



## The household. Vol. 17, No. 2 February 1884

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And she did! It was grained the light yellow so commonly used in imitation of ash. The mouldings were done in black walnut, and so were the knobs on bureau and sink. On the head and foot board, on each drawer and chair back, were sprays of lilies of the valley and bluebells and their respective leaves, done in those precious oils of "Charlie's." It is not slangy nor over praise to say those sprays were just lovely, and far beyond any ornamental painting we ever saw on a chamber set before or since. Each leaf and blossom was painted with a pains-taking deference to nature's models as much as if they had been intended for exhibition at the rooms of the art club. A much rusted out tin slop-john was carefully pewtered and painted two or three coats plainly inside, then it and its cover were grained and decorated to match the set, and none would now ever guess that these articles of furniture had lately stared at each other coldly, like respectable strangers. Her natural skill with brush and paints and her patient labor had rendered these hitherto uncongenial elements as amiable as relations by marriage.

An old tin wash basin somewhat related to a colander in its appearance was neatly painted a neutral brownish tint, with a vine of blue morning glory running around it. An old baking plate with its rim prettily painted answered for a saucer to this basin. When filled with earth and ivy vines and set in a swinging flower bracket by the west window—it paid. Yes, it was pretty and served a purpose and disarmed criticism, whereas the same vine, if painted on satin and hung conspicuously on the parlor wall might have been condemned as defective in drawing and coloring both.

Later, when the hat band craze came up, this same elderly lady was much sought by the young ladies to paint hat bands for their sweethearts, none that were embroidered could compare with her dainty artistic touches. We think she had fifty cents for three letters and the tiny sprays; the loving girls brought their own bits of satin ribbon.

A good all silk sun umbrella can be rendered very stylish in appearance by a spray of colorless blossoms, or only hints of pink edges, and delicate leaves, painted on one of its gores. For church use these colors should be very unobtrusive, for mountain or seaside travel or for garden parties one may paint as gorgeously as one pleases. But it is well not to forget that real ladies do not dress showily at church nor for ordinary street travel.

Even the dudes know that dresses, bonnets and parasols of blue silk trimmed with white lace, although correct enough for the fox hunt on Saturday, should be exchanged for the simple straw and dark dress on Sunday when they turn churchward to repent of yesterday's folly.

#### POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS CONCERNING BELLS.

Ducange tells us of a bell at Leinster, in Ireland, which had been carried there from a distant parish church, and had to be exorcised every night and fastened to its belfry, or it would, as it frequently did, return over night to its former place of residence. If a bell had been buried underground it found no rest in the earth or the water; pious ears heard it ring from time to time, and thus led to its happy return to the light of heaven and a useful career. Thus it happened in Valencia, in 1499: An old woman, who piously came every evening to say her prayers in a chapel of the Virgin, repeatedly heard the ringing of a bell beneath her knees. She was so urgent in her demand to have the matter investigated that at last the pavement was taken

up, and search was made, and a few feet below a large bell and an image of the Virgin were found, where they had probably been hid by early Christians in time of war.

Nor does popular superstition forget the arch-enemy of all churches and of whatever aids the cause of the church, hence the devil goes about eagerly trying to injure and destroy bells. Even the little bell by which St. Benedict's friend used to announce to him his daily arrival with provisions excited the ire of Satan, and he crushed it under a huge rock which he threw upon it from on high. As consecration makes bells safe against his machinations, he pursues them especially before they have been baptized, and many a story is current in all countries of unlucky bells that were cast down from steeple and belfry because they had not been duly christened. On the other hand, bells have great power over the evil one, and can drive him and his wicked spirits from the neighborhood as far as their sound can be heard. The special endowment they owe generally to some virtue in the pious man who has consecrated them.

Other bells, it is firmly believed, have a mysterious power of ringing by their own volition, generally for the purpose of announcing some public calamity or sudden death, and of thus warning men to prepare their minds. It is surprising to learn how general this superstition is on the continent of Europe, and even in England, and how firmly this faith seems to be established in the minds of otherwise enlightened men. Benedictine and Dominican converts especially used to boast, in former days, of bells which would unfailingly announce by their spontaneous ringing the impending death of one of their brethren. The most famous bell of this kind is one belonging to the church of St. Nicholas, at Velilla, in Aragon; it measures ten yards around, and bears two crosses on the outside, one toward the west and the other toward the east. Whenever a great public calamity impends on the land it begins to ring by itself a few months before, and the records of the town state repeatedly that careful search has been made in many cases to ascertain if sudden gusts of wind, mischievous men, or earthquake might not have caused the phenomenon, but invariably in vain.

At least nine great calamities were thus announced beforehand, of each of which careful entries were made at the time in the records of the town and of the kingdom of Aragon, and countless explanations were given by priests and prelates. The last remnant of such superstitions is probably the Lying Bell, in High street, in Ghent, which still bears the name because, as the people firmly believe, it still continues as of old, to summon the nuns to the convent to which it belongs invariably either too soon or too late to their devotions.

#### A GOOD WOMAN.

I account a pure, intelligent, and well-bred woman, the most attractive object of vision and contemplation in the world. As mother, sister and wife, such a woman is an angel of grace and goodness, and makes a heaven of the home which is sanctified and glorified by her presence. As an element of society she invites into finest demonstrations all that is good in the heart, and shames into secrecy and silence all that is unbecoming and despicable. There may be more of greatness and of glory in the higher developments of manhood, but, surely, in womanhood God most delights to show the beauty of holiness and the sweetness of the love of which He is the infinite source. It is for this reason that a girl or a young

woman is a very sacred thing to me. It is for this reason that a silly young woman or a vicious one makes me sigh or shudder. It is for this reason that I pray that I may write worthily to young women.—Timothy Titcomb.

## The Conservatory.

#### FLOWERS IN THE WINDOW.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

Put flowers in your window, friend,  
And summer in your heart;  
The greenness of their mimic boughs  
Is of the woods a part;  
The color of their tender bloom,  
Is love's own pleasing hue.  
As surely as you smile on them,  
They'll smile again on you.

Put flowers in your window, friend,  
Upon the busy street,  
That some poor brother drawing near,  
May breathe the fragrance sweet;  
Some little child with spectral face,  
May see a bud in bloom,  
And think upon the pleasant sight,  
In distant haunts of gloom.

Put flowers in your window, friend,  
To shield the passer-by;  
'Twill give enchantment to the view,  
And shade the weary eye.  
The shrunken, pallid cheek will glow,  
With color warm and true,  
When looked on through the flowery screen  
That shields the world from you.

Put flowers in your window, when  
You sit in idle mood;  
For wholesome, mental aliment,  
There is no cheaper food.  
For love and hope and charity  
Are in their censer shrined,  
And shapes of loveliest thought grow out  
The flower loving mind.

—Exchange.

#### EVERGREENS.

Part II.

PALMETTO and several varieties of ferns are also among our forest evergreens. The fronds of our native ferns are pinnatifid, their stipes are smooth, and grooved upon their upper side, their sori are uncovered and solitary, and the segments of the fronds are serrate throughout, and much shorter toward their upper extremities.

While describing forest evergreens I must not overlook bacciferous ones, most of which are vines and make lovely decorations for walls and pillars.

Turkey berry with its small, graceful tendrils of tiny, dark green leaves, is covered in early spring with small, white, fragrant flowers, each composed of five velvet-like petals. These flowers are succeeded by globular berries which, when ripe, are bright red in color, and not larger than a Tom Thumb pea.

Other vines corymbiated with scarlet, purple and black berries which ripen in November and December, twine around many of the smallest of our forest trees, and enliven the appearance of the deciduous trees, which would otherwise look unattractive while bereft of foliage.

Mistletoe is among the most admired of our bacciferous evergreens. It is a parasite which grows upon deciduous and perennial trees, and its small, white, pearly berries and yellowish-green leaves are among the beauties unharmed by wintry weather.

Yellow Jessamine, a vine which is laden in early spring with a profusion of fragrant, yellow, bell-shaped flowers, Woodbine, a vine which bears corycombs of tubular crimson and saffron flowers, and afterwards irregular, pyramidal clusters of scarlet and saffron berries, a species of wild ivy which has leaves something like Lombardy poplar leaves, cane which furnishes valuable pasture, especially for milch cows when rich, golden butter is their owners' desire, and mullein, a plant with broad, rough leaves, and spikes of yellow flow-

ers, are as commonplace with us as is mistletoe.

This identical mullein plant contains medicinal virtues which some physicians and pharmacologists consider one of the most powerful and beneficial expectorants, and a learned disciple of *Aesculapius* endorses the following words: "Few persons are aware of the fact that in the mullein plant which they see in the old fields is a mucilaginous substance that acts as a soothing demulcent on the inflamed surfaces of the lungs, and which has attracted the attention of a small portion of the medical world in consequence of its wonderfully good effects upon consumption and other pulmonary diseases."

One variety of thistle which bears fuzz balls displays its green, prickly leaves in our pastures and old fields in midwinter when snow and frost are upon the ground.

Among our cultivated evergreens, exotics have so long grown beside the native ones that we scarcely remember which are native and which are adopted plants. Paramount among the evergreens which grace the flower gardens and yards of many Mississippians are the *camellia japonica* which is a hot house shrub, and the cape jessamine which is not. Both of these shrubs are polyphyllous. The dark green leaves, and the white, crimson and pink flowers of the *camellia japonica* are scarcely distinguishable from waxen leaves and waxen flowers. The "Language of Flowers" and its glossary of botanical terms contains the following laconic but correct description: "Cimellia japonica is a species of the tea plant which came originally from Japan. Contrasting the deep green and glossy surface of its foliage with the pure white or variegated tints of its spreading petals, there is no exotic which rivals it in permanent beauty." Cape jessamine is also beautiful, and if it were not so very plentiful here, its flowers would be more highly prized by southern florists. Its dark green, deltoid leaves, and light green buds are quite ornamental to its snowy, polypetalous flowers. They bloom from the first of May until the king of frost land blights "the buds of promise" by casting his icy sheen athwart them.

That wax plant is an appropriate cognomen for the evergreen vine which bears this name, none will gainsay, while gazing admiringly upon its thick, dark green leaves, and its umbels of white, pink or flesh colored flowers. Wax plant is a hot house vine, and exposure to severe cold is destructive to it. The largest and most beautiful one I have ever seen, was owned by a lady of Clinton, Louisiana. During my visits to her I inspected that prodigious plant closely. It completely covered a large frame, which, upon the approach of cold weather was trundled into her well heated library, (strange to say her elegant residence was without a conservatory,) and in warm weather was wheeled into her front yard.

During the winter an amateur florist, guided by aesthetic taste, placed upon the right and left sides of the floor below the window in her bed room, two pots containing two wax plants, which she trained upon two narrow frames upon the right and left sides of the window, and upon thick wires painted green and arranged in the shape of a crescent above. The vines were confined to the frames by means of green cords, and from the center of the crescent above the top of the window were allowed to descend in graceful tendrils until they rested upon the flowing white curtains which were partially looped back from the window sash.

White, yellow, and variegated honeysuckle is another of our evergreen climbers. It has a diminutive, five cleft calyx

near its germ, and a monopetalous corolla which resembles a tube. The tubular portion is oblong, and its upper portion is divided into five revolute segments, the fifth of which is separated from the remaining four. The filaments which constitute its one pistil and five stamens are exserted and its anthers are oblong. These flowers bloom singly or in pairs upon the right and left sides of their foliaceous tendrils, and are elevated above the green elliptical leaves with which they would otherwise be interspersed. This plant is propagated by planting roots of it, but a botanist informs me that the almost imperceptible green balls which appear where flowers erst grew, are the pericarps and contain the seeds of the honeysuckle.

Privet, a small shrub noted during inflorescence for the beauty of its inodorous white flowers, and a genus of dwarf box plant, which bears neither flowers nor berries, and pernettya, a pretty little evergreen bush, reputed to be a native of Terra del Fuego, with white, heath-like flowers, are quite hardy here, and require only to be grown in a bed of loam or turf.

Our highly prized evergreens, cedar and arbor vitæ, differ materially in the color and shape of their foliage and seeds. Arbor vitæ foliage is much lighter in color, and is much smoother and more compact than the foliage of cedar. Arbor vitæ seeds resemble those of the Syrian crab apples, and are enclosed in capsules which a casual observer would pronounce spherical. These capsules or pericarps are bright green during the summer but change to brown before they become dehiscent, scatter their seeds and fall from the bushes in December. When cedar seeds are unripe their pericarps are silver gray, and when they are ripe it is dark purple. If isolated from other shrubs and left untrimmed, cedar and arbor vitæ shrubs will grow to be large trees. I have known cedar trees to grow so large that their felled trunks were converted into posts for heavy gates upon a plantation.

Juniper, a shrub with foliage something like the delicate foliage found upon very young cypress shrubs, coral bush a diminutive shrub which bears an abundance of magenta colored berries of irregular shapes and sizes clustered above the tiny green leaves upon its slender branchlets, blue and white violets, sweet olive, and *magnolia fuscata*, must not be ignored in this descriptive sketch. Sweet olive blossoms are by no means among the most beautiful floral oblations which can be donated, but the perfume compensates amply for the lack of beauty in this phenogamous flower.

*Magnolia fuscata*, the exotic from China, propagates from the seed and from the root. I have planted *magnolia fuscata* seeds which did not germinate, hence I consider planting the roots of this evergreen shrub the safer method to insure its propagation. It is not a hot house shrub in this climate, but thrives well without protection, and while emitting fragrance from its conical, cream colored flowers renders the surrounding atmosphere as fragrant as that reputed to belong to the vale of Cashmere.

Cultivated or uncultivated our violets are lovely. Large white and several shades of large blue ones grow and bloom luxuriantly without cultivation, and although not fragrant, like the cultivated ones, the former surpass the latter in beauty of shape and hues.

A description of our old-fashioned, evergreen climber, periwinkle, will complete this pleasant task of mine. Periwinkle grows luxuriantly when unsupported by a trellis, but presents a more attractive appearance when supported by a trellis, or imbedded in loamy soil with

in hanging baskets from which its green tendrils descend gracefully. The cerulean flowers of periwinkle consist of four petals united at their base, and systematically arranged around a small circular orifice. Within this orifice neither stamens nor pistil are visible. They are concealed as they are in cryptogamous plants, or periwinkle is a neutral plant, i.e., it is destitute of that portion of the stamen called the filament, and that portion of the pistil called the style, and owing to this neutrality, may be considered to rank in the order, Frustanea, and the seventeenth class. The inflorescence of periwinkle is similar to the inflorescence of yellow jessamine and tame honeysuckle. Periwinkle flowers appear at intervals upon the two diagonal sides of its tendrils, and *mirabile visu*, wonderful to behold, the blue flowers in juxtaposition with the green leaves do not contrast badly with the leaves.

The fact that this contrast does not impress the ocular organs of beholders unfavorably, convinces us that only the celestial Artist can blend incongruous tints into beauteous ones, that he alone can cause hues to harmonize which terrestrial assorters of colors do not willingly allow to come in contact.

Green in juxtaposition with blue or ochre is an unpopular deviation from the rules established for the effective display of artificial colors, but all lack of suitableness is expunged in the perfect arrangement of the natural colors which abound in Flora's realm and Sylvia's glens. LINDA WALTON.

#### POPULAR PLANTS.

##### Number Three.

"The rose is the queen of flowers she said,  
The rose shall my emblem be  
The fire in my heart is its glowing red.  
Its perfume my soul shall be."

From out the long list of teas, noisettes, Chinas and Bourbons, one may choose enough different kinds of roses to make their gardens marvels of beauty all summer long, and nearly all kinds of roses are perfectly hardy here in the south. I don't suppose a rose ever grew whose beauty did not fully repay its owner for the trouble of growing it, but the tea roses, dainty and full and sweet, with their delicate colors, and long, handsome buds, are simply a feast to the eye. Royal tea, *étoile de Lyon*, and *perle des jardins*, are said to be the handsomest of the yellow sort, Cornelia Cook of the white, of rose color, Madame Camille and Baroness Rothschild.

The hybrid perpetual roses are hardy also. Like all other roses their most brilliant season is in June, but when this is over, if they are closely cut back, they will send up a new growth that will blossom abundantly. Care should be taken to remove all dead and withered flowers from this class of roses. There are many beauties in this set, but Gen. Jacquemont has long been their leader.

The moss roses are not so hardy as the other sorts, and are more trouble to grow, so, of course, they are higher priced. White, perpetual, and Princess Adelaide, are the handsomest varieties I have ever seen; the latter some people call the climbing moss, and its flowers are pink, blooming in clusters.

The soil for roses should be rich, and of such tenacity that it will adhere together when pressed. Leaf mold, sand and clay, mixed, is better for them than any thing else I have ever tried. The dead branches and flowers should always be cut away, and the plants be given plenty of light and heat, for nothing will blight their buds sooner than shade and moisture.

The rose slug is sometimes very troublesome to roses grown out doors. It is of a light green color and varies from an

inch in length down to no size at all. White hellebore will keep them away from rose bushes, and the hellebore we get from druggists amounts to about the same thing as a good sized root of wild hellebore, commonly called poke root, steeped in about two quarts of water, and a sprinkling of this is long life to the plants, and death to the slugs.

European horticulturists have a novel way of rooting rose cuttings. The shoot is bent and both ends inserted in the soil, leaving a single bad uncovered at the middle and on the surface of the ground. Only the lower end of the shoot forms roots, but the interment of the other end prevents evaporation and drying up, and is thought to be much the best way of rooting weak cuttings. The surest time to start rose cuttings is during August and September, though they are not difficult to start at any time. They should first be placed in wet sand, and when new leaves begin to start, removed to a rich soil and sunny situation.

KATE ELICOTT.

#### TREES FOR ORNAMENT.

Of the ornamental trees, the most choice are thought to be the silver-leaf maple, oriental plane, English and American elms, tulips, sycamore, maples, sugar maples, pin oak, scarlet oak, burr oak, catalpa, linden, deciduous cypress, liquid amber of sweet gum, laburnum, cucumber magnolia, Kentucky coffee tree, etc.

The silver-leaf maple, in its foliage, somewhat resembles the silver-leaf poplar, and is by many persons preferred to it. The American elm is known by its gothic arch, and the English by its dense foliage. The pin oak is very fine, on account of its pyramidal form and glossy foliage. The linden—bass wood—is known for its symmetry of form, and the mountain ash for its beautiful red berries.

The deciduous cypress has a soft, feathery foliage of a delightful light green, and very unique in its character. The liquid amber has a star leaf, which assumes a beautiful red tint in autumn. The laburnum is noted for the abundant clusters of rich yellow flowers with which it is clothed in June. The cucumber magnolia is a tall growing tree, with large leaves and symmetrical habit. The Kentucky coffee is a handsome tree, its light foliage somewhat resembling the locust.—E.C.

#### MY PRIMROSES.

They are beautiful, as everybody who sees them admits. Being lately very successful with them from seed, I thought to give the ladies the benefit of my experience, as I have never found any thing so nice for winter flowers.

The seed was sown in April, in soil carefully sifted and a mixture of rich earth, sand and leaf mould. The latter I consider an essential, as it is more

porous and less liable to harden with the frequent waterings. The earth was prepared in low boxes, made smooth by pressing lightly with a piece of board. Then slight indentations were made with the finger and a seed dropped in each place. A tiny bit of white paper was dropped on top, and enough dirt sifted from a sieve to cover the paper.

These boxes, well watered, and covered first with window glass, and brown paper over that, were placed on a shelf behind my kitchen stove. Once a day at least, warm bricks were placed under the boxes, and watered whenever the earth was at all dry. In about a week a tiny seedling or two, made its appearance, and the boxes were then placed in my window and the paper removed. The bottom heat was occasionally applied and the glass partially removed when the

sun was very hot. The work of transplanting was begun when the plants were about an inch or less in height, and with care I do not remember that I lost a single plant in removing. They were placed in the same kind of soil in very small pots, in the north window of an unused room.

As the plants grew they were shifted to larger pots and each time sunk a little deeper than they were before, always keeping the center of the plant above the ground. They were watered and not allowed to wilt, and kept in this room until October, when they were placed in the north part of my bay window which opens to the east. They were gradually accustomed to the strong light by raising the curtain and soon began to bud. The old ones which I had last winter, were kept in the room with the others and all buds remorselessly clipped off. I have over twenty now, after giving about thirty to my flower loving friends, all, with the exception of a dozen old ones, from one paper of seed.

I have now, December tenth, five in bud and seventeen in blossom, and hardly two of the same shade. The old ones bloom finely. My room is kept moderately cool, the temperature seldom going above 60°. You may think it a good deal of trouble, but I feel amply repaid, when I look at them in all their freshness and beauty.

E. P. L.

#### FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—How old must a snake cactus be to blossom, and what treatment must it have to make it blossom? I have one four or five years old, it grows well, looks thrifty, but not a bud will it give me. Will some one please tell me and oblige,

E. S. G.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please tell me what alls my camellia? It is six years old and has never bloomed. I keep it in a cool room. At what time of year do they bloom?

Alexander, Ill.

MRS. A. J. HARRIS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to inquire if any reader of your paper can tell me any thing about the alligator cactus. I have one four years old, and over two feet high, with a number of shoots at the base. Will it bloom, and when? I know of no one who has one. It was given me in Massachusetts when very small.

New Hampshire.

PRIMROSE.

Will Mrs. Flanders or some other sister tell me what to do with an amaryllis five years old that has never flowered? It is in a four-inch pot which is full of roots, and there are many young bulbs.

FRANCES M.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have a babrothramus that is some three feet tall, and more than two years old and has never bloomed, can some of the land tell me what I can do to make it bloom? I have also a crassula that is about five years old and five inches in circumference at the top of the earth, that has never given a blossom. It stands in a five-inch pot, in an east window, in common garden soil. If some of the sisters would tell me what I can do to make them bloom I should be very much obliged.

A. B. WHITCOMB.

Industry, Neb.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If neither Mrs. Wellcome nor Mrs. Flanders name the climber described by S. G. B., in a late number, I will say that it can be no other than *apios tuberosa*, our common ground nut.

MARY S. P. GUILD.

Lynn, Mass.

S. G. B., I think your climber is the *akebia quinata*. This vine has pinnate leaves and a small chocolate brown flower, which has a pleasing fragrance. It is a rapid grower, but does best in a moist situation, drouth retards its growth very much.

MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

Have any of the ladies ever cultivated the crassula? It came to me as a winter bloomer, but my treatment fails to produce flowers, though quite successful with other plants. I have had a similar experience with laurestinus.

Have any of you ever tried coleus from seed? If so, please give treatment with results.

E. P. L.

Will some of the Band tell us how to treat the cineraria during the winter? Have small seedlings now.

MRS. FRANC MIMAND.

## The Nursery.

### THE CHILDREN'S WAITING.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The day had been wild and stormy  
And the night fell chill and gray,  
And the air was keen and frosty  
As I went my homeward way,  
Down by a rock in the roadside,  
Hiding away from the storm,  
I found two little children,  
Muffled in garments warm.

"Why are you here?" I asked them  
As they smiled up at me.  
Through the dusk and the falling snow flakes  
Their shining eyes I could see,  
And I wanted to hug and kiss them,  
The roguish little elves,  
As sweet—why there's nothing sweeter  
Than their own little, laughing selves!

"We're waiting for papa," they answered,  
"It's time for him to come.  
We always come here to meet him,  
And kiss him welcome home.  
You know that papa'd be sorry  
If he didn't find us here,  
For you can't think how he loves us!  
He don't know, does he, dear?"

Then the motherly little darling.  
Who may have been eight years old,  
Pulled her brother's cap down closer  
To keep out the wind and cold.  
"No, he doesn't know," he answered,  
And laughed at the wind in glee;  
"Ou'd ought to see how much papa  
Sinks o' Dolly an' me."

A step in the road behind me,  
I heard in the twilight gray,  
And "Papa is coming, brother,"  
I heard the little girl say.  
A shout of gladness and greeting,  
A jubilant "Papa's tum,"  
And both of them ran to meet him,  
And kiss him welcome home.

Bless the dear heart of the children  
Watching for papa to come.  
The love of the dear little darlings  
Is a beacon to light him home.  
I never have crossed the threshold  
Where the household fire burns bright,  
But I know 'tis a happy kingdom  
Where love holds court at night.

### MRS. YAL.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

### A TRUE STORY.

**I**N A pretty spot among the picturesquesque hills of one of our eastern states, there lived some years ago, a little girl named Nelly. She had big, blue eyes, bright, brown hair and a round, fair, dimpled face. She was extremely fond of pets, and from the time when she had measured the tail of her first pussy on her chubby finger, day by day, to see how fast it grew, cats had enjoyed a warm place in her affections.

So one day when she saw a strange cat slinking about under the wood-shed floor, looking gaunt and scared and altogether forlorn—the typical cat in a strange garret, though it happened to be nearer the cellar—her sympathy was aroused at once; and with her sympathy meant action. This stranger within her gates must be helped. But how to get at her? Evidently, she must get under the floor; but the break in the board, through which she had seen the cat, was not large enough to admit her, squeeze as hard as she might. Then she remembered a hole in the wall outside. Away she rushed, found the place, and by tight squeezing managed to creep through on hands and knees, almost on her face, for the floor was too low to let her rise.

She soon found the cat, caught her and held her close in her arms, never stopping to think of what the consequences might be if pussy should happen to be too cross or too frightened to understand her good intentions, and take to protesting against captivity with those teeth and claws, so perilously near the tender, childish face. It must be that pussy did understand, for she kept as still as a mouse until Nelly had backed out again into the air, and then, panting and dirty,

but triumphant, ran to mamma to show her prize and tell her story.

Mamma looked at the tangled hair and dirty face, at the pretty, fresh dress all besmudged and awry, and sighed resignedly. It was not a new experience.

"It is a wonder she did not scratch your eyes out," she said.

"Oh! she didn't scratch at all. She is a good kitty," cried Nelly, smoothing the poor, forlorn creature with loving fingers, while pussy purred in grateful response.

"Mamma, mamma, may I keep her?"

"Don't you think you have cats enough already?"

"Why, mamma! This will only make six," said the little girl, her eyes as big as saucers with earnest entreaty.

Mamma laughed, and did not say no, and Nelly went away happy. She gave the cat a saucer of milk, and then sat down to give her new treasure a careful inspection. Such a treasure! Rough, gaunt and bedraggled, and covered all over with black, white, gray and yellow patches, she looked very much as if she had been dressed in a piece of an old-fashioned patch-work quilt. Nelly's big brother Bert, made all sorts of fun of her. He called her nothing but "Nelly's old yaller cat." Baby Ritta, who had a great contempt for words of more than one syllable, shortened this to "Old Yal."

Ritta was a roly-poly, rosy little thing, with eyes as black as Nelly's were blue, and a dainty, dark head that went bobbing about, here, there and everywhere, and would never rest a minute, not even against mamma's shoulder, lest it should perchance, be betrayed into a nap and so lose something of the utmost importance which might be happening just at that moment. Baby Ritta had very decided opinions of her own, for which she did not fail to exact due respect. Thus it happened, that as she insisted that the name of the stranger was "Old Yal," the rest, even Nelly, adopted it also. But Nelly was very loyal to her new protege, and as time passed on, she was well rewarded.

Kind treatment and plenty of food soon made a great change in Old Yal's looks. The sharp outline rounded out, the rough, bristling fur became smooth and satiny, the wild, shy eyes, kind and intelligent. She was devoted to the children, acknowledging Nelly as her special mistress. When Baby Ritta hugged her up and walked her about on her hind feet—one was about as tall as the other—stepping on the dragging tail at every other step, although sometimes surprised into an exclamation by the sudden shock, she expressed no resentment, but accepted it as one of the vicissitudes of her new and, on the whole, extremely comfortable life.

One day Nelly discovered a most happy and interesting young family in an old firkin in the wood-house, and her delight was unbounded. Four little kittens, strongly resembling their mother. Half of them disappeared very shortly, but as two of the darlings were left, neither Nelly nor Mrs. Yal troubled herself greatly about the absent.

The education of those two kittens began early. Mrs. Yal evidently believed in training up a child in the way it should go. Not content with caring for their bodily well-being, she instructed them in manners and morals as well.

One day it was discovered that one of the kittens had been behaving very badly in the sacred precincts of the dining-room. Mrs. Yal was brought in and informed of her child's misconduct in a way that was more convincing than agreeable. Like a sensible mother she acknowledged her responsibility, and laid the blame of the indignity she had suffered in the proper

quarter. It was her part to see that such a thing did not happen again; and clearly, discipline was in order. But do you suppose she wasted her strength and compromised her dignity by chasing those kittens about under chairs and tables until she could corner them and administer suitable correction? Some cats might have done that—not Mrs. Yal. She took the middle of the floor for a seat of judgment, and summoned the offenders by her own peculiar command: "Mr-r-r-row! Mr-r-r-row!" Which, freely translated, might stand thus: "Children! come here—this minute."

The call was stern and imperative. They had to come, and they did.

Either because she could not decide which of the two was the real offender, or because she thought both in need of a lesson, she punished both with strict impartiality. She did not worry them with teeth and claws as one might have expected; but without the least show of anger, deliberately and systematically—boxed their ears. Up came one white and yellow paw, descending on a little white and yellow ear with such force that its possessor went sprawling to one side, up came the other, and poor kitty was sent back to her former position. When each in turn had in this way received a drubbing which she thought might be remembered, she let them go. They never offended in that way again.

When they were large enough to eat mice, she took great pride and pleasure in hunting for their benefit. Once when she brought a mouse, by some mischance both kittens got hold of it at the same time, and neither would let it go. They growled and danced and spit, and spit and danced and growled, and—hung on. Their mother walked around and around them, wearing a grave and anxious face.

But as it is set down in the cat's code of honor that no cat, however strong, shall meddle with the game of another, however weak, after it is once taken possession of, Mrs. Yal did not interfere with her greedy children, who pulled and pulled until they pulled the poor mouse quite in two. She evidently resolved, however, that such a shocking scene should not occur again; for the next time she returned from a hunting expedition—I hardly expect you to believe me, but it is true, I saw it myself—she brought two mice in her mouth, one for each kitten. How she managed it, I do not know; but she kept it up until the kittens were large enough to hunt for themselves.

About this time the kittens thought it would be a fine thing to catch Nelly's canary, whose cage always stood on a high shelf in the corner of the dining room. When Mrs. Yal caught them springing after it, she called them away, informed them that that bird was private property, and sent them out of doors to do their hunting.

They soon learned to pay no more attention to it than she did herself. I do not think she would have touched it if it had been let loose in the room with her, although no one cared to tempt her in that way. She certainly taught her kittens that it was not to be meddled with.

In regard to her food she had some very intelligent ways. When she was hungry, if Nelly would say: "Old Yal, do you want something to eat?" She would answer, "Yaw," and walk straight for the pantry, no matter where they might be. One day she brought in a mouse, and walking up to Ritta, who sat on the floor eating mush and milk, laid the mouse by the baby's side, and then intimated that she wanted a share of the milk. She seemed to think exchange no robbery. Indeed, robbery was far from her thoughts; she never stole. Ah! but, must I say—hardly ever? To be

strictly honest, I fear I shall have to relate the history of one sad time when she alas! succumbed to temptation.

She was exceedingly fond of custard and pumpkin pies, and, as often happens with a besetting appetite, it led her into error.

One day after the pumpkin pies had been taken from the oven, they were left on the table in the summer kitchen to cool. By and by Bert started to go into the kitchen for a drink of water. But he stopped short in the doorway, and burst into a roar of laughter.

"Ha-ha-ha! Ho-ho-ho! For shame, Old Yal! Ha-ha-ha! Ho-ho-ho!"

Nelly ran, Ritta toddled—everybody got there some how, and after one glance joined in the chorus. "Ha-ha-ha! Ho-ho-ho."

On the table sat Old Yal. She had emptied one pie-crust of its delectable contents and was well started on another. Yal, the sedate, the dignified—Yal, the paragon, the model, the Spartan disciplinarian—Yal, fallen to the level of the common pantry thief! It was too much. Nobody saw any thing except the ridiculous side of the matter, except Yal herself, who was startled from her stolen banquet by the uproar, and looked around only to see the crowd of laughing faces, the pointing, jeering fingers, and hear the "Sh-sh-sh-shame!" that hissed between the peals of laughter.

I should not be surprised if the poor old thing blushed red beneath all her black and yellow patches. I am sure she would have put her paws over both ears and eyes if she had not needed all she possessed to carry her on her swift race to the barn, where she stayed for two or three days, an unheard of thing for her. When she again showed herself at the house she was very sheepish and ashamed, and did not seem able to look anybody in the face. But as no allusion was made to her past misdeemeanor, she was soon herself again. She had had a severe lesson. I am not prepared to say that she would never have stolen pie again; for the temptation which was strong enough to overcome the principles of stern virtue which she had always manifested before this sad catastrophe, would, perhaps, have conquered the fear of disgrace and ridicule also. But out of pity for her weakness and—the pies, care was taken that she might not be again subjected to such a trial.

Time and space would fail me if I were to attempt any thing like a full account of her queer, intelligent, cunning ways, and affectionate, loyal nature. She remained with the family a long time, and endeared herself to all, even the elders, who at first had only tolerated her.

But when Ritta was beginning to keep her pretty head still for, sometimes, a whole half hour at once over the puzzling pages of her primer and first story book; and Nelly was growing to be—in her own opinion, at least—a big girl, with a great deal of dignity to support, they removed to a western state, and so were obliged to leave Mrs. Yal, along with many other pets and cherished treasures.

They took care that she was left in good hands, and years afterward they heard of her as still alive and sleek and happy, and so much distinguished by her quaint, queer, knowing ways that she had become a local celebrity.

### WHO "FIXED" IT?

BY MISS M. J. CAPRON.

Everybody pitied Mrs. Thurber when old Dr. Saults, peering through his glasses at little Sammy's red face, gravely shook his head, and said, "Measles," because, there was Nellie and Susy and Tim and Jamie and the baby, not one of

Feb.

whom had ever had the measles; and Jamie was always so delicate, he was sure to be left with weak lungs, or something else. "Send him off, can't you?" growled the doctor; and Jamie was forthwith dispatched to Aunt Tilly, who lived ten miles away, in a large, square house, with not a chick or child to disturb the quiet orderliness of lawn or parlor.

There were no larger or more loving hearts than Uncle John's and Aunt Tilly's; they fondled and kissed their small nephew, loaded his poor little stomach with cake and candy, and promised him endless rides, if only it stopped raining long enough, which it did not do for more than a week. But it never occurred to aunty that, when she was busy, the little fellow needed any other occupation than standing before the long windows, watching the rain-drops splash into the puddles and the people go dripping past.

"Jamie is having a very nice time, I suppose," said Papa Thurber, who drove over on Saturday to report Susy's convalescence and two more little red faces.

"Y-yes sir," said Jamie hesitatingly. "I'm having a very nice time, but—but the nights are the very nicest of all." Whereupon papa smiled and whispered, "Be my good, brave little boy, and the longest day will have an end."

The next afternoon Aunt Tilly read to him out of the big bible about Joseph and Samuel and David and, best of all, about the dear Saviour, who was once a little child.

"Seem's if He must remember how children feel," mused Jamie, after Aunt Tilly had tucked him into the spare bed, and kissed him "good-night." "Mamma says He always hears folks pray, 'specialy if they ask for things to make 'em good; and I'm most sure I shan't be good much longer, 'thout I have something to 'muse myself with. Course I couldn't pray it out loud, 'fore Aunt Tilly, 'cause it wouldn't be polite; but I might just ask Him now, way down in my heart, will He please send something or other to make the day-time go faster? Amen and amen."

That night it grew suddenly cold, and rain and snow together clung to roof and tree, doorstep and sidewalk, till street and lawn, field and forest, alike were wrapped in one great blanket of ice.

"O, Aunt Tilly! See the dear little birds! two—three—four of them!" cried Jamie from the window.

"Poor things!" said aunty, "there isn't a bit of bare ground to pick up their breakfast from. Run and ask Norah for a crust of bread to throw to them. No, stop; you might crumble it on the carpet. Tell Thomas to scatter it out by the basement door, and then you can watch them from the window just the same."

Quite content with even the revised permission, Jamie sped down stairs, and the good-natured Thomas made an extra trip to the stable for some grain to supplement Norah's generous allowance of crumbs.

"Do you s'pose they'll come back and find it?" queried Jamie, flattening his nose against the glass.

"Just you wait a little while," said aunty, who was busily drying the silver.

Ten, fifteen minutes passed, and there was a joyous shout from the window.

"Aunty! Aunty! Here they come again! Six, eight, twelve, twenty—eleven, I do b'lieve. Just come and look! The others went and told, didn't they? See their dear little feet! How fast they hop round!"

Not faster than the moments flew by. Jamie could not believe his senses when aunty said, "Come, dear, and have your hair brushed for dinner."

"I wasn't never so 'mused in my life," he thought, as they went down stairs to-

gether. "I never s'posed He could fix it so quick and so nice, 'thout troubling Aunt Tilly the least bit," and the little flaxen head bowed reverently, "giving thanks" no less truly than did Uncle John.

The next day, and the next, the birds came in still larger numbers, the faithful Thomas keeping their table well spread, and Jamie watching every movement with untiring delight.

The third day a strange gentleman dined with Uncle John.

"Y-u must be rather lonely here, my little fellow," he said, taking Jamie upon his knee.

"Yes, sir, I mean I was real, awful lonesome; but you see I prayed one night, and the very next morning the birds came—such a lot!" whispered Jamie confidentially.

"And so you suppose the Lord sent them," said the gentleman.

"Course; who else could?" asked Jamie, with wide-open eyes.

"But don't you see, the storm would have come, and that would have driven the birds here, just the same, if you had not prayed?"

"Would it?" asked Jamie, thoughtfully, his loving faith clouded for a moment. "Well, but you see, the funny thing is, the storm came and the birds just when I wanted to be amused; and I guess—I'm most pretty sure God had to fix that."—Exchange.

#### THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will a new contributor be allowed space for the expression of a few thoughts upon the open question under discussion in the Mothers' Chair?

When we consider the helplessness of body and mind with which every individual enters life, it would seem that nature had given the mother almost unlimited control over the child. To exercise this

control wisely and well, good sense and strong affection are needed. The latter is not often lacking, but is too often sadly misdirected. The mother knows what is best for the child, but will not compel obedience, because, as she says, she cannot bear to cross him. If she wishes him to remain quiet while his hair is combed, for instance, she will parley with him, bribe him with goodies in the hand, or promises, alas! too often broken, of something nice to be given when the

dreaded operation is over.

I know a mother who always puts everything out of the children's reach, dismantling her rooms and making them unattractive even to the children themselves, and all because she will not take the trouble to teach them the laws of "mine and thine." When a child is old enough to upset mamma's work box for mischief, he is old enough to be told not to do it. A boy, not three years old, having watched his mother clipping dead leaves from choice plants, was found soon afterward, perched upon a chair, performing the same work with evident enjoyment, and a consciousness of doing something praiseworthy.

"Harry's helpin' mamma," piped the little voice.

Did mamma put them out of his reach? By no means. A few gentle words were

enough to make him understand that he was never to touch them again, that they were mamma's, not his. This child had been taught implicit obedience; he had learned it, even at this tender age. He had not been corrected in anger, nor

cheated into doing right. Some mothers think it wise to cajole young children into obedience, by letting them think they have their own way. This method fosters their self-love, and perhaps saves trouble at the time, but is it wise?

Through life, under all circumstances, every one must sacrifice something personal for the gratification of others, or be unloved and unloved, and the earlier the habit is formed, the better and easier it is for the child.

The mother's task in rearing her children for a life of usefulness is an arduous one. Judgment, firmness, patience, and constant care are required, and if either is lacking, the child suffers. It is weakness to say, "I love the dear child so much I cannot bear to correct him." It is worse than weakness to plead want of time. When a woman assumes the sacred duties of motherhood, her time is given her to train her children and fit them for their future life. M. W. B.

#### ONE MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE.

In writing my experience for Perplexed Parent, in a late HOUSEHOLD, let me beg your indulgence for the frequent use of the pronoun I.

The first fault I had to correct in our M. was before she was eight months old. When at the table she would reach for the cover to the sugar bowl. Instead of slapping her hands, I said "No, no," and when she still reached, I took her away, left her on the lounge and returned to the table. I was obliged to take her away four times, but that finished it, she never touched any thing again.

When she learned to walk, (she never crept as children usually do,) but waited until she was sixteen months old and then walked two steps alone for her first trip, she had as many falls as children usually do, and never having crept first, didn't know how to get up alone. As soon as she fell, she laid calmly over on her back and screamed. Of course, we had to stoop over her to lift her, and it was almost as much as our eyes were worth, for her tiny hands and nails flew towards them, and she kicked, scratched and screamed like a little tiger cat.

"You'll have to whip her," said my mother.

"If you don't whip her, you will live to be very sorry," said her papa.

I said, "No, I shall never hurt her so long as we both live, unless it be by accident. If I can't govern her without resorting to brute force, I'll give it up and the rest of you may try it, but I'll break her of acting like this."

"You never can do it without whipping her," they all said with many wise shakes of the head, "because she can't understand reasoning but she can feel pain."

I felt indignant with them all for thinking that the only way to reach my baby's mind was to hurt her tender flesh.

The next time she fell, was out on a sunny knoll in front of the house, just as I was laying the table for dinner. I went out, and, standing a little way from her, said, "When you are ready to let me take you up without kicking, I'll come," then went directly back to my work. I watched her, though she didn't know it, and pretty soon she called, "Mamma."

I went instantly, and when I had partly raised her she struck at me with one hand, I laid her back at once, and went into the house. After a time, "Mamma" I heard again. This time she was sweet as a cherub, and we never had any trouble in regard to that again.

The next time I had occasion to punish her severely, was for biting me. I tried various punishments, and finally I kept her in bed until she would get up without biting, and told her I should put her back on the first offence. This cured her.

It would be wearisome to tell all the times that she needed punishment, or the ways in which I punished her. My method has been simply this: From her babyhood she has learned to have the most implicit faith in my word. If I told her

I would punish her in a certain way for a certain fault, she knew that if we both lived, I would do it. I never punished her for a first offence, no matter how grave it might be, always assuming that she didn't know that it was wrong. I explained why it was wrong, and then said, "Now you won't do that again, but if you should forget I must punish you to make you remember."

If a fault was committed the second time in the presence of a third person, I never took the slightest notice of it until we were alone, then I took her in my lap and said, "I told you I should punish you if you did that," then punished her without the slightest trace of anger.

I strengthened her sense of honor in every way I could. When candy or sweetmeats were given her I always gave them all to her in a pretty box, telling her she might have so many pieces each day at dinner, and she learned to count in this way. I never locked any thing up away from her, or set it out of her reach in my life. If she wanted any thing I thought she ought not to have I patiently explained why she ought not, and when she exercised self-control or conquered her temper I always rewarded her in some way.

She is past twelve years old now, and I can trust her anywhere with any thing. Her disposition and temper were both very hard to manage, and if the plan succeeded with her, as it has, it would with any. She weeds out faults patiently in disposition, and her fits of temper are few and far between.

In my opinion the battle is won as soon as you convince a child by actual trial that you will do just what you say you will, and without anger. Never correct its faults, thus lowering its self-respect, in the presence of a third person. If a child cries when punished it is wicked to compel him to stop. His whole nature, mental and physical, is in a state of tumult and must have some vent. Wait till he is perfectly calm before trying to reason or argue with him about his fault, and above all things don't compel or allow him to eat while in such a state, because a meal may happen to be ready.

ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

#### COURTESY.

William Wirt's letter to his daughter on the "small, sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a deal of happiness might be learned: "I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others, is to show that you care for them. The world is like the miller at Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody, no, not he, because nobody cared for him.' And the whole world will serve you so if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls 'the small, sweet courtesies,' in which there is no parade; whose voice is to still, to ease; and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing."

—Never attempt to do any thing that is not right. Just as sure as you do, you will get into trouble. If you even suspect that any thing is wrong, do not do it till you are sure your suspicions are groundless.

—Uprightness in all our dealings with one another is a matter not of human convenience, but of divine requirement.

—The groundwork of all manly character is veracity, or the habit of truthfulness. That virtue lies at the foundation of every thing said.

## The Library.

## POWER OF WORDS.

I have known one word hang starlike  
O'er a dreary waste of years,  
And it only shone the brighter  
Looked at through a mist of tears;  
While a weary wanderer gathered  
Hope and heart on life's dark way,  
By its faithful promise shining  
Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit, calmer  
Than the calmest lake, and clear  
As the heavens that gazed upon it,  
With no wave of hope or fear;  
But a storm had swept across it,  
And its deepest depths were stirred,  
(Never, never more to slumber,)  
Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle  
Than the breath of summer air;  
In a listening heart it nestled,  
And it lived forever there.  
Not the beating of its prison  
Stirred it ever, night or day;  
Only with the heart's last throbbing  
Could it fade away.

Words are mighty, words are living;  
Serpents with their venomous stings,  
Or bright angels, crowding round us,  
With heaven's light upon their wings;  
Every word has its own spirit,  
True or false that never dies;  
Every word man's lips have uttered  
Echoes in God's skies.

## CHAUTAUQUA STUDIES.

## Number Two.

BY JEANIE DEANS.

IN THIS paper we shall notice the reading of December, 1883, and January, 1884. To those who read our first paper, number one, the Chautauqua Scientific and Literary Circle—C. L. S. C.—will be no longer a myth. Although the review of October and November was little in comparison with the entire reading for those months, still an idea could be formed, and if a few were interested in that, we hope the same, and more whom they shall inspire will go with us over this ground, as we shall speak of the wonders of the vegetable kingdom, some of the lively stories or sketches of Hawthorne, and much more.

We will begin with "Biographical Stories," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. This is a high-sounding title but the book when in hand is very simple. Indeed, it is the most childish of any thing I have met in the course, and yet, instructive and entertaining. The course of instruction, or reading, is planned for a large and varied class, and I suspect this was chosen for the benefit of the many intelligent mothers that are reading, that they might read or tell it to their children. If I were writing this for the children's department, I should dwell upon the childish make-up of the book, about the happy family, etc., to whom the "biographical" stories are related. As it is, I will give a few outline facts, straightforward and simple.

The first sketch is of Benjamin West, born in the year 1738, in the town of Springfield, Penn., of Quaker parentage, dying in 1820. Friend West and his wife doubtless expected little Ben would become a preacher of their creed, and convert many to the peaceful Quaker doctrines. But it would seem that nature and providence planned differently.

In the seventh year of his age, his mother left him one summer afternoon to watch his baby sister asleep in her cradle. The baby slumbered peacefully and may have been dreaming of heaven, for as Ben bent over her she smiled.

"How beautiful she looks!" said Ben to himself. "What a pity that such a pretty smile should not last forever." The boy seized a pen and sheet of paper, and drew thereon a likeness of the child. When shown to his mother, "Bless me!"

she cried. "It is the picture of little Sally!"

At this time the Indians were very plenty in Pennsylvania. They gave him some of the red and yellow paint with which they adorned their faces. From this time on he was very happy in studying hues and forms of nature, and painting them. But the young artist had no paint brushes, hence he seized upon the black cat, converting little bunches of her fur into such. But when a merchant from Philadelphia presented him with a box of paints and a few pictures, Ben's happiness was completed. He immediately set about copying one of the pictures which was afterward exhibited at the Royal Academy, London. He was sent to school, and studied drawing and painting for a life-work. He studied first in Philadelphia, afterwards in Europe where he attracted much attention and was made chief painter to the king, George III., and president of the Royal Academy of Arts. He painted many large and beautiful pictures of sacred subjects, in London, and the magnificent one, "Christ Healing the Sick," was sent to his native land, and given to the hospital at Philadelphia. It was exhibited to the public, and produced so much profit that thirty beds were added to the building, and to this day there are thirty poor people in that hospital who owe their comforts to that same picture.

When it was finished it was exhibited in the Royal Academy in London, and beside it the little faded landscape he painted in his father's garret. He lived many years in peace and honor, and died at the age of eighty two.

The second, Sir Isaac Newton, born 1642, died 1727. On Christmas day in the year 1642, Isaac Newton was born at the small village of Woolsthorpe, England. His father being dead and his mother marrying a second time, he lived with his grandmother. In early years he manifested great skill in mechanical occupations and manufactured tools for his use of various sizes. "No fear but what Isaac will be a rich man before he dies," his grandmother would often say; and yet he achieved something more than riches of earth, for Isaac Newton will exist when the sun itself shall have crumbled to decay.

When fourteen years old he went to his mother to assist in farming, but his mind was so bent on becoming a scholar, she sent him to school, and afterwards to the University of Cambridge. He was the first to find out the nature of light, and to discover the force of gravitation. This man explained to his fellow men the mechanism of the universe. He may be said, indeed, to have spent the greater part of his life in worlds that lie thousands and millions of miles away; for where the thoughts and heart are, there is the true existence.

At the age of four score and five years he died leaving a fame as durable as "if his name were written in letters of light formed by the stars upon the midnight sky."

The third biographical story is of Dr. Samuel Johnson who was born in England in 1709. He is said to have had an intelligent face but much disfigured with scrofula. When an infant the famous Queen Anne sought to cure him by laying on her royal hands, but to no good effect. He was a poor lad, and wore old and poor clothes, with shoes from which his toes peeped out, but he grew to be one of the wisest men in the kingdom, whom nobles and kings were ready to honor. He confined the language of his native tongue in a dictionary besides writing books read by thousands. Indeed, in later years he was entitled to great respect and admiration from scholars the world over, but, in his boy-

hood was quite surly and very stubborn. His father sold books at the market place, and one day feeling feeble and sick he asked his son to take his place, but he savagely replied he would not, and yet so repented through all his after life, that fifty years later, the man whom England delighted to honor stood for hours with bared head at that same market place, striving in this way to do penance for his youthful sin. He died in 1784.

Next, Oliver Cromwell, born in 1599, died in 1658. This man was a soldier. General of the army of the English people against the king, lord protector of England in commonwealth days. The man who dispossessed Charles the First of his throne and caused him to be beheaded; banished Charles the Second with his courtiers, and ruled England for eleven years. Stirring times were the days of the war of the Reformation. Old swords and match-locks that had hung on the walls of hall and manor house since the Wars of the Roses were brought forth, and Oliver Cromwell, stern, resolute, and unyielding, led the war against the king.

The next sketch is of a Boston boy, Benjamin Franklin, born in 1706, died 1790. As a boy he was wise beyond his years, acting as sort of leader among other Boston boys. Early in life he went to Philadelphia, Penn., and became a very prominent man, but he, and all the others, gave promise of future greatness in boyhood, illustrating the truism, "The boy is father of the man."

Sixth and last is, Christina of Sweden. At the age of six years proclaimed queen, upon the death of her royal father, Gustavus Adolphus. She was born in the royal palace at Stockholm in 1626, died in 1689. In early childhood she displayed the courage of a soldier's child, and during the regency when Sweden was ruled by five wise senators her bearing was haughty and queenly. The graces of woman she quite ignored and was so restless as to seldom give her attendants peace. At the age of eighteen, she took upon herself the affairs of her kingdom, but resigned her crown at twenty-eight, and became a wanderer through Europe.

Thus we leave the biographies, and take a little pamphlet book, "Easy Lessons in Vegetable Biology," by Rev. J. H. Whyte, M. D. To those interested in the vegetable and floral kingdom, this book will be of much interest in the regular reading, of course I mean Mrs. Wellcome and Mrs. Flanders, for example.

It is a book of eighty-four pages, containing diagrams and illustrations, and though its title, Easy Lessons, might lead one to suppose it childish, it is fully up to the standard in technical terms. We will give a hasty glance before mentioning the next, in December reading. Biology is made up of two Greek words, *bios*, life, and *logos*, a discourse, hence, its meaning, the study of living things, both animal and vegetable. The presence of particles of living matter entitles a thing to be called living, and this matter is called bioplasm, or living formation of which oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen form a part.

In the grouping of living things according to their real relationship, we have the following types, classes, orders, family or genus, species and individuals, and under the following five types or plans of structure may all the multitude of plants that clothe the earth or dwell in the sea be arranged: Protophytes, Thallogens, Acrogens, Endogens, or Exogens, and within the cell wall of the bioplasm there may be coloring matter, starch, crystals, or fluids, like oil or gum; but the most important of these substances is chlorophyll, the source of the green color of plants.

Shall I pause here? Are you, friendly

reader, becoming weary of it, and skimming your eyes down the page, looking for, what next? When in the circle some members thought biology dreadfully "dry" and "uninteresting," others were very enthusiastic in its praise, and wanted to talk a lot about it. We will suppose you belong to the latter class and proceed a little farther.

Perhaps we have already stated all living matter, animal or vegetable, bioplasm, is composed of cells, and a particle of living matter enclosed in a cell-wall is the simplest form of plant life. Many of these one-celled plants are found in the green slime which grows on stones and boards in damp places, and the unicellular plants most interesting to those who study under the microscope are called diatoms. These are found abundantly in every pond, rivulet, ocean and rock-pool, forming in fossil state large strata of rock material.

The three classes included under the type thallogens, are, algæ, or sea-weeds, lichens, and fungi. The algæ are divided in the orders, red, olive and green sea-weeds, while the fungi are regarded by some scientists as neither animal nor vegetable, but forming sort of a third kingdom, whose principal business is to remove the waste of both animal and vegetable life.

The acrogens are plants which grow at the summit only and not in diameter. Ferns and mosses are of the families.

Endogens are plants whose vessels and woody fibres first grow within the stem. In this type are found grasses, rushes, lilies and palms, besides the nutritious grains, wheat, barley, oats, rice and Indian corn.

Exogens are plants whose woody fibres grow in outer layers. There are included in this type about seventy thousand different species. Incomplete exogens are of two kinds. The cone-bearing family, and second, the catkin bearing family. But the distinguishing characteristics of the highest class or perfect exogens are the presence of corolla and calyx, petals distinct, and stamens grown from beneath the ovary, hence, our beautiful garden flowers that possess all the floral leaves are complete exogens. Botany comes in closely here, and, as we do not propose giving a treatise on this we pass on to consider a little book, "Christian Evidences," by Rev. J. H. Vincent, the renowned projector of the "Peoples' College"—C. L. S. C. It is one of the Chautauqua text-books of which there are several in the course, perhaps six, price ten cents each.

Since we cannot give main points in this book without the whole, and since that is impracticable in this case, we believe the prefatory written by Dr. Vincent will set forth the claims and end of the book, and give a general idea of its worth better than any other condensed way, hence we copy.

"When the believer in the bible presents the best reasons for accepting the bible as a divine book he sets forth the evidences of revelation. The evidences, therefore, are those arguments or proofs by which we are able to satisfy a reasonable inquirer that the bible is not merely the production of man, but that it is the work of God.

A saint in the heavenly places, one of the 'great multitude,' gazing upon the throne of God and upon the face of his Redeemer, the name of the Lord on his forehead, and the joy of the Lord in his heart, needs no 'proof' that the bible he read and rested upon, and rejoiced over was the word of God. Every ray of heavenly light, every sweet sound, every heart-beat, is proof of the truth of the bible; but such a thing as 'evidence' does not enter his mind. Life is evidence.

This side the river—in the body, under

the yoke, stung by the thorn in the flesh—a saint suffers and rejoices. Patience holds his heart still, while love fills it to the brim. Heaven is near. The multitude of witnesses are near. Christ is near, 'in me,' he cries, 'the hope of glory.' Even he asks no 'evidence.' All the revelations of the book are realities to him. He believed once; now he knows. But there are struggling souls who long for light. They wonder if the claims of the book are true. They ask the question honestly."

In this little volume are a few of the reasons which satisfy the Christian thinker concerning the divine origin of the bible. They are told plainly and simply and briefly, and the author prays that the telling may help souls into light. From this the contents of the book—"Christian Evidences"—may be understood. This is in the January reading. Also another text-book, "The Sunday School Normal Class," by Dr. Vincent. Its title is suggestive. It is an extremely practical and helpful book for Sunday school workers. Next, the first fourteen chapters of the "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," by Rev. James B. Walker, D. D. This is a book whose success has been signal, at home and abroad, and must be read to be appreciated.

These, with another hand-book, "Canadian History," complete the book readings. In the Chautauquan, December and January, German History is continued and German Literature, Physical Science and Sunday Readings, briefly explained last month, Readings in Art, and selections from American Literature. This about completes the list, but oh, the half has not been told of the good things therein.

If any HOUSEHOLD sister or friend should start in this course and be disappointed or dissatisfied, I would like to be informed of the fact. It seems to me an impossibility, and impossible for me to be mistaken; nevertheless, I may be.

Besides the individual members, there are the local circles, all reading the same books at the same time, meeting often, and talking upon the subjects in hand, writing papers, asking, answering, and discussing questions, raising the moral standard, and widening the intellect with thought and research; verily, Chautauqua is a strong power for good in our midst.

The three beautiful mottoes of the society are as follows:

Never be discouraged.

We study the word and works of God. Let us keep our heavenly Father in our midst.

And now a word about the Memorial Days of the C. L. S. C. Opening day, October first, when the bell at Chautauqua will ring at high noon, and on all other memorial days. Pure Chautauquans world-wide, will catch its echoes and the days will be "kept." Bryant Day, November third. Local circles in many places observed this by a meeting commemorative of the poet, giving a brief sketch of his life, principal poems, etc. Special Sunday in November, second Sunday, Milton Day, December ninth, Longfellow Day, February twenty-seventh, Shakespeare Day, April twenty-third, Addison Day, May first, Special Sunday, May, second Sunday, and Garfield Day, September nineteenth. These days are suggestive from their names, and many circles as before intimated make them occasions of pleasant and profitable meetings.

In closing, I wish to give a few extracts from the Round Table column of December Chautauquan. The question is asked, What are the advantages of the C. L. S. C., to our homes, and here are a few answers. Unity in the family in study and spirit. System of reading

at home. It brings good literature into the house. It trains intelligent citizens in the house. It promotes conversation. It inspires us to help others. It helps fathers and mothers to grow up with their children. It brings the grown people into sympathy with the public school and its work. It increases the respect of the young for the old. It makes old people wish it had been thought of earlier. It makes a book-seller keep good books. It teaches us the value of time, and I should think a hundred other good reasons are given.

I will also quote a few lines from a general address of Dr. Vincent, superintendent of instruction.

"This life is a very small portion of a very long journey. Do not assume that because there may be mountains steep and rugged, dense clouds and dark nights, that there are mountains, clouds, and midnights all the way through. Walk humbly, and place your hand in the guidance of infinite Wisdom and Love, whose purposes out reach our highest thought, and whose love is as limitless as His power."

#### CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the Band send me a piece entitled "The Last Hymn" or tell me where it can be found? I will return stamps and favor if possible. E. DUNELL.

31 Myrtle St., Boston, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please inquire for the words and music of the song commencing "In the hazel dell my Nellie's sleeping, Nellie loved so well?"

If one of the subscribers would send it to my address I would gladly return the favor. HATTIE M. TAYLOR.

15 South St. Lynn, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one send me the words, and music, also, if she has it, of a song in which occur these lines:

"When Mary from her pillow raised,  
To ask and see who there might be,  
She saw young Sandy shivering stand,  
With pallid lips and hollowed eyes?"

I think the name of the song is "Mary's Dream," but I am not sure. I will gladly return the favor if possible. KITTY WIMER.

Waldo, Josephine Co., Oregon.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the Band send me a poem the first verse of which is,

"On Shiloh's dark and bloody ground,  
The dead and dying lay,  
Among them was a drummer boy  
Who beat the drum each day,"

also, a song, a part of which is as follows:

"How fair are the walls of that city of light  
Whose streets by the ransomed are trod,  
And over whose city there cometh no cloud,  
Whose builder and maker is God?"

I will repay the favor if I can. MRS. IDA ASHLEY.

Battle Creek, Ida Co., Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister send me the song called "Smoky Hill?" One verse reads as follows:

"This bible that my mother gave,  
With it I cannot part,  
And when you lay me in the grave  
Place it upon my heart."

MRS. SARAH GREENE.

Glen Rock, Nemaha Co., Neb.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the words of "Sweet Home?" and oblige

LILLIAN A. WOOD.

Alexandria, Douglass Co., Minn.

Has any HOUSEHOLD sister a piece of poetry called "Polly Maguire Who Lived at Greenbrier?" If any sister will send it to me the favor shall be returned. E. L. ARMSBY.

Council Grove, Kan.

Will some one of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me a copy of the verses commencing,

"Mabel, little Mabel,  
With her face against the pane?"

I will try to return the favor as I am very anxious to obtain them. MARY E. ZAVITZ.

Coldstream, Ont.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one be so kind as to send me the words and music of the song, "When the Robins Nest again?" I will send words and music of any song desired in exchange. MATTIE MANLEY.

Marshall, Clark Co., Ia.

#### THE REVIEWER.

THE CARPENTER ORGAN INSTRUCTOR, by Frank G. McFarlan, offers to the young organist an excellent assistant in his study. The book, a large one containing 216 pp., opens with a concise and interesting sketch of organs and their manufacture from primitive times, followed by the most simple, yet at the same time, thorough and comprehensive lessons on organ practice that we have ever seen. The selections are excellent, and of great variety, comprising works, simplified, of course, of some of the world's great musicians, as well as the easy, pleasing airs, and necessary studies for general practice. Altogether it is an excellent help to the self-learner, and with it any ambitious, music loving pupil might make satisfactory progress without other instruction. Price, \$2.00. Foxcroft, Maine: E. P. Carpenter Organ Co.

Those who read with pleasure Miss Douglas' excellent story, "In Trust," will lay down her new book, FLOYD GRANDON'S HONOR, with a feeling of disappointment. While the story possesses considerable interest, and has several well drawn characters, it is filled with family bickerings and petty jealousies, which are at best unpleasant accompaniments to any story. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

BUILDING SUPERINTENDENCE, a manual for young architects, and those interested in building operations, by T. M. Clark, seems well fitted to instruct even builders of considerable experience, while to others its clear, concise and practical dealing with the ordinary practice of building in this country, must be of inestimable value. The right and wrong methods of laying foundation walls, flooring, and the construction of chimneys, fire-places, etc., are given, together with numerous illustrations, which make the plain lessons still plainer and render the book a real helper to the class for whom it is especially prepared. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

STANZA AND SEQUEL, a new story in verse by Mr. Aella Greene, fulfills the promise of his earlier poems. The scene is laid among the beautiful valleys of the Berkshire hills, and the most pleasing portions of the poem are descriptive. Of plot and the working up of the story, we have no time to speak and no desire to anticipate the reader. Bound with the poem are several of the author's earlier poems, prominent among which are,

"Where the Noble Have Their Country," and "Bright on Your Native Hills." The little volume is beautifully printed and bound. Price \$1.50. Holyoke, Mass.: Cark W. Bryan & Co.

A DAY IN ATHENS WITH SOCRATES, translations from the "Protogoras" and "The Republic" of Plato, has been published by the Scribners. These dialogues embody some of the most vivid pictures which have come down to us of the age in which those famous philosophers lived and taught, and the volume will be a favorite with scholars.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for January presents a most interesting table of contents. First, the opposite sides of the question of "Ecclesiastical Control in Utah" are set forth by two representative men, President John Taylor, the official head of the Mormon Church, and the Hon. Eli H. Murray, governor of the territory of Utah. Senator John I. Mitchell writes of the "Tribulations of the American Dollar," recounting the strenuous efforts of the people of the United States to extinguish the national debt, and contending that it is our imperative duty to day to settle definitely the question, whether we shall have dollars of unequal commercial value in circulation. Rev. Dr. J. H. Ryland writes upon "Theological Re-adjustments." Senator Henry W. Blair taking for his theme, "Alcohol in Politics," declares his belief that another irrepressible conflict is at hand, and advocates the submission to the people of an amendment to the

United States constitution prohibiting the manufacture, sale and importation of intoxicating liquors. No one who read in the December REVIEW the first half of "The Day of Judgment," Gail Hamilton's incisive review of the domestic life of Thomas Carlyle will forego the pleasure of perusing the latter half in the current number. "Evils Incident to Immigration," by Edward Self, is a forcible statement of the mischiefs wrought by the importation into our social and political life of an enormous annual contingent from the lowest stratum of the population of Europe. Finally, the subject of "Bribery by Railway Passes," is discussed by Charles Aldrich and Judge N. M. Hubbard. \$5.00 a year. New York: The North American Review.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January offers a host of attractions, noticeable among which is the commencement of Dr. Mitchell's serial, "In War Time," which promises well. "A Roman Singer" is continued, as is also Mr. Lathrop's society story, "Newport." Octave Thanet contributes one of the most readable short stories we have lately met with, and in poetry the number is unusually favored, Dr. Holmes' poem being written in his best vein. "Mr. Washington Adams in England," will find many interested friends who appreciate the criticism on the usual "American" found in English sketches. The contributors' column and other editorial departments are as usual, excellent throughout. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for January contains the usual excellent variety of reading, opening with a description of the new Public Buildings of Philadelphia, profusely illustrated. Pendleton King contributes an interesting paper on "Conversations with Emerson," and L. J. Swinburne writes about "Matthew Arnold in America." Belle Osbourne gives an amusing account of the recent coronation of King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands and there are several readable stories, one a serial which opens well. There is the usual variety of papers in the "Gossip," and other departments are well filled and interesting. \$3.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for January, the first number of the American edition, promises to make itself a place among the favorite monthlies of the day. It is well filled with entertaining and instructive matter and gives several excellent illustrated articles, prominent among which are "Our Garden in December," and the helpful paper for amateur artists, "How to Paint Christmas Cards." "What to Wear," and "Remunerative Employments for Women," are full of timely suggestions, and "The Gatherer" is a mine of valuable information. A large amount of stories is given, well calculated to please the general reader, while the moderate price of the magazine places it within the reach of many who cannot afford the higher priced monthlies. \$1.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

ST. NICHOLAS for January is another holiday number as charming in its way as its predecessor. The pretty illustrations which accompany the many fanciful stories and rhymes will delight many a young reader. Excellent stories for older children are given which instruct as well as interest, and the magazine promises to sustain its popularity as one of the best ever published for young readers. \$3.00 a year. N. Y.: The Century Co.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE for 1884, the first of the plant catalogues to reach us offers the usual attractive variety of plants and seeds for field and garden. The book contains several colored plates and much useful information to the flower-lovers. The usual liberal inducements to purchasers are offered, and will doubtless be appreciated by many new friends as well as the old ones. Price 10 cents. Rochester, N. Y.: James Vick.

#### MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for January. \$3.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

THE CONTINENT, a weekly magazine. \$4.00 a year. New York: Our Continent Publishing Co.

OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN for January. \$2.00 a year. Boston: Outing & Wheelman Publishing Co.

THE MUSICAL HERALD for January. \$1.00 a year. Boston: The Musical Herald Co.

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

THE AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN AND ORIENTAL JOURNAL. \$3.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.: Jameson & Morse.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for January. \$2.50 a year. New York: Fowler & Wells.

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

WIDE AWAKE for January. \$2.50 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

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

—The best telegraphing—flashing a ray of sunshine into a gloomy heart.

## THE BOATMAN'S RETURN.

J. E. CARPENTER.  
*Moderato.*

A RIVER SONG.

N. J. SPORLE.

2 Row! row! sing as we go!  
Nature rejoices;  
Hark! how the hills as we flow,  
Echo our voices!  
Still o'er the dark waters  
Far away we must roam,

Ere Italy's daughters  
Welcome us home,  
Row! row! homeward we go;  
Twilight falls o'er us;  
Row! row! sing as we flow;  
Day flies before us.

3 Row! row! see in the west  
Lights dimly burning;  
Friends in yon harbor of rest  
Wait our returning.  
See, now they burn clearer;  
Keep time with the oar;

Now, now we are nearer  
That happy shore.  
Home! home! daylight is o'er;  
Friends stand before us;  
Yet, ere our boat touch the shore,  
Once more the chorus.

Row! row, &amp;c.

The Dis...  
THE NURSE AND R...  
BY L. A. LOV...  
THE position of a...  
his role. A theor...  
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as on the skill of the...  
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The last feature of...

## The Dispensary.

### THE NURSE AND HER EDUCATION.

BY I. A. LOVELAND, M. D.

THE position of a nurse is a responsible one. A favorable result in critical cases depends as much upon the manner in which the nursing is performed as on the skill of the medical attendant. To have every benefit, the patient must secure both an able physician and an intelligent, devoted nurse; but if either is of medium attainments, let it be, by all means, the M. D. The reverse, however, is usually the case. Nursing does not occupy in the popular mind, the place to which its merits entitle it. How often is a distinguished physician summoned from a distance at great expense when the patient's best interests require less money spent on doctors and more on nurses.

Every lover of humanity will be happy to learn that a new era in nursing is dawning. The nurse of the future will be educated scientifically and practically for her duties. Training schools for her are already in successful operation in some of our principal cities. The first was the Philadelphia Lying-in Charity and Nurse School, organized at Philadelphia in 1836. Twenty-seven years later, another school was established in the same city at the Women's Hospital. After the lapse of nine years, 1872, a third institution was organized at Syracuse, N. Y. The number of schools in the country at the present time is seventeen, with three hundred and thirty-two pupils. Six hundred and sixty-three have graduated and gone forth on their humane mission.

The course of study in most of the schools extends through two years. They are all conducted in connection with some hospital. In them the pupil receives the practical part of her education. Here she is directly brought in contact with the sick, and under the direction of the head nurse and clinical instructors assists for a few hours daily in their care. For her services the pupil is given board and lodging, and in most of the schools a small salary. The scientific part of her education consists of attendance on lectures, and the study of text books with recitations. The subjects taken up are anatomy, physiology, hygiene, and the theory and practice of nursing. In the New York training school for nurses, the study of *materia medica* is added to the usual course.

The conditions of admission to any of the training schools are seemingly quite simple. The candidate must be between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five years, must have sound health, a good moral character, a fair common school education, and a general fitness for the work of caring for the sick. The last qualification is the most difficult of all, and a few words on what constitutes a general fitness may not be out of place.

A serene and happy disposition enters into the quality of which we are speaking. The patient with his sleepless nights and suffering days has enough to keep his feelings from soaring too high, without a gloomy or ill-tempered nurse. Cheerfulness of demeanor should characterize the nurse.

A well balanced mind is essential to successful nursing. However gentle and sympathizing she may be at times, the nurse must have sufficient firmness to do what is necessary for the patient regardless of entreaty, or the discomfort it may produce.

The last feature of a general fitness to

which we will allude is a love for the vocation. Nothing can compensate for this. With a deep, constant love for humanity, united with an earnest desire to assist in caring for the sick by reason of this holy emotion, the fitness for the work is complete.

The facilities for the education of nurses will continue to multiply. A comparatively few years ago the patient did not demand that his medical attendant should be educated in the schools of medicine, and as a result many were engaged in practice who knew next to nothing of the healing art as a science. The popular intelligence of to-day requires a physician to present evidence of his attainments in his profession. Hence he who is now ambitious of entering this profession takes a course of study at some reputable medical college, and therefrom graduates. In the near future a discriminating public will ask, in a similar manner, that the nurse receive a preparatory education before she assumes the business. The rapid diffusion of knowledge on the subject, and the intrinsic value of suitable training points in an unmistakable way to this conclusion.

The field of professional nursing is broad, the business highly honorable and the compensation remunerative. Ladies dependent on their own exertions for a livelihood may well consider the propriety of entering a training school for nurses. There is another class who might enjoy its advantages, and it is young ladies who are pursuing a liberal course of study. Their liberal education cannot really be called completed until they have received proper instruction in the science and art of caring for the sick. After she has passed through the seminary she could attend the training school as the last and crowning study in her curriculum.

The difficulties in the way of even the well-to-do procuring a good nurse are very great. Much of this difficulty exists in consequence of lack of knowledge in regard to the principles of nursing. For the benefit of those who may wish to take up the subject at their homes, we will, if desired, in a future article, suggest some books that may be studied, and refer to some points of practical utility.

Gilsum, N. H.

### WHAT CAUSES MALARIA.

The researches of Prof. Klebs and Prof. Tommassi-Crudeli, now generally accepted by the medical profession, establish that malaria is due to a specific microscopic plant which exists in the soil of certain districts and floats in the atmosphere above it. This plant, when inhaled and absorbed, finds in the human body conditions favorable for its growth and reproduction, and it prospers and multiplies at the expense of the organism in which it dwells.

The mode of combating it is twofold—first, to find suitable, and if possible, inexpensive remedies for it, and prophylactics against it; and second, to prevent, if possible, its generation and multiplication in the soil itself.

The conditions necessary for its development have been found to be: First, a temperature not less than 60° to 70° Fahrenheit; second, a moderate, but not excessive degree of permanent humidity; and third, a free supply of oxygen. "The absence of any one of these three conditions is sufficient to arrest or render impossible the development and multiplication of this organism."

It is necessary to clear our minds from the old prejudice that malaria exists only, or even chiefly, in marshy soil. The Campagna of Rome, as it happens, is not really marshy. Prof. Tommassi-Crudeli is

of opinion that, speaking roughly, two-thirds of the malaria stricken districts in Italy are situated on heights. "Sometimes," he says, "the surface of these districts is completely dry during summer; but the production of malaria in them goes on just the same, provided they are kept moist below the surface by special conditions of the subsoil, and the air can reach the moist strata by pores or crevices in the surface. This is precisely the condition of the greater part of the rising grounds in the Campagna of Rome."

Further, the direct action of the oxygen of the air is so necessary to the development of the plant that the most pestilential marshes become innocuous when the soil is completely covered by water. Pavements, buildings, and the like, may act in the same way, and arrest the development of the plant by cutting off the necessary supply of oxygen. But if, even after the lapse of years or of centuries, communication with the outer air is restored, while the other conditions remain the same, the soil recovers its noxious properties.—*London Saturday Review.*

### ROUTINE OF THE SICK ROOM.

An invalid has necessarily but few resources of amusement, as great care is necessary lest the fever excited brain be overtaxed. There can be no danger from any desired amount of reading or writing that does not induce a hot head and cold extremities; but should these results follow, other employments that are less taxing to the brain must be sought.

Perhaps one reason why reading is so often deprecated for invalids, is that it is badly chosen. To offer whiskey to a drunken man is no more injudicious than to give exciting works of fiction to an invalid; though books that allow of a gentle play of the imagination are desirable, as they serve the more fully to distract the thoughts from individual sufferings. Decided employment of some trifling nature is even more beneficial than books and papers, however. Carving in soft woods has been found to be delightful and harmless employment. So has drawing with pencil, crayons or pen and ink; and painting, either in water or in colors, is not to be denied to those who are able to spend a part of the day in a chair.

Fancy work which does not involve a laborious counting of stitches, and is not so fine as to be trying to the eyes, is often a source of amusement, particularly plain knitting and crocheting. Then there are many species of ornamental work which afford unlimited amusement, such as making wax flowers, cutting papers into fanciful shapes, making paper dolls, and doll's furniture of cardboard, cutting pasteboard transparencies, decoupage, cutting pictures from illustrated papers and pasting them on leaves of linen, to be bound for an indestructible child's book, and winding worsted into soft, fuzzy balls for toddling bairns of two years old and under, have each been successfully resorted to by invalids, who, though forced to be ill, were determined to save themselves from the gloomy fancies which, without such employments, trifling as these seem, would be almost inevitable.

### DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

TENNESSEE GIRL. *General Derangement.* That your difficulties arise mainly from derangements of the digestive organs, I have no doubts. I think that you use too much of the sweets, fats and starches for your southern climate, particularly in the summer, when your difficulties are increased. Your indigestion is much aggravated by your "tolls in the hot kitchen," with your labors at the "sewing machine," neither affording

the general exercise that you need. Less of such toils, both under unfavorable circumstances, and more free and active exercise in the open air, would be far better for you. Both of these unfavorable labors really reduce the digestive power, so that you are weakened, not only by fatiguing and debilitating toils, producing a state of the digestive organs in which real and efficient labor is not performed, but such foods, so rich and indigestible, fail to nourish the system, since plain and substantial food is not only the most wholesome, but the most nutritious. The condition of your nerves and brain, is a mystery to me, at least, so far as the causes are concerned. Your case is an interesting one to study, and I would like to know your precise habits. I shall suspect you of reading too much of the more exciting literature, keeping late hours, having too little sleep, as among the causes of the irritated state of the nerves. Again, I think that your nerves are not well nourished, your food being too carbonaceous, or that containing too little of the phosphates. You do not need "opiates" as the nerves should not be "gagged," but allowed to utter the warning, when they are starving, not stupefied by opium. For this reason, I would recommend a plain and nourishing diet—the less beef the better, on account of its stimulating effects—the grains being prominent, the bread being made of the whole grain products, save hulls, while for the first and last meal, a mush may be made, thoroughly cooked, of oat meal, barley, your own southern corn, far more nourishing, in the matter of muscles and the brain and nerves than ours, with fish to take the place of ordinary meats, the worst of which are pork and veal. I would recommend the omission of that strong tea and coffee, particularly the tea.

MRS. N. B. H. *Debility.* Your case very nearly resembles thousands of others among our "smart" housewives, who are doing one-third more than they are able to do—and what for? From the symptoms given, I am satisfied that yours is far more a digestive prostration than a "nervous prostration," though the latter is more fashionable, and does not as fairly represent the real difficulty, nor the causes. As a Yankee, I will guess that you are "neat," do not like to have any neighbor excel you as a housekeeper, and that you are laboring beyond your powers of endurance. To stimulate, that you may do more, just as thousands do, it may be that you take your tea a little strong, that a strong cup or two of coffee commences the day, both stimulating and deranging digestion, producing "billiousness." In your haste, it may be that you hurry at the meals, allowing free drinking to supply the moisture for swallowing in haste—thousands do—instead of allowing the saliva to do its proper work, drinking nothing with your meals, as a means of swallowing, but taking it to satisfy thirst. I advise a very simple diet, a light supper, as a little oat meal mush and milk—no more—early asleep, sleeping all you wish in the night. I would recommend as much rest as possible, with an abundance of air and sunlight. The Health Foods of which you ask are excellent, so much so that we use them, and have done so for about eight years.

MRS. A. C. *Cravings.* No, those "hankerings" are no possible "guide." Yet, there are cravings, at particular times, and under peculiar circumstances, which we are to heed, as the strong and marked desire for acids in the spring, when the thick blood needs thinning, when the liver is a little sluggish, when the change of the weather from cold to warm indicates a corresponding change from the "heaters," as the sweets, oils and starches, to acids, etc., or, in sickness, or a recovery from it, certain articles seem demanded. And, though the appetite is far more reliable in sickness than in health, these cravings should be carefully scrutinized, lest they outrage all known principles, as they will in some exceedingly abnormal cases. Aside from the influence of bad habits, it is well to give these cravings, in sickness and when persistent and lasting, a fair consideration. The desire for slate pencils, for pickles, distinct from the acids contained, for fried onions to make a whole meal, should not be gratified, as it seems to me. These inordinate desires, like those of the users of tobacco and ardent spirits, result from habit, or from morbid appetites, and should not be gratified. If we can produce such unnatural appetites, we can as certainly remove them, while we should be governed more by our judgment and conscience than by morbid cravings. An unusual indulgence in the use of any article of food produces an unusual desire for it, while the use of any article not real food, as tobacco, ardent spirits, tea, coffee, opium, etc., must produce an abnormal appetite, very difficult to control, the strength of that appetite being in the direct ratio of its natural offensiveness, since to establish such habits it is necessary to outrage the system, effecting an entire revolution. If you would be free of those "hankerings," adopt a plain and simple diet, eat at regular times, with no lunches, taking a light supper, thus restoring your digestive organs to their natural state. If indulgence strengthens these unnatural appetites, it is reasonable to infer that abstinence will remove them.



When the center is full, so no more wool can be drawn on, take a sharp knife and cut all around the edge. Carefully separate the pasteboard circles a trifle. With a strong thread tie between them, drawing as tight as possible. Tie in also the cord the balls are to hang by. Then draw off the pasteboards each way, from the center out. The wool will fly out and together. All that remains is the clipping. This must be carefully done to make an even, velvety surface.

For tying hair-nets two things are necessary. First, silk of the shade desired; second, a smooth, round stick, ten or twelve inches long. If large meshes are desired, a new lead pencil will do very well; if fine, something smaller must be found or made.

Tie together the ends of a small cord, or strong thread. As you sit, hang this over a peg or nail in the top of the table before you. It may be pinned to the lap, though this is less convenient. The silk must be carried in a needle. It is best to take as long a piece as possible to avoid knots, but if too long it may tangle, and so give trouble. Fasten one end of the silk to the cord or thread loop. This is merely to prevent the end's drawing through. Bring the silk over the round stick, under, then put the needle up through the thread loop, and draw all the silk through until it is tight on the stick. Draw the silk a little to the left, hold it firm with the thumb upon it and the stick. Put the needle under, and up between the silk that lies under the stick and that held by the thumb. This is merely tying a knot, which should be drawn as tight as possible. You will at once see how to do it while working, even if it is not quite clear before. It is very simple.

Bring the silk forward again, around the stick, and up through the loop, and again tie the knot. Repeat this until you have meshes enough for the width of your net. Then slip out the stick, turn the work over, and tie as before, putting the needle through one after another of the meshes made in the first row until again across. Turn again and proceed as before for the third row, and so on.

When you think the net large enough, cut the thread loop that holds all firm, while working, and carefully draw it out of the meshes. The net may be square or oblong, according to your choice. If you wish it rounded, you can make it so by gradually "narrowing off," that is, by omitting to work the last mesh before turning, and after the thread loop has been pulled out, by working a few rows on this end in the same way. But I do not think this "rounding off" at all necessary.

A handsome fringe may be netted by working three or four rows over a small stick with wool or cotton doubled, then one row over a stick two or three inches in diameter, according to the length of fringe desired. When the loops of this last row are cut, a handsome, durable, knotted fringe remains.

I once netted a tidy in this way, using coarse tidy cotton. I first tied several rows over a small stick—smaller, I believe, than a lead pencil, then several over a much larger stick. I do not remember the exact proportion of these rows. I arranged it as I went along, as I thought would look well. It was longer than wide, about the shape of an ordinary high chair-back. All around it I tied in fringe two or three inches deep, doubling the cotton for the fringe. I am not sure but it would be well to double the cotton for all. But if I were making one now, I should fringe only the ends.

It was odd and pretty, much prettier than one would think from the description. Every one admired it, and wondered "how in the world" I had made it. I was sorry when it was worn out, which

event, however, did not take place for many years, although it was in constant use, and visited the washtub frequently.

#### BABIES' SHIRTS.

NUMBER ONE.—I have received several letters from the sisters of the Band asking for simple directions for infants' shirt. I send the following, and think all will find it to be easy to knit. The shirt is high-necked and long-sleeved.

Use two-threaded, all wool Saxony yarn, ivory or rubber needles. Cast on one hundred stitches, knit thirty-two rows plain. This forms the shoulder.

33. Slip first stitch, knit two together, rest plain.

34. Plain.

35th, 37th, 39th, 41st, 43d and 45th rows, same as thirty-third row.

36th, 38th, 40th, 42d and 44th rows plain.

You have now narrowed seven times on one edge; now knit fourteen rows plain. Bind off thirty-five stitches, then knit thirty-five stitches on the same needles again. This leaves an opening for the front. Now knit fourteen rows plain. Now widen one stitch at the beginning of every alternate needle. (Always slip first stitch until you have widened seven times.) You will then have one hundred stitches again. Knit thirty-two rows plain and half the shirt is done. Bind off thirty-five stitches for arm-hole, make thirty-five stitches again, then proceed as for the front, only omitting the opening in front. Bind off all the stitches and sew edges together from the bottom, leaving thirty-five stitches open for the other arm-hole. Sew the shoulders together.

For Sleeve.—Cast on forty stitches, knit eighty-eight rows plain. Bind off all but eleven stitches, knit these until a little square is formed. Bind off. This makes a gusset for top of sleeve. Pick up the loops on the lower edge of the sleeve on number fifteen steel needles, knit a ribbed wrist (knit two, purl two) about one and one-half inches long, sew up the sleeves, trimming the side of the gusset to the straight side. Sew the point of gusset into lower notch of arm-hole.

Crochet an edge of shells on bottom of shirt, face one side of opening in front with narrow white ribbon, and sew on three buttons. For button-holes, crochet a looped edge on the other side, and all around the neck, also a row of shells around the neck, or a narrow knit edge can be sewed around the neck. Run a narrow ribbon in eyelets around the neck and your shirt is finished.

NUMBER TWO.—The following directions are for a high-necked, long-sleeved shirt, and are knit on two needles and knit in three pieces—two fronts and back. Use Saxony yarn, three-threaded, and two needles, rather coarse. Set up eighty stitches for the back and sixty each for the two fronts. Knit two, purl two, all the way across, the same back and forth. I think the length of the shirt is seven inches to arm-hole, and two to three inches for arm-hole. Above the arm-hole on the back, I narrowed at the end of each row (on the back above the arm-hole) till I had added two and one-half or three inches to the length of shirt. The fronts I narrowed at the end of every other row, which left one edge plain for opening in front. All three pieces are finished by knitting a row in this way: knit two, over, knit two, over, knit two, and so on to the end; this makes little eyelets for a cord to be run through. Then knit another row as follows: knit one, narrow, knit one, narrow, etc., to end of row, then bind off loosely. Sew the three pieces together, making the body of shirt.

For the sleeve, set up eighty stitches, and narrow at the end of every row till

there are only sixty stitches left. Knit five or six inches in length. Knit the last one and one-half inches on finer needles, then change to the larger ones, finishing off as at the neck. Crochet at the front four rows of single crochet and double crochet alternate, and work button-holes by spreading the chains of the crochet. Lastly crochet a row of shells all around the shirt, sew on buttons and run a cord or narrow ribbon in the neck, and your shirt is complete. MRS. J. C. MEINS.

The Dalles, Wasco Co., Oregon.

#### PRETTY CARD RECEIVER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In April number, Young Housekeeper asks for a way to make a card receiver, pretty but not costly. I think mine will please her. It is my own invention, not patented, and is presented to the ladies with pleasure.

First, cut a seven-inch square of pasteboard (I cut mine from old boxes) for the bottom, cover one side with a square of perforated cardboard, a border being worked around it leaving about four rows of holes outside the border. Second piece, a square of pasteboard eight inches square, folded so that the corners shall exactly meet in the middle, for a foundation. Cover with four squares of cardboard four inches square, work around the edges a pretty border, (mine is scarlet,) and in the center of each of these some pretty figure as a harp, a shield, a vase, etc., remembering that the points which are sewed to the points of the eight-inch pasteboard make the bottom of the figure and the bottom of the card-pockets. Lay the four-inch blocks on the eight-inch one and sew around the outside of the eight-inch square. Then fold the points back until the fancy squares stand up straight, making the pasteboard under side look like a table.

Third piece, a square of pasteboard seven-inches square, folded so that the corners will just meet. Cover with four squares three and one-half inches across, worked around the edges, and a center figure to be arranged same as second piece, making a smaller table. Also an odd square, four and three-fourths inches, to cover the center of the small table after it is folded to stand on the corners, and the little squares are standing up.

Now to put together. The odd four and three-fourths-inch square is fastened to the third piece of pasteboard after the corners of the pasteboard have been folded (not fastened) to meet. The foldings should all be done as you go along. Then the four three and one-half-inch squares are laid on to the outer points, their inner points overlapping the odd center squares, sew around, and fold till this will stand on its corners as feet. The second piece, eight inches square, has the four inches sewed on the same way, but no center top is required, as the feet of the small table are to be made fast to the larger, by a cord run from the under side of the eight-inch square, through the corners of the small table, and back to the under side again passing from corner to corner with one cord, and tie. They should be nearly one inch inside of the folded square to make the pockets stand up well. Then sew a cord from the under side of number one through the corners of number two in the same way that number three was fastened to number two. Make a dozen little balls of your zephyr like your borders and center figures; sew four to the upper table where the pockets meet; join the other eight, two and two, by a twisted cord of the zephyr about two inches long; sew one of these to the joining of the pockets of the lower table and let the other swing, and you will have a pretty card receiver. There are only four like it in the world, and I made three of them.

They would be prettier made from pasteboard covered with silk or satin, embroidered or painted, for the eight pockets the entire top and the cover for the bottom.

WOODSIDE.

#### PRETTY CROCHETED EDGING.

Crochet fifteen chain.

1. Three double crochet, two chain, three double crochet (putting thread over once) in fourth stitch of foundation chain, one single crochet in fifth chain, three chain, three double crochet in eighth chain, one single crochet in ninth chain, three chain, three double crochet, two chain, three double crochet in twelfth chain, six chain in fifteenth chain stitch.

2. Three chain, eleven double crochet in six chain, three double crochet, two chain, three double crochet in first two chain, catch down with single crochet in the three chain between every time, three chain, three double crochet, two chain, three double crochet in next two chain, three double double crochet, two chain, three double crochet in next two chain, one double crochet in last double stitch of first row.

3. Three chain, three double crochet, two chain, three double crochet in first two chain, catch down between three chain, three double crochet in next two chain, catch down between, three chain, three double crochet, two chain, three double crochet, one double crochet in first double crochet of twelve, two chain, one double crochet in third double crochet, two chain, one double crochet in fifth double crochet, two chain, one double crochet in seventh, two chain, one double crochet in ninth, two chain, one double crochet in eleventh, two chain, one double crochet in twelfth stitch.

4. Two chain, three double crochet and one single crochet in every two chain, until there are seven little scallops, then three double crochet, two chain, three double crochet in first two chain, catch down between, three chain, three double crochet, two chain, three double crochet in last two chain, one double crochet in last double of preceding row.

5. Three chain, three double crochet, two chain, three double crochet in first two chain, catch down between, three chain, three double crochet, two chain, three double crochet in next two chain, catch down between, three chain, three double crochet, two chain, three double crochet in next two chain, six chain, catch down in first of the small scallops.

Repeat from the second row.

Danville, N. H. MRS. J. E. R.

#### CROCHET EDGING.

1. Chain twenty-six. Two double (putting thread over once) in fourth stitch of foundation chain, one chain, three double in eighth stitch, one chain, three double in twelfth stitch, one chain, one double in fourteenth, one chain, three double one chain three double (this is a shell) in seventeenth, one single in nineteenth, two chain, three double one chain three double (a shell) in twenty-second, one chain, one double three chain one single in twenty-fifth, one single in twenty-sixth, turn.

2. Twelve double in the three chain, one chain, \* a shell in first shell of first row, one single on top of first double of first shell, two chain, one shell in second shell of first row, one chain, three double in the first one chain after the three double in the first row, one chain, three double in the next one chain, one chain,

three double in the next one chain, one chain, one double in the first stitch, turn.

3. Three chain, two double in the first one chain, one chain, three double in the next one chain, one chain, three double in the next one chain, one chain, one double on top of first double of the three double of previous row, one chain, a shell in first shell, one single on top of first double of first shell, two chain, a shell in next shell, one chain, \* one double between the first and second double of scallop, one chain, one double between third and fourth, one chain, one double between the fourth and fifth, and so on to the end of the scallop. You will then have seven one chains around the scallop, turn.

4. One single two double one single in each one chain of scallop, two chain, repeat from \* in the second row, turn.

5. Repeat to \* in third row, one double three chain one single in last stitch of scallop, one single in the top of first small scallop, turn.

Repeat from second row.

This makes pretty trimming for pillow cases. I use number thirty-six thread.

Lanark, Ill.

MRS. S. J. H.

PRETTY RUGS.

I will send directions for making rugs which are much admired.

I make a foundation the desired size for organ, sofa, bureau or wash-stand: I usually use old pants if not too much worn, cut out thin or ragged parts, sew the good together, pressing seams thoroughly. If the right side is worn threadbare, I turn if the cloth will admit. Round the corners slightly, then pink the edge all round with a pinking iron. Then for ornamenting I make perhaps one hundred and fifty rosettes, more or less, according to size of foundation, thus: Cut out of black cloth, such as will not need turning under at the edge to sew down, a perfect circle of two and one-half inches across, then one of gray, brown, or other color, five-eighths of an inch less, then one of flannel, red or blue, five-eighths of an inch less than the preceding, then of black with same reduction in size; place the last on the red or blue, exactly in center. Thread needle with yellow zephyr, put two stitches one-fourth inch long through the centre of the black, making them cross each other at right angles, then fasten securely on wrong side, then hem down each circle on to the next large size. Now place a row of rosettes one inch from the edge, around your foundation, which must not be black if your largest circle is black. Put the rest of your rosettes on to suit your fancy, a diamond, a circle, or any way to please the eye.

When that is done take a strip long enough to reach around the rug, one and one-half inches wide, pink, and set around the under edge of the rug, allowing a half-inch or so to extend outside the foundation, then another color the same way, or just a black strip. Let the black always be on the outside, as when laid on the carpet it shows the other colors better. Now line with heavy old pants, old colored blanket, or whatever you have, and your rug is done.

It is durable, and a good way to use up old clothes. The flannel ought to be new.

L. B. G.

CROCHETED PURSE WITH BEADS.

Take heavy purse twist and string upon it steel or other beads. With a steel hook of a convenient size to work easily, make a chain of fifty-five stitches, counting the loop on the hook, join to form a circle, and work around in double crochet, slipping a bead up close to the work before forming each stitch. The "knack" is in

keeping the bead close to the work, so as to form the stitch from the silk to the left of it. The wrong side, or inside of the purse, is held to the worker till five inches in length are worked. Then catch the silk with the hook and draw it through the loop, turn the work and work back without beads. Turn the work again, and work a row, putting on beads. Work five inches like the above two rows, placing beads on the alternate rows, always drawing the silk through the loop at the end of the row to prevent losing a stitch. This forms the opening of the purse. Now join the edges and work five inches in rounds, like the first section, narrowing the end to a point like the toe of a stocking. A bead tassel on the pointed end, a fringe of beads on the square end, and two rings to slide over the opening, complete the purse. There should be only half as many beads on the middle section as there are at the ends, and to enable the rings to slide easily, they may be omitted entirely.

ANOTHER PURSE.—Use navy blue twist and steel beads. Begin by threading the beads on the silk. Make a chain sixteen inches long, work a row of double crochet, one double crochet in each stitch of the chain, fasten off.

2. Begin at the same end as the first row, and work in treble crochet, one stitch of treble in the back loop of each stitch of the preceding row. In every third stitch of treble draw a bead up to your work so that it will be at the front and center of the stitch, fasten off at the end of this and each succeeding row. Work in this way until you have twenty-five rows of beaded trebles, letting the beaded stitches alternate in each row, and working always into the back loop of the preceding row. Then sew up on the wrong side, about six inches from each end, leaving three inches open in the middle. Draw the ends up close and fasten neatly and securely, turn, slip on two rings, fasten a bead tassel at each end, and the purse is complete.

MRS. J. C. MEINS.  
The Dalles, Wasco Co., Oregon.

AIR CASTLE.

Some months ago some one inquired for directions for a blue and drab air castle. As there has been no reply I will do the best I can toward telling how I made one.

Materials required are one sheet of perforated card board and one-half ounce of blue split zephyr.

From the silver card board cut thirty-six different sized squares, six of each size, largest size is six inches square, every six one inch smaller.

Now with the zephyr work a small border on two sides of each square, then either buy enough scrap-pictures and paste on the centre of square, or work a small figure with zephyr; now fold corner-wise and baste two edges together, then join six in a group and string one above the other, the largest at bottom and smallest at top, and by making small balls, such as Enquirer wishes to know how to make, and sew to top point of each little square with zephyr, improves the looks of the castle.

The balls are made thus: From pasteboard cut two round pieces the size of a thimble, and in center of each make a small hole the size of a slate pencil, then thread a darning needle with zephyr as many times as the needle will carry, hold one end of the zephyr in the hand, then make a loop around the hole of one pasteboard, then place the other above, pressing tight with finger and thumb, then sew through and through the hole till quite filled. Then cut between pasteboards with a sharp pen-knife, taking care not to

cut the zephyr held in the hand, (which zephyr should be held all the time as that ties the threads of the ball together,) after cutting and pulling pasteboard out, shear the ball with scissors.

Hoping these directions are quite plain and not too lengthy, will close, with many thanks for helps received for about ten years.

MRS. W. P.

Pringhar, Iowa.

VIRGINIA'S LACE.

Cast on thirteen stitches.

1. Knit plain.
2. Knit eight plain, over, narrow, over, narrow, one plain.
3. Two plain, make two of the loop by seaming one, and knitting the other, one plain, two of the loop, seam eight.
4. Ten plain, over, narrow, over, narrow, one plain.

5. Two plain, two of the loop, one plain, two of second loop, two plain, seam eight.

6. Seam eight, four plain, over, narrow, over, narrow, one plain.

7. Two plain, make two of loop, one plain, two of loop, twelve plain.

8. Seam eight, six plain, over, narrow, over, narrow, one plain.

9. Two plain, two of loop, one plain, two of loop, remainder plain.

10. All plain.

11. Bind off eight, four plain, seam the rest.

12. Plain eight, over, narrow, over, narrow, one plain.

13. Two plain, two of loop, one plain, two of loop, seam eight.

14. Seam eight, two plain, over, narrow, over, narrow, one plain.

15. Two plain, two of loop, one plain, two of loop, ten plain.

16. Same as sixth row.

17. Same as seventh row.

18. Fourteen plain, over, narrow, over, narrow, one plain.

19. Two plain, two of loop, one plain, two of loop, seam eight.

20. Same as tenth row.

21. Same as eleventh row.

This makes two scallops. MAGGIE.

BREAKFAST SHAWL.

Does F. L. G., in October number, by breakfast shawl, mean the square worsted shawls so much worn as evening wraps?

If so, perhaps I can help her by describing one which I am making at present and which I think is very beautiful. Mine is a pearl white, requires six ounces of Shetland floss, and will be about one yard and a quarter square. Two wooden needles nearly as large as a common lead pencil are used.

Cast on one hundred and seventy-five stitches.

1. Plain.
2. Slip one, thread over twice, seam two together, thread over once, seam two together, and repeat this all the way across. Every row like this.

I shall simply knot a fringe into the edge of mine.

If Mrs. E. L. Palmer has peacock feathers to dispose of, will she inform the unfortunate sisters who cannot procure them, what she will take in return for them? I am very anxious to get some.

ACHSAH.

KNITTED PURSE.

These may be either knit round with five needles, or flat with two.

Number seventeen needles and rather coarse silk. Cast on ninety stitches.

1. Knit thirty plain, next twenty, \* over, narrow, repeat from \*, thirty plain.
2. Plain.

Repeat these two rows until the purse is wide enough, then sew up, leaving a

slit where the open work is to put the money in, draw up the two ends, and add rings and tassels.

MINNIE DEANE.

N. Bergen, N. Y.

FAIRY BASKET.

Take white cloth, tear in strips about an inch wide, fringe it all but two or three threads in the center, then twist it and lay carefully one side until you get quite a pile of them fringed, then take a piece of wire, join the ends, wind with white cloth then sew your fringed strips in loops, or the first row let hang, and sew loops on the outside, tie a piece of bright ribbon close to the bottom to hold the pieces together. It is very pretty.

California.

MRS. L. LORD.

THE WORK TABLE.

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

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please give instructions for crocheting infant shoes, also a breakfast cap? Something pretty in the shoes is desired.

S. B.

Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD family please inform me how to make gentlemen's suspenders, embroidered, and materials, etc., to use? Also some simple but pretty presents for friends?

DEW DROP.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one inform me, through your valuable columns, how to make, and how to use paint for stamping patterns? The writer has a large assortment of perforated patterns, and is quite unable to make them useful on dark cloths and flannels. The old way of using powders seems to me unsuccessful, though often tried.

MRS. P. B. W.

A new subscriber wishes directions for a crocheted or knit doll, crocheted preferred.

IDA MAY.

To those who have asked me about the leaf and trellis pattern, I would say, that I have never knit it. The pattern was sent to me, described as being very handsome. I was too busy to try it, but sent the directions directly to Shut-In Visitor, and also mentioned it as something new to THE HOUSEHOLD. I would now ask those who desire to knit it, why not persevere until you make it come right? I should do so, if I were overcome.

HANS DORCOMB.

Westminster, Vt.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please say to Mrs. H. W. S. that the use of the \* is to save space in the directions, and prevents the repetition of many needless words. Suppose she is knitting a row of twenty-four stitches in that simple open pattern formed by making an over and knitting two stitches together with two stitches on each side for edge stitches. She would first knit two (for the edge), then make an over, then knit two together, then an over, then knit two together, then another over followed by knit two together, and so on, making an over and knitting two together alternately till the last two stitches (for the edge) were reached. These should be knitted plain. Now using the star the directions for all this would be: Knit two, \* over, knit two together, repeat from \* nine times, knit two. I hope Mrs. H. W. S. will have no further trouble with the \*'s.

May Gentry, the twist stitch in my wide insertion is a stitch made by knitting from the back part of the loop. The right needle is put in behind the left needle, and passes through the loop from right to left much the same as in purling, except that in purling the needle is passed through the front part of the loop.

I wish to thank Lily Disney for her directions for crochet tidy, in August number. I have made one like it, and think it very pretty. Will she or some other reader of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me how to crochet a lambrequin of macrame cord?

Will some one please give directions for knitting the shell work so much worn now in mittens?

MAY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Use coarse mitten needles for knitting baby's boots. One ounce of each color of zephyr will be more than enough.

The \*'s used in directions for knitting inclose a portion of the pattern that is to be repeated a certain number of times.

M. B. M.

## The Dining Room.

## BILL OF FARE FOR A WEEK.

SATURDAY MORNING, FEB. 10.—*Breakfast.*—Roast beef, warmed in gravy; baked and stewed potatoes; hot bread rolls and butter; oatmeal porridge and milk; tea and coffee and milk.

*Dinner at 1 P. M.*—1. Pea soup. 2. Beef steak, broiled rare; stewed tomatoes; boiled potatoes; baked sweet potatoes; mixed pickles. 3. Apple tapioca pudding. 4. Nuts; hazelnuts; hickory nuts; English walnuts. 5. A cup of Epps' cocoa.

*For Tea.*—Bread and butter; stewed prunes; ginger snaps; and two kinds of cheese (mild and sharp) to suit the different tastes of the family; tea.

THURSDAY MORNING, FEB. 15.—Tea; cocoa; milk; hominy and milk, (excellent); beef steak, broiled rare; baked potatoes; bread and butter; griddle cakes and syrup.

*Dinner.*—Beef stew, made with strips or collops of lean beef stewed for two hours slowly, with plenty of sliced carrots, onions and potatoes in water enough to make a good gravy, nicely seasoned with salt, a very little pepper, etc. This was a cheap, but very appetizing dish. Bread; lemonade. 2. Boiled rice and raisins. One cup of good Valencia raisins and one cup of rice steamed together in boiling water for half an hour, eaten with sugar and milk. A good quality of these raisins may be had in New York for nine cents a pound, rice for six cents.

*Dinner at 1 P. M.*—1. Roast beef rare; boiled potatoes; boiled parsnips; stewed tomatoes; pickles. 2. Boiled plum pudding.

*For Tea.*—Bread and butter; honey; graham biscuit; tea.

MONDAY MORNING, FEB. 12.—Oatmeal and milk; cold roast beef; baked potatoes; bread and butter; tea; coffee.

*Dinner.*—1. Cold roast beef and boiled tongue; hot stringless beans (canned), excellent. 2. Boiled samp with sugar and milk. Let me say a word here in favor of this article of food which in New York is called samp; south of Philadelphia is known as hominy, and in New England it is designated hulled corn. It is not only highly nutritious, containing every element needed in the human body, but it is, if properly prepared, very relishing; more so in my opinion than any kind of pie or cake, and certainly more digestible and labor-saving. Children would never wish for better food if their appetites had not been perverted by feeding them upon pastry, cakes and confectionary, and such artificial viands. Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz says very sensibly concerning pies:

"Can any one tell who first imprisoned our luscious fruits in a paste of grease and flour, baptized the thing with fire and named it pie? And why is this pie a necessity? That is what confounds me. Mothers of families, hard pressed with work, consume time and strength in endless struggles with the rolling pin. Fathers of families lengthen their bills to shorten their pies. And all this to what end? The destruction of health. Every stroke on the board demands strength which is worse than thrown away. Every flake of pastry is so much food which were better left uneaten. And as for the time consumed in this kind of labor who shall count the hours which are daily rolled away, and chiefly by overburdened women, who complain of 'no time,' and 'no constitution?'

But to go on with our bill of fare.

*For Tea.*—Bread and butter; canned peaches; milk; fresh graham biscuit and cheese; tea.

TUESDAY, FEB. 13.—*Breakfast.*—Epps' breakfast cocoa; tea; oatmeal and milk; broiled beefsteak; baked and fried potatoes; graham gems and butter; fruit.

*Dinner.*—1. Beef soup, made with vegetables. 2. Baked beans and New England brown bread; succotash (canned); potatoes. 3. Bread pudding seasoned thickly with currants. 4. Apples, oranges and grapes; but all had eaten enough without them. 5. Tea.

*For Tea.*—Bread and butter; cold tongue; raspberry jelly; tea; milk.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.—Boiled oatmeal and milk; beef steak, broiled rare; baked potatoes; hot bread rolls and butter; tea.

Lest some readers should think I have

*Dinner.*—1. Beef and vegetable soup. 2. Minced tongue with potatoes, made in the proportion of one cup of minced tongue to two of boiled potatoes, heated in a saucepan; mixed pickles; succotash; baked sweet potatoes. These dishes were all highly relished. 3. Apple tapioca pudding. 4. Nuts; hazelnuts; hickory nuts; English walnuts. 5. A cup of Epps' cocoa.

too much fruit for this season of the year, I will add that the money spent in fruit is saved in other ways. For example, we have had no doctors' bills to pay.

The fare is nothing very remarkable in any way. The aim is to secure a simple, relishing and nourishing diet, in variety sufficient to insure an appetite for it, and to get the various elements needed for the greatest health and best working capacity of mind and body.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

## ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF TEA.

Tea has been in use as a beverage in China from very remote periods. Tradition speaks of it as early as the third century. The legend relates "that a pious hermit, who, in his watchings and prayers, had often been overtaken by sleep, so that his eyelids closed, in holy wrath against the weakness of the flesh, cut them off and threw them on the ground." But a god caused a tea-shrub to spring out of them, the leaves of which exhibit the form of an eyelid bordered with lashes, and possesses the gift of hindering sleep. A similar story is related concerning the introduction of coffee into Arabia. Both legends were probably invented long after the qualities of tea and coffee were known.

It was after the year 600 that the use of tea became general in China, and early in the ninth century (810) it was introduced into Japan. The real history of tea begins with its taxation. In 781 an impost was levied on it in China by the Emperor Tesang. It was introduced into Europe by the Dutch in 1591, and was used in England on some rare occasions some years prior to 1657, and sold at from \$30 to \$50 per pound. At about the same period a Russian embassy to China brought back to Moscow some carefully packed green tea, which was received with great acceptance. And in 1664 the English East India Company considered it a rare gift to present the Queen of England with two pounds of tea. In 1670, during the reign of Charles II., the tax on tea was eighteen pence on every gallon made and sold, paid by the makers of the tea. This taxation lasted seventeen years; heavy custom dues on the imported tea were then substituted, and from 1688 to 1745 was an era of excessive taxation on tea. Yet it gradually forced itself into domestic use in spite of such crushing taxation.

This famous beverage was severely abused for long after its first appearance in Europe. Its use is described in 1676 as a "base, unworthy Indian custom." The tea drinkers of that day were frightened by physicians and ridiculed by the wits. The Grub Street Journal attacked it with considerable violence, declaring that even "were it entirely wholesome, as balsam or mint, it were yet mischievous enough to have a whole population used to sip warm water in an effeminate, mingling manner, once or twice every day."

Jonas Hanway wrote a treatise against tea, and came forward to speak for the thousands who honestly believed tea was slowly "poisoning" the whole nation. "The weak digestions, low spirits and bad teeth of the other sex," said Mr. Hanway, "are to be attributed to their use of tea. Men have lost their structure and comeliness and women their beauty; your very chambermaids have lost their bloom; I suppose, by sipping tea."

This accusation was made in Dr. Johnson's time, and that vast consumer took up the cudgels for "that elegant and popular beverage." Johnson was an utterly insatiable tea drinker, "hardened and shameless," whose kettle had scarcely time to cool; "who with tea amuses the evenings, with tea solaces the midnights and with tea welcomes the mornings."

"Of the dreadful effects which Mr. Hanway attributes to the use of tea, some of them," says Johnson, "are, perhaps, imaginary, and some may have another cause. That there is less beauty in the present race of females than in those who entered the world with us, all are inclined to think on whom beauty has ceased to smile, but our fathers and grandfathers made the same complaint, and our posterity will still find beauties irresistibly powerful." Johnson was undoubtedly a great tea drinker, but there was something mean and ungenerous in counting the cups of such a man, and Sir Joshua Reynolds reminding Johnson that he had drank "eleven cups," well deserved the reproof he got: "Sir, I did not count your glasses of wine, why should you number up my cups of tea?"

But of all detractors of this excellent soother, no one has more thoroughly essayed a hip and thigh slaughter than Corbet. On every ground he objected to it as food for the laboring classes, and the Edinburgh Review endorsed most of his arguments, stating its firm belief that "prohibition, absolute and uncompromising," of the obnoxious beverage, is the first step towards insuring health and strength to the poor, and asserting that "when a laborer fancies himself refreshed by a mess of this stuff sweetened by the coarsest black sugar, and the azure blue milk, it is only the warmth of the water that soothes him for a moment, unless, perhaps, the sweetness may be palatable also." Corbet proved in a manner almost conclusive to his mind that the use of tea entailed a very unnecessary waste of time and money, in which view he might have found support from the Female Spectator for 1745, where a writer declared that the tea table "cost more to support than would maintain two children at nurse," though eight years after that date the country rector with a London wife stated that less than a pound lasted a twelve-month, as they seldom offered it but to the best company.

In 1787 new and heavy duties were imposed on tea, and for the next thirty years it was kept far behind the increase of the population.

In 1803 the cheapest teas paid an exercise of sixty per cent., and in 1806 of ninety per cent., and yet tea drinking had become so fixed a habit that the poor class of people declined to give it up for any duty.

The progress of tea in America was fettered by the same bonds of taxation; and yet it was only a tax of three pence a pound which caused that infusion into Boston harbor.

During its American life tea has not found the favor coffee has done. In the northeastern states it is indeed the favorite beverage, but in the west it is much less drank than coffee, and as we proceed south its use continually diminishes; in some parts of the southern states it has only a medicinal character, as a drink to be used in fevers or sickness.

Tea is so little drank in Germany that it acts like medicine when it is taken by a native, and persons decline a cup of good Bohea with, "No, I thank you; I am quite well at present."

Raynal says that tea has contributed more to the sobriety of nations than the severest laws or the best moral treatises; and it is very certain that the alliance between coffee and literature is not more close than that between tea and theology. Liebig proves that the taste of whole nations for tea and coffee was guided by an instinct infinitely wise, for both supply a principle of vital importance, in the easiest and cheapest form for complex modern life. One of Sydney Smith's recipes against melancholy is to "always keep a tea-kettle simmering on the hob."

—Ex.

## The Kitchen.

ONE WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

Third Paper.

**I**N SPEAKING of picked up dinners, and puddings to be made at a few moments' notice, I am reminded of another trial which I had to endure in my struggles with—well, let me be truthful and say every thing, for it really was every thing in those days. This particular grievance, however, was not confined to my lot, many a bright, clever woman who has known how to manage in an emergency much better than I, has been obliged to accept it and make the best of it, or as her lord and master no doubt often advised, to grin and bear it, and she has grinned and borne, until it struck her that she had reached that point where grinning and bearing cease to be a virtue, and she rises in fierce rebellion, determined to put a stop to it.

But if her experience was like mine, she might as well have kept her seat; rising and rebelling, unless it goes beyond mere speech, is useless, worse than useless. It is a waste of energy which may as well be stored up for the day which will require all we have to meet its demands. It is a day that comes upon us unaware, we are never exactly prepared for it. We have no idea when to look for it. We know when our washing, ironing, baking and sweeping days will come, but who shall teach us when to look for this one? I refer to the day that brings us a load of our friends from town, with, possibly, an accompaniment of one or two of their friends.

They come in high spirits and brimming over with pleasing anticipations of the delightful time they expect to have. "Farms are just lovely to visit, and farmers are such charmingly hospitable people," and it never strikes them that a farm is like any other place when company arrives unexpectedly, or that the cupboard may not be in a condition to feed a multitude in the wilderness, or that these charmingly hospitable people may have very pressing business to attend to on that particular day. No, this does not occur to them. They evidently think the farmer is possessed of some species of Aladdin's lamp, one rub of which will be sufficient to produce whatever is required in the way of food, (and that is considerable sometimes,) another rub prepares it in a delicate, tasty manner, another sets it on the table, and a few more rubs will put every thing to rights generally, with no work nor worry for any one. This seems to be their idea, judging from the fact that they arrive so often without any notice.

Now, why in the name of all that is reasonable will sensible, well-meaning people persist in such a course year after year until, as it sometimes happens the last straw is laid on, and a decided coolness sets in, which on one side, the visitor's, is never exactly understood. Yet nothing is more common than the remark, when there are visitors from a distance, and plans are being made for their entertainment, "And we must have one day at least out at Mrs. So-and-so's. A lovely drive, such a beautiful place, and she is such a cook, we certainly must contrive to get there," and so they do, as Mrs. So-and-so knows to her cost, probably. So much for this question, from our standpoint in the country.

Let us take another view of it, there are two sides to it. At this moment I have in my mind's eye, a dear little woman in town. She has a husband, a very domestic man by the way, and a family of four children. Sometimes she has a ser-

vant, but is very often without one. Her house is not very convenient. It is somewhat small. The income is also somewhat small. But as a set-off to the disadvantages she has friends in the country. They are kind friends. They often bring her a bottle of milk or a basket of apples, or a paper bag of new potatoes or a squash or a pumpkin or other things, and, in consideration of the aforesaid kindnesses, they turn her little home into a sort of private caravansary. They arrive generally at noon, when the family is, perhaps, half through dinner. Naturally, it is often necessary to cook more meat and even vegetables, for what will suffice for a small family, will not satisfy the small family with three or four others whose appetites have been sharpened by a six-mile drive. Then the mother is obliged to leave her dinner to attend to the welfare of her guests, the children slip away, perhaps half satisfied, to school, the husband, alas for him on such occasions! he is like the man in the funny corner of the newspaper, he looks up at the dining room motto, "There is no place like home," and hopes there isn't; he admits that he knows of no place like it, unless it be a hotel, and vows he will go into that business as the only means he knows of to save him from his friends. As I have said he is a very domestic man, and these interruptions at dinner have such an effect on him that he spurns the dessert, even though it be his favorite dish, stalks out of the house banging the door behind him, and his wife is left with a half feeling of having injured him in some way.

Now, this is all pure thoughtlessness. It does not occur to these country cousins, who are really very good-hearted people, that when there is a concert, lecture, or other entertainment in town, and they, after attending it, spend the night with my little friend, have breakfast the next morning, and, perhaps, remain to dinner, and receive callers at her house, that they are putting her so very much out, occupying the time she needs for other things, and making work for her, when in reality there is more already than her two hands can do. They a trouble? Why, how can that be? And isn't she perfectly welcome to come and spend a day with them whenever she can? Yes, and when is that? And do they not bring her buttermilk and squash and a bottle of maple syrup quite often? They do, we admit it, and, perhaps, these delicacies make up for the time, yes, and a little money of which their visits deprive her, but from what I know, I'm afraid she does not think so.

And, now, after this long digression, let us return to our moutons. I was about to describe a dinner which I—no, let me be truthful, I did not get it all myself, but I assisted. I shall relate the circumstances, and then give my bill of fare.

The members of THE HOUSEHOLD will easily understand how anxious my friends were to see me in my own house. They did not always give me warning of their intentions, but said they liked to take me just as they found me. Well, that might be sport to them, but it was not to me. Now, on this occasion of which I am about to speak, they took me as they found me, and they could scarcely have found me in a much worse condition. "Troubles come not as single spies," Shakespeare says.

The morning commenced with what Mrs. Loomis was wont to call a "fray-kis," (fracas), which means a difference of opinion between Charlie and her husband. It was a very decided difference, and resulted in Charlie's leaving home for the day, and in a very bad temper. Though not the first time such a thing had happened, it was a great worry to me,

but was soon set aside by a greater. This was the arrival of a load of my friends. I was certainly glad to see them, so glad that the tears were in my eyes when I greeted them. I noticed in those days when I had forsaken all to cleave to Charlie and the two hundred acres, that the sight of an old familiar face invariably brought the tears. At first, I did not think of the inner man, or rather the inner woman, for they were all ladies, but, presently, when I excused myself, and went to examine my larder, it struck me that this was the time to cry.

As Charlie had gone, not intending to return before dinner, and there was only myself and Nora, I had given it no particular thought, glad to have a day without any. Now, what was I to do? The meat was my great difficulty. There were the remains of roast lamb, very scanty remains, too. There was some ham, but it did not look as if it would slice and fry nicely, and, besides, no doubt they had ham and eggs for breakfast. Never had I been more desperate, not even when looking for a place to dispose of my first churning. The faithful Nora, standing at my elbow, sighed and groaned in response to my incoherent remarks.

"Arrah, may I nivir sin, but so they wor in Ireland, shure a pratle an' a cup o' milk's all they'd be after axin."

I devoutly wished we were all in the Emerald Isle. I knew it would take more than one potato to satisfy my friends, and that the vegetable would require a very substantial accompaniment. And where was this to come from? There was nothing for it but to throw myself upon "mother." So Nora was despatched to explain our circumstances, and ask Mrs. Loomis to come over and advise us. Nora sped like an arrow, and whether her faith as regarded "mother," was weak or not, I noticed that she invoked the aid of a number of saints when she was leaving the house. Meanwhile I returned to the parlor, where I pretended to be very much at my ease, but not for an instant did I take my eye from the window. I had seen Nora disappear and return, but no Mrs. Loomis with her. At last, to my unspeakable relief and joy she appeared.

"Guess you've another fraykis on hand" was her quiet greeting, when I went into the kitchen to consult with her.

"Yes," I replied, "but I've no meat."

"Let's see what ye've got."

There was no excitement with "mother." The calm eye looked over my scanty stores reflectively, while she summed up aloud, "Cold bone, ham, apples, tomatoes, got any corn? but never mind, he (referring to Nora) can go after it, I've got some over home. Eggs, I s'pose, and flour, of course. Guess no one will die of starvation to-day."

She tucked up her sleeves and proceeded to business, commencing with the cold lamb at which I had looked so despairingly. First, all the meat was cut off in slices as even as possible, then the bone broken, and this with a few slices of ham were put on the fire with a little hot water to simmer. Then a crust of flour, lard, a little salt, and a little soda, and very cold water, was made. With this "mother" lined the bottom and sides of her pie dish, and put it in the oven to bake first. Her reason for doing so was this: a meat pie without plenty of gravy is not particularly nice, and if meat, gravy and all, are put in at once, the crust on the bottom is never nicely baked.

After this crust was baked, "mother" put in the meat to which she had added some gravy I had, so that the dish was almost filled with gravy, then put on the upper crust and returned it to the oven. When it came out finished, I thought few people could have made

such a tempting dish out of what I should have called a bone. For vegetables we had potatoes mashed, corn, cut from the cob and cooked in milk, and tomatoes, simply sliced to save time and labor. Then I had a pudding, very easily made, and apple souffle for which I shall give the recipes.

**Pudding.**—Make a batter with half a cup of milk, water will do, two-thirds of a cup of suet, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and flour. It should be thicker than for jelly cake. Spread a pie plate with raspberry jam and pour on the batter. It will puff up and bake in a few minutes, and is very nice eaten with cream and sugar.

**Apple Souffle.**—One pint of steamed apples, one tablespoonful of melted butter, half a cupful of sugar, the whites of six eggs and the yolks of three, and a slight grating of nutmeg. Stir into the hot apples, the butter, sugar, and nutmeg, and the yolks of the eggs well beaten. When this is cold, beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and stir into the mixture. Butter a three-pint dish, and turn the souffle into it. Bake thirty minutes in a hot oven. Serve immediately with any kind of sauce.

A very good pudding sauce without butter is made in this way: Scald a tea-cup of sweet milk, then add a coffee cup of white sugar which you have wet with the yolks of two fresh eggs. When thick as custard take from the fire. When cool add flavoring and whites of two eggs beaten to a froth.

Well, the above with a cup of coffee completed my bill of fare, and really, though I say it that shouldn't, it was quite a nice dinner.

My friends praised it to my heart's content. Indeed, they seemed not a little surprised, and as we were very intimate they greeted every dish with the remark, "You never made this, Alice!" However, I noticed that astonishment had not overcome their appetites. It pleased me that they drove away in as good spirits as they had come, pressing me to come and see them. I thought I should at their next house cleaning, when there would be nothing but soda biscuit and cold cabbage in the house. **BREND ATHOL.**

### AUNT FANNY'S SYSTEM.

We had always done, or had our washings done on Monday, ever since we could remember, and our mother and grandmother had done the same before us. Indeed, it seemed as though Monday had been set apart by some mysterious law for the mingled discomforts of washing day from time immemorial.

So it may not be wondered at, that, on our first visit to Aunt Fanny, who lived many miles away in the suburbs of an eastern city, we should have been struck with astonishment when, on Monday morning, the breakfast was served in the same perfection which had marked it on previous days, the table waited upon in the same quiet, un hurried manner, and Aunt Fanny adjourned to the shady piazza with us, as usual, after Uncle Austin had gone to town.

"How do you manage to keep such beautiful order on washing day, Aunt Fanny?" asked Nelly, incapable of keeping silent any longer. "At home, breakfast is always either earlier or later, and Nora either doesn't appear at all or rushes about in such an uncomfortable manner that mother generally dismisses her before we are half through with our breakfast.

Aunt Fanny laughed. "One reason is, that Bridget has just such things to do, and plans her work accordingly. Another is, that Monday isn't 'washing day' with us."

We laid down our work and stared at her in dumb surprise.

"I suppose it seems strange, but my system has its advantages. I have had our washings done on Tuesday ever since the first year of our housekeeping. For the first few months, I followed, of course, the plan which has come down to us from the ancients, I suppose, of having the washing done on Monday, no matter what happened, and then, growing tired of the old way, I tried this, which, however, was suggested by your Uncle Austin, and was his mother's method.

We always used to do the regular Saturday baking, cooking enough for Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. Sunday's share was, of course, fresh and eatable, but Monday's was, at the best, indifferent, for the girls had no time to cook, and the fire was never right, even if it was convenient to have washing and cooking going on at once. Of course, in houses which boast a laundry that objection could not be offered, but the worst of all was that the soiled clothing must be 'put to soak' on Sunday evening, sometimes early, sometimes late, as the servants got about it. Our pleasant Sunday evenings were spoiled by the dragging of Monday's work into them. Then the early rising on Monday disturbed us, for we were always a little more tired and sleepy Monday mornings than any other and we determined to make a change. Our Sundays now are the real rest days they should be, undisturbed by the worry of to-morrow's work.

On Saturday we do what cooking is necessary for the next day, and on Monday, while we usually have the second dishing up of the Sunday dinner, we have fresh desserts, and prepare the food necessary for the next day. In the morning we sweep and dust and put things to rights generally, for it is astonishing how your uncle and the boys put things out of place during Sunday.

Then on Monday, after the dinner dishes are out of the way, the clothes are put soaking. After supper they are put through the wringer and into clean suds in which they are left through the night. After breakfast Tuesday morning, which is served at the same hour and in the usual comfort, the washing is finished, and in a very short time. No boiling is necessary, consequently the whole house is not filled with steam.

Tuesday evening the clothes are sprinkled and folded ready for Wednesday's ironing. If the ironing is large, part of it is left to be done Thursday morning through the hot weather, although with a gas or oil stove one need not suffer from the heat. On Friday the mending is done, and the clothes are put away and the necessary sweeping and dusting done, which brings us to Saturday again, during which day there is comparatively little work to be done, and we are not 'tired to death' by Sunday morning.

Many of our neighbors have adopted our system. Some of them who keep two or three servants divide the washing, the table and bed linen being washed on Saturday, the rest of the washing being done on Monday, but most people like our method best, and really it does seem a sensible one.

I appreciated it one summer when I was without a servant, and I had to have a woman come in to do the washings. If I had been obliged to spend my Sunday evenings getting ready for next day's washing I should have despaired. I neither had to stay at home from church Sunday evening nor to change my dress and work an hour or two after service.

It does not seem right to me to expect or allow the young women whom we may have to help us in our daily labor, and

who may feel the sacredness of the day as fully as we, to do such labor in it. If it seems all right to them that it should be done, then there is missionary work sufficiently near at hand to leave no excuse for us to leave it undone.

There is another class to which this arrangement would commend itself, a larger and more important one. There are hundreds of young housekeepers, hundreds of older ones, who, if more experienced, are weary with the work of years, who are obliged to do all the work to be done in their households, to whom the rest which Sunday would bring, if they would once make up their minds to accept it, to keep the day holy as we are bidden to do, would be a great help both physically and morally. If there is system in doing half one's washing Sunday night in order to finish it early Monday morning, there is something better than system in arranging one's work so that it may be accomplished between Monday morning and Saturday night.

There are necessarily many little things which must be done on Sunday, especially where there are children in the family, and these are the very families where a genuine love of Sunday should be taught and encouraged, and no rule can possibly be made regarding such; but our own conscience is generally a safe guide, if we will but heed its warning. I don't believe in the old Puritanical Sunday, with its long faces and closed blinds, as if a smile or the sunshine were sinful, but I do protest against using the day to save Monday.

"Why, Aunt Fanny!" exclaimed Nelly, "I didn't know you could talk so fast."

"You have not seen me for a long time, my dear, and I have gained strength for my labors by saving it to the best of my ability. I only hope you will adopt my system, when you go home, long enough to give it a fair trial."

We promised, and the promise has been faithfully kept. There is never any washing done on Sunday in our pleasant home, and the week's work goes on like clock work, without the preparatory labors for Monday, no longer the "blue" Monday of the old days. And Nelly's husband, a popular clergyman, says that his success is due in a great measure to his domestic peace, due in its turn to Aunt Fanny's sensible teachings.

EMILY HAYES.

#### PEOPLE AND THINGS.

There was a new house. It contained a dozen new chairs, a new lounge, three new tables, two or three new carpets and a cupboard of new crockery. There were a few other things too, all new. And the people? Well, they were newly furnished to suit the house, or the house to suit them. "Which?" was the question to be decided, and if you could have lingered a little amid the cheerful silence of those waiting apartments, before John Evans and his bride entered to take possession, you would have heard a lively little discussion. Just such a one (believe me or not as you please) goes on in a very subdued whisper in every newly furnished house.

"Do you suppose we shall be masters, or servants?" murmured the tin pans.

"I shan't give up without a struggle," said the broom.

"We came into the house first, and it's ours by right of possession," said the chairs.

"What are folks good for except to take care of houses?" said the carpets.

"Of course we'll treat them well if they won't set themselves above us," said the tables.

"But I won't be trampled on," said the mirror.

"Nor I," "Nor I," "Nor I," said shovel

and tongs and mop. And then as the spirit spread, there was a gentle murmur through the whole house and farm, "Nor we," "Nor we." Only the clock was silent. Perhaps because it had something to do.

And then there was a hush. The key turned in the door, and John Evans and wife took possession. And to their pleased eyes there came no hint that the quiet-looking room had been selected as one of the many battle-fields in the world-wide fight between people and things.

Indeed, nothing could look less like a fight than the dainty little table, set that evening, with its two cups and saucers, two plates, four slices of bread, three cream-cakes, and a tiny glass dish of preserves. "Looking for all the world like newly-married folks," as one of the neighbors, happening in, remarked.

I shall not describe the months that followed, how the tins grew dull and little notches came in the saucers, how the carpets lost their freshness, and occasionally dust gathered on table and bureau. Such things come to all houses, I imagine. I shall not detail the next year either, when the things began to assert their independence, how floors went unswept and dishes unwashed; how soiled napkins and towels accumulated, till at last neither napkins nor towels were to be found; how mould and mildew, petty forms of life that try to assert their supremacy when human energy fails, took possession of every thing; how, when the furniture was new no longer, there came a really new thing in the shape of a baby, whether person or thing, it was at first hard to determine, but gradually, whatever its antecedents might be, joining only too evidently on the side of "things," in the general work of confusion and rebellion; how the changed indoors had its parallel, though in less degree, out-of-doors, till people said of her, "An amiable woman, but so shiftless;" and of him, "It's pretty plain the farm's getting the better of him."

All this story has been told often enough.

In five years typhoid came, and the little mother died. "A mysterious dispensation." In a year more a new mother came, a still more mysterious dispensation to those that knew her. "To think of putting Amanda Jane Barber into that hole. Land sakes alive! Well, I guess there'll be a fight."

And there was. In one month every carpet was ripped, cleaned, turned and mended, every fly-speck had disappeared from window or ceiling, every scratch or mark of tiny fingers from walls and furniture, and every pan shone clear as ever, though with a subdued lustre. In two months Master Fred Evans had learned to drive his horses, make his mud-pies and carry on his fishing and hunting out of doors; in three he had learned never to bring weed or flower or blade of grass nearer the house than the outside edge of the neatly-swept stone walk; within four, the whole appearance of yard and farm was transformed.

"I declare, he'll be a farmer yet," said the neighbors. "He's certainly getting the better of his land; he may thank his wife. Yes, Amanda knows how to be mistress of things."

Did she know it, and had the things yielded in quiet submission? Very meek indeed, they looked; and yet, standing in that spotless kitchen, we might have seen a flash from the bright tin pans drying in the July sun, which was not all the reflection of sunlight.

"If she had let us alone, we would have let her alone," they looked rather than said.

"But she didn't, and she shall suffer for it," snapped the tongs. Then there

was a faint, but wide-spread, murmur of applause, and then the tea-kettle sung gently,—

"I've heard of a loss that was gain,  
I've heard of a peace that was pain,  
I've heard of a victory so complete,  
It was only another name for defeat.  
If you doubt the song that the tea-kettle sings,  
Come back when ten years have taken their wings,  
And see who has conquered, the folks or the things."

Let us come back in ten years. Again it is a burning July day, but listen and you will hear the same old murmur which makes it impossible, even when every leaf is motionless, that any day should be quite silent.

"I think we may be satisfied," said the table.

"So do I," said the tin pans. "She spent two hours to-day in scouring us when she was hardly able to stand."

"And two in blacking me," said the stove, "with her side aching all the time; and she nearly snapped John's head off for dropping a spot of water on my face after it."

"And the whole family are more afraid of leaving a bit of mud, or even letting in a ray of sunlight on me, than of typhoid itself," said the parlor carpet.

"And she eats on cracked crockery all the time, for fear we might be hurt," said the tea-set.

"And John couldn't lie down on me even when he had the headache, and there was no other cool place in the house, for fear he might soil me or let flies into the parlor," said the sofa.

"And she denies herself books, society, every thing, for our sakes," said the polished bureau.

"She could not even watch with a sick neighbor, because she had us to do up the next day," said the lace curtains.

"And she would get up at midnight in December, if she thought we were misplaced," said the mantel ornaments.

"And, do you know, she keeps Fred out of doors all day in the street, when he isn't at work on the farm, just because 'those boys are so hard on things,' that shows that things are masters, I should think."

"Her hair grows gray very fast," said the mirror.

"And he got the rheumatism for my sake," said the hoe from outside.

"That's so. They are our slaves, and they know it. Why, only yesterday I heard somebody ask him what he lived for, and he answered, 'To take care of this farm.'"

"And she lives to take care of the house. Well I'm satisfied."

Then all was silent, except that the clock ticked very softly.

"Count not too sure your victory,  
They only need the opened eyes,  
Who knows himself a slave is free,  
Since there is given strength to rise,"

—Watchman.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To polish windows or mirrors, simply breathe on them and then rub lightly with soft newspaper.

To keep tins bright, take a small lump of washing soda, dissolve in water and add a little sand, then rub the tins briskly with it, using newspaper instead of a cloth. Polish off dry with dry newspaper. It is said that there is something in the printer's ink that aids in polishing.

Old newspaper is an excellent thing to keep a stove clean. Whenever any thing is by accident spilled over upon the stove, instead of trying to clean it with a cloth or brush, take a bit of paper and remove it quickly, and use a little more paper to rub the stove bright, and then burn them. It is a much quicker, neater, and more convenient way.

A folded newspaper, or part of a newspaper folded, is good for a holder and saves burning the fingers, spoiling the

temper, or soiling a dish towel when in haste to remove a boiling pot, open an oven door, or take up a hot poker or pan.

Old newspaper is the best thing for cleaning lamps. First, polish the chimney with a bit of paper, removing all smoke, then take a fresh piece to clean the glass or metal part of the lamp, especially the burner, which must always be kept clean and free from soot in order to secure a good light, then take off the crisp, burnt part of the wick. What cannot be removed with paper ought not to come off. Scissors are seldom necessary or desirable in trimming lamps.

These are only a few of the numerous ways in which newspapers may be made useful after having been read, and then after being used in this way, they may be burned for kindling. How much better and more wholesome than to have so many dirty rags or cloths for all these purposes, to be washed daily, or worse still, to remain unwashed, poisoning the air with their foul effluvia and bringing to the inmates of the household disease and death.

As a mere matter of domestic economy, to say nothing of mental growth and culture, labor and health saving hints, and useful, practical information, householders will find it to their advantage to subscribe for plenty of good newspapers.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

ANOTHER THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

BY ANNIS WAYNE BOWEN.

There is a certain little green pamphlet that plays an important part in the solution of the many household riddles that confront me in my daily walks between parlor and kitchen. The miniature book contains a semi-sarcastic supplement wherein the author essays to set forth the wrong way of preparing many kinds of food, ostensibly for the benefit of the "help," who are, she broadly insinuates, devoted to the interests of "Moloch," viz.: the slop pail, the soap-fat man, and the beggar boarding house keeper. She tells them that with "waste, incessant, undermining, devastating waste, as a watchword, they can, if bold and cautious, almost double the expenses of the enemy," otherwise known as "the bloated employers."

Then for those unhappy employers, who are supposed to care for a knowledge of the better way, there follows after each "wrong way" directions more or less explicit, intended to carry one safely along the "right way."

Happening to glance through it the other day, I came across this "wrong way" to prepare poultry: "Cut any sort of a gash in your fowl. Make it big, to get your hand in easier. Drag the insides out somehow, and if any thing breaks that should not, drench well with water."

"Well," commented mother, when I read it aloud, "that is the way it is mostly done."

"Yes," assented Cousin Jane, another auditor, "I wouldn't trust the best girl I ever saw, to draw poultry, I always do that myself."

Now, I must confess, I don't. That is the sort of work I always am "too busy to see to," that and making lemonade at picnics.

"What directions are given in 'the right way?'" asked mother.

"Draw your fowl so carefully that it will need no washing, but, if necessary, take a clean wet cloth and wipe it." No words wasted, certainly, in that terse sentence! And there the instructions stopped as far as the mere preparation of the fowl was concerned.

Now, you can draw a fowl in more than one way as I discovered this winter

to my astonishment. I had taken into my kitchen, a young, "green" girl, fresh from the Emerald Isle. She "had lived out at service at home," but answered all my queries of "Can you do this?" "Do you know how to do that?" by a concise "No, ma'am," now and then adding, "I don't know the American way." So, among other things, I undertook to show her the "American way" of drawing a chicken, and, being a tyro myself, we made a mess of it.

Next week, when the chickens came from market, I left my maid to her own devices, and on coming into the kitchen later in the day, was much gratified to see she was getting through with the dismal work without asking my assistance. I saw that the chicken was not opened as I had always seen it done, and had instructed her.

"Annie," I said, "why did you say you could not clean a chicken?"

"No, ma'am, I said I did not know the American way, and I'm very sorry I forgot the way you showed me. Sure, I just did it the old way without thinking."

And she was pouring out her voluminous excuses, but I stopped the torrent of her speech by saying, "I think the Irish way is much better."

Mother suggested that the Irish way would please some of the housekeepers of THE HOUSEHOLD. So knowing that a pair of chickens were awaiting in the kitchen, I have just been out to that busy place in search of information.

"Annie," I said, twirling my pencil much after the manner of a reporter, "I want to see just how you clean the chickens, adding partly from an innate love of fun and teasing, "If you will, I will write about it and have it put into the papers."

With a good-natured laugh, and a broad insinuation that I was "poking fun" at her, the girl complied with my request. After the preliminary singeing, which is always followed in my kitchen by thorough washing with soap and plenty of warm water, (for who could eat a chicken after seeing it wallow in all sorts of dirt without first cleansing it?) the chicken is laid on the table with the tail toward the operator. With a sharp knife the head and feet are cut off, then by stretching the skin around the neck, the finger is worked round and round till the crop, or craw, is thoroughly loosened, and both it and the windpipe are entirely free as far as the finger can reach, which should be clear down into the body. All the contents of the crop should be worked up, and the crop, if full, cut off close up.

Thus you have a clean operation, and no great gash to make an unsightly scar on the nice roast. Still holding the subject in the same position, with a sharp knife, cut a gash as small as possible on the side, just under and behind the thigh. If the cutting is done carefully, and the hand inserted, with a little more judicious use of the finger, you can take the entrails out in an unbroken, compact mass, and the cut when sewed up is covered by the leg.

Finding I was interested, my instructor waxed eloquent over the glories of Irish cookery. How the feet are skinned and the head cleaned, the feet doubled back and firmly secured, and the head tucked under a wing. The liver is considered a great delicacy, and is tucked under the chicken's wing when the fowl is roasted, and that particular wing is "the liver wing," a term I have met with in English books, and puzzled over.

I have found out a new way to use cold meat. Having some hash left the other day, one slice of toast and the meat upon it, I mashed it all up fine. I may add that the meat was finely chopped. To the hash I added about a dozen chopped oysters, with some juice, one egg, plenty

of salt and pepper, just enough flour to make it stick together, and a very little baking powder, and fried as fritters. The deluded men devoured every one without the least suspicion that I had served their dinner over again. I never make meat fritters without the addition of oysters, and that experiment showed that bread was an improvement. A small slice of baker's bread wet with hot water is now considered an essential ingredient.

To make a simple and healthful dessert, and, what is of much importance to busy housekeepers, one that is easily prepared, cut six oranges into a dish, sugar well, and add any kind of stale cake, though sponge cake is perhaps the best. The cake should be cut into small pieces, and there should be plenty of it. Have a thin corn starch custard, with an egg or two in it, well sweetened, and flavored with vanilla, the colder the better, and pour over the oranges and cake. It is as good a dish for supper as for dinner, and one that our boys never tire of. If you have no cake, a plain corn starch, made stiff, flavored with lemon, and cut into dice, is an excellent substitute.

I find desserts the hardest part of the catering for a family. A busy woman has not the time for experimenting with every one of the thousand and one recipes given in the cook books and in THE HOUSEHOLD, and it is so much easier and more expeditious to run out into the kitchen and put together some familiar dish, that the tendency is to the same things upon the dinner table, week after week, till all are tired of the repetition. Then one must count butter and eggs in these days, and many of the dishes are impossibilities unless we follow the example of the versatile Gail Hamilton with her famous pudding, and leave out the butter and eggs, and raisins, lest the pudding prove a failure, and it would be such a pity to waste them.

Then the "Johns" have such different tastes, and after trying a highly recommended dish, and finding the "men folks" view it with suspicion or even aversion, one soon tires of seeking after untried ways, and is glad to take refuge in the old paths. Yet an ambitious, home-loving woman is always trying, as each year but makes it more apparent that a man's heart is—well, perhaps, I had better not say only, but certainly more easily reached through his stomach.

Be not deceived, dear girls, youth will vanish and beauty fade, and when the charm of the novelty of a home and wife of his own have passed, "John" will care more for the enduring qualities of a cheerful disposition, intelligence, and careful housewifery, than for all the fleeting charms by which you now hold him captive, though I must confess I never yet heard of a man who objected to a good dower.

The "enduring qualities" were the ones our grandmothers brought to their husbands in the good old days when divorces were unknown, or considered one of the many questionable amusements of kings and queens and their ilk. And I doubt if the good folk ever heard of "incompatibility of temper," though hen-pecked husbands doubtless existed as now, and crushed wives were by no means a rarity. But they took up their daily cross and bore it to the bitter end, and it mostly proved a better end, as much better as the resultant patience and forbearance were better than the separation and scandal too common now.

Neither must we allow our household duties to crowd all mental or intellectual life to the wall. There really is no need, as there are shining examples of our sex to show, especially among American women. For many of our most eminent literary lights guided their households as well as their pens, and took much pride

in well-ordered households and well-trained servants and bountiful tables. I need not have used the past tense, for it is by no means an obsolete virtue.

You need not cry out that servants are an unknown thing in your kitchen, nor hold up to my vision a multitude of babies. That is no excuse for making yourself a drudge, O sister. Neither do I assert that you should be *savants*, or undertake extensive courses of reading, when it is a palpable impossibility. Neither should you be attending instructive lectures, and botanical or historical classes, if the baby must be left to scream in the unheeding darkness alone. But I plead with you to keep your mental faculties alive. Baby will need them, and your husband does need them now. If he does not, then you had no business to have married the man.

In the little snatches of leisure you can get, pick up a book, some light literature, a "Popular Science," or "Popular History," or a volume of racy sketches of travel or adventure; a good proportion of poetry and fiction is by no means to be despised, and many women delight in biographies. Consult your own tastes, only avoid wishy-washy books, and also abstruse writings that you "cannot get your tired mind down to," and which you throw down at last with disgust, and a dazed feeling of your utter inability and ignorance. Mind follows after the body in this life, and when every muscle is aching and every nerve at the tightest tension, rest body, brain and spirit, with a sofa and a good book, and quiet, and take a new lease of life.

Advice is cheap and I detest it, but having been well supplied by disinterested friends, and feeling, in consequence, rather burdened with it, I am giving it away.

I spent this Thursday afternoon at home, for Jessie's kitchen did not need me, and this is the result.

OTHER PEOPLE'S "SYSTEMS."

A correspondent of THE HOUSEHOLD who seems to find the conflict between babies and system in housekeeping a perpetual and irrepressible one, asks, in the December number of this paper, how is it that some women always get their housework done bright and early, while for others it occupies the greater portion of the day? The ways of these housewives are not past finding out, neither do they always prove, when found out, to be worth adopting.

Opportunities for learning something of my neighbors' ways have not been lacking to me, it having been my lot to live long in a block of several tenements, whose occupants are constantly changing. Among our present neighbors are several of these "smart" housekeepers, and their several "systems" differ greatly. The mistress of one family who moved into "the block," as the building is called by the villagers, last summer, was, for a time, a constant wonder to Sister Mary Ann and myself. From the day of her arrival amongst us, she was always to be seen, as early as ten o'clock in the forenoon, strolling about the yard in afternoon dress, or sitting at her window engaged in fancy work.

"What a wonderful housekeeper she must be!" said Sister Mary Ann; "we must get acquainted with her and learn her system."

In due time we did learn her system, and it proved to consist wholly in having a husband who waits upon her by inches. This treasure of a "John" not only brings wood and water, replenishes and kindles fires at the proper time, takes upon himself the whole care of back rooms, sheds, cellar, and everything in them, but he also prepares vegetables for cooking,

shakes rugs, polishes stoves, attends to all errands from matching a spool of thread to borrowing a cup of yeast, helps about the washing from beginning to end, pares apples, chops meat, in short, does more than half the housework. He does it all regularly and without reminder or request. When madam sits down to her worsted work at perhaps nine o'clock on a winter morning, she can give it her whole attention, for she knows that that husband of hers will keep the fires alive, and that when she goes out to get dinner, by and by, she will find meat and potatoes on the kitchen table, ready for cooking, and the kettles boiling.

It is hardly necessary to add that this useful husband is not engaged in business, and is therefore always about the house. Not, however, does it by any means follow that every man whose occupation or profession does not call him away from home, could be made useful in this manner. Neither would every woman be willing, when in good health, to accept such services at her husband's hands, while some, like Sister Mary Ann, who, from the "sink window," frequently catches glimpses of Mr. A. applying himself to household duties, would rather do the work alone than have a man "always under foot." Sister Mary Ann, having found favor in the eyes of a certain young minister, realizes that she may yet come to have "a man always under foot," so she adds to her sometimes rather caustic comments upon our neighbor's "ways" a few qualifying words, to the effect that it is all well enough for a man to do housework so long as he looks well doing it, but the moment his labors cease to be becoming to him, that moment he steps out of his "sphere."

"For instance," says Mary Ann, "a man looks well and man-like sweeping a floor, but how does he look, with long apron on, washing dishes?"

Yet Mary Ann's own little brothers were taught to wash dishes, as well as to iron and sweep.

"Yes," Mary Ann admits, "the boys did, but father didn't;" which is truth itself.

Our second neighbor, Mrs. Garland, impresses us with a sense of her "smartness," by calling upon us during our busiest morning hours. Her "system" is very different from that of Mrs. A. Sister Mary Ann says it consists in "eleven o'clock dinners." Not that the Garland family dine at eleven, but Mrs. G. never takes a thought nor makes a preparation for the twelve o'clock dinner till eleven o'clock the same day. She "wastes" no time converting bread crumbs into puddings or flapjacks. When she cooks a chicken, she cooks it once for all; it is never made into a chicken pie that it may be a more palatable dish for the second day's dinner.

Slices of stale bread—but there is no bread in Mrs. Garland's pantry. The staff of life in her house is the everlasting saleratus biscuit, in regard to which she makes frequent boast that she can build the fire, make the biscuits, and eat them, inside of thirty minutes. A sufficient quantity of those edibles (?) being created each night to last twenty-four hours, breakfast and supper take up but little of Mrs. G.'s time. To wash the half dozen plates and cups (for this way of getting meals does not "make dishes"), to make a bed or two, and sweep the kitchen floor—this is the extent of her usual morning work. Washing day comes to her, as to all, but her "system" of housekeeping does not make washing. One long towel hangs on the roller from Monday to Monday; napkins are a luxury not indulged in, while her table-cloth, being a length of dark oil-cloth, washes itself.

She does not "believe in a woman's

fussing over rugs and tidies and edgings." She denies herself the pleasure of window-plants and flower beds, because of the work they will make.

She believes in "doing up your work and going out into the fresh air." And when I look upon her home, so utterly unadorned and uninviting, even the doorway looking like a wind-swept roadside, but for sweet clover that will spring up by the door, I do not wonder that she, and all her family, spend most of their time "out in the fresh air."

No, dear, troubled sisters, there is no system by which our work can be made to do itself. If we do not do it, some one else must. If it is shirked or slighted, there will be waste and a lack of many comforts. Planning one's work beforehand helps greatly, but housework well and thoroughly done takes time. Would it not be well to give less thought to getting it "done and out of the way?" The milliner, the dressmaker, do not expect to do a day's work in a forenoon and have the afternoon for leisure; why should we? For surely our day's work is much greater than theirs. Would it not be better to rest an hour here and there all through the day, than to work so hard and hurriedly all the morning that the afternoon is not long enough to rest us?

One reason that servant girls bear the fatiguing work better, aside from their usually greater strength, is that they are not expected to make an effort to do six days' work in six half days.

NELLY BROWNE.

—To discover cotton in woolen fabrics, ravel out the suspected cotton fibre from the wood and apply flame. The cotton will burn with a flash, the wood will curl up, carbonize, and emit a burned, disagreeable smell. Even to the naked eye the cotton is noticeably different from the filaments of wool, and under the microscope this difference comes out strongly. The cotton is a flattened, more or less twisted band, having a very striking resemblance to hair, which, in reality, it is; since, in the condition of elongated cells, it lines the inner surface of the pod. The wool may be recognized at once by the zigzag transverse markings on its fibres. The surface of wool is covered with these furrowed and twisted fine cross lines, of which there are two to four thousand in an inch. On this structure depends its felting property. Finally, a simple and very striking chemical test may be applied. The mixed goods are unravelled, a little of the cotton fibre put into one dish and the wool into another, and a drop of strong nitric acid added. The cotton will be little or not at all affected; the wool, on the contrary, will be changed to a bright yellow. The color is due to the development of a picric.

#### CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For nearly three years I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD and profited by it. It came first as a wedding present and has proved itself such a useful member of the family that we could not think of trying to live without it.

In the December number some one asks how to break the neck of a bottle in the place desired. If a string saturated with turpentine be tied tightly around the place and then a match applied, it will break evenly.

Angusta Velsor will find the poem she wishes, in Longfellow's poems, in the one entitled, "The Day is Done."

Scarcely a day passes, now that Christmas is so near that the old HOUSEHOLDs are not looked over for some description of fancy articles. I have often thought of making out an index for each year containing every recipe or direction that

there was a probability of ever needing again.

I have used a great many of the cooking recipes, but have never had a failure, and now a sure passport to success is to know that it is in THE HOUSEHOLD.

These recipes for buns and hermits are excellent, tried recipes.

**Buns.**—One egg, one cup of milk, a little nutmeg and salt, one-half cake of yeast dissolved in one-half cup of warm water, one pint of flour, butter the size of a large egg. Rise over night. In the morning stir in one-half cup of sugar and one-half cup of English currants. Knead and rise again, six or seven hours, using as little flour as possible. Then knead and rise for baking.

**Hermits.**—Three eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter. Beat sugar and butter together very light, and eggs separately, one cup of chopped raisins, one-half teaspoonful of spice of all kinds, one teaspoonful of soda in three tablespoonfuls of milk, flour to knead soft. Roll, cut, and bake like cookies. MRS. O. K. H.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—This is my first years' subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD, but I have become so interested in its columns that I cannot wait two or three years, as some of the sisters have done, to have "my say." I am especially interested in the fancy work patterns and the Conservatory.

Will some of the sisters explain the feather and herring-bone stitches, or are they the same?

I have tried packing my flower pots in a box of sawdust for my window this winter. I like it much better than the old way. It looks like a miniature flower garden, as my little three-year-old remarked, "Has grandma been over to see our garden patch?"

X. Y. K. tells Miss T. M. S. to try equal parts of glycerine and bay rum for the hair. I have tried it, but think if they would use one-third glycerine and two-thirds bay rum, they would like it better.

Faith Forest, I am going to try your Christmas cake this year.

Kansas Subscriber, I think here is what you will like.

**Coffee Cakes.**—One cup of sweet milk, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, three well beaten eggs, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder worked into enough flour to make a stiff dough, roll out thin and sift ground cinnamon on the sheet, roll up into a roll and cut off slices from one end, place the slices in tins to bake, with sugar sprinkled rather thickly on each slice. Bake until brown on top.

**Cocoanut Cake.**—Whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter mixed together, mix two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with three cups of flour, stir all together and bake in jelly cake tins, making six or seven layers.

**Icing.**—Whites of three eggs, and one pound of sugar beat together, spread between layers and sprinkle thickly with cocoanut. Cover the top and sides of the cake with the icing. HORTENSE.

HOUSEHOLD BAND:—Will you accept the list of a few of the "trials" of a sister who has been much interested and much more profited by reading your paper for the last two years?

Try a little soap in your stove blacking.

Try a little kerosene in your boiled starch, you will be surprised at the gloss. A half-teaspoonful to a quart of starch.

Try a little white soap rubbed off with the hands into the cold starch. Enough to make it a little sudsy. I starch my shirts and collars in the boiled starch immediately after rinsing before hanging out, and then in the cold starch after they

are dry, and have no trouble and they look well.

Try this way with your iron sink. About twice a week wash it thoroughly with soap and rinse it down with hot water. Enough to heat the sink so it will dry off quick. Then take a piece of raw fat beef, such as you cut off the edge of steak, and rub the sink while it is yet warm. Then take a soft paper and rub off all the grease you can. There will be enough left to keep the sink from rusting. I found that using a whisk broom to clean the sink caused it to rust, while a rubber scraper had a much better effect.

Try turning a fruit can upside down, standing it on the top, while the fruit is hot, thus proving whether it is air tight or not. I didn't learn this until this year.

To have pie crust flaky do not mix the lard too thoroughly with the flour. It wants to be left in little lumps as big as a lima bean. If the sister who had such a hard time with her crust, would mould it about half a dozen times, just enough to fold in the edges, she would succeed better. I fully sympathize with her for I did so dislike to make pies when I was married two years ago, and have had so many trials since.

C.E.A.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—After reading each number of our valuable paper, I have been inspired to do better work. I did not live in a benighted country, but among civilized people, yet I never saw or heard of THE HOUSEHOLD, until after my marriage, a few months ago. I have read other household periodicals, but nothing that fills just the place in a housekeeper's heart, that this paper does. My husband says that I read it all, from the headings to the last advertisement. As it will soon be time for renewal, I mildly suggested that it might be this same faithful reading that was the cause of our having, as he said, better meals than usual this fall. I am sometimes troubled to know what to prepare for breakfast that does not require too much time. My John is not over fond of dishes that are evidently warmed over.

Here is a breakfast cake that everybody likes: Mix three tablespoonfuls of butter with the same quantity of sugar, add one egg, one cup of milk, two cups of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in a flat tin.

My oatmeal cookies are a novelty to most everybody. This recipe makes a large quantity. Two eggs, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of lard, two cups of fine oatmeal, one teaspoonful of soda in two-thirds of a cup of boiling water, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of salt, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Spread thin on long tins, and cut in squares after they are baked, or they may be dropped on tins in little cakes. I use butter and omit the salt, instead of using lard. My mother has had nothing in her house relating to pork, since I was a little child, and I am following on in the same way, though not quite so strictly.

My way of making graham bread is so good and so quickly done, that if you try it once, you will again. Two coffee cups of graham flour, one coffee cup of sour or buttermilk, a little salt and molasses, and one and one-half even teaspoonsfuls of soda. This makes one loaf. If more is needed, it is better to stir twice, as the dough is so stiff it cannot be so well mixed in large quantities.

The chapter on pickles in a late number, suggested to me the discovery that I made last spring. I found that mixed spices, containing ten or more different kinds could be obtained at some grocery stores, and five cents' worth will season a great many pickles. Care must be taken not to put in too much at first, as the strength is extracted gradually.

Mrs. F. C. H. Two or three of us have tried your method of canning corn, and present indications are that it is a grand success. We intend to open the first can Thanksgiving.

You will be well satisfied if you follow Mexican's directions in regard to a fruit picture for your dining room. A friend of mine has four of different sizes, and she displayed considerable ingenuity in making a variety. In one she made a representation of a fruit dish with white and gold paper; in another, a vase of flowers; in a third there is the resemblance of a marble stand on which the fruit is piled. The only original idea in mine is the basket of small fruit which crowns the top of the pile. I took a large fancy advertising card, representing a basket of flowers, and cutting out the flowers, filled the basket with fruit. My friends open their eyes when I tell them what mine is made of, and I think it will be still handsomer when framed. The pictures on fruit cans work in splendidly, but if you are so fortunate as to get colored plates from seed catalogues, or some large advertising cards, your picture will be much improved. I put them on with mucilage, and after laying them down, partially outlined each one before gumming, to get it just where I wanted it.

I colored some faded ribbons and ties the other day, but some of you may think it too expensive. I took the red netting from a half-dozen peach baskets, put it into boiling water, and let it remain a few moments, then put in the ribbons, and soon set them off until the dye was cold, wrapped them up in a cloth and pressed them shortly afterward. They are a very pretty color. MRS. MOSES MOTT.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Having been allowed a hearing once, I venture to lift my voice—or pen rather—again. How gratified I should feel, if I knew that any thing I write would prove useful to any one of the readers of our splendid paper. When I read the friendly, helpful letters of the Band, I feel like giving a hearty hand-shake all around. But as that cannot be, I shall try to have my say occasionally, as I shall feel more like “one of you.” If I cannot write any thing either wise or witty, I can at least say amen to the wisdom of others.

Rena F. asks us to try her frosting and I intend to, soon; and now I want to tell you my way to make a nice frosting. It has two advantages over any other I have tried, in that it dries or hardens so quickly, and granulated, or any other kind of white sugar will serve as well as pulverized. For an ordinary sized cake, place over the fire two cups of sugar with a little water; let it boil until brittle when dropped into cold water; then pour this boiling sugar over the whites of two eggs, previously well beaten, stirring briskly at the same time. Spread immediately over your cake, and in half an hour you will be surprised to note the hard, glossy surface. Two cups of chopped raisins, figs, cream-nuts or hickory-nuts stirred into the above frosting, make a very nice filling to spread between the layers of cake. When intended for filling, I do not boil the sugar quite so brittle as for frosting.

We are very fond of a sweet dressing for sliced cucumbers. To make it, take one-half cup of rich cream, either sweet or sour, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar and two-thirds of a pint of vinegar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. If the vinegar is very strong, weaken a little with water, or add more cream.

I wish to tell those who are fond of oysters, of a way I have learned of preparing corn oysters, which have a taste similar to real fried oysters; and are

equal, if not superior to the bivalves themselves. Grate six ears of sweet corn (the proper age for boiling), add two beaten eggs, a little salt and pepper. Drop spoonfuls into your hot, well buttered frying pan, fry and turn the same as oysters, browning nicely on both sides, and you have a dish which you cannot but pronounce excellent. Should this reach you too late to try this year, it is worth remembering until next year.

Do you all know how to have your flower plants continue to bloom profusely? I accomplish this end, by pinching off the seed-pods and faded flowers, and allowing but little seed to ripen. If all the seed is allowed to remain, too much of the vitality of the plant is expended in maturing it; the consequence is likely to be few flowers, and rather sickly looking ones at that. My experience in this direction, has proven especially pleasing with pansies and verbenas.

I do not cultivate tender perennials, as our house is not conveniently arranged for keeping them over winter; but I have a great many pretty annuals, and hardy perennials; also a fine variety of dahlias and gladiolas. As my experience with bulbous plants is limited to the present season, I am anxious to learn the best method of preserving the bulbs during the winter. Some say pack in dry sand, others say not. Will some experienced sister tell me the best way?

E. C. M. asks how to clean the fliigree on silver ware. I have found a tooth-brush just the thing for cleaning the fliigree of jewelry, and think it would answer as well for silverware.

I am glad to tell you that my husband is not “One of the riled,” but thinks the exchange of experience, certainly an advantage to all concerned, and if I try a recipe that does not turn out satisfactory, I have no fear of his raising a “breeze.” As our tastes are not all similar, we cannot but expect that what some might relish heartily, would now and then prove distasteful to others. If we never try any thing new in cookery, our bill of fare will surely become monotonous, and we will fail to realize that “variety is the spice of life.” MARCELLA.

Warsaw, Ohio.

HOUSEHOLD FRIENDS:—I have been wondering what the different families represented by THE HOUSEHOLD readers, are doing to-night, and for a moment the wish was entertained that we might have a reception and become personally acquainted with those whom we have learned to love through the columns of our little paper, but the impossibility of the plan at once presented itself, as we are so widely separated, the subscriptions even extending “across the water.” So we shall be obliged to content ourselves with the “bird’s eye view” we have obtained in the past.

What a variety of circumstances, conditions of life, feelings and fears peep out from THE HOUSEHOLD columns. They seem to be teeming with life, not a worthless thought in it, but permeated with sympathy for the sick and sorrowing and a wholesome word for every one who will take the trouble to pluck it. Long may our paper live and flourish, and I presume there are many beside myself who wait as impatiently for its appearance and are wishing it might be made a weekly instead of monthly visitor.

Relating to the subject which has at times been discussed with rather conflicting opinions, it seems to me that if there are men brave enough to face more than 70,000 females on their own ground, every one in battle array, ready to pounce upon the first offender, we ought to allow them the privilege of a few columns, but with a timely warning of their audacity in coming among us and with the idea firmly

fixed in their minds that we shall never allow ourselves to be ousted, or our columns to be monopolized. It was rather amusing to read in article signed “One of the Old Men,” how very hungry those wives were. Of course the “old men” left their stomachs at home, or perhaps they instituted a fast that lasted until their return.

May I give my method of making pie crust to some of the sisters who have been unfortunate in that direction. After having made an ordinary crust (one and one-half tablespoonfuls of shortening for each cup of flour, moistening with water very sparingly), use it for the under crust, then roll out the upper crust in same way, adding a thin layer of lard next, sifting a thin layer of flour, patting down with flat of hand and fingers, and it is ready to place upon the pie (which we will suppose to have been filled in the meantime). Finally turn cold water over the top and consign to the oven. When baked, it will be very flaky and all one could wish for.

I have tried Emily Hayes’ orange cake, also jelly roll by Peace, substituting chocolate and fig fillings. Found them very nice.

Hoping some one may gather a crust of comfort from what I have written, I bow myself out.

DOT-DASH-DOT.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Please may I come in? I have felt so many times like writing to THE HOUSEHOLD, but thoughts of that dreaded waste basket have prevented until now.

I received THE HOUSEHOLD as a wedding present, and desire to thank kind Mr. Crowell. It would be impossible for me to keep house without this great help. Could not each of the present subscribers of THE HOUSEHOLD get one of her many friends to subscribe, and thus double the number of copies required? Let us all try.

In the October number H. M. F. wishes a recipe for noodle soup. Here is one I will guarantee to be good. One even pint cup of flour, two eggs, no salt, and water enough to make a stiff dough. Mix well, divide the dough in three equal parts, roll each piece until about a sixteenth part of an inch thick, place on a table covered with a cloth, to dry. When dried sufficient to prevent sticking together cut into strips three inches wide, place them on top of each other, then with a sharp knife shave into strips an eighth of an inch wide, toss them with the hands until each strip is separate. Have ready three quarts of good, rich beef or chicken broth boiling, stir the broth while you scatter in the noodles, let them come to a boil when the noodles will come to the surface, remove from the fire, season with pepper and salt and serve.

Cream Noodle Soup.—Stir the above quantity of noodles into boiling water, instead of broth, have ready an egg well beaten, stirred into a pint of thick, sweet cream; stir this into the noodles, remove from the fire, season as before and serve immediately. Noodles must never boil after coming to the surface. There are a number of other ways of serving noodles. But I must not stay too long this time, then perhaps I can come again.

Provo, Utah.

CYBEK.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—May I come in for a moment and tell the weary sisters who perhaps dislike darning stockings as much as I do, of a little device which somewhat mitigates the horror of that oft recurring task. It is not original with me, nothing useful ever was. I read of it in one of Mrs. Whitney’s dear, helpful stories, in a young folks’ magazine. She says take an egg cup (a wine glass will answer the purpose also) in

stead of darning eggs, or your fingers, and darn across the rim. Perhaps a goblet would approach nearer in size to the ravages made by our Johns in the heels and toes of their stockings; but without joking, it is a great help. Stockings which I long ago darned under my breath and shamefacedly consigned to the rag bag are now restored to usefulness.

Another item I picked up may interest the owners of the irrepressible small boy whose pants and shirt-waist are always parting company, buttons bursting off every time he stoops. Sew elastic loops inside the waistband of his pants in place of buttonholes.

I am going to send a dollar and ten cents with these scribblings to see if I can procure the first volume of THE HOUSEHOLD ever published. I am curious to know from what small beginnings our now incomparable paper sprung. If we could only remember all the good things we read in it from month to month, what encyclopedias of domestic knowledge we might be. But my poor head is like a sieve, the best of every thing goes right through.

LACOMA.

#### LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I do not suppose the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD can be very greatly edified by any thing further that the Hired Girl can have to say. Nevertheless, with our kind editor’s permission, I would like to speak once more. I do not think that I really misunderstood Helen Herbert willfully or otherwise, but the result of her observation and of my experience are so widely different that we could scarcely be expected to see alike.

For the greater part of thirteen years I have lived in the capacity of domestic servant in the families of New Hampshire farmers and country villagers. I flatter myself that I am a person of average common sense, and also that I understand my business pretty well. I can readily earn three dollars per week, and even more. I have never been discharged by any of my employers. I have always been treated as far as possible as one of the family in which I lived. I have considered my calling an honorable one, and have honestly striven to succeed and I have succeeded as far as success in that particular field of usefulness is attainable. And yet I have not found it to be the best nor the easiest and could not of course recommend it as such to any other girl who has her own way to win in this world, as I have had mine.

The condition of the factory and sewing girls of which she speaks is such as I had no idea existed on this side of the Atlantic. In the large manufacturing village in which I write, girls at work in the mills can earn from five to nine dollars per week by eleven hours’ work per day, sewing girls are as well off or better, and good, comfortable board with washing can be procured for two dollars and a half per week; then those girls have the whole of the Sabbath and all the evenings of the week at their own disposal which you are aware the servant girl has not, even though she is not expected to turn her attention to the family sewing, knitting and mending as soon as the household work is done as was the custom in that part of New Hampshire in which I lived till a very recent date, and this brings me to the longer hours of harder labor. They begin at or before five o’clock in the morning with the preparation of the breakfast, and the skimming of the milk, and end at eight or nine o’clock at night with the last buttonhole or the last patch, and this is one of the things that few men would demand from a man in their employ.

I have also tried hotel work and liked it better than general housework. I did not find it harder and on one occasion, at least, I found it such a pleasant relief and such a novelty to have two whole hours in the afternoon that no one had the least moral right to disturb, that I was inclined to be quite enthusiastic about it.

But housework is hard work demanding much strength and endurance; so witness the worn out women of the land who have done their own work for years. It is also a dull and uninteresting employment; so they bear testimony who add the interest of the owner to the interest of the worker.

Yet so long as it is an honorable and necessary employment, and a useful school for those who hope to have homes of their own and would gain practical knowledge to assist in their management, so long as it offers a refuge to those who are of a very domestic turn and have not homes of their own, it has its recommendations, but only, I am afraid, to the classes I have mentioned.

Helen Herbert, have you never known of a fair young girl who erred from virtue’s path in the seclusion of a country home and from thence

went down to the life you describe? If you have not, your observation has not been so wide as mine, for I have known of such cases, many and sad.

Again, is it at all likely that a girl who knows nothing of you will come to you prepared to regard you as the model American housewife, etc., if no experience of her life has presented you to her in that light? Nay, rather the buoyant spirit of youth whose falling is to hope and trust too much, will assume a very different attitude till taught by experience with what it is more apt to meet.

And do you honestly claim that the fault must of necessity be all on one side? How is it then, that I who have served with pleasure and profit in the family of Mrs. B. as long as she required my assistance, should find it impossible to spend three weeks peacefully in the family of Mrs. C., and yet I have not changed my nature, my manners, nor my intentions. It is simply because Mrs. C. is different, and let me assure you that there is just as much difference in mistresses as there is in servants. And this even your model girl might be forced to admit if she tried living some of the families that would be glad to obtain her assistance.

Now please do not say that this is improbable or impossible. I am giving you only a few of the bare hard facts that have induced me in mature life and after mature thought and observation, to forsake an employment with which I was familiar, to become a learner in a new field of usefulness.

I have not yet said all that was in my mind to say on this subject, but I fear my letter is already far too long.

HIRED GIRL.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I am one of those terrible Johns, so much spoken of by your lady contributors, yet my heart is soft enough to thank you for the welcome wedding present (just expired) and pay for its continuance. Please send the November number, as my dear wife (for whom, if not for THE HOUSEHOLD, I have more respect than to say aught against her favorite literature) does not want to miss a number.

Kansas.

JAY C. MASEMORE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—I have been knitting samples of lace patterns, in September number, fastening a tag to each, with year, month and page added, and storing away for future use. The Smyrna lace and insertion, by Nellie May, is very pretty, nice for the full white aprons now in vogue. "Frank's lace" is a nice open pattern for drawers. Mrs. A. J. B.'s "Pretty Narrow Lace," on page forty-four, February number, is very pretty indeed. That by Picciolli on page forty-three, I used on the bottom of a white apron. You will find too on page one hundred and seventy-two, June, an odd, open pattern of English lace, by Mrs. Cott.

Yes, Emly Hayes, Riverside had an eye to the future when she selected that cabinet; but I wonder though, why its capacity has not been more fully tested by this time; why, sisters of the Band, there are two deep drawers besides the many shelves. I had extra shelves made on purpose for your accommodation, and you of the west and south have lots of things, common to you, and not thought much of on that account, that are rare and beautiful to us of New England.

Why, those geodes from Iowa, are beautiful; agates, marble, nests of rare birds, Chinese curiosities, fossils, ore specimens, etc. So do not hesitate to forward whatever you are willing to part with, be it large or small. Why, Riverside is going to send a small feather scarcely larger than a finger nail, when she finds it, in its too secure hiding place just now, not because of its value, but more because of its associations, coming from the breast of "Old Abe—the war eagle." He was very chary of his feathers at the centennial; but one day while pluming himself, two or three escaped, and I was one of the three or four fortunate lookers-on who secured one.

RIVERSIDE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As I have been a subscriber for nearly two years, and greatly interested in our paper, I felt I would like to have a little say with the rest. I am particularly interested in the Mothers' Chair and all experiences with babies. I have two little girls, one nearly three years, the other one just sixteen months.

They are rather delicate children. The youngest one especially has been a great deal of care, for nine months I scarcely dared hope to have her for long. I am glad to say now she is better and looks plump and well. They are both full of fun and mischief. I sometimes wonder what Deborah Dare and some of those who have such model babies would do with such ones as mine sometimes are with their defiant little ways. I do all my own work, and often feel discouraged and vexed with myself that I do not always deal with them as I would like to do. Every mother must know how much patience and strength is required with little ones to care for, and every thing else to attend to as well. My strength seems to fail me frequently and then I too often yield to impatience. Surely we do need the help of Him who is higher than us.

The greatest bore of housework to me is the

washing, and of all the plans recommended for making it easy I fall to know yet of any that will make my clothes clean and white without boiling, and of course it is the boiling process that is the bore. Would that it could be done without.

I would be greatly obliged to any one who would give me a recipe for sliced green tomato pickle which requires partial boiling. I used to have one we liked very much, but have lost it. Also a recipe for pickled grapes.

San Francisco. ETHELWIN WINTON.

Dear Editor of THE HOUSEHOLD.

How kind you have been to me;  
Your beautiful wedding present  
Will never be forgotten;  
And now though the year is ended,  
Your paper I still must take;

My husband is heartily willing  
Another subscription to make.

The products of thought and culture,  
Your excellent columns show;  
We hope that your list of readers  
Still larger and larger may grow.

Your subjects, so wisely chosen,  
Your poems, so tasteful and rare,  
Are gems that we all should welcome,  
And read with attention and care.

Good sisters, my thanks for your kindness;  
What pleasure it gives me to say,  
The hints and receipts from THE HOUSEHOLD  
Are teaching me something each day.  
And since in the art of the cuisine  
My husband such progress can see,  
'Tis proof that your homely instructions  
Have been of great service to me.

Permit me to ask a question;  
If husband and wife unite  
With equal and heart-felt interest  
In praising your pages so bright;  
If she, through her pen may address you,  
Her grateful emotions to tell,  
Then why not concede to her husband  
The right to contribute as well?

MRS. W. FRISBY.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

TOOTH POWDER.—Take one-half ounce of powdered chalk, one-half ounce of cream of tartar, one drachm of powdered myrrh, one drachm of orris root, and two drachms of powdered bark. Mix all together and bottle it, keeping it closed.

SUBSCRIBER.

INDIAN BREAD.—Scald one pint of bolted or granulated Indian meal with one quart of boiling water, and add one small cup of molasses, and when cool enough not to kill the yeast, put in a little more than half a cup of good yeast. Stiffen it up like white bread with white flour, mould a little, and rise over night. Be very careful not to let it sour, as it does so more easily than white bread. Place it in pans, let it rise a little, but not so much as white bread.

COM.

PORK PIE.—Boil enough lean pork, cut in thick slices, in plenty of water seasoned with salt and pepper, when nearly tender make a crust as for baking powder biscuits, line a dish (I use a three-pint basin) with the paste, put in a layer of the meat, hot, with some of the broth, a layer of dough, another of meat, and so on, till the dish is full; add a few pieces of butter and a dust of flour. Reserve enough broth to thicken for gravy, and if you are like us you will like it hot or cold either. The basin should be well buttered before filling, and cover with paste.

SISTER EVA.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—A simple but delicious charlotte russe is made as follows: One pint of sweet cream, sweeten and flavor to taste; one and one-half ounces of Cox's gelatine, whites of three eggs; dissolve the gelatine in a little milk and add it to the cream, let it stand until quite cold, then add the whites of the eggs beaten very stiff. Line your moulds with long strips of sponge cake or lady fingers and fill with the above mixture.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—To make a nice strawberry shortcake, make a nice, rich biscuit crust, bake in a round tin, and when baked cut in two parts with a sharp knife, put a thick layer of berries sweetened to taste on one half, then lay on the other half and fix in the same manner. Some think a cup of sweet cream poured over the top layer a great addition. The berries should be mashed before placing them on the cake.

M. E. P.

TO SCALD CREAM.—I think scald-cream is just what Mrs. M. E. Moyers is needing. Butter is made from this in the northern part of England. Let the milk stand twelve hours, from one milking to the next, then set it over a pot of water large enough to receive the pan. It must remain on the fire till quite hot, but on no account boil, or there will be a skin instead of cream upon the milk. You will know when done enough by the undulations on the surface looking thick, and having a ring round the pan the size of the bottom. Remove into the dairy when done, let

it stand over two meals before skimming, or at least from one milking to another. This is excellent to eat on bread or with fruit. AUNT MAB.

WHITE SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, three-fourths cup of flour, one-half teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of lemon extract, mix well, then stir in the beaten whites of five eggs. Put in an oven slightly warm, heat gradually, and bake nearly an hour. J. W.

MARBLE CAKE.—Light Part.—Whites of three eggs, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

Dark Part.—Yolks of three eggs, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of milk, and flavor with mixed spices, cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg. Butter the tin and put in the pan alternate layers of light and dark parts, having the light part on top. This is the neatest recipe for marble cake I have ever seen.

SISTER ANNIE.

WHITE CUP CAKE.—Three eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sour cream, two and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of lemon extract, and a little nutmeg.

COMMON CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sour milk or buttermilk, one-half cup of sour cream, one and one-half cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoonful of cloves, and one teaspoonful of soda.

COOKIES.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sour cream, one-half teaspoonful of soda, nutmeg or caraway seed, and flour to roll.

MATE.

FARMERS' PUDDING.—One-half pint of molasses, half a pint of water, two teaspoonsfuls of saleratus, one teacupful of any kind of berries, rolled in flour, thicken with flour, and steam three hours. Raisins are nice to use in place of berries.

Sauce.—One cup of sugar, one egg, nearly half a cup of butter, beat together, pour on this mixture one pint of boiling water, and when nearly cold flavor with lemon.

INEZ E.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to ask for two recipes which I think some among the Band may be able to give me, a recipe for rye and Indian bread, the steamed loaf which is so delicious, also one for stirred jumbles.

ALICE.

Mrs. Home Missionary, take five cents' worth of soap tree bark, kept by apothecaries, do it up loosely in thin cloth, and let it steep an hour in a quart of water. Have a strong bluing water. I used ten cents' worth of the dry powder that comes in boxes; by that you can judge something of the strength required. With a woolen rag wet with the soap first, then with the bluing, as much of the coat as you can press before it dries, then hang it in the air a few minutes; spread a piece of print over it and press it; if you iron it without it will be glossy. This is a good way to renovate a faded black dress. Dip a breadth at a time, hang in the air a few minutes, then iron on the wrong side. M. L. K.

Wakefield, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—J. E. W. asks how to color cotton canary. Take one-half pound of sugar of lead, and dissolve it in hot water. Dissolve one-fourth pound of bichromate of potash in cold water in a wooden vessel. Dip the goods first in the lead water, then in the potash, so continuing until the color suits. This quantity will color five pounds of rags.

MRS. C. L. A.

Monterey, Wis.

Will some one give a good recipe for cake shaded with red instead of spices, etc.? It resembles marble cake, and looks nice.

ORA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to tell Katie Stuart, if she will preserve her figs, she will find them very nice. Use three-quarters of a pound of sugar, one lemon sliced, or a little green ginger, and just water enough to make a syrup, to one pound of figs. I ate them in Florida, and I thought I had never tasted any thing nicer in the way of preserves.

BETSEY WORTH.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—M. E., of East Saugus, Mass., wishes to know about gloss on linen. I will tell her something very nice which I have used for five or six years. I got the recipe from a laundry in the city. Put boiling water in a vessel, and add pieces of white wax and spermaceti about the size of a half-dollar, boil well together, and then remove from the fire and add starch mixed with cold water. Stir well while mixing, and put it back on the fire, boil two or three minutes, stirring well. Rub well into the

clothes, and when ironing use a common iron, and then take a damp cloth wrung out well in hot water, and rub over the shirt and collar, and use the polisher right away, and I can really say she will have as nice polish as any one could wish for, and I am particular about my linen.

Will some one tell me what will clean the nickel plated fixtures on stoves and ranges?

MRS. J. LYONS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Has any one of the Band a recipe for good-baking powder? Baking powder is expensive, but the ingredients, I understand, are cheap.

D. G.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have not seen any answer to Fannie M.'s request wanting to know what to do with her bright green flannel dress, and I would answer it. If she will dye it in a magenta dye, I know it will make it a brown, and I think a cardinal dye would make it a rich dark brown. I should like to know how she succeeds with it.

MRS. A. D. RUST.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Several of your correspondents advise oiling the floors of kitchens. Will some of them say what oil is used, and give the manner of applying it, and the number of coats?

FANNIE M. THOMSON.

Lake Weir, Marion Co., Fla.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please inform me through your paper how to bleach hair?

MRS. S. M. FRANCISCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your readers please give me a good recipe for bay rum?

MRS. H. P.

My daughter, aged ten, had scarlet fever a year ago, and it has left her with a slight discharge from one ear. If any one who has had a similar case will give me a remedy that has proved successful, she will do me a great favor.

What can be done for the teeth if the enamel on them is not good?

M. H. E.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If an Old Subscriber will untack her carpet, turn it back a half-yard all around the room, wash the boards with a saturated solution of camphor, putting it on with a brush, a paint brush is good, then lay the carpet back in its proper place, and put over it a towel wrung out of water and camphor, and iron it thoroughly with a real hot iron so as to steam it through and through, this will kill the insects and all their larvae.

M. E. M.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I send Mrs. J. F. Brown recipes for coloring Turkey red on cotton. For four pounds of cloth, take one pound of sumac in enough soft water to cover the cloth in a tub, soak over night, wring out and rinse in soft water. Take two ounces of muriate of tin in clear soft water, put in the cloth and let it remain fifteen minutes. Put three pounds of bur wood in cold soft water, in a boiler, on a stove, and nearly boil, then partly cool, then put in the cloth and boil one hour. Take out the cloth and add to the water in the boiler one ounce of oil of vitriol, put in the cloth and boil fifteen minutes. Rinse in cold water.

For dark brown, four ounces of blue vitriol, two pounds of cutch, and six ounces of bichromate of potash. This is for ten pounds of cloth. Put the cutch in an iron kettle, in cold water enough to cover the cloth, heat until dissolved, dissolve the vitriol, and add it to the dye, put in the cloth and scald it an hour or more. Wring it from the dye, dissolve the bichromate of potash in boiling water in brass, and put in the cloth for fifteen minutes.

EVA.

Will some one of the Band please tell me how to stop my hair from falling out, and to make it grow in abundance?

VIOLA.

Will some of the ladies give their ways of cooking salsify?

We would like any hints that can be given on house building. We live in the country and want to build a small, but convenient house in the spring.

MRS. W. L. K.

Can THE HOUSEHOLD tell me how to remove black ink from fingers without hurting the flesh or skin?

Do you know that lemonade with loaf sugar, used freely, and taken as hot as can be swallowed comfortably, on going to bed is excellent for a cold? Lemons should be used freely, and sugar also, and you should not go into the cold after taking it, but cover warm in bed. Lemon juice with sugar should be used freely at all times while the cold remains. There is nothing better.

I wish to thank the kind friends who have sent me directions or suggestions for the cooling drinks, which are excellent and very agreeable. I will give no further trouble in this matter, and if I can make any return, in any way, please tell me, as I shall be happy to do so.

Westminster, Vt. HANS DORCOMBE.

## The Parlor.

### THE CHILDREN WE KEEP.

The children kept coming one by one,  
Till the boys were five and the girls were three,  
And the big brown house was alive with fun  
From the basement door to the old roof tree,  
Like garden flowers the little ones grew,  
Nurtured and trained with the tenderest care,  
Warmed by love's sunshine, bathed in its dew,  
They bloomed into beauty, like roses rare.  
  
But one of the boys grew weary one day,  
And leaning his head on his mother's breast,  
He said "I am tired and cannot play,  
Let me sit awhile on your knee and rest."  
She cradled him close in her fond embrace,  
She hushed him to sleep with her sweetest song,  
And rapturous love still lighted his face  
When his spirit had joined the heavenly throng.  
  
Then the eldest girl with her thoughtful eyes,  
Who stood where "the brook and the river meet,"  
Stole softly away into Paradise  
Ere "the river" had reached her slender feet.  
While the father's eyes on the grave were bent,  
The mother looked upward beyond the skies;  
"Our treasures," she whispered, "were only lent,  
Our darlings were angels in earth's disguise."  
  
The years flew by and the children began  
With longing to think of the world outside;  
And as each in his turn became a man,  
The boys proudly went from the father's side,  
The girls were women so gentle and fair,  
That lovers were speedy to win;  
And with orange blossoms in braided hair,  
The old home was left, new homes to begin.  
  
So, one by one, the children have gone,  
The boys were five and the girls were three;  
And the big brown house is gloomy and lone,  
With but two old folks for its company.  
They talk to each other about the past,  
As they sit together at eventide,  
And say, "All the children we keep at last  
Are the boy and the girl who in childhood died."

### TOM KINKLE AND HIS FRIENDS.

*A Story of Backwoods Life.*

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

### CHAPTER XVI.

AS MR. MULLEIN ceased speaking, he gently touched Will on the shoulder, and pointed toward a corner of the room. Will turned his eyes in the direction indicated, and saw a white footed wood mouse peeping out of a chink in the floor. The friends sat perfectly quiet. Presently he came up into full view, and sat for some time watching them as if doubtful of his own safety, his eyes glistening like drops of dew in the sun, and his sides palpitating with fear or excitement. At last he seemed to arrive at the conclusion that he might venture farther, and ran away to the vicinity of the shelves, where he found some crumbs that had been accidentally scattered on the floor. Of these he began to make a meal, but scampered off to his hole again at the first movement on the part of Will.

"That is one of my pets," said Mr. Mullein. "The white footed wood mouse is the most elegant of American mice, and is really a beautiful creature. His natural home is in the forest, and he gradually disappears as the country is cleared. He lays up his winter stock of provisions in hollow trees. Sometimes you may find a pint or more of beechnut kernels, from which the shells have been removed, looking clean and nice, stored away for his use."

"Why does he remove the shells?" asked Will.

"That his food may be ready for use, in compact form, and capable of being stored in small space. Man does the same thing with those articles he lays up for food. Usually he divests them of all useless material, and brings them into as compact a form as may be, for the convenience of handling and preservation. Man exercises forethought in the matter; it is not to be supposed that animals do. Man is guided by reason, animals by instinct. Both work in accordance with the reasoning and forethought of the Creative Mind."

Will inquired what other pets Mr. Mullein had.

"You saw the chickadees and nut-hatches," replied the latter; "and then there are the flying squirrels, that visit me at night, and a great snowy owl, that sometimes alights on the roof, and the deer that come into the clearing to browse on the moss of the fallen trees. If you want to be a hunter, you may try your luck watching for deer to-night. Perhaps you may get a shot."

Will already knew that in winter deer are in the habit of visiting at night those places where men are engaged in felling trees during the day, particularly the maple, for the purpose of browsing on the moss of the branches. After dinner the two walked out into the chopping, and examined the evidences of deer having been there the previous night. Fresh tracks, denoting the presence of a herd numbering at least half a dozen, were seen in various parts of the clearing, where trees lately felled offered a supply of their favorite food. Mr. Mullein believed that they came every night. Will was animated with the idea of watching for them, and exulted in anticipation of the achievement of killing a big buck.

When night came, his arrangements under Mr. Mullein's supervision, were quickly made. An angle between two brush heaps was selected as a suitable place from which to watch, having in front a broad sweep of clearing, in which some maples had been purposely cut down as a bait for the deer. Wrapped in a gray blanket, with a gray handkerchief wound round his head turban fashion, in place of his own black hat, Will seated himself on a log, to await in nervous expectancy the appearance of the coveted game.

The temperature of the atmosphere had risen many degrees during the day, and Will found it not uncomfortable sitting in his blanket. The moon shone faintly through the misty air, making it light enough to see objects at a distance of several rods. There was not the faintest perceptible breeze stirring. The stillness was almost oppressive. Will sat for a long time, looking intently into the surrounding darkness, eager to catch the first glimpse of the approaching game. He thought once what he had heard about the nervous agitation called by hunters "buck fever," with which novices are apt to be affected at their first opportunity of firing at large game, and resolved to be calm. Then he remembered having heard that a person shooting in the dark generally misses the mark by aiming too high. To avoid this error, he practiced aiming at such objects as he could see in the distance, trying to form a correct estimate as to the proper position of the gun when the sights could not be distinctly seen. A sound like that of the breaking of a twig suddenly aroused his attention. He was instantly on the alert, and sat for a long time motionless, expecting every moment to see a deer approaching, but nothing made its appearance, and the sound was not repeated. At last he began to feel discouraged. It seemed as if he had been sitting there more than half the night, and often he was on the point of giving up the watch, but a lingering hope still kept him in his place. Whether he fell asleep or not, he never could tell. All at once he found himself looking straight at a deer, which was standing in an open space, scarcely four rods distant. How it came there was a mystery. It seemed to be observing him, and was stamping violently, and snorting with a ringing, whistling sound, as deer are known to do when observing an object that makes them suspect danger. Will's heart leaped into his throat. With a great effort he gulped it down again, and compelled a steadiness of nerve that quite surprised himself. Raising his rifle deliberately, he aimed at the lower out-

line of the deer, and fired. The deer was gone in an instant, he could not tell where. He sprang from his seat, and rushed to the place where the game had been, but nothing was to be seen but some tracks, whether new or old he could not tell. His steadiness of nerve seemed to have deserted him at the discharge of his gun; he was trembling now like one with the ague. Dispirited and disgusted, he took up his gun and blanket, and returned to the house. Mr. Mullein was awake, and Will gave him an account of his adventure.

When Will rose the next morning, the table was set, and the tea kettle was hissing on the stove, but Mr. Mullein was nowhere to be seen. Going out, Will was surprised to see him exerting all his strength to drag a large buck over the snow toward the cabin. He had had the curiosity to visit the scene of Will's doings, and finding blood on the snow, had followed the track to where the deer was lying dead, only a short distance beyond the border of the clearing, Will having shot him in a vital part.

After breakfast the game was dressed, and then Will assisted Mr. Mullein at his work. When evening arrived, he was desirous of trying his luck again watching for deer. Mr. Mullein, however, persuaded him to give up the project, as he could carry home at most only a small part of the venison, and Mr. Mullein had enough already for his own use. So the time was spent in pleasant chat till bedtime. At Will's earnest solicitation, Mr. Mullein consented to accompany him home, and the two set out the next afternoon, Will carrying the skin of the buck he had killed as a trophy of his first hunting exploit.

The children had had their nooning, and were gathered again in the school room, flushed with the exercise and excitement of the games in which they had been engaged, and which do so much to develop the mind and muscle of the boys and girls who are so fortunate as to be compelled to get their education mainly in a country school-house. The confusion of sound incident to finding their books, getting settled in their places, and turning to their lessons had gradually died away, and the ordinary work of the afternoon was in progress.

Along two sides and across one end of the room, ran long, rough benches, for the accommodation of the older pupils, the boys occupying one side, and the girls the other, the two rows meeting, when the school was full, at the middle of the end bench. Between these benches and the wall were the writing desks, consisting, as described in a former chapter, merely of wide boards, placed in a slightly inclined position edgewise against the wall. When the pupil desired to use the desk, he turned his face toward the wall, at other times he could, if he pleased, face toward the center of the room, using the edge of the desk for a support for the back. Lower benches, on which the smaller children sat, filled a part of the remaining space, and Ruth's table and chair stood near the center of the room. There were no blackboards nor globes to be seen, nor any maps except belonging to the old-fashioned geographies. When a class was called to recite, they stood on a row on the floor, or sat on a bench temporarily vacated for the purpose.

The afternoon passed dreamily away. Ruth, usually alert and interested in the business of the hour, was absent and unmindful of those around her. When little Emma Whiston found a hard word in her lesson, and came and stood before her, with her book raised, and her finger pointing to the word, she remained unnoticed till the laugh of the scholars re-

called Ruth to a consciousness of the situation.

Ruth's mind wandered back to the days when she too was a school-girl, thoughtless and happy. And then she lived over again in memory the years of early youth, when the stern realities of life began to present themselves to her as such. A cloud fell upon her heart at the remembrance, for her youthful sky had not been all clear and bright. A picture of the old school-house at Johnstown, with its surrounding beautiful scenery, where she had spent many happy hours, and some sad ones, as pupil, and afterward as teacher, floated before her imagination. With it came the recollection of the old hunter's truthful description of the place, and his account of his residence there the very year of her birth, as he gave it the night when she found shelter in his cabin. A strange attraction seemed to draw her toward the old hunter. It was a wonder to herself that, though she had been in his company only a few hours, she liked him better than any other man in the circle of her acquaintance. She thought of his love for Malva, and wondered whether it would ever be her fortune to receive the full homage of so noble a heart. It seemed strange to her that in this connection the image of Mr. Mullein should obtrude itself upon her mental vision, and a blush of vexation was spreading rapidly over her cheeks, just as the children's laugh at little Emma's embarrassment recalled her to herself.

Ruth went on with the lessons, though her thoughts wandered to objects not connected with her present employment. When the work of the afternoon was nearly done, Jane Whiston came and stood by her side, as if wishing to speak to her. Ruth inclined her head, and Jane whispered in her ear, "Please, may we have a spelling school to-night?" Ruth needed no time to consider, for the question was not one never asked before, and she brought a flush of joy to Jane by promptly answering "yes," though in a voice so low that only Jane heard it. In a few minutes, though talking among the pupils was prohibited, and whispering was a violation of the rules, the pleasing news had been communicated to the whole school, telegraphed by such means as children readily invent. When, at the close of the exercises, Ruth formally announced that there would be a spelling school in the evening, she only told what everybody already knew.

Formerly an evening spelling school was the occasion of much innocent enjoyment on the part of those engaged in it, as well as a potent means of advancing them in a practical knowledge of orthography. Our new-fashioned school-ma'ams and school-masters, however, have come to look upon it with disfavor, as something old-foggyish, and beneath the notice of the professional teachers of the present enlightened and progressive age. The spelling-book, indeed, has in a great degree, been superseded by text books on the philosophy of the structure of language, fit only to be put into the hands of advanced students; consequently our boys and girls make a great show of studying orthography, but they do not learn to spell.

The pupils were dismissed a little earlier than usual. Several of the girls remained to sweep the room, and put things in order, as well as to avoid the labor of walking home and back again. Some of the boys also remained, apparently with no other object than to divide the time between snowballing each other and teasing the girls. When Ruth returned, early in the evening, all were in high glee over some romping game, in which both boys and girls were engaged. At her appearance, the noise subsided somewhat, but

the mirth went on, only in a subdued manner. "Come and play with us," was the invitation from half a dozen voices speaking in concert. Ruth threw aside her hood and shawl, and joined in the game. She was just in the midst of an unsuccessful effort to catch Johnny Kinkle, who ran round the circle of children, dodging from side to side and doubling on his track with the nimbleness of a hunted hare, when the door opened, and Mr. Mullein came in. At a sign from Ruth, the game was discontinued. She advanced to meet him with the dignity of a queen. Her face was flushed from the violence of the exercise in which she had been engaged, and her hair, having escaped from its fastenings, had fallen down in confusion upon her shoulders. Mr. Mullein thought she was a little too dignified. He would have been better pleased, if there had been a shade more of familiarity in her manner, and the thought came to him that perhaps he had made the mistake of coming where he was not wanted. It was customary, however, for everybody to attend spelling school who desired to, and he resolved to remain. Perhaps, after all, his own sensitiveness magnified into coolness what was intended to be only proper womanly reserve. So he thought, when he had had time to consider the matter. He thought, too, that he had never seen Ruth look so beautiful before. In fact, he had never thought her beautiful at all, but had regarded her as attractive because of the simplicity and naturalness of her manners, her animation and liveliness, and the good sense that characterized her conversation. If his unexpected appearance produced any perturbation in the mind of Ruth, it was effectually masked by the flush of excitement already present. The truth was, she was gratified at his coming, and accorded him a welcome warm from the heart, but veiled under somewhat more than her usual degree of dignified formality.

At an early hour the pupils were all present, as well as many of their parents and friends. A smart rapping with a ruler on the table brought them to order. As many as could be accommodated on the lower benches were seated, leaving the outer benches vacant. Ruth appointed two of the older girls to choose sides. Seating themselves on the outer benches at the end of the room, they commenced choosing alternately, each endeavoring to select the best spellers. The children took their places as chosen, forming long rows on opposite sides of the room. When all were in their places, at a suggestion from Ruth, as many of the visitors were chosen as were willing to take part in the exercise. Tom was provided with a slate, and asked to keep tally. Then Ruth, book in hand, stood in the open space, near the middle of the room, to pronounce the words for spelling. The trial of skill consisted in the effort to spell correctly more words of the lesson than the opposite side. The words were given to the sides alternately, beginning at the head, and passing regularly down the classes to the last chosen. When a word was misspelled, Tom made a mark against the side committing the error, and the word was passed to the next speller on the opposing side. By this arrangement, the sides were made to spell an equal number of times, and, at the end of the lesson, the tally marks showed the number of errors of each. The honor gained by either side was mutually shared by all the members of that side, and the disgrace incurred fell equally upon all. Each speller felt that not only his own reputation, but also that of his party, was committed to his keeping.

Of course, Ruth had her hands full. She must keep order, enforce the rules, pronounce the words, and adjudicate up-

on disputed points, and all without partiality, and without wounding the feelings of the most sensitive.

The spelling had continued for a few minutes, and was becoming a matter of absorbing interest, as it appeared that the sides were evenly matched, and neither seemed to be getting any material advantage, when the attention of all was attracted by the sound of bells and in a few moments a sleigh was heard to stop at the door. A confusion of voices, mingled with sounds of merriment, proclaimed the arrival of a numerous party. Directly a dozen boys and girls came in, shaking the snow from their garments, and evidently exerting themselves to suppress the hilarity visible in their countenances. They were recognized as some of the best spellers from the school at Smith's. Ruth directed two of the girls of her own school to wait upon the visitors. When hoods, and shawls, and hats had been laid away, and the party had been comfortably arranged near the fire, some seated on one of the benches, and others standing on the clay hearth, the spelling was resumed. After the new comers had had time to become thoroughly warm, Ruth directed that they should be chosen into the classes. Then the spelling went on with increasing interest, little permanent advantage accruing to either side. So equally balanced was the skill or good fortune of the contending parties that, when Ruth announced an intermission, and called on Tom to count the tally marks, there was found to be the difference of only a single error between them.

The intermission was a time of social enjoyment. Friends clustered in knots and talked over affairs of interest. Old attachments were renewed and strengthened, and new friendships formed. Sly flirtations sprang up among those whose temperaments and conditions were favorable to such an event. General hilarity prevailed, which once or twice became somewhat obstreperous, requiring a gentle exercise of authority for its wholesome restraint.

When Ruth judged that it was time to resume the exercise of spelling, a few raps on the table speedily brought the company to order. In the mean time, several petitions for the honor of choosing sides had been received from the pupils. These must be acted on, and granted or refused, as a wise, civil ruler grants or refuses the petitions of his subjects, with reference mainly to the general good. It was a matter of courtesy that the visitors from the other school should receive special recognition; Ruth therefore appointed one of the older boys among them as a leader, to be matched against Will Kinkle. Cuts were drawn for the first choice, Will being the winner, who promptly chose one of the older girls from among the visitors. This was a wise stroke of policy on the part of Will, though gallantry, and a desire to treat the visitors courteously, may have had more influence than policy in determining his choice. Be that as it may, throughout the choosing, the young lady, who was herself the best speller in her own school, and seemed to have the tact to select on the spur of the moment the proper person for the place to be filled, acted as his prime minister, designating in whispers the best spellers among her companions, and advising him with respect to the members of both schools. Will's competitor, on the other hand, made many mistakes in his selections. As a consequence, on Will's side were ranged a majority of the pupils from the Smith school, with some of the best spellers of Ruth's. The final result showed the number of errors of each. The honor gained by either side was mutually shared by all the members of that side, and the disgrace incurred fell equally upon all. Each speller felt that not only his own reputation, but also that of his party, was committed to his keeping.

Of course, Ruth had her hands full.

She must keep order, enforce the rules, pronounce the words, and adjudicate upon the spur of the moment, were being severely tested. Ruth's face flushed with excitement, and Mr. Mullein saw, or thought he saw, mischief in her eyes. Faster and still faster came the words, which were caught by the pupils almost before they were pronounced. Mr. Mullein, with all his endeavor to be prompt, found it necessary to be somewhat more deliberate. At length the young lady tripped, and Jane, whose turn came next, caught the misspelled word almost before she had ceased to articulate. This decided the contest between the schools, but it remained to determine who should be final victor over all. Still more rapidly, if possible, came the words from Ruth; and she did not now take them in the order in which they came in the lessons, but was continually turning the leaves, and selecting here and there one, as her eye fell upon any thing difficult. Mr. Mullein felt the perspiration starting from every pore. To be pitted against a young school-girl, in a backwoods log schoolhouse, with all that company looking on, and possibly wishing him defeat, and to find her fully his match, was a new experience; and then the mischief in Ruth's eyes—he knew that she saw his embarrassment and was enjoying it. At length the ludicrous aspect of the affair began to dawn upon his perception, and he was on the point of laughing outright, when he made a fatal error in a word that under ordinary circumstances he would have spelled correctly without a thought. Jane caught the word instantly, and Mr. Mullein sat down amidst the cheers of the company.

Ruth thanked the school for the good order which had prevailed, and for their close attention to the business of the hour, and dismissed them. Mr. Mullein availed himself of the first opportunity to compliment the girl who had worsted him in the final contest, and to congratulate Ruth on the proficiency of her pupils in orthography. Ruth offered her hand, and hoped he would not be so deeply discouraged by his ill luck in going down on an easy word as to fail to come again. There was no mischief in her eyes now; her manner was quiet, lady-like, and friendly. Mr. Mullein wondered whether his failure had in any degree lowered him in her estimation, or diminished the respect accorded him for ability and education.

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SHOES IN HISTORY AND STORY.  
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BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.  
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In the British museum are several specimens of the shoes worn by the ancient Egyptians, which have been exhumed from tombs, and which are probably the oldest kind of covering worn on the feet. They consist of a simple sole formed of strips of palm leaf nicely fitted together and furnished with bands of the stem of the papyrus. They vary slightly in form; those worn by the upper classes and by women were usually pointed and turned up at the end, like our skates and many of the eastern slippers of the present day. They were frequently lined with cloth on which the figure of a captive was painted, and were ornamented with pictures of the gods, Osiris, Horus, Isis, and Ra-Amon. The lower classes went barefoot, or wore sandals woven of river grass or made of leather.

It does not seem probable that the sandals of the Hebrews differed much from those used in Egypt, excepting, perhaps, that they were usually of more substantial make and material. They were not worn much within doors. Soldiers wore sandals made of iron or brass. With the Jewish females sandals were among the richest articles of their attire, being elaborately embroidered with flowers and

other figures, wrought in silk, silver and gold. That they made a very elegant appearance is evident from the manner in which Solomon addresses the bride in Canticles: "How beautiful are thy feet with sandals, O prince's daughter!"

In-doors the Greeks always went about unshod, and even when abroad, the use of a foot covering was not universal. The warriors of Homer wore sandals made of cowhide. Later both men and women wore a high shoe reaching to the ankle, and having a slit over the instep. Fops in the days of Socrates wore white shoes. The Spartans wore red shoes, all but the boys, who were compelled to go barefoot. Herodotus speaks of a kind of boot with wide tops which were worn by the Lydian horsemen, and seem to have been used by the Greeks more or less. There was a great diversity in the fashion of shoes and sandals in Greece, and the several sorts were named from the persons who introduced them, or from the places whence they came, as the shoes of Alcibiades, Persian, Cretan, Athenian, and Ionian.

Among the Romans shoes indicated the rank of the wearer as well as his individual taste. Senators and patricians wore them high like buskins, ornamented with an ivory crescent, and called *calcei lunati*. Some of these had tops of the skins of wild beasts, lacing up in front, and ornamented at the upper extremity with the paws and heads arranged in a flap that turned over. The skin was dyed purple or scarlet, and the shoes were variously ornamented with imitations of jewels and sometimes with cameos. The *caliga*, or half-boot, was worn by the legionaries, and the Emperor Caligula is said to have derived his epithet from the circumstance that he wore that kind of shoes in his youth. The lower classes wore the simple sandal, or *solea*, consisting of a cork or leather sole, cut in the shape of the foot, and bound about the instep with slender thongs or bands of cloth.

Wooden shoes were in common use throughout Europe in the early middle ages. A boot like the Roman *calceus* was also in use. Great attention was paid to this portion of the dress by the nobility whose extravagance was often rebuked by the church. The shoes and buskins of the Anglo Saxon princes and dignitaries are generally represented of gold. The shoes of Charlemagne which are preserved in the abbey of St. Dennis are of gold stuff, adorned with gems. It was considered fashionable at that time to wear shoes of different colors, and the stockings, also, were unlike each other, and of different colors from either of the shoes.

In the twelfth century, poulaines, or cracowes, became fashionable. These were the long-pointed shoes with upturned toes. This ridiculous fashion was introduced by a famous beau, Robert Le Cornu, in the time of William Rufus, and with various modifications the style continued in vogue till the fifteenth century. To such extravagant length did the "points" increase that in the reign of Richard II., they reached the knee, to which they were fastened by chains of silver or gold. Even in armor the style was introduced, and knights rode to battle with steel and iron pointed shoes three feet in length. In some cases these points became excessively inconvenient, and at the battle of Sempach, fought in 1386, the cavaliers of Duke Leopold were obliged to dismount and cut off the offending parts, so incommoded were their movements by them. In vain did the clergy inveigh against the absurd fashion. The points prevailed until a new fashion supplanted them. Shoes with enormous width of toes succeeded the poulaines; the most stylish were sometimes a foot

wide. Queen Mary of England restricted them by royal edict to six inches.

In the sixteenth century shoes were made of elegant, buff-colored Spanish leather, with tops of enormous dimensions, spreading over so widely as to obstruct the movement of the feet. The Puritans wore such top boots, and Longfellow in "The Courtship of Miles Standish," speaks of the pigny, irascible captain, as being

"Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather."

Later on the French custom was introduced of ornamenting the upper edge with lace. The present simple form of shoes was adopted in the early part of the seventeenth century, and in the century following the shoe buckle began to be used.

In the ancient time in transferring a possession or domain, it was customary to deliver a sandal, as in our Middle Ages a glove. Hence the action of throwing down a shoe upon the region or territory was a symbol of occupancy. In the beautiful idyl of Ruth, we observe the custom of delivering a shoe was practiced when Boaz took upon himself the sacred obligation of caring for the daughter of his dead kinsman. Among the Romans a lady's sandal was regarded as the most precious love token that could be given. At the bacchanal carnivals of the emperors, Juvenal speaks of the coquettish Roman beauties unfastening their sandals and giving them to their gallants, who made use of them as wine cups after the fashion of Ouida's heroes.

In the Middle Ages they were sometimes made to serve other purposes. Poisoned gloves and medicated buskins were often employed by the assassins and *intrigantes* of the period to get rid of obnoxious enemies. Ferreras, in his "History of Spain," says that Henry III., of Castile, was poisoned by means of a handsome pair of buskins, which Mohammed, king of Granada, sent him as a present. By the old romancists they were often made to be the secret instruments of death, which shows the universality of their use in the nefarious art of poisoning, so popular in Italy and France, during the dark ages.

There is one romance in which a shoe plays a part that is not so sinister, for by it several are led to good fortune. This is the story of Cinderella and the Little glass slipper. The story is older than our language, and is first found among the papyrus archives of ancient Egypt. Rhodope was a graceful Nilotc beauty who had just come of age. She was dark and slender, and her dainty feet and jeweled slippers were the envy of half the ladies of Egypt. One day she went to bathe among the lotus blossoms of the Nile. She and her maids were very merry, and while they sported in the water an eagle swooped down upon the shore, and bore away a bright thing in his talons. The great shadow passed over them and presently became a mere speck in the sky, far above where the great river broadened in its sweep toward the midland sea.

When Rhodope came to dress, she could not find one of her jeweled slippers, and she told her maids that the eagle must have borne it away. Now, among the ancients, the eagle was considered a messenger of the gods, and when one saw an eagle it was believed to be a good omen.

So the maids answered, "Good will come of it. Regret it not. Your slipper will bring to you a princely lot, for it is an omen of sovereignty."

And Rhodope hobbled home as best she might, with one foot slipperless. When her maids smiled she only said, "There is luck for me. I shall marry a king."

Three hundred miles away lay the royal

city of Memphis, its palaces and temples shadowing the Nile. Psammetichus reigned there who had just come to the throne, after overthrowing eleven Egyptian kings. The most potent Pharaoh the Nile had seen for years, young, gay, and handsome, he was yet unhappy. Psammetichus had no queen.

The king sat one eve in the cool portico of his palace overlooking the river. The last rays of the sunlight quivered on the sands of the Libyan desert. Perfumed breezes swept up from the Nile, scented with the odor of callas, palm groves, and orange flowers. The sweet voices of beautiful slaves hummed a gay tune, but the face of Psammetichus still looked grave and sad.

Suddenly a dark shadow passed over the palace, and the king saw with sacred awe the huge shape of an eagle descend toward him with wide-spread pinions. And as he looked, something bright and glittering fell from its talons to the tessellated pavement. The king stooped and picked up Rhodope's jeweled slipper.

All the next day and the next, royal couriers spread proclamation offering the mate of the magnificent sandal which the eagle had brought the king. Rhodope in her distant palace heard the grand tidings and beautiful and dainty as a white lily came to Memphis in answer to the king's appeal. She walked up the mighty pilared porticos of the Pharaohs with a graceful air and stood before Psammetichus, fairer than the great queen Nitocris when she received the princes of Egypt. One pearly foot was fair, the other glittered with the jeweled sandal whose mate the king held in his hand.

Psammetichus kept his word. When the next new moon flashed its splendor on the Nile, it flashed, too, on the splendid marriage *fetes* of the great Pharaoh and his lovely bride. The bright-winged temples shone with illuminations. Merry feasting made the palace a scene of delight. The dark, frowning pyramids looked down upon a land that was laughing with joy, for Rhodope had found her slipper, and with it the diadem of Egypt.

#### SOME NOTIONS.

BY ROSAMOND E.

I have been urged to give my notions upon the question of matrimony, but hesitate, as they seem somewhat contradictory and may stir up another dust such as the carpet shaking did with a renewal of sympathy—either for Ichabod or otherwise—in either case misplaced, and one may fail to really say just the things one wishes to acceptably, to the wives, sweethearts, or single sisters, who always know all about it.

My notions of matrimony previous to my own experience in that condition were formed by reading of various books, and the finale—"They were married and lived happily ever after"—seemed to be a very desirable beginning of an end, besides which conclusion, was my dear mother's belief that "only happily married women are happy," which, with "only" erased, is doubtless a truism. Of late years, nearly a score, my opportunities for observation of the ups and downs of real life have dispelled many book formed notions beside that of matrimony, and probably many others can testify to a similar change in their views.

Promiscuous novel reading has much to do with the opinions of young people upon this subject and it is to be deplored that parents cannot always read books before allowing their children to do so. We want education for our young people that shall reach their friendships, their amusements, and the formation of ties that are forever.

Even Miss Alcott marries her boys and

girls and their courtship dates from their school days, so readers of her books are apt to form very crude notions of what their school-mates may one day be to them and neglect school duties for little aside flirtations that too often grow to serious proportions and occasionally result in youthful marriages which are in most cases objectionable, and sensible people should exert their influence against them in every possible way. Now by influence, I do not mean a ranting against either party in such a possible marriage which nearly always precipitates matters and hastens the consummation, but one can advise delay, and consideration and proper preparation of home and whereabouts, with all kindness to each, and in after years may be able to rejoice that they spared one fellow, or two, a life long misery. I do like Mrs. Prentiss' books so much just for her common sense presentation of this subject. I have only read them from the library but think every mother should have her growing daughters read them, especially "Aunt Jane's Hero," and "Stepping Heavenward."

I laughingly say to our young gentlemen friends, "Get married whenever you can support a wife," but to the young ladies, "Don't get married while you can support yourself." A wife adds much to the comfort of her husband, makes his home tidy and cheerful, feeds him with the sort of food he prefers, mends his clothes and is mostly a willing waiter for every whim he indulges in, while a husband adds much to the cares and labors of his wife, lessens her time for recreation, and generally expects her to receive a caress, or an exposition of the latest news, or his opinions of the world at large as a sufficient compensation, with a share of his food and necessary clothing (with his own judgment of the necessity) for all her time and attentions. Soberly, indeed, if more young men, when they contemplate matrimony, would first sit down and count the cost—even to the dollar for THE HOUSEHOLD—they would make better husbands and stronger men, and if young ladies who are accustomed to having an income to use as they wish, can for an hour consider how they could manage a housekeeper's labors, a wife's duties and a mother's perplexities, upon the same or a less amount, they, too, would be better prepared for the inevitable "real life," that is sure to fall to the lot of every household.

There is an old saying, that we never know people till we live with them, and it would be a good move methinks to establish—a sort of purgatory—a home where young folks could meet at a candle light breakfast; where dinner would be irregularly served and, sometimes, shockingly scorched or ill seasoned, where some good and experienced matrons and fathers could devise various disappointments and annoyances to test the virtues of candidates for the proposed matrimonial paradise, and preside over and judge between them when occasion demanded.

Too often, alas! all display of affection ends with the honeymoon, ah! mayhap, not only the display. I know a wife who says she used to think that when she was her Ichabod's wife she would be as affectionate and loving toward him as a friend of hers whom she admired was toward her husband. But she soon found that he cared nothing for the small courtesies of life and would laugh at her little ventures, and ridicule her in the presence of even the servants. Who wonders, that, while she longs for display of affection and the many little attentions and caresses of their courtship, she has grown to be suspicious of every one who seems to be fond of her, and sees only an object to be gained through her affections in every friend who

would, otherwise, be met with a reciprocation of friendship of which few know she is capable. The same may often be the case with husbands who would, when they come to their home from the day's toil be met with loving words and actions, but receive only complaints, repinings, and repellent coolness. The remedy for these heart aches is not to be had, no balm for such wounds has ever been found, and sad indeed is the life where there is no hope, no happiness, no true home.

We often see, however, happy homes, where all agree to admire their latest possessions, to hear the latest joke, to sympathize with each daily trial, and these are the only true marriages, the only homes where young people can grow up to be again true helpmeets or loving husbands in the coming days. Every one can realize the truth of what I say, every one knows some similar homes. While we deplore can we not help some young folks to avoid like error? Can we not educate, help, advise, encourage our dear young friends that they may see what is best, so to act, and what is objectionable, to avoid it?

Matrimony is not a subject for joking, it is for life—for better for worse—and those who treat lightly of the most serious step of this life may one day realize how wrong they were, in bitter repentance. During a recent visit to a picture gallery, I saw a picture, "The Bride's Prayer," and my heart ached in the thought irresistibly expressed, "How seldom one sees such an expression upon the face of a bride." How seldom does a bride hear, much less join in the prayer of the marriage service, her own appearance, her wardrobe, the wedding feast and guest, the appointments of the home she is to preside over, and the novelty of the whole situation fills her mind, and God's blessing seems so certain she does not crave it from his hand if she even remembers to desire it. The new ways of each passing year bring new ways of all sorts, and even the old story of human or divine love are told as our ancestors would wonder at hearing.

I believe parents and guardians should cultivate friendships among the young people of their neighborhood, but avoid teasing, or any form of match-making, when any of the young people seem to be considering one another with special interest, if there is any reason for objection, then is the time to propose it, to separate them or to devise a delay, during which, time may show reason enough to each why they are or are not suited to each other. Kindness goes farther than any other mode of dealing with impossible match-making—or breaking—and when it seems all for the best, announced engagements, not for less than a year, are very wise we believe, doing away with teasing and much that is unpleasant for all concerned.

There is so much to be said on all sides of this question, we have heard some nations, many will develop better ones, with helpful suggestions for the brides and sweethearts if not for the young husbands and lovers for whom no one has a warmer sympathy in all ways, than the ones who have walked all the road they are to tread and know its sorrows and trials as well as its joys.

#### SATURDAY NIGHT.

After the weary years of strife,  
By sorrow crowned, by care oppressed,  
We reach the Saturday of life,  
The eve of our long day of rest.

There are no curfew bells to toll the knell of parting day, in this unromantic age of the world, but when the town clock strikes the hour of six on a Saturday evening, I think it must sound like a curfew to the soul of the working world,

to the men who throw down hammer and pick and all the wearisome implements of toil, and turn their faces homeward, free, free, for a long sweet morrow of rest—not the inertia of repose, but the care-free blessedness of the woods and fields, and even the city streets. Look at the faces of the crowds who are surging through the streets up to midnight of a Saturday night, the happy, world-free faces looking out curiously for amusements—families united that have been separated all the week by the necessity of daily labor for daily bread—children clinging to the toil-worn hands of parents, who are strangers to them at all other times, too weary on other nights to enter into their plays, or take them out for that happy walk which always ends the week. There is a legend told of Boston fathers that they were so absorbed in business that they did not see enough of their families to recognize them on sight, so the patient wives devised the pot of beans for Saturday night's supper, to which the children remained up, and the father thus made their acquaintance.

Saturday night may bring its cares, too, but they are hardly discernible from joys. In homes where the clean clothes for the morrow are laid out, the mother has a few more steps to take, but there is a consecration in her labor of love that repays her in full measure, pressed down and running over. This is the psalm of praise! The morrow will give a benison on her work, for she has ministered to the needs of the least, and in the shadow of groined arches and stained glass she can sing,

"Sleep, sleep, to-day, tormenting cares  
of earth and folly born."

In the old Puritan days, the Sabbath began on Saturday night with the going down of the sun. The mother put her work basket aside, the good man unharnessed the cattle from the plow, the peace of the coming day settled upon them with the evening shadows; but I doubt not they discussed politics and crops, and the scant, rare news from the old world, and read the one weekly paper, worldly deeds that were not admissible on the Sundays of that period, when a rain of manna would not have excited the wonder a telegraphic wire would have caused.

"Mind, be good o' Sunday," was the law, and it was not mere eye service either; it was not a Puritan mother who told her little boy if he wanted to play marbles on Sunday he must go into the back yard. "But isn't it Sunday in the back yard, too, mamma?" asked the little fellow.

But this is Saturday; it is the prelude to that day of which George Herbert wrote:

"The Sundays of man's life  
Threaded together on time's string,  
Make bracelets to adorn the wife  
Of the eternal, glorious King."

Something of the day's peace and rest is forecast in the dropping off of heavy burdens, the loosening of bands of toil, the falling back a little in the march of life. Some have gone home since Saturday night; we have heard for them the turning of

"That slow door,  
That opening, letting in, lets out no more."

The Saturday night of life has dawned into the sunrise of that land where Sabbaths have no end, and where the inhabitants shall no more say, "I am tired." Are they now satisfied who have laid by the small and sordid cares of this life, which occupied so much of their time, to sit down forever with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of the Father?

"If I should die to-night,  
Ere the rise of another sun,  
With so many things unfinished,  
And so many just begun,  
I wonder if I could say, 'O  
Father, thy will be done.'"

"Oh," sigh the tired men of business, "it is Saturday night, turn the keys on invoices and ledgers." "Oh," cry the weary clerks, "to-morrow is Sunday, I can rest." "Call the children in," says the mother, "they must all be washed to-night." Ah! one is missing; the Shepherd is carrying that lamb in his bosom; he is safe in the fold above! It was wise in the Puritans to begin their Sunday at the preceding sunset—it ought to be wicked to enter into any sordid or speculative work, while we are crossing that royal arch of peace which, like the rainbow, connects two horizons, the world of toil, and the world of rest.—Exchange.

#### MY SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

##### Fourth Paper.

On the fourth day, about noon, we enter the state of Minnesota. Immense fields of grain of various kinds and long grass, great rolling prairies, stretch as far as the eye can reach. With the exception of the "big woods" which extend from north to south along the eastern part of the state, there are few trees excepting those that have been planted by the early settlers.

It is difficult to realize that this state contains a greater number of square miles than the kingdom of Great Britain, but such is the fact. Passing through Austin, Ramsey, Owatonna, and various other towns of less importance, late in the afternoon we see before us the handsome stone buildings of the flourishing city of Faribault, and here we must pause for awhile, that our readers may accompany us in a drive through this beautiful town.

Faribault is divided by the Strait river which runs through it from north to south. The railway station is in the western part of the town, and just in the outskirts of the city, so that the citizens avoid the noise, dust and cinders from the engines. Driving eastward from the depot, we pass through various avenues well shaded with trees all planted by the early settlers; passing through the business part of the town, we notice substantial stores of all kinds, banks, court house, city hall, handsome public school buildings, with grounds around them, churches of various denominations, and handsome private residences, many of them built of stone or cream-colored brick, at one of which, situated upon the highest ground in the city, and commanding a fine view, we were hospitably entertained for a few days.

Every house has its garden and fruit and shade trees, and one cannot but be struck with the general air of thrift and neatness, so much like New England towns.

Near us was a Catholic church and convent. The latter contains a young ladies' boarding school taught by sisters. A little further on is the Congregationalist church, of grey stone, and a little beyond is the public square or park, upon one corner of which stands the residence of the revered Bishop Whipple, and opposite is the Episcopal cathedral, built of grey stone, and overrun with beautiful ivy. The church has been built at an expense of seventy-five thousand dollars, and the seats are free to all worshipers.

Its numerous memorial windows of stained glass are well worth examination and admiration. Twelve of them are life size figures of the apostles, and others represent various scenes in the life of our Lord.

One part of this large edifice contains seats reserved for Indian converts, many of whom have been brought into the church by missionaries. These Indians who are often seen in the streets here, are not only friendly, but they are intelligent, good, and, in many cases, educated,

refined, cultivated, and highly respected. One may now and then meet in society, a refined, gentle lady, with pleasing manners, and, perhaps, unusual cleverness or talent, whose grandmother was a full blooded Indian.

And yet, in the face of facts like these, our government refuses to recognize Indians as citizens, drives them from their homes without the slightest remorse, pens them up in a small territory, and treats them with an injustice and cruelty beyond words. Indeed, the whole policy of the government towards the Indian has been so disgraceful that we cannot think of it without indignation.

But this is a digression. It would take too long to enumerate the various industries in the town, or even all the churches and buildings of interest; but we will cross the river by one of the pretty open bridges and note some of the beautiful public institutions on the east side. First we will drive through the beautiful grounds of the Shattuck military school. Here is a neatly shaven lawn well shaded by handsome trees, where the cadets drill and parade. Beyond are the various college buildings, most of them of gray stone, and the residences of the professors and officers, all with beautiful grounds around them. The Shumway memorial chapel is a perfect little gem of art. This was erected by a Mrs. Shumway at the death of her son who had been a cadet here. It is of the stone so abundant in this vicinity, which is a sort of limestone or marble, the windows are of stained glass, the inside tastefully finished in hard wood, the floor of colored tiling, like the floor in the capitol in Washington.

Here the students assemble to worship in the impressive service of the Episcopal church. South of the military school, and adjacent, are the beautiful grounds of the state deaf and dumb asylum. The building is large, with a dome and two wings, looking a little like our national capitol, and very conspicuous as we enter the city from the railway. Beyond this is the state asylum for imbeciles. All these institutions seem to be under admirable management. The buildings are clean and convenient and the grounds nicely kept.

As if this array of fine buildings were not enough, we drive into the grounds of the Episcopal divinity school, in which are another fine chapel, and various college buildings and houses of the professors and clergymen; and just south of this is St. Mary's hall, a diocesan school for young ladies.

With the exception of the asylum for the blind, which is of red brick, all these buildings are made of light-colored gray stone, and they all overlook the river, being situated on a hill or bluff on the eastern bank, and command a fine view of the city, which seems almost embowered in trees, so universal has been the custom of planting them along the avenues and in the grounds about private dwellings.

St. Mary's hall is a very large structure built in a very unique though pleasing style of architecture, with a large central building and two wings, surmounted by seven minarets or spires, the largest being in the center. It was not quite finished, but we were told it was to have all modern conveniences, and to be not only comfortable but elegant and artistic throughout. Workmen were busy grading the grounds to the river, and busily at work inside also, intending to have it ready for school by September, (1883.) Several of the other buildings mentioned were also being repaired, enlarged, and improved during vacation. And now in order properly to appreciate all this, we must look back for a few years.

Thirty years ago this side of the river

was a dense forest, four miles deep and thirty miles long.

Late in the autumn of 1853, two young men named Cutts and Rolfe traveled on foot through Wisconsin and Minnesota on an exploring expedition in search of a "claim," camping on the frozen ground at night, building fires to keep off the wolves and to cook their food.

After traveling three days and camping out three successive nights in this way, without seeing a single human habitation, footsore and weary, walking on the hard, frozen ground over a prairie so destitute of trees that they could with difficulty find wood enough to kindle their fires, they came into this woods, and finding an Indian trail, passed through it about four miles, forded the Strait river, late in the afternoon, and imagine their surprise and joy to see on the western bank a comfortable white house with green blinds, homelike and attractive indeed to our weary travelers, who were secretly beginning to dread another night on the ground, although they would not acknowledge this to each other.

Glad enough were they to accept the kindly offered hospitalities for the night, of the owner, Mr. Faribault, a Frenchman who had lived here for forty years, trading with the Indians, one of whom he had married. He had made some money, and sent his children away to be educated, the daughters having received their education in a Roman Catholic sisters' school in a distant city. His was the only framed house to be seen for miles around, but so contented and happy seemed this genial old French gentleman, that he seemed to think there was no spot on earth so dear, or so well worthy of the name of home; and very strongly did he urge young Cutts and his companion to settle near him; and after a few weeks spent in further exploration of the country to the westward, Cutts returned, and decided to follow his advice. Other settlers soon followed and by Christmas of that year there were not only several log cabins there, but one building used for a town hall and various other purposes, though designed by the settlers for a school house, and here the young men, far from home and friends, yet true to the lessons learned of their mothers in childhood, kept off idleness, mischief and loneliness, by inaugurating a debating club to while away the long hours of the winter evenings. They certainly might have done worse.

The next Fourth of July one young man brought a wife there, or rather persuaded her by letter to come to him; and the settlers received her at the house of Mr. Faribault, when a ball was given in honor of the occasion, and next morning she was introduced to the log cabin which had been put up for her future home.

Soon steam saw mills were running night and day, vainly endeavoring to saw lumber fast enough to supply the demand. Buildings of every description were going up in every direction, and the new town was called in honor of its first settler, Faribault.

What a change in thirty years!

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

#### A SAIL IN FLORIDA.

As I write I am seated upon a sharpie thirty-seven feet in length, which is lying in Mosquito Lagoon, a sheet of salt water fifteen miles long, the average width of which is from two to two and one-half miles. Upon these waters lies the famous Dammitt orange grove, from which come the most delicious oranges I ever tasted. Many bushels of fruit fall to the ground and decay each year, for those who pick and pack the fruit, do not use the fallen fruit, as the fall is apt to

bruise it so it would not stand shipping. Any one visiting the grove is free to take of these all she may wish, so come, all ye sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD who hunger for the golden fruit, and we will go and visit the grove, which is one of the oldest large groves on the coast. We should be happy to welcome our editor and his good lady, but we fear if he were transported down to the banks of these charming waters, while eating our far-famed oranges he would forget his HOUSEHOLD cares, and the next number would fail to appear, and then what a cry would go up from the many households all over the country where it is such a welcome guest.

We are *en route* for Daytona, "the gem of the coast" as some one styled it. Since leaving home we have passed Rockledge, a pretty little hamlet, boasting of three stores and two hotels, (towns in Florida must have a hotel if nothing else,) and some pretty homes. It lies upon the west shore of the beautiful Indian River, which is here one mile in width. Its banks are ledges of rock.

At last we are under way, and a southwest wind takes us through the water at the rate of six miles an hour. We stop a few moments at City Point, and lay in a larger stock of provisions, and at three P. M., we arrive at Titusville, the county seat of Brevard county, a place of two or three hundred souls. The river here is over six miles wide, the shores are low and sandy, while the town is bleak and wears the aspect of a place which has been buried for ages, and is trying to live again. Here we remained over Sunday, and at four P. M., Monday, set sail for New Smyrna.

We reached the Haulover, or "Howl-over," as one lady styled it, just at sunset. This is a canal one-quarter of a mile in length, and thirteen feet wide. It connects Indian River with Mosquito Lagoon. It was dug by the government at the time of the Indian war to bring army supplies down through the inland waters. It is mostly cut through the coquina rock. Trees grow on either side, the branches almost meeting overhead. The water has worn the rocks into the most picturesque shapes imaginable. I was tempted to ask the captain to get some for a rockery, but he already had more questions to answer than he could well attend to, so I held my peace.

All went well until we reached the east end of the Haulover, where we found the water so shallow that it was impossible to pass. The captain left us to go a mile to get men to help lift the boat over the shoals. We were kept here over eighteen hours. Five men worked with all their might and main to get the boat over into deep water. We are kept awake by that wee musical insect of which you feel a few, though if you speak of them anywhere, they say, "Yes, we have a few, but they are much worse farther south."

At last we are off and sail until dark, and cast anchor off Oak Hill where a large hotel stands upon a pretty knoll. The next morning we enter the Mangrove Islands where there are many crooks and turns. In one half-mile we "came about" (as it is called when beating) twenty-two times. The Hillsborough is filled with these islands. One sees many pretty bays which seem far away from everywhere. As the water broadens it becomes shallow, and we have to look out for coral reefs. We pass Turtle Mound the highest point of land on the coast south of New Jersey. We see the Spanish bayonets in bloom all over it. They look like so many statuettes among the dark green foliage. Just at nightfall we

near New Smyrna, a small place, though the oldest settlement south of St. Augustine. Here a tiny insect, the sand fly, greets us very warmly. We have to resort to smoke ere they leave us.

The next morning we again pull up anchor and after sailing three miles and passing as many schooners, we cross Mosquito Inlet and enter the Halifax River. Our next stop is at Port Orange, which boasts of a good sized hotel, but little else. Three miles to the north we pass Blake (some say Bleak would be more appropriate), and another hour we were at Daytona, a pretty place, with many cozy homes 'neath the grand old oaks. Here is a young lady's institute, and an Episcopal church, and the Congregational society expect to build soon. They have a membership of over forty. The population are almost all from the north, and are an enterprising, pleasant people, and among them we will rest for a time.

JESSIE JASPER.

Bonnie Brae, Fla.

#### LITTLE HELPS.

When the December number of the ever welcome HOUSEHOLD appeared with its "little blue cross," I hastily grasped my pen to renew its subscription, thinking at the same time to add my mite for the benefit of some poor, tired mother, burdened with a houseful of restless children, on a rainy day.

But pausing to just glance over its interesting columns, "A Happy Thought" met my eye, and I saw at once that although my "Little Helps" had been in manuscript form some months, waiting to be considered worthy for even the scrap basket, some one had likewise been impressed and had given the public the benefit of the thought. So all there is left for me, is to "second the motion," by giving my experience.

It was Thanksgiving, after every pleasure had seemingly been exhausted, and the carpets were covered with the debris of nuts, raisins, etc., and the chairs were in every possible position, while ennuis threatened the little household, as the reaction of a happy, busy day.

After securing from the children a promise to carry out the game in full, I took some small pieces of paper, answering to the number of children, and wrote something on each which the receiver must do. These were passed around while all waited eagerly, to read their fate, and promptly performed each little duty or pleasure exacted by the paper.

There is no end to the variety of amusements and pleasures which can be written for this game, according to the ages of the children, or the necessities of the occasion; while work and play can be so nicely blended that even little duties which might seem irksome will pass for a pleasant game.

I will tell you what some of our little papers said: "Pick up ten pieces of paper from the carpets." "Go to the southeast corner of the room, and repeat a multiplication table." "Place the chairs in order, and sit down in the smallest one." "Stand in the middle of the room and sing a song alone." "Smooth out the carpets and walk across the room on one stripe." (The pattern of ours was stripes.) "Point to the north, south, east and west, telling in which of all these ways you have been farthest from home."

These were a few of the items used, and as they were faithfully performed and the papers returned to me to be distributed again and again, we soon found our room in the best of order, with children still eager for a repetition of the game, which was only brought to a close by the promptness of the clock in pointing to the hour of "sleepy time."

The game is much more interesting if no one lets another know what is on her paper, until time for its performance; and for further secrecy add a new paper every time they are exchanged. Some

quite ludicrous performances will unawares come out of it, for if a girl five feet six inches high, with weight in proportion, finds it her lot to sit in the baby's chair, it will cause much merriment.

It has been my pleasant lot to be with, and care for children, in the school or family, for the past twenty years, and I find so many plans for the instruction and amusement of the little ones that I long to have others have the benefit of them, and if this finds acceptance, I will "try again."

LILY LUPIN.

#### YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

As we so lightly speak these words, we do not often stop to reflect on their deep and hidden meaning. Yesterday! 'tis a day that is past and gone, never to return, bearing on its heavy laden wings records of deeds both good and evil—all our thoughts and actions, joys and sorrows, bearing away golden opportunities for doing some one a kindness or lending a helping hand to one in trouble. All these are the burden of yesterday's song, and it has passed swiftly along under the veil which human eyes cannot penetrate, into the soon-to-be-forgotten past.

As yesterday passes in its flight, to-day comes to take its place, fraught with the labors, cares and pleasures, and all the busy scenes of life. It brings to some the highest enjoyment, to others the bitterest pain and woe. To some it gives life, to others death. To all it gives its appointed messages, whether pleasant or sad. By some it will be remembered as long as life lasts, as the day on which some joyful event occurred, while others mark it as the bringer of some deep grief or sorrow. But it soon passes along to join the long line of yesterdays, and mingle with their throng.

To-morrow is just under the silver cloud which hides it from our view. The watchword of to-morrow is hope. No one knoweth what to-morrow may bring forth, yet all are hoping for the best that the plans of to-day may be finished.

So the days are quickly passing by, each following in the path of the other in their turn. Then let us strive so to live, act and work to-day, that our yesterdays of life shall tell of only good deeds and noble actions done, and that we may look forth with the hope of endless happiness and enjoyment in the to-morrow of our lives.

ADEL.

#### MORAL COURAGE.

Sydney Smith, in his work on moral philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for want of a little moral courage or independence of mind: "A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. The fact is, that to do any thing in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating tasks and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the flood, where a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for an hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterwards. But at present, a man waits and doubts and hesitates, and consults his brother and his uncle and particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice."

—Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take anything for their own use, but merely to pass into another.

## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

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

## ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH

—OF—

## FIRST-CLASS SHEET MUSIC FREE.

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

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

## INSTRUMENTAL.

Artists' Life, (Kunster Leben,) waltzes,	Price	op. 316, Strauss,	75
Ever or Never, (Toujours ou Jamais,) Waltzes,		Waldteufel,	75
Chasse Infernale, Grand Galop, Brilliant,		op. 23, Kolling,	75
Turkish Patrol Reveille,		Krug,	35
Pirates of Penzance, (Lanciers,) D'Albert,		50	
Siren's Waltzes,		Waldteufel,	75
Fatinitza, Suppe, Potpourri,		Moelling,	100
Mascotte, Audran, Potpourri,		Roconini,	100
Il Trovatore, Verdi, Potpourri,		Dorn,	75
Night on the Water, Idyl,	op. 98, Wilson,	60	
Rustling Leaves,		op. 68, Lange,	60

## VOCAL.

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

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

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

A box of this Soap contains sixty bars. Any lady buying a box, and sending us sixty cuts of Mrs. Foggy, can select music to the amount of **\$4.50**. This soap improves with age, and you are not asked to buy a useless article, but one you can use every week. I. L. CRAGIN & CO., 116 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

HUDSON, Mass., May 5th, '83.

GENTS:—I beg to hand you copy of a postal just sent to office of The Frank Siddall's Soap, 1019 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

JOHN PHILLIPS.

I have faithfully tried your soap and I can truly say that I still prefer the Dobbins' Electric. Yours truly,

MRS. ALICE E. PHILLIPS, P. O. box 407.

## 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*.

O. L. Andrews, East Watertown, N. Y., will exchange "Sherman and His Campaigns," for other reading matter. Write first.

Mrs. R. K. Boyd, Eau Claire, Wis., will exchange Tennyson's poems, or "Happy Homes," a large and handsome book, for poems of Whittier, Holmes, Wordsworth, or Saxe.

Laura B. Phelps, 24 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, L. I., will exchange blocks of cretonne five inches square, for a table cover. Write first.

Mrs. Geo. W. Bustin, Syracuse, N. Y., would like to exchange cabinet specimens for minerals and fossils. Write first.

Miss Mary A. Dean, Arcadia, Carroll Co., Iowa, will exchange The Century, '80, '82, and St. Nicholas, '81, for one year of Our Continent or Arthur's Home Magazine.

Mrs. A. F. Brown, 489 Main St., Hartford, Ct., will exchange twenty numbers of the Seaside and Franklin Square Libraries for other reading matter.

Mrs. E. W. Hale, Wethersfield, Conn., will exchange gladioli for hyacinths, a horse hair watch chain for something useful or ornamental, also, crochet work for lace and Kensington work.

Lillie Boynton, Fort Fairfield, Maine, has three sets of convex glasses, card size, for transferring photographs, to exchange for any thing of equal value.

Miss Hattie E. Perrin, Berlin, Vt., will exchange Blackwood's magazine for '83, for Harper's magazine, The Century, cabinet specimens, shells or curiosities. Write first.

Mrs. Dr. F. Young, Denison, Texas, will exchange pecans for chestnuts and beechnuts, also works on poultry raising for the same or other useful things. Write first.

Mrs. N. A. Hembree, McMinnville, Oregon, has Oregon moss and fir cones to exchange for California and Florida moss.

Lilith V. Pinchbeck, West Troy, N. Y., will exchange point lace and embroidery stitches with needle for netting mesh and needle with directions for guipure lace. Write first.

Mrs. Lula Lawson, Southbridge, Mass., will exchange fancy advertising cards, also pieces of print postal card size.

J. P. Clough, Junction, Lemhi Co., Idaho, will exchange cabinet minerals, books, and magazines for such minerals, books, and magazines as wanted. Send complete list.

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.

## WINTER, ITS RISKS AND ITS DANGERS.

We are now in the season when a large number of persons find it difficult to escape the contraction of colds, which too often extend to the throat and lungs or result in attacks of Neuralgia, Catarrh, or Rheumatism. A special danger having its origin here is in Acute Pneumonia which numbers so many victims every winter.

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

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

A box of this Soap contains sixty bars. Any lady buying a box, and sending us sixty cuts of Mrs. Foggy, can select music to the amount of **\$4.50**. This soap improves with age, and you are not asked to buy a useless article, but one you can use every week. I. L. CRAGIN & CO., 116 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

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MRS. ALICE E. PHILLIPS, P. O. box 407.

turn slowly toward their natural state, which they may completely attain; but if conditions favor it, the increased secretion of mucus may continue for a long time; and this is CHRONIC CATARRH.

Catarrh presents different phases, according to the locality of the membrane affected. This fact has given rise to many names of diseases which are supposed to be very unlike each other.

Almost everybody understands by the word CATARRH an affection of the mucus membrane which lines the passages of the nose. This is because that form of it is not only the most prevalent, but also the most apparent to the senses. The other varieties of catarrh take different names according to the different parts of the body affected; hence, we have laryngeal, bronchial, intestinal, gastric catarrh, etc.

This affection of the mucous membrane, wherever located, is a sluggish disease, as any one who remembers the tedious process of getting well over a severe influenza can testify. Hence, the tenacity with which it sometimes resists the action of the best remedial application is truly wonderful.

The results which have followed our treatment of the disease with "COMPOUND OXYGEN" are of the most gratifying character. Cases which had for years defied all other curative agents have yielded quickly under the effect of Oxygen.

As in the case of throat and lung disease, neuralgia, and rheumatism, our Treatment will not only put the system in a condition to prevent in most cases the taking of a "cold in the head," but, when taken promptly, will arrest its progress.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." If you are liable to take cold you can have the ounce of "prevention" if you will.

With a "Home Treatment" of Compound Oxygen in the house, to be used whenever any one contracts a cold, the members of almost any family may pass through a winter and escape the many risks and dangers from disease that attend that inclement season. In saying this, we speak as well from our knowledge of the peculiar action of the Treatment as from the results in hundreds of cases which have come under our care.

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use. DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St. (Between Chestnut and Market), Phila., Pa.

We have had the pleasure of examining a model of the Champion Steam Cooker manufactured by Lidston, Gower & Co., of Ayer, Mass., and for which Mr. F. E. Bush is agent in Brattleboro and vicinity. The advantages claimed for this cooker are a large saving in fuel and labor, no shrinkage of meat, no mixture of flavors, though several kinds of food are cooked at the same time. It certainly appears to be a great improvement over similar articles and the agent reports extensive sales and great general satisfaction.

— "Pa," said a little four-year-old boy, after running in the house the other evening, are you an old dude?" "No, indeed, I am not. Why did you ask?" "Cause a feller just now come along the pavement and said I was a 'young dude.'"

THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS in prizes is offered by the YOUTH'S COMPANION for the best short stories either for boys, for girls, humorous stories, or stories of adventure, to be sent them before May 20th, 1884. The terms and conditions of the competition are issued in a circular—for which all who desire to compete are invited to send to the assistant editors of the Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

BREAKFAST COCOA, as a beverage, is universally conceded superior to all other drinks for the weary man of business or the more robust laborer. The preparations of Walter Baker & Co., have long been the standard of merit in this line, and our readers who purchase "Baker's Breakfast Cocoa" will find it a most healthful, delicious and invigorating beverage.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. Lawrence, 250 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

In another column will be found the advertisement of the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE, offering \$50,000 in presents to new subscribers. This publication ranks among the best and handsomest of family and agricultural papers, and its proprietors are fully able to carry out any offer they may make. An award of forty thousand dollars was made in December to its subscribers all of which was carried out as shown by the names and addresses, in the advertisement, of some of the receivers.

Ladies are peculiarly subject to Cold Feet. They can find relief in the use of Wilsonia Magnetic Insoles which are made very thin, not requiring a large shoe. Sold by druggists and shoe dealers. Made to fit all sizes. Price 50 cents.

INVALIDS, as well as children, find Mellin's Food a most satisfactory and nourishing article of diet. Its method of preparation adapts it to the most delicate stomach, while its strengthening properties are wonderful. It may be had of your druggist.

We call the special attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mrs. Lizzie E. Cotton in another column under head of Honey Bees. Mrs. Cotton's new system of bee keeping is said to be a great success.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Dr. Banford'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.



## "STANZA AND SEQUEL,"

ELLA GREENE'S

Entrancing new rhythmic story.

Price \$1.50; sent post-paid on receipt of the same.

FOR SALE BY  
EMERSON STONE, WHITNEY & ADAMS,  
Spencer, Mass. Springfield, Mass.

6 CHOICE CARNATIONS, postage paid, for twenty-five two-cent stamps: President Garfield, Beauty, Hinze's White, Hinze's Striped, Seacaucus. I can only fill 1000 orders. This offer is good during February and March only. Shall commence mailing Apr. 1. Address George Smith, Manchester, Vt.

## CROSS CUT SAW.

For \$2.50 we will send the easiest running and fastest Cutting 5-foot Champion Tooth Cross Cut Saw in the world, with one patent handle. Every saw warranted.

Sent C. O. D., if desired.

N. DUSTIN & CO., Dexter, Me.

WIDE AWAKE AGENTS WANTED  
EVERYWHERE FOR  
NOTED WOMEN,

by JAMES PARTON, the greatest biographer of the age. An elegant volume of 650 pages; 24 full-page illustrations. Price only \$2.50. Describes 50 characters. A book for every woman. PHENIX PUB. CO., Hartford, Ct.

Physicians & Mothers  
Nurses.

All are delighted with our Dose Cup. Screw into the stopper of the medicine bottle and is always ready and accurate. In order to introduce this handy little article into as many new families as possible, we will *mail* *further notice*. Send by mail postpaid, one Dose Cup, for 15 cents, or two for 25 cents. N. B. Not more than 2 Cups sold to a customer at this price.

Address National Budget Co.,  
Box 1910. BOSTON, MASS.

SHOPPING BY MAIL!

MISS MARJORIE MARCH, 1315 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., makes purchases of every description for ladies and gentlemen, with discrimination and taste. Orders by mail, from all parts of the country, promptly executed. Send postage stamp for samples and circular. Address as above.

## MAKE YOUR OWN RUGS.

Turkish Rug Patterns stamped in colors on Burlap. Permanent business for Agents. Catalogue for stamp. E. S. Frost & Co., 22 Tremont Row, Boston. Name this paper.



THE

## Little Detective!

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

HUNDREDS

OF THESE

## SCALES

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 has 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 subscribers 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.

## REMEMBER

WE SEND THESE SCALES, TOGETHER WITH

## The Household

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

THE HOUSEHOLD,  
Brattleboro, Vt.

# A CHANCE OF A LIFETIME!

This Offer Holds GOOD UNTIL MARCH 10th ONLY.  
**\$40,000 IN PRESENTS, GIVEN AWAY.**  
NO BLANKS! every Subscriber gets a Present

The proprietors of the well-known and popular weekly paper, THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, being desirous of introducing their paper into every home where it is not now taken, have organized a stock company with an AUTHORIZED CAPITAL OF \$200,000 for the purpose of pushing the Argosy extensively, and have decided to give away to all who subscribe before March 10, 1881, \$40,000 in presents. Read our Great Offer.

## FOR ONLY FIFTY CENTS

We will enter your name on our subscription books and mail THE GOLDEN ARGOSY regularly for three months, (thirteen numbers), and immediately send a printed numbered receipt, which will entitle the holder to one of the following magnificent presents.

## PARTIAL LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE GIVEN AWAY:

5 Cash Presents of \$1,000 each.	.....	\$5,000
5 Cash Presents of \$500 each.	.....	2,500
10 Cash Presents of \$200 each.	.....	2,000
10 Cash Presents of \$100 each.	.....	1,000
10 Cash Presents of \$50 each.	.....	500
5 Elegant Upright Pianos, \$200 each.	.....	900
5 Elegant Cabinet Organs, \$100 each.	.....	500
25 Sewing Machines, \$30 each.	.....	750
20 Gents' Solid Gold Watches, \$40 each.	.....	800
30 Ladies' Solid Gold Watches, \$25 each.	.....	750
20 Diamond Rings, \$50 each.	.....	600
20 Gents' Solid Silver Watches, \$15 each.	.....	800
25 Ladies' Chatelaine Watches, \$10 each.	.....	250
30 Boys' Silver Watches, \$10 each.	.....	600
100 Waterbury Watches, \$5.50 each.	.....	500
20 Gents' Solid Gold Chains, \$20 each.	.....	400
20 Ladies' Gold Neck Chains, \$15 each.	.....	300
20 Solid Gold Bracelets, \$15 each.	.....	300
And 92,532 OTHER USEFUL AND VALUABLE PRESENTS, RANGING IN VALUE FROM TWENTY-FIVE CENTS TO ONE DOLLAR, making a grand total of 100,000 presents to be given to the first one hundred thousand subscribers received. Every one gets a present. All of the above presents will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner by a committee chosen by the subscribers. Among the last 92,532 presents are 50,000 of one article, which we manufacture and own the patent, and that retails at One Dollar the world over and never sold for less; it is something needed in every home, and is well worth Five Dollars in any Family; millions have been sold at One Dollar each. Being owners and manufacturers we can afford to give 60,000 to our subscribers, believing that you will be so well pleased that you will always be patrons of the Argosy; besides all this you have a chance to get one of the most valuable presents offered in our list. THE AWARD OF PRESENTS will positively take place March 10, '81.	.....	1,000

**THE GOLDEN ARGOSY IS A WEEKLY PAPER** for the Father, the Mother, the Boys and the Girls. It is the most BEAUTIFUL, USEFUL, ENTERTAINING, INSTRUCTIVE,

AND POPULAR WEEKLY published. It has the best class of BRITISH, AMERICAN, and FOREIGN AUTHORS. It is BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED, and its reading matter is all original from the pens of noted authors. Its regular subscription price is 50 Cents for Three Months; \$1.00 for Six Months; \$1.75 for Twelve Months; without present or premium; but in order to secure 100,000 subscribers at once we make the following liberal offer.

**FOR 50 CENTS** we will send you THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, weekly, for three months and one numbered receipt, good for one present. **FOR \$1.00** we will send THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, weekly, six months, and two numbered receipts good for two presents. **FOR \$1.75** we will send THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, weekly, for one year and four numbered receipts, good for four presents.

**A FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO YOU.** If you will Cut this Advertisement out and show it to your dealer, we will give you a free subscription for three months, and one numbered receipt; get five to subscribe for three months, and one numbered receipt; get ten to subscribe and we will send you two numbered receipts; we will send you the ARGOSY for six months; get twenty to subscribe for three months; and one numbered receipt, good for one present. **FOR \$1.00** we will send THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, weekly, for three months and one numbered receipt, good for one present. **FOR \$1.75** we will send THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, weekly, for one year and four numbered receipts, good for four presents.

**THE ARGOSY PUBLISHING CO., 81 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.** If you will Cut this Advertisement out and show it to your friends, neighbors and acquaintances. **CUT THIS OUT** and show it to your friends, neighbors and acquaintances. **IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.** AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

## WHAT SUBSCRIBERS SAY.

I cannot speak too highly of the ARGOSY, my boys think they could never do without it. MRS. M. E. AXTELL, West Richfield, Ohio.

The ARGOSY has been so good this year I must have it another; enclosed is \$1.75. DAN. W. HUNTINGTON, Boston.

I like the ARGOSY very much, and think it greatly in advance of the usual style of papers for the young boys like it. MRS. AGNES S. ARMSTRONG, Ephraim, Utah Ter.

I have taken a number of papers, but I never had one like as well as THE ARGOSY. To-night before the fire these cold evenings and it is the best enjoyment I know of. To-night I am reading my old papers over again. W. S. KNOWLTON, Portland, Me.

I should take the ARGOSY another year if I had to sit up nights to earn the money to pay for it; enclosed is \$1.75. ED. L. PEMBERTON, Amana, Conn.

I am so deeply interested in the ARGOSY I should be lost without it; please extend my subscription another year. WINNIE S. MOORE, Audubon, La.

I have been a reader of the ARGOSY the last year, and cannot now do without it; let it come but it will. D. E. BROTHMAN, Wakefield, Kan.

The ARGOSY is the very best paper of the kind published. I would not do without it for twice \$1.75. FRANK G. JOHNSON, Painesville, O.

I prize the ARGOSY above all youth's papers. It is high moral tone and instructive reading is sure to leave a lasting impression with its readers. MRS. IDA AUSTIN, Fort Halleck, Wyo.

The character of the ARGOSY commands itself to all. WM. S. CLARK, Washington, D. C.

I have read the Golden Days, Youth's Companion, and Wide-Awake, for boys and girls, but give me the ARGOSY; I would not give it for any other paper I ever saw. A. E. WILLIS, Brooklyn, Ill.

## NOTICES FROM THE PRESS.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY is handsomely printed on tinted paper, and is freighted with reading matter that can be safely placed in the hands of our youth.—*Herald*, Norristown, Pa.

It is sparkling and pure, interesting and high-toned. The best authors in America contribute to its columns.—*Journal*, Lewistown, Me.

Parents and guardians who would place fascinating, as well as instructive, reading before their children, would do well to subscribe to it.—*Church Union*, N. Y.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY has eclipsed, in every respect, its older but less enterprising contemporaries.—*Daily Transcript*, Peoria, Ill.

Full of life and vim, it commands itself to those desiring to be entertained and instructed. The illustrations are superb. We commend it to the reading public.—*Vanity Fair*, San Francisco, Cal.

It has taken a leading place among the best papers of its class. The publisher clearly understands boys' tastes.—*Times*, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY is a bright, sparkling paper for boys and girls; neither sensational on the one hand nor dull on the other.—*Press*, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY is a youth's paper, and contains more interesting reading matter than any other similar publication in the country.—*Telegraph*, Dubuque, Iowa.

It is a first-class paper, fully equaling the Youth's Companion, and, being once introduced into the home, will be sure to remain.—*Herald*, Camden, Me.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY is as far removed from the present insanity of Sunday-school literature as it is from the demoralizing sensationalism of the half-dime dreadfuls.—*N. Y. World*.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY is not only beautiful in appearance, but every way commendable in the character of its contents. It is one of the few papers for young people that judicious fathers and mothers care to put in the hands of their children.—*Detroit Free Press*.

# KNIGHT'S ASTHMA CURE

Sold by L. A. KNIGHT, 36 Hanover St., Boston; 697 Broadway, N. Y.; 15 E. Third Street, Cincinnati, O.; and by Druggists. Price, \$1.00.

## TESTIMONIALS:

Prof. R. H. Holbrook, National Normal University, Lebanon, Ohio, writes: "Your Asthma Cure so completely cured me of my Asthma, that I have scarcely thought of it during the past, long, hard winter."

Prof. Joseph Peabody, Principal of Moody School, Lowell, Mass., writes: "I have been much benefited by its use. I like it better than anything I have ever tried, and would advise all persons afflicted with Asthma to try Knight's Asthma Cure."

Mr. David H. Brown, of Thompson, Brown & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, 23 Hawley St., Boston, Mass., writes: "I have tried nearly all known helps for the Asthma, and consider 'Knight's Asthma Cure' the best remedy in the market. It has cured me so that I only use it occasionally."

Rev. Calvin Case, Broadbards Bridge, Ulster Co., N. Y., writes: "It is the most effectual remedy I have ever tried. I recommend it to all."

*Knight's New Book on Asthma and Hay Fever*  
Sent Free. L. A. KNIGHT, 15 E. Third St., Cincinnati, O.

**KNIVES, 25c.**  
Revolvers \$1.00.  
**RIFLES, \$9.00.**  
**ZULU, \$4.00.**  
**SAXON, \$4.00.**  
**BREECH LOADERS, RIFLES, KNIVES, REVOLVERS, WATCHES.**

Lowest prices ever known. See them before you buy. Illustrated Catalogue, 1883-84, now ready. Send stamp for it.

Mention P. POWELL & SON, 180 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

## WHEN

We say that the AVERILL PAINT has proved to be the BEST PAINT in the market, we are prepared to substantiate our statement by proofs which will be regarded as uncontested. It has been in use for seventeen years, and is more extensively used than any produced. If not for sale in your town, send to SEELEY BROTHERS, 32 Burling Slip, New York, or Averill Paint Co., Boston, for Sample Card and Testimonials.

YOUR NAME on 40 of the newest, hand-somest and best Chromo, Motto and Verse Cards overlaid for 10 cents. 6 packs and this Ring for 50 cents. Agents' Book 25 cents. FRANKLIN PRINTING CO., New Haven, Conn.

# Rupture

Since the reduction of Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S terms, thousands are crowding upon him for treatment, gladly throwing away their gripping, irksome, dispiriting, and life-punishing trusses. His treatment for this affliction makes the patient comfortable and safe in the performance of every kind of exercise or labor. It is a grand thing, and those who are ruptured and do not provide themselves with it must endure the dangers of that precarious affliction and the use of trusses all through life. Thousands of those cured give the most flattering testimonials of gratitude in Dr. SHERMAN. He is the author and inventor of his popular system; he imparts his secret to no one; it is applicable to all classes and cases, and, under his reduced rate, within the reach of almost every one. Those interested should consider this matter, the advantages and satisfaction of physical soundness, the danger and vexation of rupture and trusses, and then act in accordance with the impulse of duty.

Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S book, containing indorsements of physicians, clergymen, merchants, farmers, and others, mailed for 10 cents. Illustrated pamphlet of photographic likenesses of patients cured sent by express on receipt of 25 cents. OFFICE, 251 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK. Days of consultation, Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday. BOSTON OFFICE, 43 MILK ST. Days of consultation, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday.

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

BRATTLEBORO, VT., FEBRUARY, 1884.

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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 designing 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.

CORRESPONDENTS 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 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 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 fully, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or other witnesses who are strangers to us, nor "refer" us to *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 *paper*—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

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 designing 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.

## 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:

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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.

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Every one who has a Farm or Garden can keep Bees on my plan with good Profit. I have invented a Hive and New System of Bee Management, which renders the business pleasant and profitable. I have received One Hundred Dollars Profit, from sale of Box Honey from One Hive of Bees in one year. *Illustrated Circular of Full Particulars Free.* Address

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## 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 the subscribers send their postal autographs to me, and some one tell me how to arrange them, and in what kind of album? Please write a verse or quotation. I will return the favor to all those who write the word "exchange" in the left hand corner of the postal.

Roxton Pond, P. Q. EVA A. BROUILLET.

Has any one a copy of Augusta J. Evans's novel "St. Elmo" to sell or exchange? Please write to Hudson, N. H. MRS. ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your readers inform me where I can obtain the book, "Schoenberg Cotta Family," and the price of the same, or if any of them have it to exchange, what they will take in return? I have several pretty crocheted tittles and some good reading matter I would gladly give for the book. MRS. H. KRUEGER.

Felton, Clay Co., Minn.

If Nellie May will knit a coral tidy for me I will send her a package of beautiful Rocky Mountain specimens. MRS. ANNA E. REED.

Carbon, Wyoming Territory.

In a late number was a poem entitled "Lost, the Sound of Footsteps," written by Alice M. Ball, and sent by Lou Raymond, N. H. If the latter will send her full address to me she will confer a great favor on MRS. E. S. KIMBALL.

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20 U. S. Greenbacks of \$50 each.	1000	100 Sets Silver Plated Dinner Knives (6 to the set).	250
50 U. S. Greenbacks, \$30 each.	1000	100 Silver Sugar Shells.	500
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100 U. S. Greenbacks, \$5 each.	50	100 Photographic Albums, \$2 each.	2000
5 Grand Parlor Organs.	1000	1000 Postage Silver Fruit Knives.	1000
3 Grand Pianos.	1000	1000 Gentlemen's Pocket Knives.	1000
2 Twenty-Foot Sloop Sail-Boat.	100	20 Gentlemen's Gold Watches.	1600
1 Four-Oared Row-Boat.	100	20 Ladies' Gold Watches.	1200
1 Columbia Bicyclette.	100	20 Boys' Watches.	200
2 Phaetons.	100	3 Solitaire Diamond Finger Rings.	400
5 Top Buggies.	1000	2500 Elegant Oleograph Pictures.	1200
5 Elegant Black Silk Dress Patterns.	500	500 Ladies' Gold Lockets.	500
2 Village Carts.	200	500 Gold Finger Rings.	500
5 Best Singer Sewing Machines.	200	400 Ladies' Brooches.	400
2 Raw Silk Parlor Suits.	200	250 Gentlemen's Scarf Pins and Watch Chains.	200
2 Plush Silk Suits.	500	1000 Fine Mounted Oil Paintings (14x22).	2000
5 Silver Dinner Services.	500	3000 Microscopes.	500
1 Black Walnut Marble Top Chamber Suit.	100	100 Magic Lanterns.	500
100 Sets Solid Silver Teaspoons—6 to the set.	600	104 Telescopes.	520

Also, 90,000 OTHER USEFUL AND VALUABLE PRESENTS, ranging in value from 25c to \$1 each, making a grand total of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PRESENTS, so that each and every one who subscribes to the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE for one year will receive our twenty-eight page organ, enlarged to 28 pages, and a valuable present, ranging in value from twenty-five cents to \$1,000. Our paper has the largest circulation of any paper of its kind in the world. But this is not enough; we want 200,000 yearly subscribers. We have just completed an award of Forty Thousand Dollars to our subscribers, all of which was carried out and fulfilled to the letter of our promise. See the names of receivers in the other column.

All of the above presents will be awarded May 1st, in a fair and impartial manner by a committee of three responsible and reliable citizens of good character and standing where the paper is printed. Post a letter to the distance will have presents sent to them by mail, express or freight as may be required by the article awarded.

THE ONE DOLLAR, which you send us is the regular subscription price for a yearly term, and therefore we offer you not the opportunity to go. We believe that you will like our paper so well that you will renew your subscription for another year.

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We will mail the extra copy of the paper to the extra receipt to any one you may designate. We shall limit the number of new subscribers to 100,000, so we would advise all our friends to forward subscriptions early, as many of the last award were too late to get a numbered Receipt.

THE FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE is one of the oldest and ablest Family and Agricultural papers. It contains twenty-eight large pages, one hundred and twelve columns; the paper is magazine form, bound, stitched and cut. Its circulation is now over 100,000 and we are sure to receive the 100,000 called for at the time set, and the distribution of presents will take place on May 1st. The FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE has elegantly illustrated covers and Agricultural Departments by the best Contributors of the day, as well as an Illustrated Fashion Department, Needle and Embroidery Work, Biographical Sketches of Eminent Men and Women. In short, it contains that which will interest, instruct and amuse the whole family. The Great Award Just made shows that we have fulfilled our agreement to the letter. Our reputation is fully established and the people are satisfied with our paper.

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REMEMBER these are Presents to our Subscribers given to them absolutely Free. Cut this out and show to friends, acquaintances and neighbors, as it will not appear again. This is a great opportunity and you should take advantage of this extraordinary offer. Address

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Price, complete with Type, &c., so to 60 and up. Prints Cards, Circulars, Labels, Tracts, everything for Business, Schools, Churches, &c. It is very durable and rapid, and so simple that any boy can work it and earn hundreds of dollars a year. 12,000 sold. Send 2 cent stamp for 40 Page Catalogue, with gorgeous floral card and other work done on a Model Press. J. W. Daughaday & Co., Mrs. 721 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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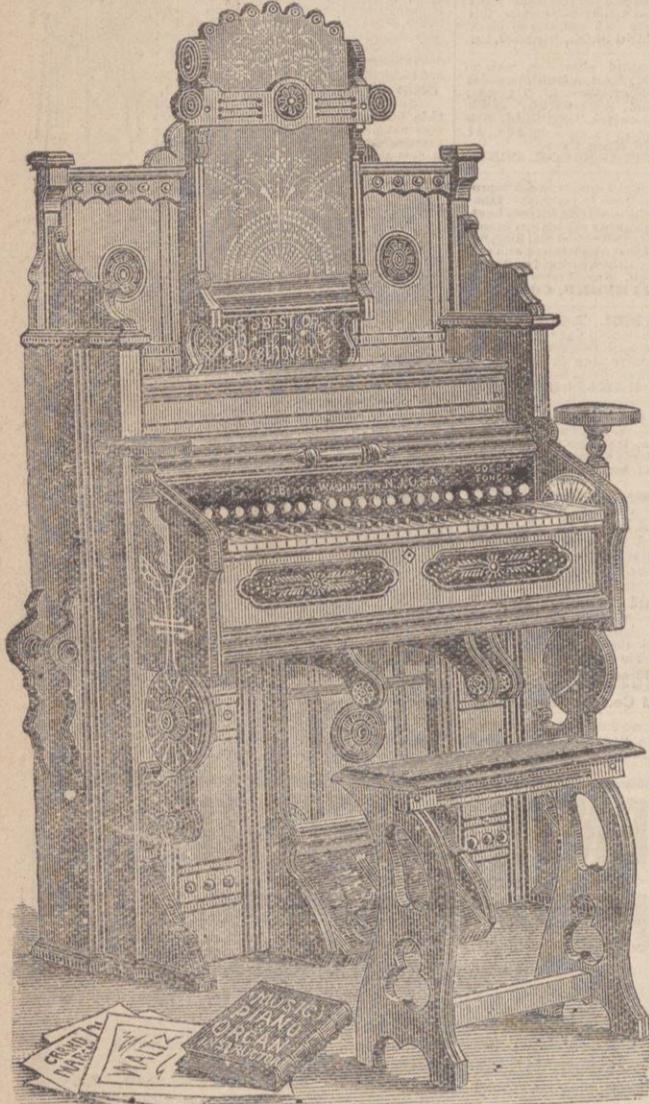
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It is by far the sweetest toned and most powerful Organ yet made. The case is manufactured from the choicest of seasoned and kiln-dried Black Walnut, built neat, so as not to absorb dirt or dust. It is manufactured on a new and scientific plan, so as to render sound of reeds PIPE-LIKE in tone. The Pipe Tube Cells enable this Organ to imitate a Church Pipe Organ that would cost from \$500 to \$1,000. The Scotch BAGPIPE, ALPINE HORN, CHIME OF SWISS BELLS, EUROPEAN FLAGEOLET, ORCHESTRA, BRASS BAND, OLE BULL VIOLIN, MUSIC BOX, the HUMAN VOICE, ANGELIC HARP, NIGHT HORN, CATHEDRAL PIPE ORGAN, are all exactly imitated in "Beatty's Best." Only \$88; providing order is given and remittance made within 25 days after date of this newspaper. If ordered within 13 days, \$80.00, or if order is given and remittance is made within 9 days, only \$75.00 cash will buy this magnificent \$200.00 Parlor Organ, including a very handsome Bench (or stool), Book and Music. The reason why this limited time price is given is to induce you to order as early as possible, thus introducing this sweet-toned instrument immediately. **IF YOU CANNOT BUY NOW, WRITE, GIVING YOUR REASONS WHY, AS I WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU ANYWAY.**

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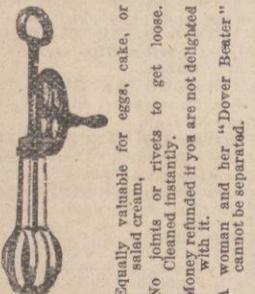
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HORSE Send 25 cts. in stamps or currency, for the REVISED EDITION of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." It gives the best treatment for all diseases, has 60 fine engravings showing positions assumed by sick horses, better than can be BOOK taught in any other way, a table showing doses of all the principal medicines used for the horse, as well as their effects and antidotes when a poison, a large collection of valuable RECEIPTS, rules for telling the age of a horse, with an engraving showing 25 Cts. teeth of each year, and a large amount of other valuable horse information. Hundreds of horsemen have pronounced it worth more than books costing \$5.00 and \$10.00. The fact that 200,000 sold in about one year before it was revised shows how popular the book is. The revised edition is much more interesting. Address,

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FOR walls of Churches, Chapels and Homes, Velvet Paper Letters, forming the words

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MOTHER AND CHILD, giving, in plain language, the treatment of both. Price, \$1.00.  
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All sent by mail, free, on the receipt of the price. (Stamps for change.) ("The Health Rules" will be sent in *Good Bread, Anti-Fat, and Anti-Lean*, and with the medicine.)

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IN USE.



Length 16 inches. Width, spread, 14 inches.

Stands in the sink. Receives and drains the dishes. Does not break them. Does not rust. Takes no valuable room in the sink. Costs less than wire drainers. Closes compactly to put away. Lasts a life-time. Fifty cents obtains one by mail, postage paid.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & R. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 161 Pearl St., N. Y.



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Everywhere known and prized for Skill and fidelity in manufacture, Tasteful and excellent improvements, Elegant variety of designs, Yielding unrivaled tones.

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Economy! Strength! Durability! ELEGANT DESIGNS! GUARANTEED for 20 Years!

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YOUR NAME printed on

ALL NEW designs of Gold Floral, Remembrances, Sentiment, Hand-Floral, etc., with Love, Friendship, and Holiday Mottoes, 10c.

7 pks. and this

elegant Ring, 50c, 15 pks. &amp; Ring, \$1.

12 Cards (name concealed with hand holding flowers with mottoes) 20c. 7 pks. and this Ring for \$1. Agents' sample book and full outfit, 25c. Over 200 new Cards added this season. Blank Cards at wholesale prices.

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KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Price 85 cts. by mail.

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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
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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 Government Chemist Analyzes two of the Leading Baking Powders, and what he finds them made of.

I have examined samples of "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder" and "Royal Baking Powder," purchased by myself in this city, and I find they contain:

"Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar  
Bicarbonate of Soda  
Flour

Available carbonic acid gas 12.61 per cent., equivalent to 118.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

"Royal Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar  
Bicarbonate of Soda  
Carbonate of Ammonia  
Tartaric Acid  
Starch

Available carbonic acid gas 12.40 per cent., equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

Ammonia gas 0.43 per cent., equivalent to 10.4 cubic inches per ounce of Powder.

Note.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless introduced as free acid, but subsequently combined with ammonia, and exists in the Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.

E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.

NEW YORK, JAN'Y 17TH, 1881.

The above shows conclusively that "Cleveland's Superior" is a strictly pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. It has also been analyzed by Professor Johnson of Yale College; Dr. Gent of the University of Pennsylvania; President Morton of the Stevens Institute; Wm. M. Habershaw, F. C. S., Analyst for the Chemical Trade of New York, and other eminent chemists, all of whom pronounce it absolutely pure and healthful.

On receipt of 60 cents we will forward to any address postage paid, a pound can.

CLEVELAND BROTHERS, Albany, N. Y.

## WHITE AND DECORATED

French China and Fine Porcelain at LOW PRICES.

Fine White French China Dinner Sets, 149 pieces, \$30.00  
Fine White French China Tea Sets, 44 pieces, 7.50  
Fine Gold-banded French China Tea Sets, 44 pieces, 8.50  
Richly Decorated Fr' Ch'na Tea Sets, 44 pieces, 12.00  
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Decorated Parlor Lamps, Brass M'nt'd, complete, 5.00  
ALSO ALL HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

Illustrated Catalogue and Price List mailed free on application. Estimates furnished.

Hadley's, 1-17 Cooper Institute, New York City  
Orders securely packed and placed on Car or Steamer, free of charge. Sent C. O. D. or P. O. Money Order.

SILKS FOR PATCH-WORK, all colors, 10 cents, 150 S. pieces, \$1.

PURE FLAVORING EXTRACTS EXCEL ALL OTHERS.  
THOS. WOOD & CO., BOSTON.

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in Cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

The Angels of Purity, Merit and Mirth, Regarding with sorrow the plight of the earth, Determined to make metamorphosis here And inspired the inception of bonny GOOD CHEER.

Bright, cheery, yet solid, it gave no offence. The poorest could pay its price,—just fifty cents; Twelve numbers this brought, each as good as the other,

Prized alike by the children, by father, by mother.

But Henry D. Watson, who published GOOD CHEER, (Greenfield, Massachusetts,) determined to peer Here and there, everywhere, for some new gift to make,

To his friends, so has promised VICK'S MONTHLY to take.

"Pay seventy-five cents more," he says, "I will send

VICK'S MONTHLY and GOOD CHEER,—let all men attend,—

For a dollar-and-a-fourth, thus two magazines offer,

Which silence the jeers of the most pronounced scoffer."

Postal cards order samples all over the land; From the North, from the South comes the out-stretching hand.

—Thus the Angels of Purity, Merit and Mirth, Smile and dwell evermore with the men upon earth.

### CROCHET AND KNITTED LACE.

LADIES! IT'S ALL THE RAGE to make Tildies and Lambrequins with twine and ribbon. Our new book of Crochet and Knitted Lace contains 40 Patterns for Tildies, Lambrequins, Edgings, etc., with Directions for Making. Price, 30cts.

5 COLORED Cross-Stitch Patterns for 20cts. All for 20 2-c. stamps. J. F. INGALLS, LYNN, MASS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

### BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure

Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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### MAMMITINE

An article of intrinsic value, which will meet a want long felt by all dairymen and farmers for its entire cure. It is safe and reliable. Will reduce swelling in udder, remove bunches, cure bloody and stringy milk, &c. In fact, GARGET in every form has been cured by this remedy. If taken in time—before the cow comes in—it will many times restore blind teats to their full extent. It is prepared expressly to relieve certain glands that are always inflamed when a cow is suffering from this cause. CURE WARRANTED.

Sample packages (for 12 doses) sent on receipt of \$1.00, or will send C. O. D., Express paid.

PRUSSIAN ARMY OIL CO.  
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FREE! Send P. O. address for 8 large specimen pages of beautiful Decorative Designs, &c. Show them to friends (if you like), and we will pay you liberally for your trouble. Address, BUILDING ASSOCIATION (DECORATORS, &c.,) Box 2702, New York.

NATIONAL POULTRY FOOD, makes hens lay. Send fifteen cents, fifty cents, or one dollar for trial package to Fred. W. Pratt, Gen'l Ag't, Hyde Park, Mass.

### MRS. POTT'S COLD HANDLE SAD IRON



### ADVANTAGES

DO NOT BURN THE HAND.

DETACHABLE WALNUT HANDLE.

DOUBLE POINTED IRON BOTH WAYS.

BEST IN USE AND CHEAP.

THREE IRONS.

ONE HANDLE AND A STAND TO A SET.

FOR SALE BY THE HARDWARE TRADE.



### A 65 DOLLAR Sewing Machine For \$18

with all attachments, Hundreds of other articles in same proportion. Send for Price List. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

### GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.—EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-baked Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—CIVIL SERVICE GAZETTE.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (1/2-lb. and lb.) by Grocers, labelled thus:

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BY MAIL FOR 25 CENTS EACH.

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40 OLD VIOLINS. Best collection of genuine old violins ever offered in this country; Amati, Stradivarius, Maggini, Guarneri, &c., 100 to 250 years old; prices, from \$25 to \$300 each; also, violins made from very old wood, having all the peculiar qualities of genuine old violins, prices, \$30, \$35, \$40 each; 500 varieties of new violins, prices, \$1 to \$125 each; fine new violins, strong, powerful tones, for \$5, \$10, \$15, \$20, \$25 each; every one warranted; over 1000 in time to test and compare. Bows and Cases, 75c. each; \$8 each. Send for catalogue.

ELIAS HOWE, 88 Court St., Boston.

BEST OFFER OF ALL! For 30c. or sixteen 2c. U. S. Postage stamps (no 3c.), I will send for trial 13 papers CHOICE SEEDS growth of '83, 50 to 500 seeds in each, and an elegant Colored Plate of Pansies. New Diamond Pansies, 40 varieties, mixed, largest ever offered; Double Aster, 12 ols.; Verbena from 100 kinds; Velvet Flower, 8 ols.; New Nicotiana; Chrysanthemum, 8 var's; New Petunia, 20 var's; Hibiscus; new Dwarf Candytuft; Canterbury Bell, 8 ols.; Double Portulaca, 8 ols.; New V. Stock; Clarkia, 10 var's. Catalogue, free.

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NEW STAMPING OUTFIT.

For Kensington Embroidery, Outline Work, Braiding, etc. With this Outfit you can do your own Stamping, and Stamping for others.

Each Outfit Contains 13 STAMPING PATTERNS. De-

signs of Roses, Rose-Buds, Lilies-of-the-Valley, Wreath-

s, Daisies for Pillow-Shams, Strips for Flannel Skirts,

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Box Stamping Powder, Distributing Pad and Instructions for INDELIBLE STAMPING.

We will send this Outfit by mail for \$1.00. EXTRA

STAMPING PATTERNS—Sheaf of Wheat, 20c.; Cluster of Strawberries, 10c.; Forget-me-nots, 10c.; Calla Lily, 15c.; Bachelor's Buttons, 10c.; Pansies, 15c.; Pond Lilies, 20c.; Outline Design, 10c.; Golden Rod and Aster, 20c.; Sprig of Sumac, 15c. SPECIAL OFFER!—We

will send all of these Extra Stamping Patterns and the Stamping Outfit for \$2.00.

Address, J. F. INGALLS, LYNN, MASS.

### THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability and Cheapness, Unequalled. MORSE BROS., Proprietors, Canton, Mass.



TRADE ORA ET LABORA MARK.

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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, 75c. Send for Book on Care of Infants.

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41 and 42 Central Wharf, Boston, Mass.