you please ask through our paper if any one has a recipe for ribbon cake? Also for an explanation of star stitch in crochet, and how to narrow in it for an infant's sacque.

MRS. F. P. HOLT.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. John asks how to clean zinc. I always take kerosene oil and rub on. After wiping dry or washing in warm suds I take whiting and polish, and I always keep my zinc bright as I do this every morning after my dishes are washed, and it always looks clean.

Many thanks to Nellie Brown, and Ida, for cleaning nickel plated fixtures, as I have tried and succeeded nicely.

MRS. J. LYONS.

Boston, Mass.

The Parlor.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each:
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joya are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy;
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, thy daily toll forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

—Adelaide Proctor.

HOW TO BEGIN.

BY MRS. S. A. F. HERBERT.

CHAPTER II.

BUT it was too late for Fanny to write her letter, before going for the afternoon mail, which was one of her regular duties, and by that mail she received a letter which modified her plans. It ran as follows:

“ HICKORY FARM, April 12.

MY DEAR FANNY:—Did you have such a bad time, when you were here, that you never mean to come and see old aunt Huldah again? So you kept school to earn a little money last summer? Well, I just want to know what cousin Lemuel has done with all the money your father left to you; as much as it used to cost to bring up a dozen children! Don't go and stive yourself up in a hot school house, this year, wearing out your health and patience, teaching a stupid set of children. Come out here and help me make bread and butter, and pick and can fruit, and do all sorts of nice, healthy things. One way and another, I will venture you will earn as much as you would with your school, and be a sight fresher and knowinger when the next snow falls, than if you had been a school-ma'am. If, as I hear, you are going to marry one of these days, you ought to be learning how to keep house, and I will give you three dollars a week, and much obliged to you, too, if you will help me; and if you don't find time and means to add something to that, it will be because you are not as smart as I think you. I have rheumatism in my hands, and can't do anything with the butter, and one of my hired girls has just left, and it will be a real godsend to me, if you will come and do only what you feel like doing to help me, just as if I were aunt in reality as well as in name. When you get here you needn't stay if you don't want to. If it wasn't that school-ma'am's learn to read all sorts of scrawls, I shouldn't expect you to read this, which I write with pencil because I can't hold a pen. Write at once, or better, come at once to your affectionate,

HULDAH KEMP.”

Fanny had three years before spent a delightful long summer vacation boarding at Hickory Farm with her distant relative Aunt Huldah, who was a widow and carried on for herself quite a large farm. Her proposal fitted so nicely into the mo-

saic of her own thinking that she felt the opening was providential, and at once sat down and wrote her letter declining the school, and another to Mrs. Kemp, saying that she would be there the next day but one; and she told Mrs. Lacy of her decision at tea time. Allan, who called that evening, was pleased that she had declined the school, and was to be only fifteen miles off at the farm, where he took it for granted she was going only as a welcome guest.

The next morning, Mrs. Lacy handed her a check for one hundred dollars, saying she was glad she was willing to accept it as a compensation for the twenty weeks' service she had done them. Fanny did not mind it a bit that this was said with an air which implied that the act placed a barrier between them. She had had enough of fine words, and no deeds, in that house. She walked down to the savings-bank, and put ninety-five of her one hundred dollars with the proceeds of her school keeping, which she had not touched, although obliged to deny herself even the smallest purchases during her stay at Mr. Lacy's. She had received that winter a present of a trunk of clothing from Mrs. Oswald, a wealthy guest of the family, to whose child she had endeared herself in its last illness, and at whose death the mother's costly garments were relinquished for mourning. But, although this trunk contained valuable means of replenishing her own wardrobe, she had not done so for lack of time, and had even worn her last year's hat, without the improving alteration which she could have made in a single hour, had she found one which she would allow herself to devote to such a purpose. Now, she scrutinized the pattern hats in the milliners' windows, then sat down in her room, and before the one o'clock dinner, altered and trimmed one of those given her by Mrs. Oswald so tastefully that Mrs. Lacy thought it a new one, until she was informed to the contrary.

“ How happens it that you suddenly develop such a wonderful knack at millinery and dress-making?” asked Mrs. Lacy.

“ Necessity is the mother of invention, and sometimes of taste and skill as well,” replied Fanny, “ but if you will recollect perhaps I have not shown myself destitute of a natural bent in this direction.”

“ Now I do recall that you were always fussing with the hired dress-makers and seamstresses about patterns and advice, and made marvelous suits for your own dolls, when a child, and afterwards for younger girls' dolls, and for fairs and such things.”

“ Also, I often trimmed and finished my own clothes, as well as often altered and re-trimmed, and sometimes even refitted them, before they suited me. Then, last summer, in my out of school hours, I worked enough for a first-class milliner and dress-maker to repay her for teaching me both arts, which she told me I learned with unusual ease. I feel proud of my acquirements, and intend to keep quite up with the times and never lose them.”

“ In your position you will probably find your trades serviceable to you” said Mrs. Lacy.

“ Doubtless,” said Fanny, smiling, “ and that reminds me that I want access, this afternoon, to all my own things, and to any which I inherited. I have been reading my father's will, and find all his property of every description, real, personal or mixed, is bequeathed to me, and possibly things which have been lying useless, might serve when I go to house-keeping.”

“ As to your own old clothing, books, and other belongings, there is quite a cumbersome lot in the house, which I would be thankful to have you take away or store in the garret. And now you re-

mind me, there is some old trumpery up there which Mr. Lacy says is yours, and you can ask him about it.”

Fanny went at once to ask her guardian, who showed her certain chests and boxes in the garret marked with her name, and told her that a few articles of furniture, which had not been sold when the estate was settled, had been stored in the garret of her father's late residence, and remained there with the consent of the purchaser of the house, since which time he had given them no thought, and feared as much as they were worth would be charged for storage.

“ If you will please give me an inventory of the articles, the full address of the purchaser of the house, and a letter stating me to be my father's only heir, I will make an effort to recover the furniture, said Fanny. “ Were I rich instead of poor I should still prize it for many reasons.”

Mr. Lacy, who was a man of precision and method, had actually an inventory of the effects, filed away with the estate papers, and an hour later brought Fanny the documents she requested, saying he would go with her some other time if she desired, but business forbade it to-day. Meantime Fanny had been sorting her stores of clothing, shaking and airing the woolens preparatory to packing them in tight chests with plenty of camphor, and arranging all for preservation, placing in one large Saratoga trunk what she wished to take to the farm. Having been liberally supplied with clothing from her own funds while she rapidly outgrew her handsome suits, there was quite an unusual accumulation of nice garments, which would have been ruined by moths, or given away, or sold to peddlers, had she not taken them in hand before leaving the previous year, and now she renewed and completed her arrangements.

“ You will never be able to utilize those outgrown clothes of your own, unless you keep them for your children,” said Mrs. Lacy, “ but you are welcome to a chest full of mine that really might serve you to alter over. If you will accept them, it will really be a relief to me to get some off my mind that ought not to be wasted. Some are silks and colored wools that would make you beautiful bed-quilts, and some are party dresses, out of style, that I have known some ladies work up into pretty fancy things which you know I never do.”

“ Thank you,” said Fanny, “ I am sure I shall be just the one to make the most of them, and I am glad you feel like having me use them. I don't believe I shall use them for bed-quilts, but I will make myself suits you would never know from new ones, and lots of pretty things for my house if I ever have one. I haven't bought a new dress since I was eighteen, and I don't suppose I shall for years, now I have so many nice stores.”

“ You wouldn't use my second hand things for your trousseau.”

“ What could I use better?”

“ New, of course!”

“ With what could I buy new?”

“ I thought it was for that you were so eager for money.”

“ It wouldn't help my husband much if I earned a little money, and used it all to buy a few fine clothes only suited for a wedding show; but the things you and Mrs. Oswald have given me will be all I shall need, only I must take time to make them, and while I am doing that I can't be earning.”

Fanny made thorough work of the storage of the clothing, including a large packing-trunk full, which Mrs. Lacy had heaped upon the carpet, rejoicing thus to relieve her overflowing clothes-presses and drawers. This work occupied the entire afternoon, and when Allan came for his good by call in the evening, they de-

cided to go together to try and look up the old furniture.

They found the original purchaser of the house, a man who had known Fanny's father, still occupying the premises, and that the things had remained untouched in the garret, and no charge would be made for storage. The inquiry was in good time, as he was about to make some alterations in the house which would interfere with the furniture, and Allan agreed to remove it within a week. He told Fanny he thought he could get free accommodation for it in the third story over Mr. Rivers' store where he was employed. In saying this the thought occurred to him that perhaps he might fit himself up a room there, as he had heard Mr. Rivers say it would be a protection to have some one sleep at the store. This arrangement would save him his present room-rent, and also much time in going to and from his business.

Nine o'clock the next forenoon found our heroine with her big trunk, a valise and a traveling basket, on the platform at Woodford station, the nearest railroad connection with Hickory Farm, two miles distant. Michael, a hired man known to Fanny during her former visit, was in waiting with a large wagon from which he had just discharged a load of russet apples, which were to be shipped from the station, and they soon reached the farm.

“ Fanny Field, I want to know if this is really you!” cried Aunt Huldah, coming out to the wagon under the great overshadowing elms to welcome her guest.

“ Why, it beats all I do declare, what a fine lady you've grown into in three years! I don't hardly dare to speak to you, I'm sure.” The hearty hug and kiss which accompanied this address belied its words. Fanny returned the kiss without attempting to encircle the portly figure of the dame, and said:

“ You will see, Aunt Huldah, that I have not come to play the part of the fine lady. May I go to my old room to put on a working dress?”

“ Don't talk of work the very first minute, but come in and rest, and let a body see you long enough to know you another time. Don't they call you next door to a beauty, Fanny Field?”

“ Yes, Aunt Huldah, the girl in the next house has been mentioned in the papers as a belle,” laughed Fanny as she tripped up the front stairs, valise in hand.

Looking back over her shoulder she said: “ Leave the big trunk, Michael, till one of the men can help you. I'm in no hurry for it.”

She entered a large, square, front chamber, which had a clean floor painted a light lead color, nearly covered with braided mats, and was furnished with a high posted bedstead with a neat patch-work quilt, old fashioned mahogany chairs, tables, and chest-of-drawers. Scant curtains of white dimity draped the windows, and peacock's feathers nodded gracefully over the little high mirror. It was a quaint, clean, cool, quiet room, very inviting to our Fanny, who would fain have resigned herself to restful dreaming in its stillness, had she not felt her duty elsewhere. She unlocked her valise and taking from it a clean calico dress, and a high apron of thick brown drilling, arrayed herself quickly in the garments, and descended to the kitchen, where Aunt Huldah was superintending the labors of an inexperienced young girl, who oscillated from one unfinished job to another in a state of hopeless bewilderment quite pitiful to behold.

“ What shall I do first, Aunt Huldah,” asked Fanny in tones of animated interest, as she entered the room.

“ Why, Fanny, I don't ask this of you, only just this minute come—go right back to your room and rest, and if you have a

mind, about a quarter to twelve, to help dish up the dinner, that might be the means of its being on the table in season once for a wonder."

But Fanny insisted on taking hold immediately, and quietly assuming the place of the discouraged girl at the sink, stimulated her into vigorous endeavor to scald, wipe, and bestow the dishes and dairy furniture, as fast as she washed them from warm suds. In twenty minutes the sink and table were clear and clean, the dishes in their places, and the long rows of milk pans and pails glittering in the sun from the back piazza. Mrs. Kemp was doing her best with the cooking at another table, but was sadly in need of young, well hands to perform the volitions of her skilled and active brain.

"Now, auntie, I will be hands for you," said Fanny, "while Susan sweeps and dusts, and does the chamber work. I can beat eggs, and sift flour, and mix and fix things as you tell me, and put into the oven and take out as you say, and be learning all the time so that I can do it alone, for myself, one of these days. Now while I am picking over the raisins for the cake, you can tell me about the dairy work."

A FOURTH OF JULY REMINISCENCE.

BY ERNESTINE IRVING.

Into the summy days of the rose-crowned past my thoughts are drifting to-day to childhood's morning time, the gateway of future promise. How later joys and festivities pale in comparison with scenes of earlier years! Our home was in the country, and country scenes, sights, and sounds, were from earliest recollections familiar to me.

Cleaning house, in spring-time especially, was a great epoch in household events—a way-mark in the year. What a stirring up and turning over took place! A maple swamp was not far away; in fact, several swamps were in our vicinity, and when the frogs began their annual mud-song of "pink-wink! pink-wink!" we knew the general resurrecting time was near.

How delightful the first sounds of spring! The first call of the robin, the twitter and song of the "early bird" as he seeks the proverbial "worm." Ah me! How much of nature's beauty and dear happiness the city dweller loses. The soft sounds of spring and early summer, and the sweet, fresh smell of the air are beyond compare. I just reveled in such surroundings outwardly, but indoors a different atmosphere prevailed. But the pungent smell of paint and varnish was over at last, the parlor fire-place filled with bright, green boughs soft and fresh, the lamps and candles set aside—for we never lighted a lamp after the "settling" was over till "evenings came" late in summer—the peach blossoms, pink and fragrant, the orchard trees beginning to bud, and just at twilight, the long, quiet, fragrant twilights of late spring when the whip-poor-will's call is heard, then I knew summer had arrived. Then I knew the long, golden days of peaceful summer were at hand, disturbed not in those days by summer visitors and summer outings. And far through the beautiful May twilights, through the perfumed air of rose-laden June, and distant hum of drowsy bees wafted with the breath of hay newly mown, speeding through these scenes came the Mecca of the summer to every child of the republic—the Fourth of July!

We were up betimes at our house on the morning of the eventful day. No sleep unless by the baby, after day-break, for the bell in the steeple of the village meeting house, rang with the spirit of

'76, and rusty gun-locks and trusty flint-locks were heard re-echoing far and near. Early in the day the men (some of them) "mustered," and the general or major mounted on his horse was to our childish eyes a wonderful personage. The old flag was unfurled to the breeze, and streamed and fluttered in the morning wind, an emblem of unfading fidelity.

I say we were astir early at our house, for, had quiet reigned without, we children would have awakened by sunrise, for, had we not long been promised we should attend the "celebration?" and the celebration in ye olden time was a state occasion anticipated and enjoyed by the elders as well as children.

Upon this particular occasion we were to celebrate near the center of the town, and each school district to be represented by its pupils. It was the largest affair I had ever attended, and much conjecture arose in my mind as I listened to remarks about me. What was meant by "head marshal," "president of the day," "the orator," and "speeches?"

When finally arrived, the pupils of each school formed in separate columns for marching, as many columns as schools in town. Each column had an "aid," and the "head" or leading marshal walked in advance of all with some wonderful stars upon his shoulders, while the flag was borne by two stout boys just behind him, and behind them came the drummer-boy, who beat his drum with a vigor and spirit that betokened Young America. The procession was quite conspicuous. The men and women walking, and the many teams from distant sections, in the rear, or on either side, but, mark you, not before.

Many in those days owned stout, comfortable oxen and daily might be seen riding behind them; it was considered no disgrace, and why on this particular morning they should hesitate to join the horse-teams was a mystery to my mind, as I saw one and another hitched just within the pines along the edge of which we passed. They had taken their provender for the day with them, not intending to return home till night-fall; but for some unaccountable reason they came before other people and set up temporary stalls one side.

A spacious tent had been erected in a convenient field; to this the various schools repaired. At the door the chief marshal halted and the columns marched in single file to seats arranged for them; for, be it known, the turnout and parade, fuss and expense, had been for the pleasure and benefit of the children, and, when all were seated, a gray-haired man whom I at once recognized as the "Squire" stepped out upon the stage, erected in one end of the tent, announcing that this day was celebrated and commemorated not so much that grown people may meet in social union and pleasant intercourse, but that the children, school children and Sabbath school children, those who are to become the future men and women may remember, may revere, may learn to love, and teach their children's children what the historic day recalls.

The squire was the president of the day; that mystery was solved, and after a few more words fitting the occasion, he introduced a smiling gentleman whom he announced as the "orator." I do not propose to give the oration; could not, if I would, so many years have flown, but, child that I was, the words of the good man were impressed upon me. He spoke about the Declaration of Independence, of the eventful hours and days when it was formed and signed. Ah, what a deed it was! and how it has sounded through the years. The men who set their names to that Declaration well knew it was on penalty of death, for, had the British been

triumphant those signers would doubtless have been seized, could they have been found; and knowing the consequences they dared brave them. Benjamin Franklin is one of the number. Almost everybody young and old has heard of him through his wise and witty sayings. Thomas Jefferson, third president of the United States was the maker and framer of the Declaration, and then the good man went on to tell of George Washington, General Washington he called him, the leading general in the Revolutionary war and first president of the new country. It was an arduous undertaking; one fraught with much responsibility, but Washington's name stands to-day bright and unsullied, deathless while history shall last. Washington, is he not sung with the "storied brave?" "First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Then the speaker told of the days of the Revolution, and the causes of the war and on to the establishment of our nation.

The old people present to whom this was verbal history listened with rapt attention, and fast coming breath, while their fading eyes lighted and kindled with the enthusiasm of a generation gone by. Calling to mind this speech now, after the lapse of many years, we are sure ye orator did his best. At any rate interest was awakened and attention held which is a sure sign of doing well. After he had finished and made his final bow to the hearty applause which greeted him, various townsmen made short speeches, and then the audience cheered, and such a cheering! it seemed the very welkin rang. The people rose after this and sang the grand national hymn, America.

Then came another exercise, not quite as soul-inspiring, but heartily welcomed by the children at least, the dinner, which is by no means to be over-looked on this festive day. A bountiful table was laid with such dainties as the good townspeople could procure. Each district had made what they called the "queen cake," noble loaves I assure you. These were scattered at intervals upon the tables, and they were ornamental. The *HOUSEHOLD* could not have furnished recipes for the making because its day had not then dawned, but tried and never failing rules were produced for these wonderful loaves, and the frostings were simply marvelous. French marmalades, Spanish creams, and a hundred other new-fangled dishes are not to be compared with the substantial, old-fashioned loaves that graced that picnic table.

I feel justified in stating that some of the recipes were brought even from old England. Sandwiches, and other good things were upon the tables, but those queen cakes were beyond every thing. After the repast, came a general chat and social union, and then homeward bound. But the ox-carts were not started out until the crowd had dispersed.

A group of tired, happy children wended their way home, and when at sunset the cannon boomed o'er hill and dale, filling the air with a war-like sound, and the village bells rang long, we knew the eventful day was over at last. The old flag was lowered from its staff, leaving nothing but the spread eagle bare and lone. But on through the twilight and the soft sounds of the summer night, even while gazing at the bright peaceful stars far away in the cloudless heavens, I seemed to think, not so much of the people I had seen, or even the queen cakes that graced the tables, but what I had heard from the lips of those who had spoken of the thrilling events of which that day was the anniversary.

—If any one has stumbled and fallen, help him up gently, and pass on, before a crowd gathers.

JOHN WARRINER'S VACATION.

BY EMILY HAYES.

It wasn't in human nature to put up with any thing like this. If that was what John meant by a "good time," what was to become of her? To think of joining a fishing party, and going away, nobody knew where, for a month or six weeks, leaving her alone at home to enjoy the summer!

She had supposed of course that she was included in the prospective outing, and had been busy for weeks, remodeling such of the pretty dresses she had at the time of her marriage only two years ago, as had become a little out of style, and had mentioned to several of her neighbors that she was "going away for a little summer trip, soon; she did not know just where, John had said very little about it, probably wishing to surprise her."

And he had! When he said, carelessly, at the supper table that evening that he must run down to Smith's to see the boys, and find out what day the yacht would be ready, and that he supposed it wouldn't take her long to put up what things he should need, and that she had better send for his sister to come and stay with her if she didn't like to stay alone while he was gone, he shouldn't be gone a great while only just to have a "good time" with the boys; she looked at him in astonishment. Stay alone! While he went away to have a "good time," and when she had been anticipating such a treat? Her husband laughed at her bewildered face, and came round to her chair saying jokingly:

"Why, you look as if you had never heard of such a thing before, and you've known of it for weeks."

"Yes," she answered quietly, determined he should not guess her surprise and disappointment, "but I shall not care to stay here, I think I need a change too."

"Why, yes, of course. Well, why not go to stay with Bertha then, instead of having her come here?"

"I have no desire to visit Bertha or have her come here. I want a 'good time' too, and to go where I can have it. I should like to go to Mount Desert, or Nantucket, or some such place, where there would be something going on. The Greys are going to the Adirondacks, and the Lorings to the White Mountains, and the Browns to Block Island. I should like to go there I think, but it might be best to go to the mountains, and then you would not have to go, as we planned so long ago. The Lorings would be glad to have me go with them, I know."

"Why, Alice! are you crazy? Do you think I would allow you to go anywhere with Mrs. Loring and her set? And then," a little reproachfully, "I thought our trip to the mountains was planned just for you and I all by ourselves, but of course if you had rather go—"

"You know I don't want to go without you," Alice exclaimed, a little excitedly, "but I don't know why it would be any worse for me than it is for you to go away without me, with 'Mr. Smith and his set.' I don't think that it is just right for you or any of the others. Mr. Smith, for instance, who will leave his wife in that uncomfortable boarding house with two sick children to look after, when they need the change far more than he does, and I know you don't think it is either."

"No, Alice, of course I don't, Smith is a brute, and I wish he wasn't going; but I did not think it would make any difference to you if I went. If you feel like that of course I shall not go, but I had no idea you cared any thing about it, you seemed pleased, I thought."

This was a little too much for her determination.

"I thought I was going too," she said slowly. "You did not say where you were going and I thought you were keeping it for a surprise."

Her husband stood beside her in silence for a moment. Was that what she had expected? Was Smith much worse than he was after all? And yet, how the "boys" would laugh if he "backed out," and what excuse could he give? If he could only get a telegram from some sick relative, or something of that sort. Couldn't Alice think of something? But no, he couldn't really tell her he was afraid of being laughed at, he didn't want her to think any less of him than she must now, besides, what would become of his dignity as a man and the head of his family should he acknowledge the fact?

And yet, as he thought it over in the light of her surprise and disappointment he could not deny that Alice was right. He had not supposed that she would care much, and he tried to forget the fact that he had somehow hoped to wait till the last minute before saying much about the trip, for to tell the truth he did feel a little uncomfortable about it. But he couldn't stand there all night and say nothing. He wished Alice would speak, but she did not seem inclined, and he stood looking down on the beautiful braids of brown hair which crowned the bent head, and wished himself at the antipodes. Alice did speak, after awhile. Lifting her brown eyes with a little defiant gleam in them, to his for a moment, she asked:

"Would you have gone away like this, three years ago this summer?"

Three years ago. That summer at Long Beach, when they became engaged, and when he would not have lost an hour's walk or drive with Alice for a dozen fishing excursions.

"No, I wouldn't Alice, and I won't now," he exclaimed, putting his arm about her to lift her from her chair. But she eluded his grasp, and ran hastily out of the room, shutting the door with a little bang, and, after waiting a few minutes for her to come back, sorry she did not respond at once to his overtures, and yet half admiring her "grit," he put on his hat and went "down to Smith's" where he found seven young men about his own age engaged in something of a dispute.

"Here comes Warriner, he'll set you all straight," cried his friend Smith as he entered the office. "Here's Aleck all ready to back out, says his baby is sick and his wife doesn't want him to go. I'm glad you've come."

"So am I," said John quickly, taking Aleck's hand in his with a fraternal grasp which faintly expressed his relief and gratitude for the way things had gone, but which seemed to his friend only full of a just then specially welcome sympathy.

"I'm glad of it, old boy. I'm going to stay with my wife too," he exclaimed. Aleck's face glowed with a comfortable change from the half ashamed expression it had worn a moment before.

"And I think," continued John, "that more of you had better back out too. Haydon, I'm sure you don't need to go half so much as your wife does. I'm not going to give up my 'good time' by any means, but I am going to make sure of having one by taking my wife with me."

The young men agreed cordially that that was just what they wished too; all but Smith, who asked John a little sarcastically what his wife had said to change his mind so suddenly. "Must have been quite a lecture, boys, a pretty serious one," he said with a laugh which was feebly echoed by one or two voices.

"I'll tell you what she said," exclaimed John Warriner, his fine face touched with a little flush. "She merely asked me, when I told her to-night for the first time that I was going to leave her at home by herself, if I would have done so three years ago this summer. That was enough for me. If the rest of you can tell your wives that you don't care so much for them now as you did before you were married, all right. I can't, and I'm not ashamed to own that I'd do a good deal more to please Alice to-day than I would before we were married, and I don't think I was often very negligent then."

The fishing excursion was indefinitely postponed, but Alice did not lose the surprise she had so long anticipated, nor was she the only wife who helped her husband enjoy his "good time" that summer.

THE STORY OF THE REGICIDES.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

One of the most interesting incidents in our early colonial history is the story of the Indian surprise at Hadley during King Philip's war. The inhabitants of the hamlet at the time were assembled in the little wooden church, listening to a religious service. The Indians crept up under cover of the forest, scaled the palisades and made a hot attack upon the colonists, who, taken completely by surprise, made but feeble attempts at resistance. At the moment when alarm was at its greatest height and the inhabitants were about to fall beneath the tomahawk, an old man with a long white beard, and of a distinguished military aspect whom no one knew, appeared suddenly in their midst. Waving a light sword in his hand, and his eagle eyes flashing over the throng of terror-stricken forms, he sternly commanded:

"This way, men of Hadley! Rally here for your lives."

The sudden appearance of the stranger, his rich dress, for he wore the graceful cavalier garb of Charles the First's time, and his air of command, gave new hearts to the dispirited colonists. Under his leadership they rallied, charged upon the savage warriors and put them to flight. In the excitement of the conflict the stranger disappeared, and when the fight was over he was nowhere to be found. He had vanished as utterly as though the earth had opened and swallowed him up. His sudden and opportune appearance, and his equally mysterious withdrawal did not fail to make their impression upon the superstitious minds of the colonists, and from lip to lip the story passed that an angel of the Lord had descended bodily to assist them.

Almost thirty years before this occurrence a group of stern, sober-looking men sat in the judges' seats at Westminster, trying a man for his life. The president of this body sat at the upper end of the hall in a chair of crimson velvet, and a desk and velvet cushion was placed before him; and he wore a broad brimmed beaver lined with plates of iron for security, upon his head. At a table below him, covered with a rich Turkey carpet, on which lay the mace and sword, emblems of authority, sat the two clerks of the court. The members of the court, about seventy in number, sat in their best habits and with their hats on their heads, on side benches covered with scarlet. Opposite the president, on a seat of crimson velvet sat the prisoner.

A tall, stately, grave-looking man, handsome and noble in his Vandyke dress, his long hair falling like a woman's upon his rich lace collar and his black velvet doublet. He sat very calmly there, with the guards armed with partisans, standing around him, the assembled specta-

tors looking down from the galleries, and those stern judges who had arraigned him for various misdemeanors and crimes—tyranny, treason, murder and a long list of appalling charges—trying him for his life. No rank can excuse vice; no titles ought to screen guilt; but this man was neither vicious nor guilty. His offences were political ones merely, and because he was a king he was condemned to death.

Six days he sat there unmoved, with calm majesty, while his trial went on. He expected no mercy from those grim, earnest men, all of whom were his enemies. There is no doubt but that his death had been determined on before his trial; so in a sense it was a mockery and a farce. When the king was taken out from the hall, with his fate staring him in the face, but as unmoved and dignified as ever, the irrepressible cries of "God bless your majesty!" "God save you from your enemies!" met him on every hand. Such was the only part that the people of England took in the trial of Charles the First.

It is, however, impossible to question the purity of the motives of many of his judges. No one, perhaps, will seek an apology for Cromwell, for ambition was already his guiding star. But of the others many were men of ardent patriotism and exalted piety. A few, indeed, refused to sign the death warrant of their sovereign. Others did so believing that they were advancing the cause of freedom. Doubtless that was the thought of those three men whose story we have in hand, Goffe, Whalley, Dixwell—the regicides whose romantic adventures make an interesting chapter in the early annals of New England.

Edward Whalley, as he was the oldest seems also to have been the most important in rank of our regicide judges. In the list of those who sat on the trial of Charles Stuart, we find his name recorded as Colonel Edward Whalley. He was born near the beginning of the seventeenth century, and must have been therefore, a gray-headed man of nearly fifty when he sat among the judges of the king at Westminster Hall. Colonel Whalley was a brave and tried soldier, and led in the charges of the parliamentary forces at Naseby and Edgehill, where his son-in-law, Lieut. Col. William Goffe, also took a prominent part. Goffe was a Lincolnshire man, born among the fens and sedges of that wild, low country which had always harbored men of high instincts for liberty since Hereward the outlaw had defied the conqueror among its water wastes. A pronounced Puritan, a devoted adherent to parliament, Goffe was a dashing soldier as well, and was one of the best captains among the Roundheads. His ironside troopers were sharp thorns in the sides of Prince Rupert's gay squadrons, and at Marston Moor he was one of those whose forces proved too much even for the mettle of that hot cavalier.

Both were honest, upright men, and each possessed a little more softness of manner and less rigidity of temper than their associate, John Dixwell, Esq. The latter was a typical Puritan. He was all iron; no softness, no grace, covered his coat of mail. His private character, however, was stainless, and despite his austerity of temper, he was a man worthy of honor.

During the Protectorate these men enjoyed places of high trust and honor under Cromwell, and they doubtless looked forward to an old age of comfort and ease in England. This was denied them. Cromwell, a man of the Carlyle type—forceful, energetic, self-reliant, we are forced to admire his grand qualities—proved but a sorry despot though he placed England on a high footing among

the nations. But the English people had no ambitions to gratify, and they began to long for peace and the restoration of their rightful sovereign—the son of the murdered Charles I. He came at length and was received with open arms. This circumstance entirely changed the prospects of the men who had condemned the father.

Among the first acts of the new king and his advisers was a decree of death to thirty of the judges who had signed the death warrant. Whalley, Goffe and Dixwell managed to elude the officers sent to arrest them, and subsequently escaped in a vessel to America. They landed in Boston, in 1660, where the three exiles were well received by Gov. Endicott. The next year an order came for their arrest, and a price was set upon their heads. The authorities allowed them to escape, and the exiles, they were now old men, and ill adapted to endure hardship, fled into the wilderness. But they were not safe there. The royal officers, eager to secure the large rewards, hunted them like wolves. Indians as well as English soldiers were sent in pursuit, and several times they narrowly escaped capture. They removed from place to place, living in mills, in the clefts of rocks, on the seashore, and in caves in the forests. They nearly perished from hunger and exposure, for they often went without food for days, and it was in the midst of a cold and snowy winter.

They hid themselves for months in a cavern near New Haven, which is still known as the "regicides' cave." From this retreat they issued only by night, but their place of concealment was discovered at last, and they fled successively to Milford, Derby and Bradford. From all these places they were successively driven by a fear of capture, and once more they entered the wilderness. One cold, stormy night they found themselves near the settlement of Hadley on the Connecticut. The clergyman of that place, Parson Russell, was a former acquaintance of Goffe's, and in his house they sought shelter.

William Goffe passed the remaining fifteen years of his life in that secure retreat. He it was who appeared to the settlers in their hour of danger and delivered them from the horrors of an Indian massacre, disappearing in the moment of victory to leave the inhabitants in the persuasion that a heavenly messenger had fought for them. He died in Parson Russell's house four years after this event, in 1679, aged seventy-four years.

He was visited there once by his fellow regicide, Dixwell, who under the name of John Davids was living in New Haven, where he had a wife and children. It was the last time they met in this world. What passed between them no one will ever know, but we can imagine the two gray-beards sitting in the Russell parlor, by the blaze of the ample fire-place, and talking of the days long past and of the part they had played across the sea. It was a startling change from then to now, from prosperity and honor to affliction and an outlaw's doom in the far western colonies.

We have an increased respect for John Dixwell, when we are told that his favorite study in exile was the "History of the World," which Sir Walter Raleigh had written in prison. So what the gay cavalier wrote to cheer his long imprisonment gave comfort and solace to the staid Puritan in his outlawry. It is rather a pleasant thought. Dixwell, it is said, never regretted that he had signed the warrant for a king's execution. He expressed himself as desiring no greater honor than that the following inscription might be engraved on his tomb: "Here lieth one who had a hand and a

heart in the execution of Charles Stuart, late king of England." His wish was not exactly fulfilled. He and his fellow regicides lie in the old cemetery at New Haven, and one monument covers them, which records their lives, deeds and death. It is not so sad a story as it might have been.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TIMOTHY, HIS NEIGHBORS AND HIS FRIENDS."

In one of our western towns lived a family consisting of a gentleman, his wife and a nephew of the lady's, whom she—at the bedside of his dying mother—had promised to take to her home, and care for as her own.

They were in moderate circumstances, but their aim was to give the boy a good business education; more, they could not do. He was naturally apt, and at the age of seventeen they succeeded in getting him into the employ of an old friend of theirs who needed a book-keeper.

Two years passed away, and the boy had grown into a handsome and agreeable young man, the pride of his adopted mother's heart. Lively, and fond of society, he was much sought after. He began to spend all his evenings away from home, and hints came that they were not spent as uncle and aunt would have desired.

They began to realize that they had been remiss in their duty in regard to him; had not encouraged young people to visit them, nor exerted themselves to be companions for him, so he had drifted off, where company of his own age made time pass more swiftly. In vain they made little evening parties, he pronounced them dull, and refused to remain at home even those evenings in which young people were expected, because they were not congenial to his now vitiated tastes.

His uncle and aunt began to see that he was spending money recklessly in hiring conveyances and other ways, and the conviction dawned upon them that he was going beyond his salary, and sleepless nights it cost them. After consultation with each other, it was decided that they were not acting an honorable part toward his employer to keep him in ignorance of this, so with many forebodings they did so. The result was as they surmised, he was promptly discharged, and was home upon their hands, upbraiding them for their interference. For one whole winter every effort was made to get him into business but without avail; he had no reference. Sick with repeated disappointments, his days at home became intolerable, and one night he left, intending never to return.

His foster-mother felt that her cup of sorrow was full to the brim. Oh! to see his face once more, and feel the touch of his once loving hand, was the cry of her heart. To get him home again, away from his evil companions even if he were to be a burden upon them for the rest of their days, was her one thought.

One night while tossing upon her restless couch, a sudden resolve—like an inspiration—came to her. She remembered an old aunt of her mother's who lived in a distant city, and whom she had not seen for years. She resolved to go to her for advice and assistance in inducing her boy to return. The balance of the night was spent in planning to leave home. Her husband approved of her going, and without wasting a moment in unnecessary delay, she set out upon her journey. Evening found her in the comfortable home of her aged relative, her troubles soothed by the comforting sympathy she received.

Long and earnestly they communed by

the light of the parlor fire, and the result was that a notice appeared among the personals of a daily paper of his native city saying that if he would pay a visit to his aged relative, it would be to his advantage.

Day after day his adopted mother waited for her boy, but he came not, and with despairing heart, she set out for home. In walking from the depot to her house, she took a shorter way through a quiet and little frequented street, and whom should she meet but her boy, in the company of a young man whose companionship she judged at a glance would be of no benefit to him.

Her nephew would have passed by her without noticing her, had she not detained him. "Come home;" she cried imploringly. "All shall be forgiven and forgotten, only come home."

"It is too late;" replied the young man gloomily, "home is no place for me now."

"It is never too late, while life lasts," said his aunt. "Come, I have good news for you. Aunt Rachel longs to have you make your home with her; she is growing old and is lonely, no one there but the servants. She says she will assist you in getting into business, and every dollar she has shall be yours, if you will only come and make her declining years less lonely."

"I will not go!" exclaimed the young man defiantly.

A deathly pallor overspread the face of the almost heart-broken woman, and before he could reach out a helping hand she fell to the pavement in a swoon. All his childhood's love for her revived, and with a wild fear throbbing in his heart, he knelt beside her, and raised her head upon his breast, calling upon her by every endearing name, to speak to him.

When consciousness returned, the poor, half-intoxicated youth who was with him, aided her in persuading her nephew to return to his home with her.

"I will not go home, for I dread seeing my uncle," said he as his aunt arose and leaned wearily upon his arm for support, "but I will go to Aunt Rachel's, see she has advertised for me," taking the daily paper from his pocket, and pointing out the very notice his aunt had helped to indite. "And I will go in the next train."

Tears of joy rolled down the cheeks of the happy woman, and in her gratitude she clasped the hand of the young man who had aided her in winning this result.

"This good deed of yours is registered in heaven, said she, earnestly, "oh try from this hour to lead a good life."

"Jack, write to me often;" said he, turning away hastily to hide the moisture in his eyes, "may be it will help to keep me straight."

Back to the depot went the aunt, accompanying her boy, and left him not, until she saw him in the car, and the train in motion, then, with her heart swelling with thankfulness, and softly repeating over and over to herself,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," she returned to her home.

The young man was warmly welcomed by his aged relative, who made not the most distant allusion to his errors. Through her influence an excellent situation was obtained for him, and in his new surroundings, and the new society which she gathered about him, he regained his self-respect. In time he became attached to a young lady whose father was superintendent of a Sabbath school, and when the office of librarian happened to become vacant, he was invited to fill it.

Years passed away; his aged relative had crossed the river, was safe beyond all earthly trials and sorrows, her pathway to the grave smoothed by the loving

hands of the once wayward boy, his wife and two sweet children.

They remained in the good home she had bequeathed to them, living an active, cheerful, Christian life. A happy family respected and loved by all who were privileged to enjoy their friendship, while white-winged messengers of love passed between it and the home of his adopted parents.

Oh, friends, should your sons stray for a time beyond the fold, do not upbraid nor give up all for lost; but help them by every means in your power to regain their self-respect. Make home cheerful and happy, and in helping them you are also helping their companions to steer through the dangerous straits of young manhood.

RESEARCHES IN THE GARRET.

BY H. MARIA GEORGE.

It is a dull, damp, drizzly day. The sun rose clear and bright and for a while all nature smiled, and every hill and valley was illuminated by the splendor of his presence. Presently the clouds gathered, few and small at first, but gradually increasing in size and number till the king of day was compelled by their dark and forbidding aspect to beat an ignominious retreat.

The rain which had long threatened to descend, now burst from the embrace of the clouds and poured in torrents upon the earth. But at the present time its fury is abated and it has settled down to a steady, dull, monotonous rain. There is something invigorating, cheering and pleasing in a brisk rain storm, but a continuous drip, drip, like this, makes one blue and wish for new books, startling adventures, or explorations in garrets, old closets or other dark and mysterious places.

With this feeling, and with the hope of thus whiling away a few of these dull, morning hours we turn our steps towards the old attic.

It is filled with odds and ends, the accumulation of years. Many of the articles are relics and heirlooms which have been handed down from generation to generation, and now repose in solemn grandeur in their allotted places—grim reminders of days past and gone. It is time it was looked over, moths and spiders routed and a brisk warfare waged on rats and mice; dust and cobwebs banished with the aid of broom and brush, a general airing given and cleanliness and order once more made to reign triumphant.

Arrived at the top of the steep, narrow, winding stairs we cautiously advance and with faltering hand lift the latch. We enter, after a prolonged glance at the heterogeneous collection, seat ourselves on an ottoman of crimson velvet, which though faded and threadbare still shows traces of former beauty. The time and place are favorable for reflection, and we sit and muse, regardless of flying moments, till with a start we return to consciousness of our present surroundings and of our object in coming hither.

By our side is a large, tall bureau, and we may as well begin the work of renovation on that. It is handsomely carved and ornamented with brass plates and handles. No need of key to open these drawers; the one who placed these relics had no fear of thief or intruder. Had locks been here rust would long ago have rendered them useless. The top drawer is filled with articles which remind us forcibly of the trousseau of a bride. In the farther corner is a pair of white satin slippers, small and delicately formed, the toe long and pointed, and the heel high and small much like those now in fashion. They belonged to grandma's great-aunt who left her luxurious home in England and crossed the wide waters of

the Atlantic to make her home in the then new land of America. The day on which those dainty slippers graced her feet her heart was light and gay and her dancing steps kept time to its quick pulsations. Close beside them lies a faded and shattered bouquet of orange blossoms, and the delicate handkerchief and filmy veil which adorned her fair, sweet beauty on her bridal day. Tenderly, reverently, we closed the drawer, we will not disturb them more. They are too sacred to be touched by profane fingers, or exposed to the common gaze.

Here is a large red chest; let us make our next invasion on that. It is filled with old boots, shoes, slippers and rubbers a—a motley collection—and rats and mice seem to have held high carnival among them. There goes one now, what a bright-eyed, cunning fellow he is! Don't scream, he will not harm you; see he is trying his best to get out of sight; there he goes down in that corner! But we must not loiter in this way else the garret will still remain an unexplored region.

See this ancient loom, let us mount its seat and send the shuttle flying, thinking as we do so of the yards and yards of flannel, the bed blankets, blue and white check for aprons and the other countless pieces of cloth which have passed over its worn roller. Look at these small, curiously painted china cups and saucers; they would serve very well for a doll's tea party. Well do we remember how our childish eyes used to open wide with awe and wonder as Aunt Mary washed and wiped these same dishes. We never saw them used and we knew not but the heavens would fall did we but touch them with so much as the tips of our fingers.

In this corner are brass andirons which have adorned the parlor on many a festive occasion. Close by stands the tall clock which told not only the minutes and hours, but the day of the month and the moon's changes:

"It has ticked with the bell that a wedding would tell, it has ticked keeping time with a birth."

It has warned the aged that the sands of their lives were nearly run; that they must soon go where "a thousand years are but as a day," to spend an eternity of bliss or woe. It has reminded the anxious, expectant ones, to whom an angel from paradise has come in the guise of a little child, of the steep and rugged heights up which those tender feet must climb ere the high hopes and aspirations of a grand and noble life can be reached.

Peer into the dusty depths of this mirror with its painted shepherd and shepherdess at the top and its heavy brass frame. Picture to yourself the beaux and belles who have gazed at its shining face in the days that are no more. Debby was just as anxious then to be fair in the sight of her lover and Reuben as nervous about the fit of his collar and the tie of his cravat, as our most aesthetic young people of to-day. Ranged round this mirror, in a fashion to delight the followers of Oscar Wilde, are feather fans of bright colors and fanciful shapes. Where they came from we know not, but to our childish fancy they always suggested "Africa and the queen of Sheba." The dusty, faded, moth-eaten tapestries are yet bright in spots, and we can trace the graceful outlines of the pattern, but the ample curtains which cluster about the tall, high-posted beds are faded beyond recognition of design or hue. Among the antique chairs is one which is said to have come over in the Mayflower. Whether it did or not matters little; such is the believed tradition and the chair is venerated accordingly.

Here is a desk containing in its ample drawers old letters, account books, diaries and recipes. The writing is nearly illegible and the paper yellowed by the breath of time. This is the side saddle

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap from its first introduction to the public and have also tried almost every other kind of soap I have heard of, but have always kept Dobbins' in the house as the standard soap, and *always shall*, for it is *every way* the nicest. You are at liberty to use my name in connection with the soap whenever you think best. And as I have also been a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD from its starting point, I have thought several times of giving in my testimony in regard to it. My neighbors think my clothes *extra white* so I explained to them the cause, but said they, "The price is what I object to," so I gave them some to try and told them to wash their dirtiest pieces with it, also to try some fine laces, etc., and report to me the result. They did so, and the consequence was, I secured Mr. Cragin seven new customers. They said they never would have tried it if I had not insisted upon it, for they did not even care to send for a sample bar. I told them they were very unjust in not being willing to give it a trial, for I know what it is, and so am willing to try all others, feeling confident no other can come up to it. But I must close, hoping you will help Mr. Cragin to outshine all other soap makers, so that even the poorest may think it the cheapest, simply because it is the best.

MRS. L. C. WOODBURY.

Spencer, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I find Dobbins' Soap excellent and just the kind of soap every woman ought to use. It saves time, labor, and washes clean, and makes the clothes look as if they *were* washed, and I don't get half so tired as when I used other soap.

MRS. MINNIE STUPP.

167 2d St., New York city.

MR. CROWELL:—As my housekeeper, the Rev'd sister, did try Dobbins' Electric Soap, she was surprised at the nice effects of it. 1. As saving labor and time. 2. As cleansing thoroughly all dirt. 3. As having no bad smelling odor at all. 4. As a liniment for the hands.

REV. M. G. SMITS.

Kilbourn City, Wis.

MR. CROWELL:—I take this opportunity of telling you that my mother and I have used Dobbins' Soap for seven or eight years and have been the means of getting others to use it, and our grocers to handle it, and I can honestly say that as a labor saving agent it is the greatest "washing machine" ever invented.

FLORENCE ESPY.

Fort Madison, Ia.

MR. CROWELL:—As our grocer did not keep Dobbins' Electric Soap we have sent to Boston for our soap, buying a box at a time from Messrs. C. D. Cobb & Bros., of that city. I have given away a number of bars to friends, and I think all like it and buy it. I never have any mulled flannels since we have used this soap, and those that were mulled soon grew soft, and the mull gradually left them. As the manufacturers of the soap give music to those who use the soap, I have sent a lot of wrappers to Philadelphia, so as to avail myself of their liberality.

MARY A. STODDARD.

Concord, Mass.

PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges, as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—ED.

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are *prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 60,000 cards!* We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from *actual subscribers* giving their *full name and address*, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

Will some sister who can paint and embroider please do the same for me on some scraps of silk and satin for my crazy quilt? If any will be so kind please let me know stating what I can send in return and I will send scraps.

North Bergen, N. Y. MINNIE C. DEAN.

Will the sisters of the Band favor me with their postal autographs? I will return the favor if desired.

HATTIE N. MOORE.

Warren, Vt.

Any one having Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, of "Good Company," year 1880, and wishing to dispose of them please write me what they wish in exchange. I have Harper's Monthly, or I would pay a reasonable price.

MRS. S. LOOMIS.

Will all the members of the Band send me their postal autographs? I will return favor to all who desire it.

LOTTIE PENNEBECKER.

Box 48, Mechanicsville, Cedar Co., Iowa.

T. S. ARTHUR AT SEVENTY-FIVE.

For many years the genial countenance of Mr. T. S. Arthur has been a familiar sight to the citizens of Philadelphia, as he has walked the streets of the city on the route between his home and his office.

His name has been a household word among the readers of pure literature, throughout the whole country. And

"Arthur's Home Magazine," which he has so long and so successfully edited, has secured so hearty and so permanent a welcome in many thousands of the best households in the land, that Mr. Arthur cannot be regarded as a stranger by intelligent people anywhere.

It might be supposed by those who have not personally seen Mr. Arthur that a man who could for years work as diligently as he has, and who could produce the extraordinary amount of superior literary material which has come from his pen, must be one of giant physique and robust constitution. Those who are familiar with his slender form know that it is far otherwise. His constitution was never strong. About 1870 he had suffered to such an extent from physical and nervous exhaustion that most of his friends gave him up as not likely to live long. It seemed as if his work was almost done.

The narration of Mr. Arthur's decline in health, and of his restoration to vigor and the enjoyment of life, is of singular interest, as given by himself to one of our editors who recently enjoyed a protracted conversation with him. Mr. Arthur said, substantially:

"Previous to the year 1870 my health had been very poor. For a number of years I had been steadily losing ground in consequence of the constant physical and nervous strain resulting from overwork. I became so exhausted that my family and friends were very anxious about me. Only a few of the most hopeful of them thought I could live for any considerable time. I was forced to abandon all my most earnest literary work, and I regarded my career in authorship at an end. I was so weak that I could not walk over a few squares without great fatigue.

About this time my attention was attracted to Compound Oxygen as then administered by Dr. Starkey. I had heard of wonderful cures wrought by its agency; so wonderful indeed, that, had I not personally known the doctor, and possessed the fullest confidence in him, I should have been very skeptical on the

subject. I tried the Compound Oxygen Treatment, first simply as an experiment. I knew it could not make me worse than I was, and I hoped it might make me better. That it would do for me what it has, I had not dared to hope.

Its effect was not that of a stimulant, but of a gentle and almost imperceptible vitalizer of the whole system. Soon I began to have a sense of such physical comfort as I had not known for many years. My strength was gradually returning. This slowly but steadily increased. In a few months I was able to resume my pen, and within six months after doing so I completed one of my largest and most earnestly written books; and this without suffering any drawback, and without any return of the old feeling of exhaustion. For more than seven years after this I applied myself closely to literary work, doing, as I believe, the best work of my life.

The improvement was substantial and permanent. Not only had I no return of the old weakness and exhausted feeling, but I was able to work in my study from three to four hours a day. The constant remark I heard from my friends was, "How well you are looking!" Nor was it only in the strength and vitality that I gained by the use of Compound Oxygen.

For twenty years I had suffered with paroxysms of nervous headache, sometimes once or twice a week. They were very severe, lasting usually six or seven hours. In a year after I commenced the Compound Oxygen Treatment, these were almost entirely gone. It is now over ten years since I had such an attack. I was, moreover, liable to take cold, and I had frequent attacks of influenza, which always left me with a troublesome cough. It is very rarely that I now take cold. When I do so I at once resort to Compound Oxygen, which invariably breaks up the cold in from one to three days."

"And now, Mr. Arthur, what is your present condition of health?"

"It is all I have any right to desire or expect at my somewhat advanced age of 75. I sleep well, and am able to take my proper amount of food, enjoying my meals with regularity and heartiness. My digestion, although slow, is good. I am able to attend to my customary literary work, devoting about four hours a day to it."

"The testimonials and reports of cases published by Drs. Starkey & Palen in their pamphlets and advertisements, if literally true, show Compound Oxygen to be the most remarkable curative agent yet discovered. Do you believe them all to be genuine?"

"I have the most complete confidence in them. For years I have had personal acquaintance with Messrs. Starkey & Palen, and exceptionally good opportunities for observing them, as well in private life as in their professional relation to the public. I am sure that neither of them would or could become a party to any fraud or deception. But facts are of more value than opinions. Let me give you a fact. I publish a magazine, and have had an advertising contract with Drs. Starkey & Palen for over six years. During this time I have published, monthly, from one to six or seven different reports of cases and cures under their new treatment, or over three hundred in all. Now, in every case I have examined the patient's letters, from which these reports were taken, and know the extracts made therefrom and published in my magazine, to be literally correct. Stronger evidence of genuineness than this, cannot of course be given."

"Mr. Arthur, some years ago you gave a testimonial in regard to what Compound Oxygen had done for you; and you also have spoken freely in your magazine concerning Messrs. Starkey & Palen. Do you, in view of your present acquaintance with these gentlemen, and your large experience with Compound Oxygen, endorse all you have said?"

"I do most fully, and without any reservation whatever."

"And now, as to testimonials. Have you at any time given a testimonial in

favor of other special remedial agents or modes of treatment?"

"Never. The first and only time that I have permitted my name to be used in commanding a curative agent to public notice and confidence is in the case of Compound Oxygen. This I have done, not from solicitation, but voluntarily, and from a sense of duty. I believe, that in the use of this newly discovered substance, diseases long classed as 'incurable' may be greatly ameliorated and very often entirely broken, and the sufferer restored to comparative good health. I also believe, that by its use the liability to disease may be removed, and the general health of the community greatly improved. From what I know of its action, as well in my own case as in that of many others, I am satisfied, that if promptly used it will arrest the progress of acute pneumonia, consumption, catarrh, and most of the diseases which originate in colds. Believing this, as I certainly do, and from evidence which is too direct and positive to be ignored, I would be derelict in my duty if I did not do all in my power to induce the sick and suffering to seek relief in the use of so beneficent an agent."

"Have you seen and known other persons who have used Compound Oxygen; and have you had opportunities of observing to what extent they have received benefit?"

"My observation and my opportunities in this respect have been large. I have been much at the office of Drs. Starkey & Palen, and have become personally acquainted with many who have taken the Treatment. In almost every case, where a fair trial was given, decided benefit was obtained. Some very remarkable cases in consumption, rheumatism, catarrh, congestion of the lungs, asthma, etc., have come to my personal knowledge, the results of which seemed almost miraculous."

Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, are the sole dispensers of this remarkable curative agent, and will send, without charge, their Treatise on Compound Oxygen, giving all desired information in regard to it, to any one who will write to them.

—Two Rochester men went a-fishing, and on their return were asked as to their success. "Oh," said one of them, "we had about the same measure of fortune; Brown brought home a perch and I a pole."

Among the Whitest Things on Earth

Are teeth, beautified and preserved by SOZODONT; and the rose is scarce sweeter than the breath which becomes aromatic through its influence. It is the very pearl of dentifrices and the surest preventive of dental decay in existence. It remedies with certainty canker and every species of corrosive blemish upon the teeth and counteracts the hurtful influence upon them of acidity of the stomach. The formula of its preparation includes only botanic ingredients and it contains only the purest and most salutary of these.

See Dr. Hanford's Card for all information about his books, medical fee, etc.

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Any lady can do it. No canvassing. No picture painting or receipts. Please mention this paper and address with stamp, EUREKA SILK CO., Unionville, Conn.

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Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla. "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., LeWitt, Iowa. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

AN APPEAL FOR IMPROVED CATTLE CARS.

THE United States law to protect animals during transportation by rail provides that, when they are carried in cars in which they can be fed, watered, and have rest, its requirement that animals shall be unloaded every 28 hours, and then have a rest of 5 hours, shall not apply to animals in such cars. The law prevents starvation and too long confinement in cars so far as it is obeyed by the Railroad Co.'s, and its existence and enforcement are of the first necessity while the common stock cars are used, but the reloading at the stopping places is attended with much cruelty, it being naturally hard to get the poor creatures back into cars, where they have already so suffered, without blows, or worse.

To meet this want of an improved car the American Humane Association offered a prize of five thousand dollars (\$5,000) for such a car in 1880, to stimulate the inventive ability of the country. One of its conditions was that the patents on the improved car should be given to the Association, that the car might be offered to the railroad companies by it free from charges of royalty.

But the owners of the best inventions decided not to compete for the prize, thinking that their cars would prove more valuable to them than the five thousand dollars. Accordingly, the prize could not be awarded. The offer, however, caused the construction of cars which meet the requirements of the law, and the trustees of the fund take this way of making known the fact to Officers, Directors and Stockholders of Railroad Companies, and to all Humane People whose hearts have been touched by the atrocities of this traffic.

Gold medals have been given to the persons and companies named below. The names are given in the order that the several cars were examined.

A. C. MATTER, Chicago, Illinois.

W. STUART HUNTER, Belleville, Canada.

J. M. LINCOLN, Providence, Rhode Island.

MONTGOMERY PALACE CAR CO., New York City.

BURTON STOCK CAR CO., Boston, Massachusetts.

THOMAS CLARKE, Tiverton, Nova Scotia.

JOHN W. STREET, Chicago, Illinois.

So long as the common car is used, the words of Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, will continue true: "I declare the live stock traffic to be one long and uninterrupted line of suffering from the West to the East." The sanitary objections are also of the gravest character.

The great success of refrigerator cars is lessening the number of animals transported alive; but there must always remain such a traffic in them as to make the improved car a permanent necessity.

To avoid all misrepresentations on the subject, we add that neither the Association or any of its officers have a pecuniary interest in any of the cars above-named.

EDWIN LEE BROWN,

Chicago, Ill., Trustees of Car Prize Fund of American Humane Association.

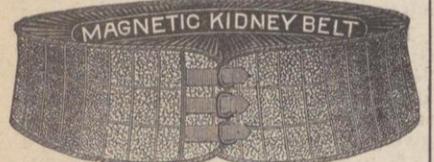
MRS. EMILY W. APPLETON,

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April 9, 1884.



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Send one dollar to the Magnetic Shield Co., Room 6, Central Music Hall, Chicago, for a pair of our Magnetic Foot Batteries, and see how they will warm your feet and keep them warm without fire. We deal in no shoddy or second rate goods. The best or none is our motto.

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The only article now, or ever on the market, that does all that is claimed for it.

Its use will give you an abundance of Luxuriant Hair.

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Portland, Me., May 29, 1882
I have examined Mr. Mansfield's formula for CAPILLARIS and freely state that I regard it as a very valuable compound, and know of nothing now before the public surpassing it. It contains nothing injurious; I use it myself and recommend it to my patients and the public.

E. C. NEAL, M. D.

(Dr. Neal has had a life-long experience in hospitals.)

MR. T. HILL MANSFIELD, Boston, Aug. 6, 1883.

Dear Sir:—Upon the recommendation of a friend, I was induced to try your CAPILLARIS to prevent the falling out of the hair. I have found it a sure cure for the same; also causing a thicker growth of hair. A most excellent preparation for the toilet. Yours truly, Miss M. L. WHITTIER, 248 Princeton St., East Boston.

I most cheerfully recommend T. Hill Mansfield's CAPILLARIS, it having cured me of all scalp difficulties and eruptions on my face, whereby the many other compounds and prescriptions tried, utterly failed.

CHARLES K. RAYNERSFORD, Druggist, Cor. Lexington and Marion Sts., East Boston.

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1883.

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A Radical and Permanent CURE for CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, HAY-FEVER and CONSUMPTION.

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THE
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These Scales, which we have offered to furnish our subscribers for the past two years on such favorable terms, are giving such universal and complete satisfaction to those who have received them, that we are anxious that all who are in need of anything of the kind should avail themselves of the present opportunity of getting a really nice article at a very low price. We have sent

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to our readers and thus far have not learned of the first instance where they have failed to meet the expectations of the purchasers, while we have received many

Unsolicited

Testimonials

to their convenience and value. We give a few to show the estimation in which these scales are held by those who have used them.

ROCKLAND, MASS., April 20, 1881.
MR. CROWELL.—Sir:—I received the Little Detective scales from you all right. I find them to be in every respect what they are advertised to be, and like them very much. As I make and sell butter, I find them very useful. I would advise every one who is in want of scales of that size, to get the Little Detective, for I think they are perfectly correct. MRS. J. M. WETHERBEE.

HILLSBORO' UPPER VILLAGE, N. H., March 10, 1881.
EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Sir:—The Little Detective scales arrived in good order, and after repeated trials gives perfect satisfaction. The only question with me is how I have kept house twenty years without it. Yours very respectfully, MRS. SUSAN S. WILSON.

SOUTH SHAFTSBURY, VT., April 25, 1881.
MR. CROWELL.—I received the Little Detective scales last Saturday, and am very much pleased with them. They are so simple yet accurate. They are much better than some spring scales that I have examined that were nearly double the price. I think all the HOUSEHOLD sisters who have no scales would buy them if they knew how handy and nice they are. MRS. L. W. COLE.

WESTFORD, WINDHAM CO., CONN., July 18, 1881.
GEO. E. CROWELL.—Sir:—In May I received from you a Little Detective scale, manufactured by the Chicago Scale Co. The scale came in good condition, and agrees exactly with "Fairbanks," is very nicely adjusted, and is a great convenience, is the best scale for the money I have ever seen, in short gives perfect satisfaction.

Yours respectfully, STEPHEN B. TIFFET.

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WE SEND THESE SCALES, TOGETHER WITH

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for one year, for only \$3.50. Our New England orders are filled directly from this office, while those from more distant points are supplied from the manufactory at Chicago, thus reducing the express charges to the lowest figure. We also sell these scales for \$3.00 each, and in either case warrant them to be as

Accurate and as Serviceable

as the ordinary \$10 scale of other manufacturers. Address all orders to

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Finely Finished and Gold Plated and a fac simile of the cut here shown. We have them with the TRUE Photographs of the President and Vice President OF BOTH PARTIES, DEMOCRATIC AND REPUBLICAN NOMINEES.

This you will find to be a good selling article from now until October. A good smart Agent can do well by selling them to the trade and at all political gatherings, and as you will see at a good profit at Wholesale and Retail. You can easily make from \$3.00 to \$7.00 a day selling these Badges, as EVERYBODY will want one or more of their FAVORITE candidate. Boys and Girls can make as much as men selling them. Send in your orders early so as to secure the first sales, thereby controlling them in your vicinity. Sample by mail, Postpaid, 10 cts. 3 for 25 cts., or \$5.00 per Gross by Express. Address, F. O. WEHOSKEY & CO., Providence, R. I.

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

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JULY, 1884.

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.

OUR JANUARY EDITION for this year is exhausted and we can no longer send that number to our subscribers.

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.

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.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS, 1's and 2's, will be received in payment for any sum less than one dollar but Do Not send full subscriptions in that way. It is just as easy and as safe to send bank bills in a letter as their value in stamps, and they are worth a great deal more to us.

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.

WE SHALL PUBLISH in our next issue of THE HOUSEHOLD "The Crosby Girls," by Helen Herbert, the story to which Messrs. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., award the first prize of \$20.00 offered by them for the best essay upon the uses of their Diamond Dyes. The second prize of \$10.00 is awarded to Charity Snow, whose essay, "The Old and the New," will be published in the following issue.

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 2'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 many fail 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 another page. It will be seen that from \$6 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 1884. 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* *rally*, 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 any body—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application *must* do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

SPECIAL PREMIUM FOR 1884.

To such of our readers as wish to procure a first-class Sewing Machine on easy terms we offer the following opportunity:

For a club of 40 yearly subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD we will send a No. 1 Higby Sewing Machine. Price \$40.

For 45 subscriptions we will send a No. 2 machine, same make. Price \$45.

For 50 subscriptions we will send a No. 3 machine, same make. Price \$50.

These machines are strictly first-class in every respect and fully warranted. There is no better Sewing Machine made than the Higby, and no better chance was ever given by which a lady could obtain so excellent a machine on such easy terms. Send for a catalogue either to THE HOUSEHOLD or The Higby Sewing Machine Co., Brattleboro, Vt.



HORSFORD'S SELF-RAISING Bread Preparation

The Healthful and Nutritious, BAKING POWDER. Invented by Prof. E. N. Horsford, of Cambridge, Mass.

It is better and healthier than ordinary Baking Powder, Cream Tartar or Yeast.

The cost of raising Bread, Biscuit, etc., with it is only about half as much as by ordinary Baking Powder, and the result is much better.

It restores the nutritive phosphates which are taken from the flour in boiling. No ordinary Baking Powder or anything else used for raising bread does this.

Universally used and recommended by prominent Physicians.

Put up in packages containing 11 ounces, just enough for 25 pounds of flour.

The Horsford Almanac and Cook Book sent free.

RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

CRAZY PATCHWORK. 6 pieces satin, hand painted 50cts. Address MISS HELEN L. MCCREERY, Herkimer, N. Y.

No matter how long you have been a sufferer from Rheumatism there is hope of a cure since the discovery of ATHLOPHOROS—the champion remedy. Many write to confirm this. Their letters make a verdict which is unanimous, impartial, strong. As an instance, Alvin G. Vail, Crawford Co., Iowa, writes: "I send for five dollars worth of ATHLOPHOROS. The bottle I used has helped me very much. Pain all gone, but some lameness yet, and well there might be for I have been troubled for thirty-five years with rheumatism."

When the organs of secretion become inactive by reason of a cold or other cause, the inflammatory material should be removed and healthy action restored. Ayer's Pills accomplish this quickly, safely and surely. Much serious sickness and suffering might be prevented by promptly correcting such derangements which often develop into settled disease.

We would call the attention of parents, or teachers having the care of stammering children to the article by Professor Bryant, in the Dispensary department of this issue. Those who desire further information in regard to overcoming this infirmity, may address the author, Professor Frank A. Bryant, at Chicago, Ill.

"Ma," said Miss Parvenu, "Jennie Jones has been presented at court in London." "That's nothing," replied ma. "Why, I was in court two whole weeks when my sister was getting a divorce. We are just as good as the Joneses."

THE WASTING DISEASES OF INFANTS and children are by no means confined to an insufficient supply of food. The trouble is that the food is injudiciously selected, and the limited digestive power of the child is unable to assimilate it. Mellin's Food is adapted to the wants of invalids as well as infants. All drugists sell it.

Ayer's Ague Cure is a powerful tonic bitter, composed wholly of vegetable substances. Its action is peculiar, prompt and powerful, breaking up the chill, curing the fever, and expelling the poison from the system, yet leaving no harmful or unpleasant effect upon the patient. Sufferers from chills and fever who have used quinine as a remedy will appreciate this.

LACTIC ACID. The Acid of Milk.

A Pure, Healthful, Refreshing Drink, aiding Digestion. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

AVERY LACTATE CO., Boston, Mass.

Do not waste your money, and risk injuring your hair by purchasing useless washes or oils, but buy something that has a record—a remedy that every body knows is reliable. Hall's Hair Renewer will invigorate, strengthen, and beautify the hair, restore its color if faded or turned gray, and render it soft, silken and lustrous.

We call the attention of our lady readers to the advertisement in our columns of James Pyle's Pearline, for laundry and kitchen purposes. An article so popular and widely circulated, must possess merits that commend it to the favor of housekeepers.

Dr. Main, 47 Union Park, Boston, Mass., says: I believe RATES' CONSUMPTION PILLS to be the greatest lung remedy ever known in medicine.

Ayer's pills possess the positive virtues of some of the best known medicinal plants, prepared and combined with scientific skill—rejecting the crude and drastic portions, and retaining only the active principle—the part which cures and does not harm. If you are sick try them.

For Dr. Hanaford's opinion of HILL'S ELECTRIC APPLIANCES please read his testimonial in another column.

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.

Ayer's Ague Cure should be the companion of all who reside or travel in malarial districts. No family or traveler in such places, should be without it, for use as a preventive, and ready for any emergency. It is certain, harmless, and the best anti-malarial medicine.

Woman at Work

is a large 32-page Literary Magazine, printed in the best style on fine, cream tinted paper, and well edited by Mrs. Esther T. Housh. The Eighth volume begins with the July number. The present depart's—Literary, "Our Girls," "The Home," "The World," and "Editor's Notes" will continue to interest and instruct all; with

12 FULL-PAGE ENGRAVINGS

by the best artists—one in each issue—as an expensive NEW FEATURE. SPECIAL to the readers of "The Household."—Balance of this year from time order is received for only 30 cts. in 2-ct. stamp or Postal Note. AGENTS WANTED.

FRANK E. HOUSH, PUBLISHER, Brattleboro, Vt.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability and Cheapness, Unequalled. MORSE BROS., Proprietors, Canton, Mass.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM
ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN ROSE-COLD HAY-FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE EASY TO USE PRICE 50 CENTS ELY BROS., OWEKO, N. Y. U. S. A. HAY-FEVER 50 cents at Druggists'. 60 cents by mail registered. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

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. C. McCanna, Deep River, care of Turners' Camp No. 1, Mich., will exchange calla bulbs, pansy, and verbena, for other bulbs and root slips of geraniums, monthly rose, and pink.

Miss H. A. Smith, box 186 Schoolcraft, Mich., will exchange music for the same, and directions and materials for painting photographs on glass for any thing desired of equal value. Write first.

Mrs. J. M. Farnham, Rockland, Maine, has a pair of beautiful fan tail pigeons to exchange for something of equal value.

Hattie A. Henton, Charlton, Saratoga Co., N. Y., has six varieties of gladioli, and will give three bulbs for a square foot of nice silk (not satin) pieces. Any color except black.

Jennie E. Wetherbee, Scriba, Oswego Co., N. Y., will exchange pieces appropriate for recitations. Would prefer something for church concerto.

Mrs. George Andrus, Chatfield, Minn., will exchange an oil painting for the book entitled "Fifteen Years among the Mormons." Write first.

Mabel L. Potter, box 373, Fairhaven, Mass., will exchange seashore curiosities for minerals or geological specimens, Japan lily bulbs, or choice flower seeds. Write first.

B. B. Brown, 229 E. 70th St., N. Y. City, will exchange silks for crazy work, and instruction and materials for taxidermy for HOUSEHOLDS for Jan. and Feb., '83. Write first.

Mrs. Wm. True, Salisbury, Mass., will exchange serpentine, galena, spathic iron ore, silver ore and starfish for cabinet specimens. Trilobite and geode particularly desired.

Mrs. A. K. Bush, Dover Center, Minn., will exchange ten pieces of good instrumental music or twelve songs for an oil painting 16x20 or larger. Write first.

Mrs. W. B. Smith, box 22, Palatka, Fla., will exchange tuberoses and bronze canna bulbs, Florida moss, and shells for silks, satins and velvets, size of postal, four for one bulb.

Mrs. V. V. Vaughan, N. Prescott, Mass., will exchange pieces of print or pattern of darned lace with insertion, for two blocks of crotchet, each block nine inches square.

Mrs. F. W. Boyd, 207 Hyde Park, Mass., will exchange fancy advertising cards, Quince granite, prints, bright colored silks, etc., for any thing suitable for a cabinet. Write first.

Mrs. Wm. Huyler, Hackensack, N. J., would like to exchange Johnson lily bulbs for a triflora.

Mrs. E. S. Lewis, Anaheim, Los Angeles Co., Cal., will exchange cabinet curiosities for blocks of crazy work, in silk, twelve inches square.

Mary F. Spindler, Beaverville, Pa., will exchange one year of Arthur's Magazine for Scribner's from March to Sept., '80, or any of Mrs. Whittier's books. Write first.

Mrs. E. W. Dearborn, box 77, Saginaw, Mich., will paint pieces of silk, satin, or velvet sent her, in exchange for silk, satin, velvet, or plush for crazy work.

Mrs. A. D. Lasel, Norwalk, Los Angeles Co., Cal., will exchange New Life, Happy Thought, Midnight and Maiden's Blush geraniums, rooted, for Chinese primroses. Write first.

Mrs. Jas. Crocker, Marengo, Iowa, has fern seeds to exchange for summer flowering bulbs, or Florida moss. Any bulbs except Madeira vine.

L. N. Pierce, Ludlow, Vt., will exchange "Cataract Galon," "Wedding March," "Eglin's Quickstep," or songs for "Peek-a-boo," or any popular pieces.

Mrs. T. C. Howell, Sioux Falls, D. T., will exchange ball tidy or make watch guard from hair sent her, for something of equal value. Write first.

Miss Lena E. Stewart, Averysborough, N. C., has a Turkish rug pattern stamped on burlap to exchange for "The Admiral's Ward," "Her Dearest Foe," or any good book. Write first.

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.

Said Master Jones, "Now must we go without delay to the deepo."

Laughed sweet Miss Jones, "I should say so. Let's start at once for the daypo."

Smiled Mrs. Jones, "In quick step, oh, we'll all run down to the deppo."

Groaned Mr. Jones, "It's mighty hot to drive you all to the deppo."

These conflicts of pronunciation would not be if they called it "station."

A TENDERFOOT'S FIRST DEER HUNT.

BY E. H. D.

As a tenderfoot, I had often been told that when I first saw a deer, I should have "buck ague." I did not believe that, but I had some doubts concerning my marksmanship, as I had never discharged a rifle save at a target, and that infrequently. I will try to explain this term to my readers, many of whom have, no doubt, never heard of "buck ague."

Have you seen a cat prepared to spring upon a mouse? Note the erected fur, the moving tail, the quick, convulsive movement of the claws, the nature of the animal in full play. "Buck ague" is the brute in man, asserting its right; the sight of prey awakening the animal instincts. And until man can command self-control he must hunt with the weapons nature bestowed upon him, for a rifle will be of no more use than a club, when hunting deer.

Inexperienced hunters, however, are not the only ones attacked with ague. I have often heard old hunters say, "I couldn't keep a sight on him to save my neck." "Buck ague" is the verdict.

Early one April day, before the

"Morn in russet mantle clad
Had crossed—"

the high eastern hill, I started forth to a park, as it is termed here in the mountains. Taking my station beside a large rock on the top of the hill to the east of the park, 8,500 feet above the level of the sea, I surveyed a scene grand and beautiful indeed.

The sun had not yet risen, and clear against the purple and the rose, far away, stood Fisher's Peak, and in the dim distance, hardly distinguishable from the clouds, a glimpse of the plains was visible. In the nearer landscape, like the tossing waves of a troubled sea rose hill beyond hill, while close in the foreground a great stone wall stood high in the air looking like the ruins of some vast castle or fortress of ancient days, built on the ocean shore. Down beneath at the foot of the hill, like a silver thread, winding in and out, amid the quaking aspens and spruce, the North Fork flowed,

"Swift as an arrow sharp and strong."

I could hear its music as it ran five hundred feet or more below. On the opposite side of the creek rose steep hills sparsely covered with spruce and aspens. I could see up the valley almost to the foot of the great mountains still clothed in their winter garb of whiteness, upon whose peaks the sunlight was just appearing. For as we often say here, we look in the west for the first glimpses of the sunlight, and in the east for the last.

Slowly the sun line slid down the mountain side, brightening up each gulch and ridge, bringing out the lights and shadows in fine and varied contrasts. Slowly down the high hill on the opposite side of the park, the sun made its way, and with eager eyes I scanned each clump of oak and aspen. Several times I thought I saw a movement in some thicket, often did I fix my gaze on a stump or fallen log, till in imagination I saw it move, and not until I had taken a survey of some more distant object and then brought my eyes back to the log, would I feel convinced that it was motionless.

Finally, after straining my eyes at a

burnt stump, until it took to itself a head and four legs and commenced a series of backward and forward movements, I changed my gaze and glanced along the side of the hill down to a bunch of aspens; I saw a movement amid the brush and from a small opening stepped forth

"The antler'd monarch of the waste."

He was quickly followed by a doe with two fawns. They stopped,

"Snuffed the tainted gale,"

and carefully gazed around. Having satisfied themselves that all was safe, they began feeding, often looking up to see that no enemy was stealing upon them.

I had a good opportunity to observe them, for I had now forgotten my rifle, had forgotten every thing, in fact, but to gaze at the deer. How long I should have remained spell-bound, I know not, had not the buck raised his head and looked directly at the spot where I stood. The rest turned their attention toward me and then all leisurely walked into the grove.

After they had disappeared from view, I gave a sigh of relief, then looked at the rifle which I held in my hand and muttered an uncomplimentary epithet to myself. Determined to retrieve, what I looked upon as foolishness, I walked rapidly down the hill, across the park and began ascending the opposite hill, when I heard a crash in the bushes on my right and looking quickly around I saw the deer bounding along the hillside. In an instant my rifle was at my shoulder, but I could not hold it steady; back and forth, up and down it went. My heart was beating heavily, my breath came fast. I fired shot after shot in quick succession, as long as a deer was in sight, then ran madly back to the middle of the park and fired one last shot as I saw the deer disappear over the top of the ridge.

They were gone, I had not hit one. I sat down on the grass and counted my remaining cartridges over. I had five left. I took twelve when I left the cabin. A melancholy fact, I had fired seven shots. I had no deer.

I could hardly realize that I had fired so many times but I did realize that I had had a bad attack of buck ague. My chest was sore from the run; my muscles were all tired and ached as if I had traveled miles. My spirits were heavy. I mentally reviewed the raillery I should encounter, on my return, all the remarks about buck ague that I should hear, but the pangs of hunger were irresistible and I prepared to return.

After wiping out my rifle and putting in a fresh cartridge I wended my way toward the cabin meditating upon the derision with which I should be welcomed by its occupants.

A SHREWD DOCTOR.

Here is a good story of Dr. Nathan Smith, who afterwards became the famous Professor of Surgery at Dartmouth College. His ready facility in turning to his own advantage what was meant to be a troublesome joke seems to have been the means of his rapid advancement in his profession:

It was in Cornish, N. H., that Nathan Smith first "hung out his shingle."

While the newly fledged doctor was patiently waiting for business, a company of young men concluded to have a little fun at his expense. Their plan of procedure was suggested by the sight of a goose with a broken leg.

Taking the tavern keeper into their confidence, they caught the limping bird, and as soon as all arrangements were complete, a messenger was dispatched in haste to tell Dr. Smith that a patient who had unfortunately broken his leg desired his services at the tavern immediately. The doctor was promptly on hand, but began to sus-

pect a trick as he came in sight of the house. Preceded by "mine host," and followed by a crowd, all ready to burst with delight at the anticipated surprise and chagrin of the doctor, he entered the great hall where, sure enough, lay the poor goose, extended in all honor upon a bed.

The doctor, without the least hesitation or show of surprise, advanced to the bed and having, with scrupulous care, examined the broken limb, prepared his splints, reduced the fracture, and bound it up in the most scientific manner. He then, with extreme gravity, directed the tavern keeper to pay strict attention to the patient, on no account to suffer him to be moved from the bed for at least a week, but to feed him plentifully with Indian meal and water. There was not much laughter when the doctor went away, though thus far all had gone well enough; but the next day the joke really became quite serious, when a good round bill for professional services came to the landlord, which he found himself obliged to pay.

The affair soon got abroad, and the shrewd and level-headed young doctor suddenly found himself famous. People said, "There's a man who knows how to take care of himself." Everybody respected him, and the foundation of a lucrative practice was laid for the young physician.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

THE CHEROKEE ROSE.

A pleasing feature of Florida is the beautiful and fragrant Cherokee rose that abounds in the whole peninsula. The Cherokee tribe of Indians dwelt from five hundred to one thousand miles further north, in what is now North Georgia, and in adjacent regions, now comprised in Tennessee and North Carolina. How came the Florida rose to bear the name of Cherokee? The legend is that the Seminoles, living in the low country, now Florida, went on the war path against the Cherokees, entered their country and fought a battle. A young Seminole brave was taken prisoner and carried to the wigwam of a Cherokee chief. He was doomed to be put to death. But the custom of the tribe was, not to execute captives when sick. The young warrior being sick, was spared till he should recover, when death would be inflicted on him. The chief had a daughter who attended him in his illness, and the two fell in love. When convalescent, and able to travel, the young brave determined, with her connivance, to make his escape, and return to his own people. She consented to elope with him. One dark night they started from her father's abode.

After they had gone some distance the young woman stopped and expressed an earnest desire to go back to her home and bear away some memento of the place. Retracing their steps, she plucked a small rose bush that she brought away.

They carried it to the Seminole country, where, being planted, it grew and flourished. From this root the variety was propagated, and, in course of time, it spread through the peninsula, where it thrives and blooms at the present day. It is universally styled the Cherokee rose.

—*Exchange.*

"Them pants is too short," said a huckster who was bargaining for a pair of trousers in Canal street.

"But dey vill stretch, my fren, dey vill stretch. Yust hang weights on de legs und stretch dem efery night, dot keeps the pags oud of de knees."

"They are too dark," continued the customer.

"Dark" said the dealer, "vat matter ish dot? de color ish not fast, und dey vill fade dree shades in two days."

"They are too wide in the legs," objected the huckster, and the accommodating dealer in accommodating garments said:

"Vell, ven you stretch dem de long vay ton't dey get schmaller sideways? De more you years dem de better dey fits you."

"Look at that big grease spot," said the particular buyer.

"Oh, dot's notting," said the dealer. "You vill haf dem all ofer vaggin crease in less as von week. I draw off ten cents for dot spot. You take dem for a tollor vorty."

He took them.

—A laughable incident occurred in a Sunday school in this city a week or two ago. It was at the close of the class exercises, and the pastor was endeavoring to impress on the children the lessons of the day. He ventured on the risky operation of asking questions, and with his most engaging smile, inquired:

"Now, children, how many of you ever saw a bear?"

About half the hands in the school went up instantaneously, and all the eyes blazed with delight at the joyous recollection.

"But continued the clergyman, "where was it you saw the bear?"

"Circus!" screamed fifty childish voices, the shrill treble of the infant class rising high above all the rest.

The minister omitted to give the children the great moral truth which the bear was intended to illustrate.

THE NEXT QUESTION.

In Scotland they have narrow, open ditches, which they call sheep-drains. A man was riding a donkey one day across a sheep-pasture, but when the animal came to the sheep-drain he would not go over. So the man rode back a short distance, turned and applied the whip, thinking, of course, that the donkey, when going at the top of his speed, would jump the drain. But not so. When the donkey got to the drain he stopped, and the man went over Mr. Neddy's head. No sooner had he touched the ground than he got up, and, looking his beast straight in the face, said, "Verra weel pitched; but then hoo are ye going to get ower yersel'?"

—Mabel—"Oh! Edith, I have just heard the awfulest thing about the Blanks."

Edith—"Goodness gracious? What is it?"

Mabel—"Their grandfather used to keep a fish stand in one end of the market."

Edith—"Oh, it can't be!"

Mabel—"But it is. Grandma says she has often seen him cleaning fish for customers."

Edith—"How did grandma happen to see him?"

Mabel—"Why, you see, she was the proprietor of an egg and butter emporium at the other end."

—Parrots are queer creatures, and, like monkeys, sometimes seem like a very burlesque upon humanity. One South American bird had unfortunately learned on shipboard the habit of profane language. The mate, a little ashamed of the creature's profanity, undertook a cure by dousing it with a bucket of water at each offense. Polly evidently imbibed the reproof, for during a gale, when a heavy sea broke over a hen-coop and deluged hens and cocks pretty thoroughly, she marched up to the dripping fowls and screamed out, "Been swearing again hain't ye?"—*Harper's Magazine.*

CAIN

Health and Happiness.

How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

Are your Kidneys disordered?
"Kidney-Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." M. W. Devereux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

Are your nerves weak?
"Kidney-Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c., after I was not expected to live." — Mrs. M. B. Goodwin, Ed. Christian Monitor, Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease?
"Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood." Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes?
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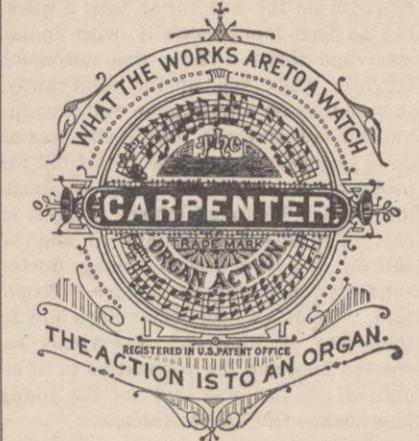
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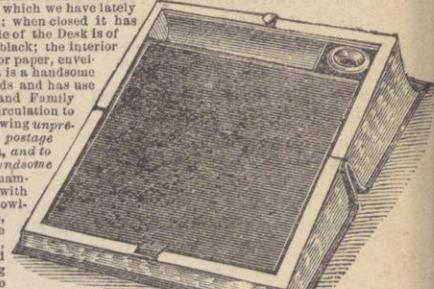
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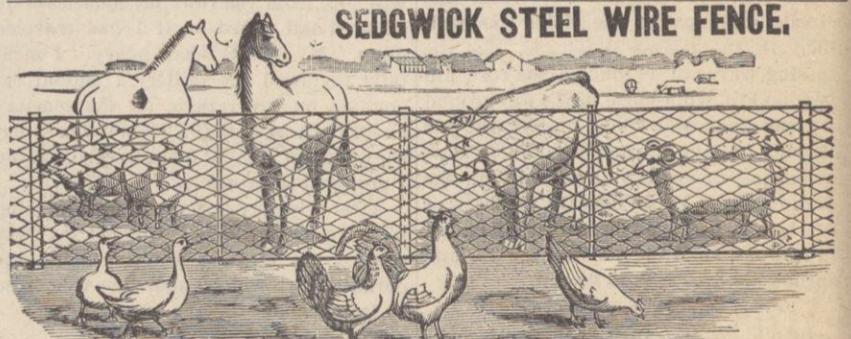
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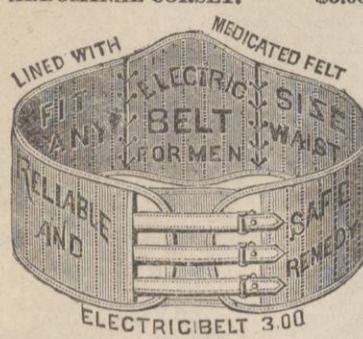
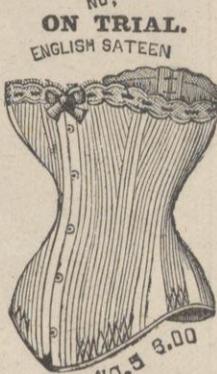
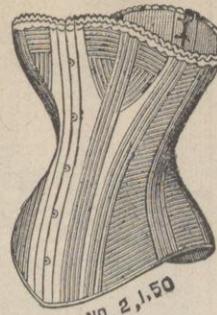
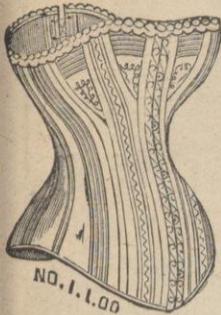
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Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
Half inch,	\$3.25	\$6.00	\$9.00	\$12.00	\$17.50	\$32.00
One	6.00	12.00	17.50	23.00	32.00	60.00
Two	12.00	23.00	32.00	42.00	60.00	115.00
Three	17.50	32.00	47.00	60.00	90.00	170.00
Four	23.00	42.00	60.00	80.00	115.00	225.00
Six	32.00	60.00	90.00	115.00	170.00	320.00
Nine	47.00	90.00	135.00	170.00	250.00	470.00
One column,	60.00	115.00	170.00	225.00	320.00	600.00

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 1884, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

The Best Baking Powder.

The best baking powder is made from pure Cream of Tartar, Bicarbonate of Soda, and a small quantity of flour or starch. Frequently other ingredients are used, and serve a purpose in reducing the cost and increasing the profits of the manufacturer.

We give the Government Chemist's analyses of two of the leading baking powders:

I have examined samples of "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder," manufactured at Albany, N. Y., and "Royal Baking Powder," both 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 oz. 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 oz. of Powder.

Ammonia gas 0.43 per cent., equivalent to 10.4 cubic inches per oz. 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 analyses indicate a preference for "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder," and our opinion is that it is the better preparation.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

On receipt of 60 cents we will forward to any address, postage paid, a pound can.

CLEVELAND BROTHERS, Albany, N. Y.

Health is Wealth.

It is worth more than riches, for without it riches cannot be enjoyed. How many people are without health who might regain it by using Kidney-Wort. It acts upon the Liver, Bowels and Kidneys, cleansing and stimulating them to healthy action. It cures all disorders of these important organs, purifies the blood and promotes the general health. Sold by all druggists. See advertisement.

Diamond Dyes will Color Any Thing any color, and never fail. The easiest and best way to economize. 10c. at all druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2-cent stamp.

HIDDEN Name Cards, 13 for 20 cts., Stamps. Household Card Co., 927 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

JAMES PYLE'S



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.

BALL'S



CORSETS

THE ONLY CORSET made that can be returned by its purchaser after three weeks wear, if not found PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY in every respect, and its price refunded by seller. Made in a variety of styles and prices. Sold by first-class dealers everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations. None genuine without Ball's name on box. CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago, Ill. FOY, HARMON & CO., New Haven, Conn.

MELLIN'S



TRADE MARK.
FOOD

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS. The only perfect substitute for Mother's Milk. The most nourishing diet for invalids and nursing mothers. Keeps in all climates. Recommended by physicians. Sold by druggists. Send for Book on Care of Infants. DOLIBER, GOODALE & CO., 41 and 42 Central Wharf, Boston, Mass.

Infant's Wardrobe.

For fifty cents I will send, to any one wishing them, ten patterns for a baby's new style Health Wardrobe, or patterns first short clothes, Health Garments, at same price. Mrs. F. E. PHILLIPS, (FAYE,) Brattleboro, Vt.

Agents Wanted

in every town to sell these goods. They are first class in every respect. Cot No. 14 and Chair No. 11 specialities. Liberal terms will be given. Send for Illustrated Circular. Address

J. E. JACOBS, Manufacturer,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.
Successor to Nash & Jacobs.

Ladies. Look.

10 patterns Infants' Wardrobe, 50 cts.; 10 patterns First Short Clothes, 50c. Full directions on each, with latest styles. Address Combination Pattern Co., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.



PURE
WOOD'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS
EXCEL ALL OTHERS.
THOS. WOOD & CO., BOSTON.



THE KNOWING PUSS.

"You awful kit, I want to know,
In all the world how come you so?
A perfect scarecrow, I declare,
Without a single decent hair,
And only Ivory Soap is nigh,
On which we always can rely.
I should despair, and well I might,
Of ever cleansing such a fright;

If your grocer does not keep the Ivory Soap, send six two-cent stamps, to pay the postage, to Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, and they will send you *free* a large cake of IVORY SOAP.

But that which cleans the baby's face,
The father's hands, and mother's lace,
Removes the dandruff from the head,
The berry stains from table-spread,
And makes the silver dishes shine,
As though just taken from the mine,
Will soon remove the smut and stain,
And make my darling white again."

ENTERPRISE COMBINATION
FRUIT, WINE and JELLY PRESS
MAKES THE LADIES HAPPY!

With it they can extract the Juice from Strawberries, Raspberries, Cranberries, Huckleberries, Gooseberries, Elderberries, Blackberries, Grapes, Currants, Tomatoes, Pineapples, Quinces, &c., &c. Refuse Seeds and Skins are Discharged Perfectly Dry.

**THERE IS
No Waste!**
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TO DO WITHOUT IT. A Valuable Recipe Book Free with every Press.

PRICE, - - - \$3.00.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Mention this Paper when writing us.

FREE TO EVERY LADY READER.

POTTER'S PRACTICAL AND POSITIVE METHOD OF CUTTING AND DESIGNING LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S GARMENTS will produce a perfect fitting garment and give the style, without trusting to judgment. Any garment can be cut in a few minutes without previous knowledge of cutting, and a perfect fit guaranteed. Easily and quickly learned by any one. Inventor's price, \$5.00. Superior for general use to systems costing \$15 and \$20. We furnish Potter's method, with full instructions (guaranteeing perfect understanding) entirely free to any person sending \$1.00 for one year's, 60 cts. for six months', or 36 cts. for three months' subscription to Kendall's Illustrated Monthly, a journal designed particularly to interest, amuse, and instruct the ladies. Postage stamps taken. With the aid of Potter's Method, many dollars can be saved annually in every family, and we hope that every lady reader of THE HOUSEHOLD who believes in economy, will grasp this unequalled opportunity. Address KENDALL & CO., Publishers, 5 Pemberton Sq., Boston, Mass.