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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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The Heranda.

BEAUTIES OF AUTUMN.

BY LILY LUPIN.

The day is fair; there lingers scarce a breeze,
To fan the height, or murmur in the trees.
No cloud is seen to dim the sun's bright face,
As proudly he is on his downward pace.
The earth is clad in autumn's graver dress,
E'en richer than a summer's loveliness;
And though it marks a sure and quick decline,
It casts a thoughtful impress o'er the mind.

The landscape has been swept by winter's breath,
For many a tender shrub now sleeps in death,
While tougher leaves and more tenacious too,
Have decked the trees with many a gaudy hue,
While to complete the picture so sublime,
Mid splendid ruin, stand the fir and pine,
Whose verdant foliage only waves anew,
And fearlessly defies the frozen dew.

These are the gay environs of our home,
The beauties of the hills of Lebanon,
And as I these survey in grateful mood,
My soul exclaims, "O Father, Thou art good!"
In winter's ermine raiment I delight,
The spring is lovely, with its blossoms bright,
And summer scenes, enchanting we may call,
But autumn's golden reign is best of all.

THE ROMAN FARMER.

BY F. M. COLBY.

IN THE story of Cincinnatus we get one of our earliest glimpses of the Roman farmer and of Roman farm life. The hero is seen standing beside his plow, bareheaded, dressed only in a simple tunic belted at the waist, and a pair of buskins or high boots upon his feet. His yoke of oxen are of the small Tuscan breed. The plow consists of a beam to which the yoke is attached, a handle or cross piece by which the plowman holds the share fixed into a share beam, two mould boards, a coulter and a wheel—the same implement that is used in Italy today.

In the distance, on the sunny hill side, you see his farm house, a low, thatched-roofed structure of wood. The porch is wide and open, the windows are latticed. The farmer's wife is seen standing in the doorway, with a child in her arms. A half-dressed, robust boy is chasing the chickens and geese from the front yard. It is a picture at once idyllic and picturesque, and only to be found among a people with that reverent love for agriculture which the Romans had.

Cincinnatus and Cato were the typical Roman farmers. But every citizen of Rome was a farmer, at least, in the early ages. No greater praise could be bestowed upon an ancient Roman than to give him the name of a good husbandman.

They were an agricultural race, and all their early legends had some connection with the land. Their fabled founders were shepherds; when Horatius saved Rome from Porsenna he was rewarded with a gift of as much land as he could draw a plow round in the course of a day. Many of the noblest families derived their names from the fact that an early ancestor had been a successful cultivator of a particular grain or vegetable, notably the Lentuli, Fabii, Pisones and even Cicero.

The state allotted to every citizen a tract of land. Seven acres were considered enough for a farm. At a later age the citizen was permitted to hold a greater number of acres, but the idea remained paramount that small farms were best. "Our ancestors," says Cato, "regarded it as a grand point of husbandry not to have too much land in one farm, for they considered that more profit came by holding little and tilling it well." And Virgil says, "The farmer may praise large estates, but let him cultivate a small one."

The Roman farmer paid much attention to the breeding of stock, the planting of orchards, and fully understood the difference of soils and their adaptation to particular crops. He usually plowed his land four times a year, he saved and used his manure with care, and only in his failure to apply the mechanical forces of nature to his agricultural operations did he fall behind the moderns in his science of farming.

SOME STANDARD APPLES.

Among the multitude of new sorts of fruit constantly being originated we are apt to lose sight of, or deem unworthy of culture, some old sorts that have stood the test of years and have been popular in the markets ever since our recollection. We can scarcely expect a better pear than the Seckel or a better grape than the Delaware or Iona, and if we wish for better apples than the Newtown pippin, Spitzenburg and Swaar we shall all be obliged to look elsewhere than among the new fruits. The old Dutch settlers of Long Island and New York, especially along the Hudson, early in the settlement of the state, successfully propagated the apple. Some of the sorts originated by them have become famous not only in this country but in Europe. The Newtown pippin is the most celebrated apple grown in America, both as regards its keeping quality and high-flavor. It originated in Newtown, Long Island, many years ago, where it is extensively grown, as well as along the banks of the Hudson. Here in New England it rarely succeeds, the fruit being irregular and knotty. The tree is an upright grower, like the pear, and is noted for its rough bark while the trees are young and growing. The fruit is of medium size, roundish, and broadest at the base next the stem. The color is a dark green, becoming olive green when ripe. The flesh is a greenish white, juicy, with a fine aroma "and an exceedingly high and delicious flavor."

Some think its flavor resembles that of the pine-apple when kept until late in the season.

The Spitzenburg is another famous old apple and we can quite agree with Downing that "it is suited to more tastes than any other apple of its season." The tree is a slow, spreading grower with long arm-like limbs like the King of Tompkins, and should be grown in rich, light soil. The fruit is medium, fine yellow, washed with light red and splashed with deeper red, and finally shaded with carmine on the sunny side. The fruit is covered with a light bloom and sprinkled gray specks over the entire surface. The flesh has a rich, vinous flavor, and in quality is considered the best.

The Swaar is one of the finest apples grown, and was produced by the Dutch settlers on the Hudson near Esopus, and so termed from its unusual weight, this word in the Low Dutch meaning heavy. When grown in rich soil it frequently grows to a very large size, and specimens have been shown that measured twelve inches in circumference. The fruit is large, regular in growth, roundish oblate. The skin, says Downing, is a fine, dead-gold color; the flesh yellowish, tender, with a very rich aromatic flavor and a peculiar spicy smell. The apple is a good keeper, and is in season from December to March.

The three varieties described are standard American apples, and with the exception of the Newtown pippin, which does not succeed in all sections, should be in all choice collections of fruit. The Swaar is a very showy fruit, hence its popularity in the markets. All of these sorts are favorite shipping apples and command the highest prices in the English markets. To the farmer who intends setting out an orchard soon, we can confidently recommend the selection of a few Spitzenburgs and Swaars as among the best sorts of apples grown. Their size and general appearance make them desirable market sorts, while for the farmer's own table they can hardly be excelled by any of the other sorts, however popular they may have been.—*Exchange.*

—Farmers who have old orchards which entirely cover the ground, and which cannot be cultivated or plowed up, can do no better than to cover the whole ground thickly with straw or musty hay. This is best done in the "odd years" when the orchard does not bear heavily. A covering of straw six or eight or even twelve inches thick will generally rot down and nearly disappear in a year under the shade of an old orchard. When plowing is impossible this practice is probably the best expedient. Even old cornstalks are good for this purpose.

—The New York Tribune says that mulching is fully as beneficial for raspberries and blackberries as for strawberries, yet few seem to think so. If the mulching consists of good stable manure the canes will make an excellent growth, and the crop of fruit be greatly improved in size and quality.

The Drawing Room.

BITS OF DECORATION.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

THIS has been called an age of over-decoration; and judging from some of the rooms we are called on to look at and admire—rooms crowded from wall to wall, and from floor to ceiling with brackets, banners, lambrequins, cat-tails, Japanese fans, peacock feathers, amateur plaques, cheap chromos, and the vast assembly of objects which exist under the generic name of bric-a-brac—all fearfully and wonderfully arranged, and fondly supposed by the proprietor to be in the highest degree artistic, but alas! too often only vulgar and tawdry in effect—the phrase does not seem altogether misapplied or uncalled for.

Yet, because some, lacking the true artistic sense, and blindly following a fashion they do not understand, overdo the matter, and create a decoration which does not decorate, it does not follow that we should abstain from decoration altogether. On the contrary, our eyes crave beauty, and, consciously or unconsciously, demand it of every object they meet; and when some simple bit of ornamentation will add this longed for touch of beauty to what was before bare and unsatisfactory, let us by all means put it there—if we can. Who has not noticed the cheery, homey effect some trifling adornment will often give to a great, bare room, lighting up the place, and creating a different atmosphere? Even when perfect simplicity is the end in view, certain appropriate decorations take nothing from the effect, but, on the contrary, enhance it.

The whole style and character of a room, and the idea it is intended to express, must be thoughtfully considered before the first step is taken toward adornment; and when the character of such adornment is fully decided upon, each detail must be considered in relation to its part in the general effect, even more than in regard to its own individual beauty.

But the decoration of rooms in character is too wide and comprehensive a subject to be discussed even briefly in an article like this; and few of us can furnish our rooms at once, in accordance with any set plan. How we envy those happy people who can! We can only add a little now and then, and here and there, as time and purse will allow. But ever in such furnishing, the general principles of room decoration may be considered, the eyes kept open for the consistency of ideas and final effect, and then the result, however simple, will be, as a rule, harmonious and pleasing.

I have only some very simple hints to offer in these columns. Those who wish suggestions in regard to the proper selection and arrangement of velvet carpets and portieres, ebony easels, hand-painted mirrors and bronze chandeliers, will find

nothing here to interest them, and may as well skip all that follows. Volumes have been written especially for them. My purpose is only to suggest to those whose lot is cast apart from these elegancies of leisure and luxurious living some of the simplest methods by which they may cage a little of the precious, pervasive spirit of beauty in their common place rooms, and luxuriating in its beneficent atmosphere, find that a new and sweet meaning has been given to their quiet and sometimes dreary lives.

One thing should be especially remembered in all attempts at decoration: Every article in a room should have some definite purpose to serve. Almost every article, no matter how ornamental in itself, should also be useful. With the exception of pictures, which we will consider at another time, very few articles should be put into a room obviously for ornament alone. They should at least seem to have a use.

If Japanese fans are arranged on the wall to give a touch of color, it would be better to have them so held that one or more could easily be removed and offered to friends who might chance to come in on a warm day. It is tantalizing to go into a room whose walls are gay with fans, and know that not one can be had for use. It is like "water, water, all around, and not a drop to drink." You may say that most visitors carry their own fans, and loose ones are usually lying about. But occasionally the visitor's fan has been forgotten—the loose ones are not to be found. And, in any case, I think it a very good idea to have the wall fans look, at least, as if they might be used. The pretty, bright cluster will then take on a second, and perhaps still more important meaning. It will speak of kindness and thoughtful provision for the comfort of others, which has a genuine and not too common beauty of its own.

In this way, any dainty article provided for use and convenience, and kept always in its place, has a double charm. A pretty paper-knife kept on the stand which holds the late papers, books, and magazines, is more truly decorative than a vase in the same place. A fanciful match-holder, and daintily bound scratcher, hanging from the gas-burner, or near the sitting room lamp, is better than a plaque.

This reminds me of a pretty, though simple, arrangement that I saw not long ago. A tin spice-box held the matches, and was sunk into a dainty bag made of perforated card-board and crochet-work. The scratcher consisted of a piece of the card-board and a piece of sand-paper, bound together with narrow red ribbon, and with tiny bows at the corners. On the card-board was embroidered with red worsted this very appropriate legend: "Scratch my back." When you obeyed, your match was lighted.

In the same room was a pretty little wall-pocket for holding a fan, handkerchief or other small articles. It was made of a flat, square handkerchief box. The cover and bottom were separated and set together at the bottom, making the opening at each end in V shape. This triangle was filled in with red silk, sewed to the edge of box and cover and pleated at top and bottom to give sufficient fullness across, then fastened to the shape. Red ribbon was fastened in a bow to each upper corner of the front, then brought down like a binding to the lower corner, and there fastened in another bow. There was a pretty picture on the front, and a gilt border around the edge, all belonging to the original handkerchief box, I believe; and on the whole, it made a very pretty ornament, the more satisfactory for not being obliged to show especial beauty as its only excuse for being there, or for being at all.

There are scores of pretty things which may be made useful in a room, scores of useful things which may be made pretty, and it is the harmonious combination of these which gives a room the comfortable, home-like, and really elegant air which we all like. If there is any thing which can make a room more attractive to us than the feeling that it is a room to be used, and enjoyed in the using, I should like to be instructed in regard to it.

We have all seen that "best parlor" into which are crowded all the prettiest things in the house, without regard to harmony or fitness, or any other reason, except that they are pretty and so must be put in the parlor. And we all know that nothing would tempt any one in the family, or out of it, to spend an afternoon alone there. It is a show place, and not an especially admirable show either. The door is opened, and we are allowed to look in, then we take our way to other quarters. Our hostess does not grudge us a more intimate acquaintance with her treasures; but down in the depths of her heart she knows as well as we that no human being could endure to spend any portion of precious life in such a place. Never a word is said; but this is tacitly admitted on both sides.

SCOTCH BEAUTIES.

They are a wiry and hard-enduring rather than a muscular, massive race, though here and there the Scandinavian physique is found to prevail. In the island of Lewis it is odd to note how in the north, where the names of the villages and mountains have Norse terminations (*bost* and *bhal*), the population is of the stalwart, tall, fair-haired, Scandinavian type, while the smaller black-haired or red-haired Celt occupies the southern half of the island, in which the names of the streams and mountains and lakes are exclusively Celtic. The handsomest man I have ever seen was a boatman on the west of Skye, the calm and serious dignity of whose face seemed more suggestive of Leonardo da Vinci than of herring-fishing; and the handsomest woman I have ever seen was a young married lady who, some years ago, happened to be traveling in the Clansman and whose gently modulated English indicated an Inverness origin. When a Highland girl, even of the peasant class, is pretty (and the phenomenon is not of a very rare occurrence), the prettiness is of a refined and intellectual type; the forehead high, the eyes clear, full and contemplative, the mouth fine, and the expression of the face gentle and yet firm. Wadsworth never forgot the beauty of the Highland girl he saw at Inversnaid. Indeed, it is said he had to recur to that fount when he wished to pay a poetical compliment to his wife. For the rest, the way in which an educated Highland young lady speaks English is one of the most delightful things in the world, though no doubt she would be very much surprised, and even indignant, if she was told that she had any accent at all.—*Wm. Black, in Harper's Magazine.*

A DUTCH LANDSCAPE.

The great feature of a Dutch landscape is the windmills. They are the greatest friend of the native. They grind corn, drain land, chop tobacco, make paper, saw lumber, beat hemp, etc. Even the wind in Holland must pay toll. Land is sold by the square inch, and water by the acre. The square, low-pitched houses under a four-sided, pyramid-shaped roof are frequently covered with turf cut in fanciful shapes to reveal the bright tiles beneath. These are Dutch farm-houses, surrounded by dykes; a few tall trunk trees, a windmill or two, a church steeple

sharply defined against the delf-like sky, dot the landscape. Fine cattle graze in the boundless meadows, which are never fenced save by dykes. At a distance these houses look very much like the pyramids of Egypt. The cleanliness is something to be dreaded. Not only the sidewalks, but the children's faces, are being constantly scrubbed and deluged with water.

The Conservatory.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare, and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near its end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue, blue as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

—Bryant.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

BY MRS. M. D. WELLCOME.

WITH what rapidity the summer months have sped bringing again the autumn days and autumn flowers. Which season is the most enjoyable? Which brings the most of beauty and brightness to the garden? Can you tell? After the short, dreary, cold days of winter have given place to the "spring opening" of the flowers, do not our hearts bound with gladness at the sight of the bright faces of the pansies, the pure white snowdrops with their gem of emerald, the fragrant hyacinths, the sweet, golden jonquils, the dancing daffodils and the gorgeous tulips? Do we not exclaim, "Beautiful is the spring time!" Then when June ushers in the summer time, and the trees are clothed afresh with their robes of green, when the apple tree is decked with its lovely blooms, when the rose queen leads forth her royal train with the fair lilies for her maids of honor, while the perfume of the white carnations fills the balmy air, and the purple trusses of the heliotrope yield their fragrance to the beholder, while the busy bee sips sweets, and the tiny humming bird flits from flower to flower, do we not then feel in the depths of our soul that the summer time is really best of all?

But the days all too quickly pass, and September ushers in the softer, cooler autumn; she comes laden with fruits and a wealth of flowers as fair, if not as fragrant as those which have graced the previous months. Yet there is fragrance, for the tea roses are yielding a second harvest quite as abundant as that of June, and the late lilies are full of sweetness, and the purple heliotrope has spread itself out widely, and yields a profusion of blossoms. But the special attraction of the garden in early autumn is the bed of asters, crimson and scarlet, purple and white, rose, light and dark blue, pink and dark red, selfs and two colors combined; quilled and imbriqué, peony and chrysanthemum-flowered, tall and dwarf, early and late, the asters in variety are to the autumn garden what the tulips in variety are to the spring garden, and every one should provide largely for these, more than any thing else, attractive flowers in their season. Now is the time to select

for the tulip bed, and do not choose meagerly. The asters begin in late summer and they continue long in flower. Never did I have such a fine variety as this year from a mixed packet of Truffant's Perfection, ten seeds each of twenty sorts.

It is in early autumn that many have their most abundant harvest of dahlias and gladiolus. I can report favorably respecting my first trial with seedling dahlias. Though late started, several have been in bloom for weeks, while not one from tubers have blossomed. Our advice is to every one, to purchase mixed packets of the Paragon strain and of the double both tall and dwarf. The seed germinates readily and the plants grow very rapidly. The novelty dahlia, *Zim-pani*, has blossomed quite freely for several weeks; the flower is not much larger than a twenty-five-cent piece, single and almost jet black. The new double *Gail-lordia Lorenziana picta* has proved to be all that was represented. The globular heads of orange and red are borne in abundance, and for weeks in succession. Make a note of this for your benefit next year.

The *Helichrysum*, Fire Ball, a novelty introduced last year has bloomed freely with me this season, and surpasses in beauty and in value for cut flowers, any everlasting I have heretofore seen. The flower is large, finely formed and of a brilliant orange red, not all one shade, but deeper on the outside petals. Everybody ought to have this who has *Helichrysoms*, or if they don't have any other. The flowers, as probably you all know, must be cut before they are fully expanded for it is then they are the most beautiful. The name is derived from *helios* the sun, and *chrysolos*, gold. There are hardy herbaceous perennials and evergreen shrubs among the *helichrysoms*, but only the annuals are well known.

The new dwarf *zinnia hageana* has bloomed freely. It does not much resemble the ordinary *zinnia*, is more refined—if I may be allowed the expression—the flowers are quite small but very double and finely formed, color a rich golden yellow. It well deserves a place in the garden. Some have objected to the *zinnia* that it is a coarse flower. This is true of some, but others are very beautiful. Many amateurs are wholly ignorant of the choicer varieties. One who would see them at their best must purchase the named sorts and not the packets simply labeled, "Zinnia, mixed colors."

Now as I am writing this for your benefit when you make up your list of seeds from the catalogue, I will tell you of a few not generally known. I think it is a real good method to have a little blank book appropriated to seeds and plants, that is, for memorandum. When you read of some choice annual, or plant that you want for winter or for next spring, make a note of it at the time and then, when making out your list you will find just what you want is on record. *Zinnia elegans alba* is pure white, *coccinea* is scarlet, *kermesina*, crimson, *purpurea*, purple, *striata*, splendid colors, striped and shaded. These beautiful strains you can get either single or mixed varieties. *Z. tagetiflora fl. pl.*, is a new double with petals quilled like a globe aster. *Z. elegans nana alba* is a miniature flowered, dwarf white, perfect in form.

The *zinnia* was named in honor of John Godfrey Zinn, a German botanist who flourished in 1757, when the science was in its infancy. We learn that the primitive flower was only scarlet, and single. The double *zinnia* was first exhibited by Messrs. Vilmorin, in Paris, in 1861. They originated in India, from the common Mexican varieties, and were sent to France in 1858. Great improvement has

been made in them during the past ten years. They are at their best in August and September. So long do the flowers remain perfect, the name has been given them of "youth and old age." Its language is "Thoughts in absence."

Montbretia crocosmiflora is a plant but recently introduced and little known. Last spring a florist sent me one which he described as a hybrid produced by crossing *Montbretia pottii* with *crocosmia aurea*; the flowers beautifully formed and in their arrangement upon the stem suggestive of the orchid family; that a single plant bears several spikes of flowers, each having from ten to twelve florets, of an intense orange shade. The florist did not exaggerate but rather the reverse, for my plant threw up first a spike bearing twenty florets, and from this branched out other spikes, six of them, having from twelve to eighteen. Other spikes from the plant were thrown up in succession, having I think, not less than ten lily-shaped flowers, so that the period of blooming was about two months. A spray of these handsome and brilliant flowers is admirable for cut work; they are truly very æsthetic. The foliage strikingly resembles the gladiolus in form but is much more dwarf and compact and radiates like the spars of a fan. It is of a strong, vigorous habit, and propagates very readily. Several thrifty plants have sprung up from the roots of my own. It is not hardy. Lomine, a French florist says, "It is extremely ornamental as a pot plant." Mine was planted directly in the open ground. The *montbretia* is a native of Good Hope and was named in honor of M. Montbret.

There was sent me at the same time a *streptosolen-jamesoni*, a plant of recent introduction in this country. It was first introduced into England about forty years ago but was soon lost and not again introduced until three years ago, from France. My plant has grown rapidly, is low and very branchy like the heliotrope when it has its own way in the open ground. Its time of blooming is early in March and on through June and July. The florist says of it:

"This fine plant was first introduced from Central America into France, where it has created more than an ordinary furore, as being one of the very finest decorative plants brought into commerce. The plant is of the family *scrophulariaceæ*, the leaves of a rich, deep green alternate; of a compact, bushy habit, flowering very profusely in numerous trusses, the flowers are lobed, nearly one inch in diameter, opening bright orange and passing to rich, deep, clear, cinnamon red. It requires but little heat to grow it successfully, being nearly hardy in Europe. From notices of this plant in the English Garden, Revue Horticole, and other European periodicals, we expect this will be a fine acquisition."

I am glad to see that my double abutilon has several buds—it is the first double known—is a sport from *Thomsoni variegata*, and retains the beautiful mottled foliage of its parent. The flowers are said to be those of a double hollyhock. I should think it would produce as much of a sensation as did the double bouvardia.

Every year brings some startling novelty, some freak of nature as well as some improved varieties which are the result of the florist's skill. Has there not been a more wonderful advancement in this direction during the past ten years than in any previous decade? There surely has been a very marked increase of interest in the culture of flowers. Ten years ago there were few journals in which any thing was said on this subject. Now there are many in which there is a department devoted exclusively

to floriculture and we doubt if any department is read with more interest, by the ladies at least, than this one. This is progress in the right direction. Yarmouth, Me.

WILD FLOWERS OF IOWA.

I come to add my mite to what Mabel Dunbar has so pleasantly begun, and as she has spoken mostly of the prairie flowers, I will mention others, commencing with timber flora. The very first to greet us in the spring, coming sometimes in March, usually in April, is the wind flower, a near relation of the anemone; it has three large white petals, with three green sepals, a short stem, bulbous root and a pleasant fragrance. These are soon followed by the Dutchman's breeches, or *dicentra*, a pretty, graceful flower resembling the bleeding-heart of our gardens, only it is white and has prettier foliage. The adder-tongue is a white bloom springing from two dark green leaves mottled with brown. The bluebell is a favorite with all and bears transplanting better than most others. The harebell is abundant in shady places and is preferred by some to the bluebell. There are several varieties of a small, star-shaped flower, varying in color from white to pink, also in shape, some being round, others nearly a star, for which I have never heard any other name than May flowers; some of them are partially double and all of them are pretty. The blue sweet-william is abundant on decoration day, as are also wild columbine, and the violets, both blue and yellow. The May apple or mandrake has a large, single white bloom and is sickish sweet. There are two varieties of flowers belonging to the geranium family, I think. One of them is white and is called crowfoot, the other is pink and is known as crane's bill. Then there is the queer little Jack-in-the-pulpit, the root of which is very strong and is called Indian turnip; and I well remember a mischievous lad who induced his sisters to eat some. Ugh! how hot it was! For yellow we have the dandelion, the buttercup, and Solomon's seal.

Last evening (August 2d) while riding through the timber I noticed the larkspur standing four feet high with its purple bloom, two varieties of *Jobe*ia, one having a pretty pink flower, the other nearly white, a lily resembling the tiger lily, and different from the meadow lily, which is cup-shaped and upright, a yellow flower as brilliant and velvety as the coreopsis, and the white tassel flower, which has small flowers with yellow centers and white ray-like petals drooping from its margin. Seventeen years ago when we first came to Iowa we found occasionally the yellow moccasin flower, but they were always scarce and I have not seen any now for many years; perhaps because I am no longer a little girl. But the handsomest of all our autumn flowers is the cardinal flower, or *lobelia cardinalis*; it is found usually on the banks of the creek, its flower stalk about two feet high, crowned with a spike of rich, scarlet flowers.

We have a few native vines that are quite pretty. The woodbine is very common but is nevertheless valuable for shade. There is a wild honeysuckle much like the tame ones, having a sweet scented, cream colored bloom in June, and red berries in the fall. The bitter-sweet is a pretty, graceful climber, the foliage not as abundant as some others, but is covered in the fall with orange colored berries which Jack Frost bursts open, showing the scarlet pulp inside. They can be raised from seed, as I have some now growing from seed; it took them a year to sprout though. The wild cucumber is an annual and is very useful

for screens, as the foliage is so abundant; the bloom is white and very sweet.

For marsh plants we have the cowslip, a water cress having a pretty white bloom, the æsthetic cat's-tail and a species of water lily bearing an inconspicuous white blossom and the suggestive name of toad lily. There are other water lilies, for my brother Rob says that the lakes in Calhoun county of this state are full of them, with blooms as large as plates, but I have never seen them.

Mabel Dunbar, I have been re-reading your letter and think that the sensitive leaved plant with yellow blooms, is what we call black-eyed Susan, and the purple everlasting was "shoestring" in my schooldays. Is not the frost flower that you speak of, the same that Mina B. Spear calls a closed bud? We have always called the latter gentian, but some call it the frost flower. The fringed gentian is rare here. If you would like some ferns, Mabel, that will grow successfully under a shady hedge, send me a card with your full address and I will tell you the rest. We have beautiful ferns here, although I have never seen but three or four kinds.

In conclusion I would like to ask Mrs. Wellcome if *godetias* should have shade. I had a fine lot in the early summer but only two withstood the hot sun, and those were partially shaded.

FANNIE L. NEWKIRK.

Brooklyn, Iowa.

PRESSING PLANTS.

The process is an exceedingly simple one, and does not require a hand press wherewith to accomplish the desired end, but a pair of flat irons, a large chair, or even a leg of a couch can be made to do duty for it. A number of sheets of buff manilla, or common brown paper, are, however, essential. Take care to gather the specimens on a fine day, and either just after the dew has dried away or just before it falls. If gathered at noonday the flowers will not keep their colors as well; and if plucked in field or meadow, it is well to place them in a tin box in order to retain their freshness. A good specimen of a plant should show every part—its root and stem, leaves, its flower part open and in bud, and, if possible, its seed-vessels in their various stages. When the specimens are gathered take up each one singly and lay it smoothly between two sheets of the paper, and place them inside the leaves of a large book; do the same with another, and so until the book is full. Now tie a strong string tightly around it, and place the book under flat-irons or some heavy weight. Let the plants stand for twenty-four hours, and then change the paper to dry them still more. Do this for three or four days and you will find that they retain their color perfectly, and are then ready to put away. If the plants have thick or woolly stems it is best to cut away the under part of them before pressing. Stone crops and heaths should be dipped into boiling water for three or four minutes and then dried off before pressing—for if this is not done the succulent stems will continue to grow even after being pressed in the paper, and spoil their appearance. Berries can be dried by being hung up in the air or sun for a few days.

Ferns can be pressed the same way as other plants, but if the fronds should shrivel up before they can be placed between the papers to dry, they can be put under water for an hour or so, and this will expand them again. As soon as they are free from moisture, however, take care of them. The grasses of the fields and meadows, if gathered in their first bloom, tied up in bundles, and hung up in bunches, in a dark closet to dry, heads downward, will retain their natural col-

or, and make a lovely addition to your winter bouquets. Indeed, I think no summer vase or bouquet complete without their airy, fairy grace, and daily gather them to adorn our surroundings.

When the ferns and flowers are well pressed, you can make them into lovely transparencies by putting them with starca upon coarse cape lace, covering them with another piece of lace, and then putting them between tiny frames of cardboard; binding the edges with green ribbon, you can suspend them from your windows. Lamp shades can also be made in the same manner, and bouquets can be formed upon paper and framed under glass, which will closely resemble water-colored paintings.—*Canada Farmer*.

NASTURTIUMS.

It has always seemed to me that nasturtiums should be delegated to the kitchen garden. I know that I am advocating an unpopular notion in saying so, still, I am free to admit that I think their proper sphere is in the vegetable garden along with parsley and thyme, with sweet marjoram, and lavender and rosemary and all that host of sharp and sweet things. And, I say, without any hesitation whatever, that I admire the nasturtiums. I admire its pale green shield-like leaves, and its brilliant, golden, helmet-shaped flowers that appear as if pierced and stained with blood, but my admiration for it is not so great as to allow it an abiding place in my flower garden.

My first recollection of nasturtiums is of a long row, or rather border of them which extended along the whole length of my aunt's vegetable garden which they enlivened with their gay flowers, and I remember that my aunt used the young, green pods and stems for pickles, and a most delicious pickle they were, too. And she put the nasturtiums in salads as an ornament and used them also for garnishing dishes of fish and of meat. Therefore, they early became in my mind so indelibly associated with the dining room and kitchen that I never could bring myself to use them with other flowers for parlor decoration.

One lady writes to me, in glowing terms of a bed of nasturtiums, which, she says, "lights up her yard wonderfully." Well, I'm glad that she has them, and that she likes them.

Some nasturtiums are at present growing in my yard, and as I was indebted to a friend for the seed, I planted them carefully, and gave them according to my knowledge, the best possible culture. I find that they are not very particular in regard to either soil or situation, and that they will grow and thrive most anywhere, if the ground is light and rich. They root easily from slips or cuttings, and will root and grow in a vase of water.

UHLMA.

Riverside, W. Va.

—Many of our attractive native plants are better and wider known in England than here. A recent number of the *Gardener's Chronicle* contained a large figure of our common yellow lady slipper (*Cypripedium pubescens*), and spoke highly of its ornamental features. This is one of the most abundant of our native orchids, and one of the most attractive, nevertheless one entirely ignored by most of our gardeners.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Will some member of the Band please tell us how to propagate camellias, and also the bouvardia?

FAITH.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Mrs. Flanders, or some one who knows all about hedges, tell me what to plant for one, how close to set the plants, and what will be best to grow in our cold climate?

MRS. N. HOWLAND.

Union, Oregon.

The Nursery.

WATCH YOUR WORDS.

Keep a watch on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey—
Like the bees, they have terrible stings;
They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut, in the strife of anger,
Like an open, two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged,
If their errand is true and kind—
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind;
If a bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompt the words, let them be unsaid;
They may flash through a brain like lightning
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar and lock and seal;
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your lives, and ever,
From the time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the words of beautiful truth.

—Exchange.

KEEPING PROMISES.

"HENRY," said Mrs. Allen, as she tied down the cover of his little basket, "here is your dinner, and I want you to do two or three errands for me to-day."

"Yes, ma'am, I will," said Henry, tying on his tippet.

"I want you to go over to Mrs. Mason's this noon, and give her this note which came in my letter yesterday. It is important that she should have it as soon as possible."

"Yes," said Henry; "and, Carrie, you be sure and feed the hens this noon."

"Yes, indeed," said Carrie; "I should think I might remember it by this time."

"Then," continued his mother, "after school is done, you may go into the store and buy a spool of cotton, number forty, and a pound of tea. We're all out of tea. What number of cotton did I say?"

"Number forty, mother; I'll remember every thing if you won't make me say it over so many times."

"And when you are there," said Aunt Mary, "will you do an errand for me? I have written it on a slip of paper, and put it in the purse."

"Yes, ma'am. Oh, mother, can you mend my mittens to-day? They've got great holes in them."

"Great holes! your new mittens?"

"Well, one of them has, at any rate. I guess it's got cut or something," said the little boy, producing a mitten with a large cut across the palm.

"How was this done?" inquired his mother. "I don't know, without I did it chopping sticks this morning. I found it down amongst the wood, any way."

"Leave them for me to mend," said Aunt Mary. "Your mother has enough to do."

"Can I leave my geography for somebody to cover?" asked Henry.

"Yes, said his mother, "I'll do that. Now run away to school, and come home promptly when it is done."

"Yes," and away he sped.

"Can one of these boys take a package to Mr. Sawyer's for me?" asked the teacher, at noon.

"I will; I will," answered several.

"I will go, sir," said little Henry, pressing forward, and reaching out a hand.

"Thank you," said his teacher; and he gave it to him.

And so it fell out that Henry forgot to go to Mrs. Mason's.

And when school was dismissed he stopped to snow-ball a few minutes, till a neighbor, passing by, drew up his horse, and offered him a ride. Such an offer was not to be refused, and Henry tumbled into the sleigh, quite out of breath, quite un-

mindful also of his errands at the store. But suddenly, when they were about half-way home, he bethought himself.

"That is too bad!" he exclaimed. "Mother wanted me to get something at the store."

"We'll go back, if you say so," said the man, looking behind him; "but I guess your mother won't mind waiting till morning, will she?"

"No, I guess not," said Henry, ashamed to make any trouble, unwilling also to take any.

"Well, Henry," said his mother, as he came in, "what did Mrs. Mason say?"

"Mrs. Mason! I declare, mother, I never thought of it till this minute! The reason was—oh, the reason was, I had to go on an errand for the teacher, this noon."

"Had to?"

"Why, yes; he asked who would go, and I said I would."

"Didn't any others offer?"

"Yes; but I didn't think as there was any thing else to do."

"Didn't think! Oh, Henry, I am very sorry. Did you think to buy us any tea?"

"Why, no, mother; the way of it was, Mr. Hardy came along just as I was going home, and asked me to ride with him, and I jumped right in, and never thought a word about the tea, till we were half-way home; and then I didn't want to make him turn round and go back."

"Well, I don't care so much about the tea, because I have found a little in the blue canister; but I should think you might have remembered to go over to Mrs. Mason's. Poor woman! I know she can't sleep nights, she's so anxious. And I suppose plenty of the boys would have been glad to do the errand you did. There's Aunt Mary's errand too, that's forgotten, of course, and here she's been at work half the afternoon over your mittens."

"Thank you, auntie. How nice they look!"

"And I," continued his mother, "have been sewing for you all day, and you come home at night without doing one of the things I spoke about this morning."

"Mother," he answered petulantly, "you have so many errands, I can't remember them all. I never go out of the house but you want something."

"That sounds well," said his mother, severely, "very well for a little boy that has so much done for him as you have. You deserve to be sent back now, only you wouldn't have time to do your work."

"Carrie, did you feed the hens, as you said you would?" asked Henry, willing to change the subject.

"Yes," said Carrie, "I fed them."

"Wasn't it nice," she said, after he left the room, "Wasn't it nice, that he didn't say this noon? I don't suppose it made much difference to the hens, whether they had their dinner then, or at three o'clock, do you, Aunt Mary?"

"Not so much difference to the hens, as it does to Carrie, whether she keeps her word or not."

"Well, you see, auntie, I forgot."

"Ought you to forget a promise?"

"Why, I can't help it. Mother forgets sometimes. She hasn't covered Henry's geography, as she said she would."

"Hasn't she?" said Aunt Mary.

"Well, I will do it now, so that it may be ready for him when he comes in."

"Where have you been, Aunt Mary?" asked Henry, when he came in to his supper.

"Over to Mrs. Mason's and then to the office."

"Oh, it's too bad for you to take that long walk for me! But you needn't have gone to the office. I'll carry all your letters, auntie."

"No," said auntie, smiling, "I can't

let you make any more promises till you keep some of those you have made."

Henry was silent, but after supper, when he sought his aunt's room for some help in his studies, he said to her:

"I'm real sorry I forgot those needles. Did you want them to-night very much?"

"No; but I want Henry to fulfill his promises."

"Here is the money," said he, opening the purse.

"No; keep it, and remember to-morrow."

"Aunt Mary," he continued, after a pause, "I've got a very poor memory."

"Have you forgotten what I promised you for Saturday?"

"No; I think of it every little while. I kept thinking of it in school last week, and to-day I thought of it too."

"Do you remember any plan for Wednesday?"

"Yes; I'm going to grandpa's in the afternoon, if the sleighing is good."

"And Thursday?"

"Thursday—no; there isn't any thing going on Thursday, is there?"

"Only you promised to carry some eggs to Mr. Parker."

"There! I never should have thought of it."

"A very poor memory it is, Henry, if it always remembers for itself, and not for others. I am afraid it is a selfish memory."

"How can I help it?"

"When you love others as much as yourself, it will not be so hard. But in the meantime, when you have forgotten a promise, keep it as soon as you remember it, unless it would be wrong to do so. Now, to-night, when you first thought of your mother's errand, you should have gone back to the store."

"Then I should have lost my ride."

"Yes; but it does not hurt a boy so much to lose a ride as to lose his character for faithfulness."

"But mother didn't care much about the tea, she said."

"That made no difference. You had promised, and you did not know it. And then," she continued, "do not be in haste to promise. I should not dare to make half the promises you do."

"But you always keep yours. I mean to try your way, Aunt Mary."

"Do," said she. "It costs something, but it is worth all it costs."—Exchange.

HOW JANET SPENT HER MONEY.

Janet came down stairs in her blue calico dress, her freshly combed hair tied back with a blue ribbon, and her little straw hat swinging on her arm, while her eyes sparkled and her rosy mouth was all wreathed with smiles.

"Papa, papa, are you most ready?" she exclaimed.

Janet looked at the canary in the cage and the white kitten sleeping in the tall cinnamon roses nodding their heads at the south window and wondered if they were happy as she was.

For little Janet was going to the village store with her father, to buy something all for herself. In the pocket of her stiffly starched blue calico dress was a rustling, new ten-cent stamp that she had earned herself.

All the week Janet had worked busily, and that morning when her mother gave her the money, she said, with a smile of approbation:

"You have earned it, my daughter."

"Papa, what would you advise me to buy, asked Janet, as she trotted along by her father's side, holding to one of his fingers.

"I should advise you to suit yourself," said her father. "You have worked for the money and you have the right to spend it as you please."

"I am very fond of candy," said Janet, reflectively, "but candy is so soon eaten up, and then it is gone—and if I bought a china doll I couldn't eat it up."

"No," said her father, smiling, "there would certainly be that advantage on the china doll side of the question."

"Or I might buy a picture book. Tom says there are some beautiful books at Rigney's store."

"Or you might buy a new ribbon to tie your hair with," suggested her father.

Janet laughed and shook her head, and said she had plenty of ribbons already.

As Janet Lennox entered the village store, another little girl slunk in also—a very different looking child from the fair-haired damsel with the ten-cent stamp.

Ann Bryan was ragged and dirty, with wild, uncombed hair, and black eyes that shone cunningly beneath their long lashes. She was about Janet's age, but the two children scarcely seemed as if they belonged to the same class of humanity.

The store keeper's face was very bright and cheerful as he welcomed Mr. Lennox and his daughter, but it altered to a suspicious frown as he turned to Ann.

"Well, what is wanting now?" he demanded shortly and sharply.

Ann, with a sulky, defiant look, drew a black bottle from beneath her apron and muttered that her father wanted three cents worth of rum.

"Have you got the money?"

Ann pushed forward three rusty coppers.

Little Janet had laid her new ten-cent stamp on the counter, and was busy looking at the toys and picture books that lay in the glass show case.

Mr. Rigney went to draw the liquid poison, and when he returned he looked pleasantly at Janet.

"Well, little lady, have you made up your mind yet?"

"Yes, sir," said Janet. "I should like to buy that little book with the picture of the bear on the cover. Will ten cents be enough?"

"I guess so," said the store keeper, good-humoredly, as he wrapped up the book in a piece of paper and tied it with pink twine.

Meanwhile Janet looked for her money—it was gone.

"Why," she exclaimed, "what can have become of my ten-cent stamp? I am sure I laid it on the counter."

They looked on the counter, and they looked under the counter, and on the floor, and behind the barrels, but no where was the missed money to be found.

Suddenly Mr. Rigney turned upon Ann, and said sharply:

"You little thief, you have got it!"

"No, I have not," contradicted Ann, stoutly, though a guilty flush rose to her cheek, and in the same instant Janet saw, half hidden in the folds of the dirty handkerchief she wore round her neck, the end of the ten-cent stamp.

"Confess at once, or I'll have you sent to jail."

Ann burst into a loud howl, still denying her guilt.

Janet's heart ached for the forlorn, friendless girl, thief though she was.

"No, do not be cross to her," interposed Janet. "Let her go. Perhaps the wind blew the money away."

Ann took advantage of her opportunity and slipped out of the store, glad enough to escape, while Janet took hold of her father's hand.

"Come, papa."

"What, without your book?"

"Mr. Rigney says he will keep it for me until I have earned another ten cents."

So little gentle Janet bore her disappointment as philosophically as she could.

It was that same evening, as she was running down the woods to get some rasp-

berries for tea, that she saw Ann Bryan sitting on a fallen log, all alone, with rather a mournful expression on her face, and the ten-cent stamp on her lap.

Ann started when she saw her, and would have taken to her heels, but Janet put both her plump arms round her neck and detained her.

"Ann, don't run away," she whispered, softly, "I am not angry with you."

Ann Bryan burst into tears. She was not used to kind words or gentle actions, and she had a heart, though it was crusted over by years of neglect and abuse.

"I'll give you the ten-cent stamp, Ann," said Janet, softly. "I can soon earn another one."

"No," sobbed Ann, pushing the bit of rustling paper into Janet's hands. "I stole your ten-cent stamp to buy candy with, but I didn't care for candy after I had got it. I'm sorry I stole it, Janet Lennox."

Janet had always heard everybody say what a bad, wicked girl, Ann Bryan was; but she almost felt as if she loved Ann at that moment.

"Ann," she said, "if you will come to my house to-morrow, I will give you some candy my mother brought from New York for me when she last came home. And you must keep the ten-cent stamp—I said I would give it to you."

Ann took the money with a bewildered look, and followed Janet with her eyes as the little girl vanished down the glen path.

"I love you, Janet Lennox," was all she said, but it came straight from her heart.

All the picture books that were ever printed, would not have made Janet half so happy as those five words.

Years have passed.

Janet is a woman now, and Ann Bryan is her faithful, loving servant, trusted with all that the house contains.

But she dates her better life from the moment in which little Janet Lennox put her arms round her neck and whispered kind words in the solitude of the green and quiet glen.—*Folks and Fairies.*

THE PARK ORIOLES.

A pair of orioles built their nest this year in a secluded spot in the Central Park, where they hoped nobody would molest them, despite the many thousands that visit the grounds every day. A thicket of syringa bushes lay between their chosen elm trees and the public walk, and they decided, as is their custom, on the outer twigs of some long swaying branch as a site for their home. But wise as is this little bird in general, it yet miscalculated on the strength of the branch. As the heavy nest progressed, it weighed it down very near to the grass. That would never answer, so the two birds plainly held a counsel over the matter. They stopped building and apparently thought and thought. At last they separated and one flew east and one flew west. The next day they had the matter fixed to their mind. They had found a long string somewhere and carried it over a higher limb of the tree and then made both ends fast to the nest. The whole was now raised high enough to be out of reach of meddlesome hands and the work went on briskly and successfully.

It showed much wisdom in the little birds to thus repair their want of forethought, but it was not the first time that they have been known to change their plans to suit some unexpected tide in their affairs.

Indeed, a naturalist told me that there seemed to be a general improvement among birds with regard to their manner of building nests when compared with

their work years ago. They seem to have caught the general spirit of improvement in the country. I rather suspect the change is due rather to the better building materials, that come to their hands, so to speak. They find more strings and shreds to weave in and out with the grasses that form the bulk of their nests, and they certainly would make neater looking work than the coarse straws and weeds which were their main building stock when the country was new. The oriole, in particular is very tasteful in her selections. If you have a mind to try her you have but to leave a bright skein of silk fluttering from your window sill or a strip of your choicest lace, when she is building in the maple within sight, and you will be likely to find both woven in and out as neatly as a piece of darning, when falling leaves expose the nest to view. An old lady examining such a nest exclaimed "That bird could be taught to darn stockings."

OLIVE.

BODIES AS WELL AS MINDS.—In training children, parents and teachers should not forget that the building up of good, sound bodies is quite as important as filling their minds with arithmetic and geography. The health of the children is the first thing to consider. A stout, healthy, muscular dunce will have a better chance in the world than a puny, nervous, precocious scholar, and the probabilities are that the tortoise will outstrip the hare in the long run.

—A custom prevails in Sweden which might well be imitated here in favor of the tough little English sparrow. On Christmas day a sheaf of grain is taken to the village square and set up on end. It remains for weeks, until all the grain has been plucked from it and dug out by the eager birds from between the bindings.

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD MOTHERS:—I have read with great interest the articles which have appeared in this column of our valued paper, and have been many times tempted to walk in to the nursery and tell some of my experience in the training of children. I think an "old darky nurse" was about right once, when she said with a wise shake of her turbaned head: "Some chilluns gets too much trainin', den dey's odders dat don't get 'nuf'."

As a general thing I agree with her, and pity from my heart the poor child who is expected to be a model from its earliest days, always perfect in behavior and deportment before it outgrows its long dresses.

Now, I don't mean by this that a baby should not be taught that it is not always to have his or her own way in every thing. I think a child's education should begin by the time it is three months old—yes, three weeks—as far as some things are concerned, for the three weeks old baby who is carried about the room to quiet it when it cries, will very soon cry to be so carried, and keep it up until it is so carried or its mother makes up her mind that the time for action has come. But I don't think it is right for any father or mother to so hedge in a young child by rules that it grows into a prim caricature of its elders or, which is far more likely, transgresses openly and gets severely punished until it transgresses secretly, learning to prevaricate and cheat in every possible way in order to compass some little indulgence in forbidden enjoyments.

A little four-year-old girl once said to me: "I think people say 'don't' and 'musn't' a great deal more than there is any need of;" and I agreed with her

heartily, although I didn't tell her so as I really wanted to do. If parents would pay more attention to the graver faults, and the rude behavior at table, the dreadful grammar—or rather the dreadful lack of it, which is so often overlooked by parents and teachers, and the lesser misdemeanors were passed by with a kindly caution, children and the people they live with would be better off. For it is not alone the fathers and mothers who suffer from the effects of their own mistakes. Every one in the house suffers more or less from the ill-temper, rudeness and selfishness of a badly trained child. Children are like young animals in their buoyant spirits, and like young animals they should be allowed to play. No one would think of punishing playful kittens for racing and tumbling. No; if they make too much disturbance they are put out of doors to finish their game of romps undisturbed and undisturbed. But the children! It is "Ned, stop that noise this instant! Willy and May sit down in those chairs by the door and don't you move till I give you leave. I never saw such children! You will drive me distracted!"

Poor children! They doubtless make more noise than the kittens, but consider the difference in size, then again consider the vital necessity for action—as natural and necessary to the children as to the young of any species—and, if they are too noisy for the house, as they often are, send them out of doors to play to their heart's content until they and you feel relieved. But don't send them out with the injunction, "Keep out of my sight and give me a little peace, if you can."

I've heard ten-year-old boys who were out in the street, when they ought to have been at home and asleep, say when they were asked what their mothers would say if they knew of their whereabouts. "Oh, mamma don't care so long as I'm not bothering her." Not one of these bothered mothers would candidly confess that she is indifferent to her child's welfare and not one in a thousand but desires to be, and thinks she is, a good mother. But between the way of parental severity and strictness, and the way of letting the children have a good time till "they are old enough to learn to mind(?)" there is a happy medium which many sensible fathers and mothers have applied with happy results, results which are not "hidden under a bushel" by any means.

RUTH PINCH.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

DEAR CHILDREN:—How many of you have thought much about what a pleasant thing it is to be sweet and kind and gentle? Do you not always feel more comfortable, when you have been obedient to your parents, obliging to those about you, and tender, though merry, to your playmates?

It is like inviting a charming guest into your home, to have this lovely feeling in your heart through your own happy thoughts and acts. And I am sure that no one likes to entertain disagreeable company, either in home or heart, although such will get in if we do not bar our doors against them.

Now it would not be polite, nor kind, to shut out certain visitors from our homes, because they are not as agreeable as others. But it is a pleasant duty to send away all naughty thoughts from our minds and hearts, and ask all good ones in; and that is what I mean by barring out disagreeable guests. You do not think that a rude way of dismissing unwelcome company, I am sure.

You will be surprised to find how sunny and easy you may cause others—even older people—to feel, by your own cheerful words and manners. Try it. Be

especially gentle to your weaker playmates, courteous to those who are older, polite to all, and let your kindness always defend those timid or awkward children that are made the sport of thoughtless and cruel companions.

There is hardly any thing which makes a girl or boy appear more admirable than when such stand by a persecuted child bravely, defying the threats of rougher playmates. I will tell you what I saw one recent day. When a boy of my acquaintance heard a tiny girl crying, as if her heart would break, and discovered that she had been unkindly treated by a mischievous other boy, he simply drew himself up to what height he could attain, and called out, as he came nearer the sufferer, "Annie! come here, Annie! I won't let anybody hurt you." Willie's assuring voice was as effective as that of any commander, and the sobbing child wiped away her tears with her chubby hands, and, climbing under a fence to reach her fearless protector, walked off with him, as confident of his care as if he had been a man. Indeed, it was that which finally makes true, noble manhood that gave Willie the courage to stand in defence of a weaker, smaller child. And I have seen some small children, both girls and boys, stoutly take the part of troubled ones, despite the attacks of those much bigger and stronger than themselves.

HAZEL WYLDE.

HISTORY OF A CAT.

My name is Susan Gray. I am about to write a history of my life for the benefit of my numerous children, to extend from the time I opened my then blue eyes on this queer world, until now, when I am sitting in my arm chair with my five beautiful children sleeping about me.

Yes, this world has been a queer one to me, at first a hard one; but now I have a pleasant home where a gentle little girl pets me to my heart's content.

The first thing I heard from human lips, when my dear mother brought me, together with several brothers and sisters, into the kitchen, was, "Oh, dear," from the mistress, "that cat has some more kittens to be under foot."

My tiny heart swelled with indignation when I heard her speak so disrespectfully of my dear mother; but I was so small I could only make a face at her, and say me-ow.

Nothing happened for a few days until one afternoon, I was chasing a butterfly near the river, by a stone wall, when I heard piteous cries. Peeping through the wall, I saw the same cruel woman who was so angry at our appearance in the kitchen carrying all my poor brothers and sisters to the river in a hideous bag. I dared not cry for fear I should share their fate, but kept very still, my heart quaking with fear. It was a long time before I dared go back at all, but at last I crept cautiously into the house.

"Dear me!" said that horrid woman, "there's one that isn't drowned now."

I went out in search of mother; she was overjoyed to see me, and wiped her eyes on a catnip leaf. Next day, something happened very luckily for me. A dear little girl came to see her aunt. When she saw me, she said:

"Oh, what a pretty kitten!"

"You can have it if you want it."

"To carry home?"

"Certainly," replied her aunt.

So I was put in a basket, and carried to her home, and there I have lived happily ever since. Only yesterday, my little mistress told her mamma that she loved me better than she did her doll!

I have a pleasant time, and—Tommy, stop teasing your sister. Hush. Purr, purr-r-r.

SUSAN GRAY.

The Library.

"GOD GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP"

BY H. J. L.

Softly the wild bird sinks
Into its downy nest when twilight falls,
And not one care his trustful spirit links
To the wide world without his fragile walls
Untaught of those who wake to watch and weep,
He knows—God giveth His beloved sleep.

The rangers of the hills,
Unnumbered herds that range the verdant plain,
The gliding serpent, charming while he kills,
The bee that homeward bears its luscious gain,
The rest when o'er them evening shadows creep;
They know—God giveth His beloved sleep.

The very flowers are bowed
When cooler airs caress them and the dew
Hangs from their tinted petals, and a crowd
Of glittering stars look forth from fields of blue;
Then, while the songs of angels o'er them sweep,
They rest—God giveth His beloved sleep.

To all, most holy night,
To the green leaves, the mountain springs, the flowers,
Thou comest with thy silent wing of night,
And blessings greet thee from the tranquil hours;
While man, o'erborne with grief, forgets to weep,
Knowing—God giveth His beloved sleep.

And they all rest in peace;
Passion is hushed, the toil, the strife, are o'er,
The struggling spirit hath obtained release,
And plumes its wings, though but in dreams, to soar;
Oh, blessed night, that bears, through shadows deep,
The charm that giveth God's beloved sleep!

And when the mellow light
From eyes we love grows dim and fades away,
When the low, grassy mound conceals from sight
One who had made the brightness of life's day,
When floods of grief the spirit's chambers sweep,
Oh think—God giveth His beloved sleep.

—Exchange.

HINTS TO YOUNG TEACHERS.

BY CHARITY SNOW.

NO MATTER how sound a mind a teacher may have, if it is in an unsound body, the chances are very small for success. It may be attained for a short period by sheer force of will, but a break down must come sooner or later. There is no reason why a young woman with a fair degree of health may not keep it in this occupation as well as in any other; you are not required to work as many hours as she who stands behind the counter, or who works in a factory, or at dress-making or millinery, or even general housework. Indeed, there is hardly any occupation where one is not required to be upon duty more hours during the twenty-four than in teaching. Then why is it that so many break down after a few terms or years at most, and perhaps fill an early grave, or suffer many years of invalidism? It is simply because in their youthful enthusiasm, pride and ignorance they abuse the body and mind both, and nature allows no such liberties to be taken with her majesty without retaliation.

First, I would say, secure if possible a good boarding place, within reasonable distance of the school house. If the disposal of the board is in the hands of the one who hires you, make it one of the positive terms of engagement that you shall have a good home. But perhaps with all your care you will get disappointed. Then make the best of it. Do not take a long walk, with a hot summer's sun scorching you, or in zero weather, in winter, with the snow halfway to your knees, for the sake of a "warm dinner." A cold lunch in the school room is abominable, I know, but it is better than over-exertion and exposure. Then there is often some family who lives near the school who will provide dinner for the teacher, or at least a cup of tea or coffee for your own cold lunch. You need the rest and change at noon, to be sure, away from the school room and scholars, but if you can't consistently get it, do the next best thing. Have a bit of fancy knitting or crocheting,

or a bright little story to read, or play some simple game with the children, but don't study, and don't try to keep order. Let them have freedom, unless they are quarrelsome and destructive, when you must interfere. Make the noon hour just as much of a rest and recreation as possible according to your best ideas and opportunities.

Then another thing, do not keep the school in session any longer than the time allowed by law. Scholars get uneasy, parents want them at home, you get no credit or thanks for it, you deprive yourself of your rightful time of rest to no really good purpose, however worthy your intentions may be. Plan your work in such a way that all will come into the limited time. This you can do by system and dispatch.

After school hours take some time to look over your next day's lessons, that you be not caught tripping. Take a little more to look over with the mind's eye the general condition and wants of your school, and make plans for special cases. Then drop it all. Put school with all its interests entirely one side if possible, and just rest and recreate, according to your own tastes. Tax neither mind nor body too much. If you work, let your work be light and enjoyable. Let your reading be not too heavy—entertaining, but not trashy. Then go to bed and sleep the sleep of the just, for you are entitled to it. Two teachers were once comparing notes. Said one, "I cannot sleep nights, or if I do, I am teaching in my dreams." "Well," said the other, "if you can afford to teach day and night for the same money, you may. As for me, I did not hire out for night work, and I can't afford it. I must gain strength nights to work with days."

You cannot learn in a week or a month, perhaps never, entirely, to control your thoughts; but a firm resolve in this direction will help you wonderfully, and in time a good healthy mental habit will be formed.

Another very important health item is, dress warmly in winter. Good wool stockings and warm boots, with long leggings to protect the ankles from snow and cold. These, with overshoes, slipped off when inside, leave the extremities warm and dry. No cotton clothing should be worn, as cotton damps so quickly, while a vigorous shake will remove snow from woolen.

Have plenty of wraps, as one is peculiarly susceptible to the cold, going from a warm room. The hands, throat, ears, chest, should all be well protected. Properly clad from top to toe, a walk of reasonable length is conducive to health, and one need not fear the rigors of our cold northern winters.

As far as you can have control of the matter, keep the school room at an even temperature. It is too apt to be the case in our country school houses, that the one who has charge of the fire goes from one extreme to the other. But a little skillful engineering on your part will remedy this.

If you would keep your health you must, as a general rule sit at your table or desk. Some, especially young teachers, (they learn better after a while,) keep upon their feet constantly. Even when hearing classes, when every power of body and mind should be concentrated upon the branch of study being taught, they are walking back and forth upon the platform, ever and anon darting to some remote part of the room, to box Tom's ear, or separate whispering Jennie and giggling Martie. Your place when hearing classes is directly in front of your pupils, where you can hold their attention with your eye and voice. These matters in other parts of the room should be subordinate for the time to the work

of teaching. Let a quiet word or look which will not disturb your class answer for reproof.

Do not fear being called lazy because you occupy your chair. There are plenty of chances to show your agility, plenty of room to get tired. Keep a reserve force of strength for extras. It is unwise to use your all every day within the limited school hours. No teacher can do this continuously without breaking down in time. Of course some can stand it longer than others. The young feel so vigorous and ambitious that they often abuse the body without being aware of it. Later years, with their infirmities, reveal to them where they might have saved themselves in early life. I call to mind a young lady who scorned the idea of sitting at her work, who thought she mustn't. So she ranged from one end to the other of a large room, constantly on the alert, using every particle of her strength, so that she would hold her aching back together as she walked the road to her boarding place, and she has been a sufferer for years and will always be, from diseases induced by such treatment.

Another thing, spare your voice. Talk all that is necessary in clear, well modulated tones. But let the school accommodate itself to your voice, not your voice to the school. Many a delicate girl ruins her health by constant, over-loud talk all day, and then going out in the winter without sufficient wrappings. A little hat on the top of the head, the wind playing hide and seek in the delicate passages of her ears, the face uncovered, and she talking still to entertain those who may chance to be going the same way. What wonder that she says when reaching home, "It doesn't seem as though I could speak again to-night!" And what wonder if she find herself ere long with a hopeless lung trouble. Then people say, "Poor girl! She ought never to have taught school. She wasn't strong enough." No doubt in nine cases out of ten, the poor girl was strong enough, if she had only known how to have taken care of herself. I remember once of visiting a school taught by one of my mates. The school was small and good; but she talked in a tone fairly startling, and stood upon her feet constantly, though there was a chair at her desk, and no earthly reason why she should not occupy it. In a very few years she was entirely prostrated, teaching only two terms in the year, either. For months she could not walk across the floor. In the course of years she regained a comfortable degree of health, but never dared to teach again. Now, in this case, and it is not a solitary one, the girl simply abused herself.

To close this letter, let me remind you that you must learn a calm trust in a higher power than yours. The strength and wisdom which is God-given can and will be imparted to you if sought in humility and faith. Learn to rest in those strong arms that can so easily and lovingly bear you and me and all our affairs.

CONVERSATION.

Conversation is one of the most refined species of recreation, and to have good powers of conversation, is one of the greatest accomplishments of man.

Dr. Watts has written, "The five qualities most desirable for good conversation are, piety, knowledge, mental improvement, eloquence, and good manners."

Dr. Holland says, "The first requisite of a good talker is genuine social sympathy," but this goes but a short way toward producing good conversation. For a person to attempt to converse who does not know any thing, would be as impracticable as to build a house with no mate-

rial wherewith to build it; therefore one must have his mind stored before he tries to converse.

It might be said that a great many people talk a great deal who know nothing, but Cowper explains this when he says "Talking is not always to converse."

There are some people who plan their conversation for an evening, but this is lecturing rather than talking, and lacks one of the chief interests of conversation, in that it does not draw out the thoughts of others.

One of the faults to be avoided is exaggeration. The chief objection to this is that if all the superlatives, and words that express a great deal, be used in describing ordinary things, when we come to something really wonderful we are speechless from want of new words with which to express ourselves. We are placed in a position similar to that of the boy who cried "Wolf;" at first he was believed, but when he came to cry in earnest, no one trusted him.

The art of conveying ideas in a simple, direct manner is a great accomplishment. Pelucido was a great genius. When he spoke before the Roman senate, he conveyed his ideas in so direct and simple a manner that all were convinced, and every one wondered why all who had spoken had not said the same thing. Therein lay his genius, for he was the only man who could so speak.

Words have a reflex influence on character. Some one has written "A bird is known by his note, a man by his talk."

A truly refined and courteous person, one with true kindness and sympathy of heart, would choose those subjects which would in no way be liable to wound the feelings of any one present.

Another great evil in conversation is slander; this would be avoided if things were talked about instead of people.

That no animal except man is endowed with this power of speech, is a proof of the high nature of the gift, therefore it should be cultivated and improved at every opportunity. M. C. H.

NEAT REBUKES.

A rebuke may sometimes be very effectively put into practical forms. Thus, at a time when there was a heavy duty upon French gloves, a packet addressed to the French ambassador having accidentally come undone, the custom house authorities discovered that it consisted of gloves, whereupon they sent it on as an unpaid post letter; and though the double postage amounted to more than the single duty, it was paid without comment. Very neat and characteristic, in the way of practical rebukes, was that of Talleyrand to a faithful, but too inquisitive confidential servant, whom he saw from the window of his own apartment coolly reading a letter intrusted to him to deliver. On the next day a similar commission was confided to the servant, and to the second letter was added a postscript, couched in the following terms: "You can send a verbal answer by the bearer. He is perfectly well acquainted with the whole affair, having taken the precaution to read this previous to its delivery."

Dean Stanley, in his "Reminiscences," tells a similar and equally characteristic story of an old Forfarshire lady. She knew the weakness of her man-servant, and when she wished a note to be taken without delay held it open, and read it over to him, saying, "There, noo, Andrew, ye ken a' that's in't; noo dinna stop to open it, but just send it off."

Not bad in its way either was Lord Chesterfield's practically humorous rebuke of the craze for having far-reaching portrait galleries of ancestors. In his own gallery he placed two old heads, in-

scribed respectively Adam de Stanhope and Eve de Stanhope.

Of the rebuke indirect, one of the finest examples is that attributed to Doctor South. Once, when preaching before Charles II., he observed that the monarch and several of his attendants had fallen asleep. Presently one of the latter began to snore, whereupon the bishop broke off his sermon and exclaimed: "Lord Lauderdale, I am sorry to disturb your repose, but let me entreat you not to snore so loud, lest you awaken his majesty." Less direct, but more severe, was a rebuke said to have been spoken from the pulpit by a dissenting minister of modern times. While he was preaching he was annoyed by some young people in the congregation, whispering and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves, for this reason: Some years since, when I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service a gentleman said to me: 'Sir, you have made a great mistake. That young man whom you reproved is an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in chapel, lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove another idiot." During the rest of the service, the story concludes, there was good order.

Incisive and dry, as becomes its nationality, was the rebuke of the Scotch shepherd to Lord Cockburn, of Bonaly. That nobleman was sitting on the hillside with the shepherd, and, observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation, he said to him: "John, if I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered: "Aye, my lord, but if ye had been a sheep, ye would ha'e had mair sense."

Less epigrammatically neat, but more richly deserved, was the following rebuke to an unnamed lord, quoted in Sheldon's "Tale Talk": "A great lord and a gentleman talking together, there came a boy by leading a calf with both hands. Says the lord to the gentleman: 'You shall see me make that boy let go his calf;' with that he came toward him, thinking the boy would have put off his hat, but the boy took no notice of him. The lord seeing that, 'Sirrah,' says he, 'do you know me, that you use no reverence?' 'Yes,' says the boy, 'if your lordship will hold my calf, I will put off my hat.'—*Exchange.*

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

Will one of the sisters please send me the words of a poem, written by Alice Cary, the first verse commencing,

"I charge you by the years to come,
When some shall be far away from home,
And some shall be gone forever,
That you speak unkindly never?"

It was published three or four years ago in THE HOUSEHOLD. I will repay the favor if I can.

MRS. S. H. BOXALL.

Jackson, Amador Co., Cal.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will any of the readers of your paper please send me the song entitled "The Carrier Dove?" If they will, I will return stamps.

W. S. LONG.

Bowie's Creek, Harnett Co., N. C.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the Band please send me the words of the song entitled "Way down upon the Suwanee River?" I will return the favor in any way possible.

DAISY BRABROOK.

681 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me where I can obtain the poem about bearing the body of Lincoln to Illinois? I can recall to memory but one line and a part of another, viz: "Now open wide your portals, ye gates of the west, Receive to your bosom—"

The refrain was,

"Home, sweet home, they are bearing him home,"

I think. If I can obtain it I will gladly pay all expenses. Address by postal.

Elliot, N. C.

MRS. C. G. FURBISH.

THE REVIEWER.

The dearth of good books is over and forgotten with the advent of Mr. Cable's latest work, DR. SEVIER. It is long since we have read a book so excellent in every respect, so pure and noble in its high estimate of human character; so touching in its tender stories of lowly domestic life. That of Mary and John is one of the finest we have ever read, combining a tenderness which reminds us of Dickens at his best, with a strength which is Mr. Cable's own. The beautiful history of the strong, high-principled, loving wife, and her weak, incapable, but very lovable husband, who figures as the hero, although the character of Dr. Sevier, strong, self-reliant, helpful, gives him the real hero's place, is told with such delicacy and yet with such power that one will scarcely note the fact that it has been read in the installments given from month to month in the Century. Such books are ever new, ever fresh and worth reading. The graphic sketch of life in New Orleans during the late civil war, is fine in the extreme, the brilliant touches of pathos and humor in the story of Narcisse, and Kate and her ambitious husband, are blended by a masterly hand with the deeper and stronger lights and shadows of the picture. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY by James Parton, is rightly called a book for young Americans, touching as it does upon the lives of men who rose, many of them, from lowly positions to the highest eminence by strong endeavor and the noble use made of their slight advantages. The history of the lives of such men as Elihu Burritt, Benjamin Franklin, John Bright, Peter Cooper, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Rowland Hill, the Marquis of Worcester and many others who made for themselves a lasting name and earned the lasting gratitude and esteem of their fellow men, is fraught with many valuable lessons and noble examples to the boys who read the book. It is pleasantly written, and portraits of eight of the most prominent men are given. We can recommend the book heartily to all young readers. Price \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

One of the pleasantest works on Physiology and Hygiene we have ever seen is THE MAN WONDERFUL IN THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, by Chillion B. Allen, M. D., and Mary A. Allen, M. D. Written so plainly that a child can understand it, the book is very interesting and instructive to older and wiser readers. It is an allegory in which the body is the "House Beautiful," and its inhabitant the "Man Wonderful." The building of the house is shown from foundation to roof and we are then taken through all the rooms, learning as we go, in the pleasantest manner possible, more than we ever learned from any other source of the principles of anatomy, physiology and hygiene. The illustrations are sufficiently profuse and are plainly described. The authors (husband and wife) have been teachers, and utilize their own experience for the benefit of these teachers who will find this work of great aid, as will hosts of parents, who desire to instruct their children in the valuable lessons herein contained. Price \$1.50. New York: Fowler & Wells.

A charming little book entitled TEXT AND VERSE, is arranged by Gertrude W. Cartland. It contains Scripture passages and parallel selections from the writings of John G. Whittier, one for every day in the year. Those who are familiar with his poems could scarcely fail to note the frequency of his biblical allusions, and the compiler of the little book has with a rare felicity placed the verse

beside the corresponding passage, making thereby a combination which will be appreciated by all who read the sweet and comforting words with their beautiful poetic translations. Price 75 cents. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

SHOPPEL'S BUILDING PLANS FOR MODERN LOW-COST HOUSES gives a large and varied number of plans for houses and cottages ranging in price from \$400 to \$6,000. The designs for most of the houses are quaint and picturesque yet very convenient and home-like, giving the builder of a small, cheap house an opportunity to make it something more than the ugly, bare little structure low-priced houses were wont to be. A price list is given of working plans, specifications and bill of quantities for any of the designs, and they will be sent by mail or express, charges paid, on receipt of price. Price 50 cents. Co-operative Building Plan Association. New York, 24 Beekman St.

We have received a copy of the new edition of WHAT'S THE MATTER? by Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead, a little book decrying the present mode of dress. The author's ideas are in themselves sensible and helpful to considerable extent, but so aggressively offered as to prevent their doing the good they ought to do. Price 25 cents. Published by the author. Southington, Conn.

THE DIET QUESTION is the title of a small pamphlet compiled from the lately published volume "Health in the Household," by Susanna W. Dodds, M. D. The book gives tables showing the constituent elements of different articles of food. Meats, fruits and vegetables are fully discussed in their relations to physical and intellectual development. Although considerably overdrawn, like most of the works on "Hygienic Living," it contains many sensible and helpful ideas by which the intelligent reader may profit. 25 cents. New York: Fowler & Wells.

The October ATLANTIC contains several articles which will appeal to widely different classes of readers. Dr. Weir Mitchell continues his excellent story, "In War Time," Francis Parkman, the distinguished historian of Colonial America, writes of the "Battle of Lake George," Elizabeth Robins Pennell discusses the "Relation of Fairies to Religion," Louise Imogene Guiney praises Leigh Hunt, whom she styles "An English Literary Cousin," Bradford Torrey, who has recently contributed several admirable articles about birds, this time describes various "Minor Songsters," George Houghton has an article entitled "Washington and his Companions Viewed Face to Face," J. Howard Corby furnishes the short story of the number, "Buckshot; A Record." The classical article of the number is by William Shields Liscomb, on "The Migrations of the Gods," Margaret Bertha Wright gives an account of a French "Bourgeois Family," Charles Forster Smith writes of "Southern Colleges and Schools," Edith M. Thomas contributes a charming short article on "The Solitary Bee," and there is another of the charming articles on "The Lakes of Upper Italy." There are poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Celia Thaxter, and Augustus M. Lord. A review of several important new books and the usual collection of bright, short essays in the Contributors' Club, with an account of the books of the month, complete an excellent number of this sterling monthly. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The numbers of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for September 20th and 27th, contain "Leo XIII.," and "Goethe," Contemporary; "The Prophet of Walnut Tree Yard," Nineteenth Century; "Unpublished Notices of James Sharpe, Archbishop of St. Andrews," Scottish Review; "Beaumarais," Cornhill; "Mary Russell Mitford," Argosy; "Mount Carmel," Sunday Magazine; "A Lady's Life in Manitoba," All the Year Round; "A Positivist Pigeon, and Lord Amphil, Speculator," Byron's Newstead, Athenaeum; "Monsieur's New Cathedral," London Times; with "Friede, a Village Story," "Monsieur Michaud's Plancee," and an installment of "Beauty and the Beast," and poetry. No other magazine offers the same large and attractive variety of reading, gathered as it is from the best English periodicals, not confined to any branch of literature, but giving the reader the best results of current criticism, philosophy, science, and articles of lighter vein as excellent in their way. Weekly. \$8.00 a year. Boston: Littell & Co.

THE AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN AND ORIENTAL JOURNAL, offers a table of contents of more

than usual interest. This magazine which is justly recognized as an authority on the subject of archaeology, is invaluable to the scholar and others for whom the study of mythology, and research into the literature and legends of races of pre-historic times, possess a charm which increases as opportunities widen to assist them. The present number contains an opening article of great interest, entitled "Lectures on Polytheism," and prominent among the following papers are the chapters on "Antiquities of South America," and "Emblematic Mounds as Works of Art." The Notes on Classical Archaeology, and from Oriental Periodicals, contain much valuable and interesting matter. Published bi monthly. \$4.00 a year. Chicago, Ill: F. H. Revell, 150 Madison St.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for October is as bright and cheery as an October number should be, offering the usual variety of literary, artistic and useful articles. The different departments are well filled, the illustrations are fine and the chapters on home adornment and domestic interests are helpful and instructive. Those to whom the higher priced periodicals are something beyond their possessing should appreciate fully the effort of the publishers to place within their reach so excellent a magazine. \$1.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

Even with the abundance of excellent periodicals for our entertainment we are tempted to envy the young people when we look over a magazine like the October ST. NICHOLAS with its charming stories and pictures and poems. The number opens with Mrs. Lucia G. Runkle's capital paper on "Slang," useful alike to young people and their elders. Mrs. Champney's sketch of the "Indian School at Carlisle, Pa.," is very interesting, and is profusely illustrated. The children who love their pussys—and what child does not?—will be delighted with the history of the "Lotus Club Cat," and the older ones will like Miss Alcott's story about another member of the cat family, not so lovable or tractable as Dick. All the readers will be sorry that Mr. Brooks will tell them no more stories about the "Historic Boys" which were so pleasant. Joaquin Miller has a very readable sketch entitled, "Lost on the Plains," and there are many other excellent articles illustrated, and otherwise, and pretty poems which we have not space to mention, but which the young folks will find for themselves. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

THE HEALTH MISCELLANY is the title of an illustrated octavo pamphlet published at twenty-five cents, by Messrs. Fowler & Wells, 753 Broadway, N. Y. It contains a series of papers devoted to important health topics, opening with an excellent article on the "External Senses," with illustrations of the eye, ear, nose, tongue and skin, giving important information in regard to the functions and also the care of these important organs of the body. An extended article on "Chronic Catarrh," points out its causes and the proper treatment. A very important paper is one devoted to "Bodily Positions and Dress," in relation to health and form. "The Teeth," their use and care, containing illustrations showing how the teeth are formed and grow, why and how they decay. The cause of "Malarial Diseases" is one which may be read profitably in almost every community. Other chapters are of equal interest.

A new series of juvenile books, "The World in Pictures," is announced by Cassell & Co. It is in three profusely illustrated volumes—"All The Russias," "Chats About Germany," and "Land of the Pyramids"—and is a companion series to the "Wonderful Library," which has proved so popular among the young folks.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

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

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for October. \$5.00 a year. New York: The North American Review.

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

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for October. \$3.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

DEMAREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for October. \$2.00 a year. New York: W. Jennings Demarest.

OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN for October. \$2.00 a year. Boston: The Wheelman Co.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for October. \$2.00 a year. New York: Fowler & Wells.

WIDE AWAKE for October. \$3.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

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

THE UNIVERSE for October. \$1.50 a year. St. Louis, Mo.: The Universe Publishing Co.

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

THE SHUT-IN VISITOR for October. 50 cents a year. Walworth, N. Y.: Mrs. Kate Sumner Burr.

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

THE SPLENDOR FALLS.

SONG.

Poetry by A. TENNYSON.

Music by CAROLUS CAVAVIA.

mf *p* *pp* *f* *f* *f* *Ped.*

1. The splen - dor falls on cas - tle walls, And snow - y sum - mits old in sto - ry; The
 2. O hark! O hear! how thin and clear, And thin - ner, clear - er, far - ther go - ing; O
 3. O love! they die on yon rich sky; They faint on field, on hill, on riv - er; Our

ff *p* *p*

long light shakes a - cross the lakes, And the wild cat - a - ract leaps in glo - . . .
 sweet and far from hill and scar, The horns of Elf - land faint ly blow - . . .
 ech - oes roll from soul to soul, And grow for - ev - er and for ev - . . .

fz *Ped.*

ry. Blow, bu - gle, blow; Set the wild ech - oes fly - ing;
 ing. Blow, bu - gle, blow; The pur - ple glens re - ply - ing;
 er. Blow, bu - gle, blow; Set the wild ech - oes fly - ing;

p *cres.* *f* *Ped.*

Blow; bu - - - gle, an - swer ech - oes dy - ing, dy - - - ing. . .

f *calando.*

The Dispensary.

HINTS FOR THE TOILET.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

WHATEVER toilet care may be at times neglected, it should never be that pertaining to the teeth. They must have careful and frequent attention. It is well to have the teeth examined by a dentist once in every six or twelve months; but this will be of little use if in the meantime they are neglected by their owner. They should be brushed, or at least rinsed, after each meal. If this seems too much trouble, brush them in the morning and at night before going to bed. If they are brushed but once a day, it should be at night, so that no particles of food may remain in the teeth during sleep to ferment and hasten decay.

A medium sized brush is best. It should not be too stiff, nor yet too pliable. Brush up and down, as well as across the teeth; inside as well as out. It is well to have a little hand glass, such as dentists use, and examine the teeth occasionally. Any spot or break in a tooth should receive immediate attention. Metal toothpicks and pins should never be allowed to touch the teeth. Use a quill. A white silk thread should occasionally be drawn between them. It will remove offending matter, and aid in detecting any roughness caused by incipient decay. Never scour the teeth with charcoal. It breaks the enamel, injures the gums, and is a fruitful cause of tartar.

I give below two recipes for tooth-powder both of which are highly recommended.

1. One part of precipitated chalk, one part of powdered Castile soap, one part of powdered orris root.
2. Two ounces of prepared chalk, half an ounce of pulverized orris root, and a quarter of an ounce of cassia powder mixed together. Prepared chalk alone, makes a very good powder.

It is a good idea to get a little pulverized pumice-stone from the dentist, and with this rub the teeth every week or two. Moisten a little sharpened stick of soft wood, dip it into the powder, and rub the teeth thoroughly, especially between them and at the edges of the gums, where little dark spots and streaks are wont to congregate. This is a great part of what the dentist does when you go to him to have your teeth "cleaned." It was recommended to me by one of the best dentists I ever knew, who says there is no danger that it will hurt the enamel.

Keep on the toilet table a little bottle of soft water into which a few drops of wintergreen essence or oil have been put. After cleaning the teeth take a little of this into the mouth, rinse well, and then spit it out. This holds decay in arrest, hardens the gums and sweetens the breath. A few drops of tincture of myrrh in water is recommended for the same purpose. A few drops of spirits of camphor in water, also makes a good wash. None of these should be swallowed.

For feverish breath that comes from acidity of the stomach, a few drops of lime-water may be used as a gargle, or a half teaspoonful of bi-carbonate of soda in a little water.

The best remedy for salivation of the mouth, which causes an unpleasant odor, and often results in the loss of the teeth, is a very simple one. Put half a teaspoonful of table-salt into a glass of water, and use it every hour or two, gargling or rinsing the mouth.

Those who care for the beauty and well-being of their teeth will do well to avoid most of the wonderful prepara-

tions for whitening the teeth so freely advertised everywhere. Most of these contain acids which eat into the enamel, and speedily produce decay.

For cracked lips, use cold cream, or mutton tallow. If this does not cure them, use citron ointment. It can be had of most druggists. For pale lips use cayenne lozenges. Moisten one and rub it over the lips.

Biting the underlip is a very common habit, but it should be avoided, as it causes the lip to swell until it becomes so thick as to look coarse. Another habit to be guarded against, or broken if already formed, is that of constantly raising or lowering the corners of the mouth when no feeling causes it. This brings untimely wrinkles.

Hot water, as hot as can be borne, repeatedly applied to fever spots (cold sores) is the best remedy for these small, but oftentimes bitter afflictions. It soon kills them. They should never be picked, squeezed, or handled.

Faithful care of the feet has more to do with good looks than most young ladies are inclined to believe. They must be kept warm and comfortable by proper coverings, and by daily bathing and rubbing. No part of the body requires bathing more than the soles of the feet. The pores here are very active, and should be kept open. All hardening and callousing of the feet should be avoided if possible. If the feet are given to excessive perspiration, a few drops of ammonia should be added to their daily bath of water. If they burn, or are very tender, bathe them in weak alum water. The water should always be warm. Cut the nails carefully, shorter than the finger-nails. If they break, rub on mutton tallow before going to bed, wrapping the toes in soft linen cloths.

Corns may be nipped in the bud by a prompt treatment with kerosene oil. Cut the corns down as much as possible without making them sore, then rub on the oil, night and morning. If the corns make their appearance between the toes, wet a piece of tissue paper with the kerosene, and put this between the toes over the corns. Keep it there all day while the feet are dressed, and renew it night and morning. If the corns are young, they will speedily vanish. Those of long standing will hold out longer, but finally succumb.

The beauty of the foot does not depend, as so many think, upon its small size, but rather upon its slenderness, height of instep and perfect arch, and upon its firmness and coloring. Beauty is opposed to a tight boot. Any foot looks better when the shoe fits perfectly than when either too tight or too loose. A tight boot makes the face red—not a pretty flush which might be welcome, but a dull, purplish red which is not at all becoming. But a very loose boot is almost as bad for corns as a tight one, as the rubbing will produce hard spots.

Moderate heels should be worn. It is not easy to walk in shoes with no heels at all, and high heels are not only uncomfortable and bad for the health, but they destroy all grace of movement. If the feet are long and slender, wear front-laced or button boots with a short vamp. If short and plump, long-vamped boots, laced at the side, will make them look more slender.

The very best cosmetic and eye-brightener that can be recommended, as well as one of the best prescriptions a physician ever gives for any and all the ills that flesh is heir to, is sleep—sound, refreshing sleep, and plenty of it. To secure this, avoid excitement, close mental application, or violent physical exertion in the evening, and get as many hours rest before midnight as possible. Sleep is especially necessary to the woman who

would like to grow plumper. In addition to many hours sleep, she should eat well, not too much at one time, but many times a day. She should avoid acids, and favor cream, butter, and all nutritious foods, with as much sugar as the stomach finds agreeable. She should stay in the open air as much as possible, and avoid violent exercise, cold baths and exposure to cold, never hurry or worry about any thing—in fact, be as lazy as disposition and circumstances will allow her to be.

The over-pump should reverse all this, sleep only as much as is necessary for health, and avoid vegetables, fruit, cream, white bread, sugar and every thing containing it, and fat meat, though as much lean meat may be eaten as is desired. It should be remembered that too much vinegar or other acid, while reducing the flesh, will injure the health, perhaps, seriously. A vapor bath taken once a week is said to reduce flesh, and is beneficial in other ways.

"A great many words all about looks!" I fancy I hear some one saying. "What is the use of it all?"

Well, perhaps of as much use as many other things which take on a more solemn air of importance, and are listened to with grave attention. I think we need not grudge the time spent in writing and reading, nor even in selecting and following such bits of advice on this subject as may seem to apply to our own individual cases. Indeed, little time need be expended, and careful attention to looks and dress is by no means an infallible indication of a soul given over to vanity.

The vainest persons I know are those who are so self-satisfied, so convinced of their own perfection, that they fancy they look well enough to spare themselves the trouble of taking pains. Other people may not wholly agree with them; but you may be sure that if it is suggested to them that they lack any thing, they are quite as angry as the "frivolous" ones who do think painstaking necessary. By all means let us keep this care of our appearance in its proper and subordinate place. But in its proper place it is right, and even obligatory.

It does not show a fine spirit to set ourselves up as superior to other people because we do not care how we look, and they do. When we do that, we may expect to be set down—and justly—as either devoid of taste in dress, or too indolent to take the care necessary to make a good appearance, and therefore attempting to make a virtue out of what is really a defect. Of course, those whose religious creed or convictions demand plain dress and mortification of the flesh are not brought into the question.

As regards dress it seems best, easiest, and usually no more expensive to quietly conform, so far as health and comfort permit, to the prevailing mode. I hope the time will come when the mode will combine in a greater degree health, comfort and beauty. It is a good indication that health and the appearance of health have become fashionable. A pale face, a languid manner, are no longer considered attractive. The "interesting invalid" is interesting no longer, and loses her one consolation.

Beauty is a gift direct from our Maker. Have we a right to disregard it and refuse to care for it?

"What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?"

Shall we allow these temples to be defaced?

Every woman has some beauty. Ought she not to accept it as a sacred trust remembering,

"That what as beauty here is known,
We shall as truth in some hereafter know?"

How TO TREAT WOUNDS.—Last summer my husband was putting up the hammock and caught his hand on a rusty iron hook; it tore a deep gash in the fleshy part of the hand to the bone near the base of the thumb. It did not bleed but was very painful. I put some coals of fire in a tin, laid some pieces of flannel on them, placed a tunnel over the dish and held his wound over that for twenty minutes, the smoke drew the wound together half, and in three or four days the wound was nearly healed. The smoke kills the poison and prevents lockjaw. Try it for any sore and you will find it good.

HATTIE D. TAFT.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

A CONSTANT READER. *A Morbid Appetite.* That "almost constant craving" does not afford even the remotest evidence of real hunger, but the opposite, showing that you now take much more than your debilitated digestive organs can dispose of, this sensation being but the murmurings of an abused stomach. (I always intend, kindly, to use intelligible and direct language, not to be misunderstood.) It is not possible for your stomach to digest the three meals, with those "lunches," even if it were in a good working condition, instead of being very much deranged and debilitated. The fact that you "feel a little relief, a respite from the distress, for about fifteen minutes after having taken a piece of cake or an apple," affords no evidence that it is best for you, since such lunches either produce a degree of confusion, so that the stomach cannot utter its remonstrances, until it rallies or the food cools the stomach, giving a little temporary relief. A drink of cold water will do the same, but neither can remove the real cause of the difficulty, fatigue from overwork! The fact that the "distress" returns again, even worse, is evidence that no good has been done, no cause removed. Again, that "belching of wind" the carbonic acid gas produced by the fermentation of undigested food, rotting in the stomach, shows that you are constantly taking more food than your debilitated stomach can dispose of, each lunch, each bit of cake, taken to remove the distress temporarily, only adding to the derangement of the digestive apparatus. No, your food can never "satisfy" you, since it does not digest properly, and cannot nourish you, which will explain why it does not satisfy. If you would avoid that "sickness in the morning, with a bad taste in the mouth," give up your "lunch at bedtime," taking only a very light supper, with only a beaten up raw egg in the morning, with a little milk in it, and a very small piece of old bread, ("cold blast" preferred,) the egg and milk to constitute half of the meal. The dinner may be a little more generous, though the morning meal, if but a light supper is taken, should be the heaviest of the day, taken when the body is refreshed and the digestion in its best state. I recommend the plainest food, such as the grains, ripe and fresh fruits—only at meals—with only a little milk with the raw eggs, for the present, till your digestion is improved, till the stomach secures a degree of rest. Understand that these plain foods are far more nourishing than the so-called rich dishes, and so much more easily digested that a great deal more real strength will be secured. Eat slowly, chew thoroughly, drinking nothing till the close of the meal, taking time to mix the saliva with all, even the milk and egg, and the oatmeal mush which may be taken at night.

MATILDA AND OTHERS. *Dark Specks before the Eyes.* The theory of those "specks before the eye" is that there are small bodies of an unnatural character in the vitreous humor of the eye, but, I feel confident that the state of the stomach has much to do with these appearances, on the same principle that a foul stomach will produce dizziness and other conditions of the brain. I have known the sight to be temporarily suspended, an indescribable brilliancy, with no special distinct objects in view, taking the place of natural sight, that condition soon passing off. No, I do not regard either condition of which you ask as indicative of direct "disease of the eye." A deranged or inflamed stomach does affect the eyes, a fact recognized by the wise man who asked, "Who hath redness of eyes?" To use the eyes properly, avoiding all such irritants as ardent spirits—taken as medicine, or otherwise—the spices, including an excessive use of salt, with too free a use of such "heaters" as the sweets and oils, will prevent the more usual eye troubles. "Seeing the lamp shade after the light is removed," is by no means a new fact. Look at any object steadily for a short time, then closing the eyes, that object can be seen. Also, pressing the ball of the eye in a peculiar way, will develop something like rainbow tints. The eyes present a good illustration of the statement that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made."

The Dressing Room.

FASHION NOTES.

Number Five.

IN MAKING dresses at home the first great essential is a good, well fitting pattern. The styles are so various, and simplicity so excellent a guide, that if we are sure of a good fit, and nothing is wrong about the all important sleeves, we may go ahead.

Most stylish of all, are the tailor made suits for street wear, but for those who cannot command such dresses the suggestions are numerous.

Skirts are still worn short except for full dress, when trains are allowed. A dress of soft grey stuff was worn the other day with charming effect. The skirt was surrounded by groups of small and large pleatings alternating. The overskirt was pleated full round the waist, draped high and edged with dark red. The shirred vest was also dark red. The sleeves tight. The collar high and straight. Skirts are seen pleated to the waist, or with flounces. Sometimes two narrow flounces at the bottom and a deep one above.

Polonaises are much used in woolen dresses and they are constantly made opening in front over a vest, and this summer the white chemisette of our mothers' young days was revived.

Basques are round and cut in large squares or they may be high on the hips and cut *tailleur* in the back. The back may terminate in fluted plaits or in a plait on either side lined with velvet of the same color as the vest, or the back pieces may be cut pointed like "hares ears," as the fashion books say and trimmed with a pleating. If for a party dress, these points may be trimmed with lace.

A beautiful dress is made of white or colored silk, the flounces of lace slightly gathered reach a little above the knee. Apron overskirt, and full draperies of lace in the back. The V neck and tight sleeves are finished with full lace pleatings. A dress in this style where white embroidered mull took the place of the lace, was the most effective at a large garden party given the other day.

Bustles continue to break down all opposition, but they are more like crinolines than tournures. Most bustles consist of a skirt, plain in front, with springs the whole way down the back, and a flounce round the bottom. One more simple and easy for home manufacture is made of long cloth (or muslin). Take a piece, of its own width, of the length of the back of an underskirt and flounce in deep flounces from bottom to top. A band or gathering string is arranged at the top and your bustle is made. It should be kept stiff, as its object is to hold out the back of the dress. It can be starched at any time without detriment to its beauty. If made of hair or grass cloth, this necessity would be done away with.

Very jaunty little bonnets will be worn this season as well as the felt hats, but the little capote of black or white lace and tulle which was so often seen this summer, will make its appearance in somewhat different dress for the colder season. The variety of styles is wonderful and tasty, every shape by judicious management may pass for something new. A bonnet trimmed to match a certain suit may have the crown tightly covered by the stuff of the dress and the brim finished with velvet or the whole may be of velvet of some suitable color. Strings are very narrow and are worn with bon-

nets or not. They are generally becoming.

Belts are worn with almost any dress and are wide or narrow to suit the long or short waist. When of ribbon or velvet they should fasten with loops of the same, or with a rosette.

At one time *crepe lisse* was the only trimming used for the neck and sleeves, but now a very pretty and simple expedient may take its place. It is a ruching made of white or colored lawn, embroidered, dotted or plain muslin, or surah. Cut bias two pieces two or three inches deep, fold over, place together, the one about half an inch higher than the other. The roundness caused by the turning over must not be pressed out as the ruche should stand full at the top. Trim the lower ends and bind with something soft to prevent rubbing the neck. This was done in colored surah last summer but this last has gone somewhat out.

A pretty new collar called "Marguerite" is made of pleated lace on stiff net. The net is cut to fit close to the shoulders, the lace is pleated on the net, the last pleating falling in a full frill, which may be ornamented at the end with pearl beads. The lace is brought round to the front and falls in a jabot. It may be made to reach the waist.

These collars are very handsome when made of black lace trimmed with jet beads, and more effective still if made of Spanish lace dotted with gold.

An imitation of this last I have seen, which was very effective, especially for evening wear. The material was black silk net on which was worked in gold colored silk a simple pattern. This would take us back to the darned net craze for the pattern was darned on the silk. It is very nice work for an idle girl.

A pretty fichu can be made by cutting off the silk net, a straight piece, long enough to reach to the waist or half way there as you fancy, and on either side put a pleating of the darned net. The straight piece need not be more than an inch and a half wide. The pleating must not be too full.

P. V. B.

A CHAPTER ON RUGS.

Adelaide seems to think that "making rugs out of worn out stockings is a waste of time and talent." Doubtless! Making any thing out of "worn out" material is, indeed, useless work. The rugs which I made of raveled yarn were not made of "worn out stockings" at all, but of the legs or tops of stockings of which the feet were too much worn for me to darn again. The stockings were not worn to the last degree. The feet with all that seemed weak of the tops were cut off and thrown away, consigned to the ash pile in a far off corner of the garden, and the raveled yarn was good and strong and pretty, and the rugs made of them lasted for years. I have now, I am happy to say, at least two pounds of raveled yarn of lovely colors, of cream, and pure white, of pale blue and deep blue, of pink and red, and cool, soft greys, and yellow, pale and deep, and of browns and black; why, I fairly revel in that box of crinkled yarns, of soft, rich colors, and let me tell you, I raveled those stockings and mittens and wristlets only in odd minutes, or at times when I did not feel like reading or writing or working or idling. I didn't have to do it, and I was not hurried about it, and in the same leisurely way, I'll have a lovely rug some day. I like rugs—mightily—and as I cannot afford to buy fine, rich, beautiful rugs, why I make them of such material as I can get, and am truly thankful for the time and the strength and the material necessary for this work.

A lady who was at my house on a visit,

and who admired my knit rugs greatly, when she went home, told her husband, who was a merchant, about the rugs, and regretted that she had not stockings to ravel for rugs. He replied by telling her that he had in his store a whole drawer full of white, knit, yarn socks, which had lain there for two or three years, and were yellow with age, and that he should be glad if she would take them and make any use she pleased of them. She gladly availed herself of the opportunity to get the socks, which she washed, raveled and colored. The yarn for the ground work she colored with tea, a beautiful mouse color, and used bright colors for the border, and for the foundation she used a stout, strong common yarn, and she was proud of the result of her work and well she might be, for that rug was a thing of beauty.

Another lady of my acquaintance made a rug of the crinkled ravelings of new remnants of Brussels carpet that she gave to a church fair, and which she sold for ten dollars.

One wishing to make a rug of this kind can buy at a carpet store, remnants of Brussels or tapestry carpets, no difference how small the remnants are, if only an inch wide they will answer every purpose, as it is only the crinkled, raveled yarn one needs for the rug. I am told, however, that crinkled, raveled yarn is now sold in bunches under the name of Roumania yarn, and that it has the advantage of being highly colored in itself, thus one is saved the trouble of selecting the colors from various sources. I must say, however, that I have not been able to find this yarn. I have written to several carpet houses, without avail, for it. Perhaps it might be found in that great carpet mart, Philadelphia.

A rug of this kind will have to be knit in strips. It should be knit on coarse needles with coarse, strong yarn, or cotton of a dark or neutral color. Cast on your needle, twenty or more stitches, and knit across and back again. Have the yarn cut in lengths of two or three inches, then slip the first stitch, knit the next one, and in the next stitch knit two or three pieces of yarn, knit the next stitch plain, and in the next one knit the yarn, and continue to knit the yarn into every alternate stitch in this row. The next row knit plain, and on the next one slip the first stitch, and knit the yarn in the next stitch, knit the next stitch, and so on to the end, thus alternating the stitches in every row. The knitting should be firm and tight. When as many of these strips are knitted as are required for the length, they should be sewed firmly together, and tacked to strong burlap.

These rugs are beautiful, resembling long, soft plush. One can exercise one's taste in the arrangement of the colors. The center can be made of a solid color, with a bright border of mixed colors, or the center can be made gay with a plain border, or all the colors can be mixed indiscriminately, and still the rug will be lovely. This is very pleasing work, and not at all trying to the eyes or nerves.

Once on a time I bought several of those stamped Turkish rug patterns. One of these I filled in with scraps, new scraps of stuff that had accumulated until I had quite a bag full of them. There were pieces of cloth and velvet and opera flannel, and of French merino and felt. These were cut or torn into very narrow strips, not over one-fourth of an inch wide, and hooked into the rug, care being taken to have the loops all of a uniform size, for they were not to be cut or sheared. In the center of the rug was a floral design. The flowers were filled in with velvet, and the leaves with French merino of which there were several shades of green, a deep and a dark and an olive green. The border, a scroll, was filled

in with brown flannel and the green merino, and the ground work was of a soft gray felt. This was a very handsome and durable rug.

Another rug was filled in with the waste Axminster yarn, which was cut or sheared as the work progressed. This was a rich and beautiful rug. The Axminster waste yarn is beautiful for this purpose, but it comes in such an infinite variety of colors that one has necessarily to color a great deal of it over again.

Any one who has a lot of pretty woolen scraps, can utilize them in this way: Get an inside coffee sack, have it washed, boiled and ironed, then put it in quilting frames the same as you would a quilt. Have the scraps cut into narrow strips and hook them through the sacking, leaving three or four threads between each loop. The loops should be one-third of an inch long, and drawn tight from the wrong side. As the work progresses the loops should be clipped with sharp scissors, and sheared off evenly. If the colors are to be mixed, care should be observed to have the bright or distinctive colors evenly distributed throughout the rug, otherwise it will appear blotched. An inch or more should be left all around the sacking for a hem. When finished, line with suitable material and hem the edge down over the lining. UHLMA.

Riverside, W. Va.

LEGGINGS.

These are for a child six years old. Use fourfold Germantown yarn, and two bone needles, No. 6. Cast on forty-four stitches.

1 and 2. Plain.

3. *Narrow, thread over,* repeat between stars to the end of the row.

4. Plain, knitting the loop as a stitch.

5. Plain. Count the stitches and see that you have forty-four.

6 to 17. *Two plain, two purl,* repeat between stars, observing to have the first two stitches of each row plain and the last two purl.

18 to 24. Plain.

25. Knit twenty-four stitches leaving twenty unknit; turn and knit four, leaving twenty unknit; turn and knit five, leaving nineteen unknit; turn and knit six, leaving nineteen unknit. So proceed until all the stitches on both needles have been taken up. This forms a gore that fits the knee and prevents all wrinkling.

In the next eight rows widen to forty-eight stitches. Widen at both edges of the work by knitting up a loop from the last row, and not by throwing the thread over.

Knit the next forty rows plain. In the next thirty-two rows narrow to thirty-eight stitches. Narrow at both edges of the work and regularly so as to form a gradual slope.

We are now ready to commence a braid on the outside of the leg. This can be omitted if one wishes and twenty-four plain rows knit instead.

FOR THE BRAID.

1. Knit five stitches plain, two purl, six plain, two purl, twenty-three plain.

2. Knit twenty-two stitches plain, one purl, two plain, six purl, two plain, one purl, four plain.

3. Knit five plain, two purl, slip eighth and ninth stitches to an extra needle back of the work, and knit tenth and eleventh plain, turn and purl eleventh and tenth, turn and knit tenth and eleventh plain, slip eighth and ninth to the left hand needle and knit them plain, then knit twelfth and thirteenth plain, purl two, knit twenty-three plain.

4. Like second row.

5. Knit five stitches plain, two purl, eighth and ninth plain, slip tenth and eleventh to an extra needle in front of the work, knit twelfth and thirteenth

plain, slip tenth and eleventh to the left hand needle and knit them plain, turn and purl eleventh and tenth, turn and knit tenth and eleventh plain, purl two, twenty-three plain.

6. Like second row.

Commence again at third row of braid. Knit the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth rows six times. This is the braid for the right legging. For the left, knit the twenty-three plain stitches before the braid and the five plain stitches after it.

TO FORM THE INSTEP.

Knit twenty-six stitches, leaving twelve unknit; turn and knit fourteen, leaving twelve unknit. Knit these fourteen stitches plain for twelve rows. In the thirteenth row narrow at each edge of the work. There will then be twelve stitches on the instep. Knit eleven rows more. In the twenty-fifth row narrow once at each edge of the work. The yarn is now at the left hand side of the instep. Without breaking it take up a row of stitches on the left hand edge of the instep, taking one stitch in each purl, (a purl consists of two rows,) then knit the twelve stitches on the left of the ankle. Turn the work and knit the twelve stitches on the ankle, those just taken up and the ten stitches on the instep, take up a row of stitches on the right hand side of the instep, and knit the twelve stitches on the right of the ankle, knit five rows plain. Turn on the wrong side and bind off loosely. Sew the sides of the legging together and in the open row at the top put a cord with tassels, or an elastic ribbon. A patent leather strap should be sewed on to pass under the boot.

I think Y. will like these directions for they fit perfectly. Ladies' leggings are fitted in the same way at the knee, but are usually knit without the braid.

FLORENCE BROOKS.

CROCHETED SACK.

The following directions are for a crocheted sack for a child of three months. The materials required are two ounces of white split zephyr, and two yards of pale pink or blue ribbon, three-fourths inch wide. Use a medium sized ivory hook. Make a chain of forty-two stitches, crocheted loosely enough to be nine inches long. This is the neck.

1. Make three more stitches, turn, and put a shell of three trebles into every second stitch of the chain. At the beginning of each row make three stitches to keep the edge straight.

2. In the center of each of the shells of the first row make a shell of two trebles, one chain, two trebles. All the shells are now made in this way.

3. Same as second row, except widening by making an extra shell in four places. These are between the fourth and fifth, fifth and sixth, sixteenth and seventeenth, seventeenth and eighteenth shells in the preceding row.

4. Widen between the twelfth and thirteenth, and between the thirteenth and fourteenth shells.

5. Widen between the fourth and fifth, seventh and eighth, twentieth and twenty-first, twenty-third and twenty-fourth shells in the fourth row.

6. Widen at the beginning and ending.

7. Widen between fifth and sixth, tenth and eleventh, twenty-third and twenty-fourth, twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth shells in the sixth row.

8. Plain.

9. Widen between fifth and sixth, twelfth and thirteenth, twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth, thirty-second and thirty-third shells of eighth row.

10. Plain.

11. Widen between the fifth and sixth, fifteenth and sixteenth, twenty-seventh

and twenty-eighth, thirty-sixth and thirty-seventh shells of preceding row.

12. Widen between the fifth and sixth, sixteenth and seventeenth, twenty-ninth and thirtieth, fortieth and forty-first shells of the preceding row.

13. Work the first five shells plain, then skip thirteen shells and put the next shell in the nineteenth shell of the twelfth row, work twelve more shells plain (these are across the back), then skip thirteen more shells and work the last five shells plain. The shells skipped are for the sleeves.

14. Widen under each sleeve, and on each side of the center of the back. Crochet six times across plain.

Now, for the sleeve, work plain shells across the thirteen you skipped and your last shell to where you began. Chain three and go around, joining as before. Continue until you have seven rows around. The other sleeve should, of course, be made the same, and don't be alarmed, if there is a large hole under each sleeve, for this should be filled with a few shells to form a small gore.

For the border, which should be made all around the sack, except the neck:

1. Make loops of five stitches each, fastening them into the edge of the shells.

2. Make loops the same and fasten into the top of those in the first row.

3. Same as second row, except two stitches should be made in place of the five. This forms crosses to run the ribbon through.

4. Shells in every second loop of the last row.

5. Scallops of five trebles in every shell.

6. Small loops of four chain in each treble of scallops.

Make this same border around the sleeves.

For the collar, make a chain of forty-two stitches, and work twenty-one shells across it. Make the same border across, and around each end. Crochet the collar on the neck of the sack with a tight row of stitches to keep it from stretching.

Now run ribbon through the crosses all around and in the collar and sleeves, and finish with ties of the same.

These directions may seem difficult on account of the length, but they are very easily followed, and any one who makes the sack will be repaid for the work.

MRS. ALICE G. CASS.

Lake Mills, Wis.

SIMPLE INSERTION.

Cast on sixteen stitches. Knit across three times plain.

1. Knit one, over twice, purl narrow, knit three, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit three, over twice, purl narrow, knit one.

2. Knit one, over twice, purl narrow, knit five, purl one, knit four, over twice, purl narrow, knit one.

3. Knit one, over twice, purl narrow, knit ten, over twice, purl narrow, knit one.

4. Same as third row.

5. Knit one, over twice, purl narrow, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, purl narrow, knit one.

6. Knit one, over twice, purl narrow, knit three, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit two, over twice, purl narrow, knit one.

7. Knit one, over twice, purl narrow, knit four, over twice, purl narrow, knit four, over twice, purl narrow, knit one.

8. Same as seventh row.

9. Knit one, over twice, purl narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, purl narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, purl narrow, knit one.

10. Knit one, over twice, purl narrow,

knit two, purl one, knit one, over twice, purl narrow, knit two, purl one, knit one, over twice, purl narrow, knit one.

11. Knit one, over twice, knit four, over twice, purl narrow, knit four, over twice, purl narrow, knit one.

12. Same as eleventh row.

Repeat ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth rows twice.

21. Knit one, over twice, purl narrow, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, purl narrow, knit one.

22. Knit one, over twice, purl narrow, knit three, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit two, over twice, purl narrow, knit one.

23. Knit one, over twice, purl narrow, knit ten, over twice, purl narrow, knit one.

24. Same as twenty-third row.

25. Knit one, over twice, purl narrow, knit three, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit three, over twice, purl narrow, knit one.

26. Knit one, over twice, purl narrow, knit five, purl one, knit four, over twice, purl narrow, knit one.

27. Knit one, over twice, purl narrow, knit ten, over twice, purl narrow, knit one.

28. Same as twenty-seventh row.

29. Knit one, over twice, purl narrow, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, purl narrow, knit one.

30. Knit one, over twice, purl narrow, knit three, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit two, over twice, purl narrow, knit one.

31. Knit one, over twice, purl narrow, knit ten, over twice, purl narrow, knit one.

32. Same as thirty-first row. This concludes the pattern.

MRS. D. C. H. TINKHAM.

NARROW CROCHETED EDGING.

Genevao, of the May HOUSEHOLD, asks for patterns of crochet edgings. I send one I have just made which is very easy and different from any I have seen in the paper.

Make a chain of ten stitches.

1. One double crochet into the fifth stitch, two chain, one double crochet into third stitch, two chain, one double crochet into last stitch, turn.

2. Four chain, one double crochet in the first hole, two chain, one double crochet into the next hole, two chain and two double crochet five times into the five chain, (in succeeding scallops fasten with slip stitch to the middle of the last small scallop,) turn.

3. One single crochet, three double crochet, and one single crochet into each chain, until there are five small scallops, then two chain and one double crochet into each of the next two holes.

Commence again at first row with four chain, one double crochet into first hole, two chain, one double crochet into next hole, two chain, one double crochet into the last stitch of the scallop, turn and make five chain, one double crochet into the first hole, two chain, one double crochet into each of the next two holes; same as second row.

CARRIE.

BORDER FOR SHAWL.

There are so many pretty shawl borders that I wonder some sister has not written out one. Try this with some cotton and see how you like it: Go all around your shawl three times with plain crochet stitch (thread over once), putting three extra stitches in the corners. Now make four rows of shells. These shells are made by putting six or eight plain crochet stitches in the center of a shell, and fastening the last stitch of the

cluster down by a single or plain stitch, which comes between the shells. The first round is made by putting your cluster between two stitches of the last plain row, and fastening the cluster down in the third stitch from the one you put your cluster in, then in the third from that put another cluster or shell, and so on. Be careful to widen at the corners, but not too much. I cannot tell you how much, for I do not know what your shawl is knit of, but after you pass a corner, lay it down on your knee and see the effect. If it draws, add a stitch or two more, if it is too full, drop a stitch or two. Now go around three times as you did before you crocheted your shells, then go around once with a large shell. This is made with ten stitches put between two stitches of the last plain row, skip two and then make one plain stitch, skip two, a cluster of ten, skip two, one plain stitch, and so on all around. In this large shell, I make the stitch by putting the thread over twice. I have never seen this border on a shawl, but have put it on other work, and I think it very pretty. If this is not plain enough, drop me a card, and I will make a bit and send you, if you send your address. This is the way to bear one another's burdens.

AUNT IBBIE.

83 East High Street, Detroit, Mich.

DOUBLE OAK LEAF LACE.

Cast on seventeen stitches, knit across plain.

Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit two, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit one.

2. Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, narrow, purl one, narrow, purl one, knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

3. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit three, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit one.

4. Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit three, narrow, purl, narrow, knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

5. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, purl two together, knit four, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit four, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit one.

6. Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit four, narrow, purl one, narrow, purl one, knit four, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

7. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, purl two together, knit five, thread over twice, narrow, knit twelve.

8. Knit twelve, narrow, purl one, knit five, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two, knit seventeen, narrow.

9. Bind off five. Now you have sixteen on your left hand needle, and one on your right. Knit twelve, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

MRS. M. C. WILSON.

HANDSOME CROCHETED RUG.

Set up a chain of twenty-one stitches with carpet rags. Then three single crochet stitches in first chain stitch, counting from the needle, one in the second, two in the third, one in each of the next fourteen, two in the fifteenth, one in the sixteenth, and three in the seventeenth which will be the last chain stitch. Go on around the other side of the chain in the same way, one in the second, two in the third, and fourteen plain, two in the fifteenth and one in the sixteenth.

2. Always now take the back loop which gives a pretty twisted cord be-

tween each row. Three in the center one of the three in the first row which is the end of the rug, three plain, two in the second one of the side, widen, and so on.

It makes a long, narrow, six-pointed rug. It should be black in the center and shade up with a neutral of some sort. I used drab, and it has been much admired.

I have tried E. B. Stripp's crocheted lace, and M. A. Brown's. I like them both, also, many recipes.

Will some one please describe arrasene work?
LEO CLAIRE.

CROCHET COLLAR.

Make a chain the length you wish your collar, double crochet in each stitch of the chain.

1. Turn, and double crochet fifteen stitches, chain six, put needle through fifth stitch of chain and draw thread through, then through stitch on needle, without putting thread over needle, which makes a little loop or knot, chain one, double crochet in third stitch from last double crochet, chain six, and make another loop, (after every loop chain one.) and double crochet in third stitch from last double crochet, and crochet fifteen more stitches, chain six, make loop, and continue same way across collar.

2. Turn, chain three and double crochet thirteen stitches, chain six, make loop as before, double crochet in double crochet between the two loops, chain six, make loop and double crochet in second double crochet, that is, skip one stitch in the thick part, double crochet thirteen stitches, chain six, make loop, double crochet in third stitch, and continue so across the collar.

3. Turn, chain three, double crochet eleven stitches, chain six, make loop, double crochet in double crochet the outer side of loop, chain six, make loop and double crochet in middle loop, chain six, make loop, double crochet in same loop, chain six, make loop, double crochet in the double crochet the other side of loop, chain six, make loop, and double crochet in second double crochet of thick part and crochet eleven stitches; continue same way across the collar.

4. Turn, chain three, double crochet nine stitches, chain six, make loop, and double crochet in stitch the other side of the loop, chain six, make loop, and double crochet in stitch the other side of next loop, chain six, make loop, and double crochet in same loop, chain six, make loop, double crochet in stitch the other side of loop, chain six, make loop, double crochet in stitch the other side of next loop, chain six, make loop, double crochet in second stitch in thick part, and double crochet nine stitches, chain six, make loop, and so on across collar.

Continue in same way until you have only one double crochet left in all the thick points but the ends of collar, then one more row and bottom of collar is finished.

Now for top of collar, tie thread in first stitch, chain four, skip three, if you use number thirty-six thread, but four stitches, if number fifty, then treble crochet in third or fourth stitch, chain three, treble crochet in next third or fourth (according to the cotton used) and so on across the collar. This forms the heading to run ribbon through. Turn and double crochet three times in each hole across collar; turn, three chain, five double crochet in the first five stitches, chain six, make loop, chain one, double crochet in third stitch, chain six, make loop, double crochet in third stitch from last double crochet, and continue so

across the collar; turn, chain three, double crochet four stitches, chain six, make loop, double crochet between the two loops, chain six, make loop, double crochet in same place, chain six, make loop, double crochet in second stitch in thick part, double crochet three stitches, so on across the collar; turn, three chain, and proceed across the collar as below. This row will finish the collar.

I read in my HOUSEHOLD that Josie of Walworth, Wis., wanted directions for a knit or crocheted collar, and as I had just finished one which has been much admired, thought I would send directions. Hope she will try it. I think she will find it easy as well as pretty.
Alabama. E. R. A.

ANTIQUÉ LACE.

Cast on seventeen stitches, knit across plain.

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

2. Slip one, knit one, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit six, purl one, knit two.

3. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit nine.

4. Cast off three, knit six, purl one, knit six, purl one, knit two.

5. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow.

6. Slip one, knit one, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit six, purl one, knit two.

7. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit nine.

8. Cast off three, knit six, purl one, knit six, purl one, knit two.

9. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow.

10. Slip one, knit one, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit six, purl one, knit two.

11. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit nine.

12. Cast off three, knit six, purl one, knit six, purl one, knit two.

This is very much prettier in Saxony yarn, than in thread.

SADIE FLETCHER.

HOW TO STIFFEN CROCHETED BASKETS.

First, they must be shaped on a bowl, dish or tin pail, with a smaller bottom than top; the dish or bowl must have no standard on it. I make a stiff flour starch wet with very strong coffee, rub it into the crocheted basket, then draw it over the shape I have fitted it to, and put it by the stove to dry. Before it is thoroughly dry, loosen it by running a fork under it, wash off the bowl or dish, wipe dry, and put it over again, smoothing it it into shape, dry, then varnish with gum shellac, and it will look like a willow basket.

Another way is to take a box, instead of basket, eleven inches by seven or eight, cut the corners down, put in a piece of the cover, to slant it out in a pretty shape. Materials, one yard of Turkey red, two balls of olive colored macrame cord, five yards of number seven or nine ribbon to match the lining, and four brass bullet buttons for feet.

I shape the corners of the box to suit myself by making it flaring. Cover the outside all over with the Turkey red,

turning it over at the corners, baste it all down smoothly, and lap inside about one inch. Fasten on the four brass buttons for feet about two inches inside of outside corners. I have a handle about two inches broad, made of the cover of the box, long enough to put across the box; cover both sides with Turkey red. I make the lining full around the inside, shirring in a cord about one-half inch from the top to form a little ruffle. Have the bottom plain, gather the other around. Crochet any pretty pattern for the outside only, leaving two places to run in the ribbon, also crochet a piece for the handle, leaving room for one row of ribbon. Fasten on the handle, then sew on the crocheted pieces and bows at each side of the handle.
EMMA.

WIDE LEAF EDGING.

Cast on fifteen stitches. Second, fourth, sixth, eighth, tenth, twelfth, fourteenth, sixteenth, and eighteenth rows are all alike.

1. Slip one, purl one, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, over, knit two.

2. Knit two, purl remainder.

3. Slip one, purl one, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, over, knit two.

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

7. Slip one, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit nine, over, narrow, over, knit two.

9. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, knit three, slip and bind, purl one, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, over, knit two.

11. Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, over, knit two, slip and bind, purl one, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

13. Slip one, knit three, over, narrow, over, knit one, slip and bind, purl one, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

15. Slip one, knit four, over, narrow, over, slip and bind, purl one, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

17. Slip one, knit five, over, narrow, over, slip one, narrow, bind, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

Eighteenth row finishes the pattern.
Denmark. Me. MRS. E. A. LOWD.

WHISK BROOM HOLDER.

I have just made a pretty whisk broom and shaving case combined, which is so pretty and simple that I send in a description to THE HOUSEHOLD sisters.

Take a long Japanese fan, cover both sides with satin, then cut out a duplicate shape (same size as the fan) slightly hollowed at the top, and line with card board, then sew it to the fan with an opening left top and bottom for the broom to pass through in the usual manner. The edges round the fan are bordered with cord knotted at the sides, and then it crosses the top of the duplicate to the center, where its tasseled ends are tied in a bow-knot. A tiny hole is bored through the handle of the fan, and in it is inserted a wire or cord to suspend the holder, and over the wire is fastened a handsome bow of ribbon. Cut some pieces of different shades of tissue paper (same size as the duplicate piece in front) fasten at the upper corner to the back of the fan, then make a thin card board cover and fasten at the back. Cover the handle of the whisk broom with satin same as the holder is made of, tie a bow around the handle and place the broom in the holder, handle down, and you have a handsome ornament for your hall or bedroom. Plush, velvet, or satin may be used and the front of the holder may be

hand painted, or worked in South Kensington stitch, or a spray of flowers in satin stitch is very pretty.

MRS. J. C. MEINS.

The Dalles, Oregon.

FEATHER FLOWERS.

Use nice white goose feathers, and cut them in the shape you want them, to imitate any kind of flower you choose. I make roses. Take a little wax to which to fasten them, and put them on green wire, and with some tube paint to tinge them the natural shade they can be made as pretty as wax flowers with a little time and patience.

Pretty feather ornaments can be made of any kind of bird's wings and breast. Take them as soon as the birds are killed, and put them down smoothly with a warm iron on them; let it remain until the wings are stiff, then cut a piece of pasteboard the shape of the new moon, and tack your wings and breast on to suit your fancy.
EM. K. W.

HOME MADE CHENILLE.

An article in the August HOUSEHOLD inquires what can be done with the bits of silk and satin which remain on hand from a quilt. I can answer from experience. After completing a large quilt of these materials of varied colors, I had much on hand from cutting and trimming, which seemed only fit for the waste basket. A little thought convinced me that even pieces an inch square could be made useful. So these seemingly useless scraps, I cut crosswise, a half inch wide, and ran a strong sewing silk through the middle of each, drew it closely together, then trimmed it with scissors till quite smooth. Nice home made chenille can be made in this way. The variety of shades in the pieces of silk, mixed together promiscuously adds to its beauty. I have made yards of it for edge of cushions, etc. I will send samples to Roxy if she will forward her address to, Box 295, Winchester, Mass.
M.

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:—Please tell F. M. L., that the crocheted baskets are stiffened with starch and when thoroughly dry, varnished. They must dry in the shape desired.
F.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the Band please give directions for pretty knit insertion of not over twenty stitches, with twelve rows.
J. E. F.

Will some of the sisters give directions for mittens knit plain lengthwise, on two needles, and commencing at the thumb?
L. W. S.
Newtonville, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send directions for knitting a pointed shoulder cape on two needles, also, how to crochet one?
AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask Minnie Deane in the May number what she means by "loop stitch," in crochet.
Deerfield, Mass. MRS. A. M. COOLEY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask the sisters of the Band for directions for crocheting a hood for a young lady, and the amount of yarn required and the quality. Also, I would like directions for a pretty border for a white cashmere shawl, and crocheted edging for a flannel skirt.
MARY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please send a pattern of a border for a knitted shell quilt. I would like one, one-quarter yard wide, and pretty. I have used knitting cotton, number ten, four thread, for the shells. I have no doubt many of them have the shell quilt, therefore can help me in regard to a border for it.
Brooklyn, N. Y. SISTER MAY.

The Dining Room.

DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Forty-one.

THE Thanksgiving season is with us again, even while it seems such a little time since we were preparing last year for that old-time anniversary.

During this time many of the brides to whom our HOUSEHOLD comes with its helpful and timely aid have taken upon themselves the cares of housekeeping, and are now busy over their first Thanksgiving dinner in their new homes.

The old days—when they were only wee girls, seated at the old-fashioned round table drawn up to one corner of the big dining room by the grandmother, who could not allow the children to wait until the "grown folks" were through with their dinner, and envied the boys the "drum sticks" of the big turkeys—envied in turn by the boys who wished they could have the wishbones—later when a younger lot were gathered about the little table and they were promoted to seats with their elders, are gone; and now at their own firesides they are to welcome the dear ones who are to help them keep the day, honored through all these years by the descendants of those Pilgrim fathers whose first Thanksgiving was something very different from the day we celebrate, and on which the one great desire often seems to be the finding out which one of the company can eat the most! There is one surprising feature of the day to me. That is, the peculiar immunity from the ills which usually follow such indulgence on other occasions, which the gatherers around our Thanksgiving and Christmas feasts enjoy.

Who ever finds even the children ill the day after Thanksgiving! Still, even those who deplore the degenerate fashion of keeping these old-time holidays into which we have fallen, would feel lost were the day to pass without the family gathering—even to the feast which has been lessened considerably of the abundance which crowned those of our mothers' and grandmothers' days.

Directions for preparing the principal dishes for such occasions have been given so fully both in these Notes and in other departments of our paper that a chapter on such could be little more than repetition; but there may be some hints which will help in a measure the young hostess upon whom the burden of the entertainment falls, and who may have to depend wholly upon herself in the matter, assisted, if at all, by a young woman of far less judgment, if of equal experience, in the serving of dinners.

White table linen should be used, it being much handsomer than colored, and no matter what its quality, if well laundered, is always attractive, and, with the bits of color given by one or two bouquets of bright flowers—those without strong fragrance are most suitable for this purpose—with handsome foliage, and even, if these cannot be obtained, branches of bitter-sweet and clematis, and beautifully tinted leaves, will leave nothing to be desired in the way of decoration and the table will be bright and cheery enough; though it lack a handsome dinner service or the glitter of silver.

Glass ware is now so cheap, and so handsome, even in the low priced qualities, that one may have a pretty dessert service, fruit dishes and sauce plates in charming designs, pitchers for cream and quaint little bowls for sugar; all so pretty and serviceable that though the knives, forks and spoons may be the only silver upon the table, it will be very attractive.

The fashion of putting at each plate when the table is laid, beside the knife

and fork, the spoon for soup, the forks and spoons for dessert, is an excellent one to follow, saving much time and work in serving the courses. The soup plates are small, and but one ladleful of soup is served to each guest, and one is not helped the second time. I advise soup in preference to fish because it is more easily prepared and served, and generally liked. The soup is served by the hostess, the roasts are carved and served by the host. The carving should be done at the table, and no gentleman should consider himself fitted to commence housekeeping who cannot carve a turkey, or roast of beef or mutton, creditably. One who cannot, certainly can find no fault with his inexperienced wife, if she does not know how to do her part in preparing or serving the dinner, for carving—although every woman should be able to do it—belongs pre-eminently to the "head of the family." But, when that august personage is unfortunately unable to carve the turkey properly, he should not attempt it before a tableful of guests, but attend to it before it is brought to the table, thus saving himself considerable mortification and his guests some discomfort, although the appearance of the dish is spoiled.

In serving poultry, the neck and rib pieces should never be served to guests, neither is it necessary to ask any one what part of the fowl is preferred; a portion of the white and dark meat should be put upon each plate, upon which also the potato, squash, or turnip is placed. Jellies are passed to each guest who takes a spoonful upon his or her plate, sauce plates being only used for cranberry or tomato sauce, etc.

The number of dishes once thought necessary is, I am very glad to say, gone out of fashion—the short-lived fashion which only savored of hotels and restaurants, with its circle of small dishes about one's plate. The dinner plates are large, and, happily, unlike soup, one may ask to be helped a second time to any thing wanted.

Individual butter plates are necessary at dinner or at any meal where the plates are warmed. Salt is served in the pretty little shakers now made in such variety of quaint and pretty forms, or in small salt cellars at each plate. These are very pretty in glass and are made convenient for family use, by numbering them. It can be done easily in decalcomanie work, or hand painting in oil, covering with a coating of enamel. Or larger and fanciful salt cellars are sometimes used, especially if one has handsome ones with gold salt spoons.

Desserts are accompanied by tea or coffee, often both, and, if there are elderly people at the table, tea should be served with the heavy course of the dinner. Before the dessert is brought on the meats, plates, etc., are removed. A table in the kitchen or pantry should be moved conveniently near the dining room door, that as little time as possible may be spent in making these changes. If the table is large enough the fruit and nuts may be placed upon the table at first, though there is seldom sufficient room for it, and in this case the entire dessert, if it is unnecessary to keep any part of it warm, may be placed on a side board or small table in the dining room, from which it is little trouble to convey it to the table. With one deft-handed assistant, the most inexperienced hostess may in this manner, with little labor, and no unseemly haste or flurry, dispose of the weighty matter of serving dinner, and no well bred person will find any fault with the lack of ceremony in serving it; and, if she offers her guests her best, however plain, with a cordial welcome and a real desire for their comfort and pleasure, her Thanksgiving dinner will be a success.

EMILY HAYES.

GARNISHING DISHES.

Cut flowers on the breakfast, dinner, or supper table, have always seemed to me inappropriate and out of place. The fragrance of flowers commingling with the odor of cooked meats, and cooked vegetables, and the aroma of coffee, and of spice and vinegar, is not pleasing to some persons, and it certainly is not agreeable to me, nor in accordance with my idea of the eternal fitness of things. No, they don't go well together.

We can adorn our tables sufficiently by garnishing the dishes with appropriate green things. And, it were well, I think, if every one who has a yard or a garden would have a small space devoted to a bed for the cultivation of herbs suitable for culinary purposes. A lady whose home is in the city of Baltimore, while at my house on a visit, told me that her yard was all paved but that she could not do without a parsley bed. So she had a box prepared in which she planted parsley seed; the box was kept in the yard in summer, and in the kitchen window in winter. In this box she raised all the parsley she needed.

There are other herbs, however, which are as useful for the embellishment of dishes as parsley, and I must acknowledge to a weakness for thyme and sweet marjoram. Still there is nothing prettier for this purpose than the double curled parsley, but this, pretty as it is, cannot be used indiscriminately for all kinds of dishes. It is especially useful, however, for garnishing dishes of fried or smothered chickens, for boiled mutton or veal, and for mashed potatoes—potatoes that have been mashed and beaten until white and light as snow, and lightly heaped on a handsome dish and embellished with sprays of the double curled parsley, is, to say the least, a most tempting and appetizing dish. Of course, there are some persons who do not like the taste of parsley, one member of our family decidedly objects to it. And, I am free to admit, that I have a habit of pampering to the individual taste of the different members of my household, therefore it is no uncommon thing for two dishes of mashed potatoes, one garnished and one ungarnished to appear on our table.

Young chickens that have been fried to a turn in fresh butter and beautifully browned should be arranged on a flat meat dish, piling some of the pieces up in the center, over each piece pour a little of the cream gravy, and arrange tastefully some pretty sprays of parsley around the rim of the dish, and lay a spray here and there over the chicken, and—if thou lovest chicken, eat thy fill. Smothered chickens can be embellished in the same manner.

A favorite way with us of cooking young chickens, for dinner, is to bake them split—back fashion, and when about half done to place over them some pieces of pastry that have been rolled thin and cut into strips an inch wide, and slightly twisted, these strips should be laid over the chickens and coiled around the legs and wings, they should be salted, and peppered, and basted occasionally. When placed on a dish some of the gravy should be poured over the chickens and they and the dish should be ornamented with sprigs of parsley that have been freshened in cold water.

For fresh fish either baked or broiled, the flowers and leaves of the nasturtium make the most appropriate garniture, they are handsome, also, as are the leaves of the carrot for garnishing fresh pork. Broiled chickens and quails do not require any adornment, they, like beauty, are best when unadorned.

UHLMA.

Riverside, W. Va.

THE DESSERT.

—The crop of young doctors this year is unusually large. But what will the harvest be?

—"No, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Podsnap energetically. "I don't believe in the extension of woman's suffrage at all—she suffers enough now."

—"Now, then, Patrick," said the merchant to his new office boy, "suppose you go for the mail." "Yis, sor; an what kind of a male wud ye be wantin', sor—Indian male or oat male?"

—A solemn old scientist printed the fact that by bathing the feet in tepid water a man could double his circulation, and now all the editors are having tanks fitted to their office stoves.

—Little Tommy was having his hair combed, and grumbled. "Why, Tommy, you oughtn't to make such a fuss. I don't mind when my hair is combed." "Yes, but your hair isn't hitched to your head."

—"I don't think the photograph does me justice," said the actress. "Certainly not," replied the artist; "how many actresses would come to me for photographs, do you think, if I did them justice?"

—"Apropos!"—Sententious old bachelor (in the course of conversation): "As the 'old saw' has it, my dear madam, 'man proposes, but—'" Widow (promptly): "Yes; but that's just what he doesn't do!" [Tableau].

—A Harlem girl was asked, this morning, if she had ever been married. "No," she replied, with alacrity; "but I've sued seven gentlemen for breach of promise, and feel as though I were just good and ready to tackle another."

—"What do you think of my mustache?" asked a young man of his girl. "Oh it reminds me of a western frontier city," was the answer. "In what respect, pray?" "Because the survey is large enough, but the settlers are straggling?"

—"My dear, look down below," said a grandioso as he stood on the bridge with his wife, and gazing at a tug hauling a long line of barges. "Such is life—the tug is like a man, working and toiling, while the barges, like women, are—" "I know," interrupted Mrs. G., acridly, "the tug does all the blowing, and the barges bear all the burden."

—"Yes, I have left my last place," said Mary. "An' what did you lave for?" "The mistress was too hard-hearted. She had no more sensibilities than an ox." "An' did she abuse you, dearie?" "Indade, she did that?" "An' what did she do?" "She put an allarm clock right in my room, an' in the mornings it made such a noise I could not sleep another wink."

—Two village worthies met on the street one day. "Jamie," says the richer of the two, "are ye never gaun to pay me that account? I'm ill off for siller the noo." "Oh," says Jamie, "I havena seen ye this long time. Could ye cheenge a twenty-pound note?" "Ay, could I," says the laird, drawing out his pocketbook. "Ah weel," says Jamie, "you're no needin' siller then," and walked on. Payment indefinitely postponed.

—"I am going to a masquerade ball next week," said a baldheaded man to his friend, "and I would like to have you advise me in regard to choosing my costume." Glancing at the shining pate before him, the adviser observed: "You want something simple yet appropriate, I suppose?" "Yes, that's it, exactly. What would you suggest?" "Well, all you need is a green dress and a well varnished head, and you'll be a perfect egg plant."

The Kitchen.

EXCELLENT HASH.

BY HOPE HARVEY.

IT IS a question how to present my subject in the most attractive manner, as the word "hash" is of ill repute in some quarters, so I have not only to compound my dish as delicately, and serve as daintily as possible, but to combat a prejudice besides. Prejudices are hard, discouraging things to fight. They are cowardly fellows in the first place, and will not come up to the contest if they can help it, and then if you do think you have them all ready for slaughter, they suddenly become invisible, impalpable, and "As from the wing no scar the sky retains," so ineffectually do your good sword thrusts cleave the empty air.

But we housekeepers, who are a little proud of our skill, have learned to "conquer a peace" with the despised, abused and embattled hash. We make him fight his own battles, by forming him comely and fascinating, and then introducing him as a friend instead of an enemy, so that he disarms prejudice, and wins his way not only to the heart but stomach of his former antagonist.

There's a good deal in hash. Perhaps that goes without saying, but I will add that there is a good deal more in knowing how to make it so that it shall be thoroughly appetizing to the sight, smell and taste of all called to feast upon it. For it can be made festive as well as the reverse, and actually has more capabilities in this line, than almost any other dish. So many ingredients can be made subservient to its composition, of fish, flesh, or fowl, nearly every kind of vegetable, or dressing, or seasoning, that it only requires good judgment in taking due proportions, ingenuity in devising kinds and frequent variations, and neatness and grace in superintending the whole, in order to make even so common an article as hash one of the most satisfactory, popular, and delicious viands.

But the real object of this little paper is not to treat of hash proper, in its concoction or function, but to use it as a figure to illustrate something better, and that it may prove the most effective, it was first necessary to vindicate this edible from unjust aspersions, and exhibit it in its true and excellent character.

Now for the application. 'Tis a lovely idea, even if it branch straight out from a homely comparison. Let us, you and I, and as many as we can get to join us, learn to prepare very often and feed upon the pleasing, comforting, excellent hash of past enjoyments. We could form a club, if we wished, since clubs are so stylish, and name ourselves "Hash Eaters," and I promise you we should be far more sensible, useful, and contented folks than the "Lotus-Eaters," while our special confection would be much more healthful and beneficial. Or we can each be a society of one, in the retirement of our peaceful home and heart, and serve up at our own convenience and for our own refreshment, our toothsome recollections. Do you all take my meaning?

One object of our being furnished with a memory must be that we may have an extra store of pleasure. Our present pleasures drift all too quickly into the past, but need they, and are they designed by our Creator to be forever ended, because we experienced them yesterday, or a week, or year, or decade ago? No, indeed. If we thus drop and forget every thing, the next hour or moment after it transpires, we defraud ourselves shamefully of an abundant resource of happiness. It is only by grasping it in

our memory that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." Since all things are so fleeting that we cannot have the thing of beauty, whether it is of the physical or mental nature, continued to us in its first delightful form, but our memory can hold it, renew it, and immortalize it.

In this way, a genuine pleasure, any thing worth having in the first place, can be reproduced more or less faithfully, according to the power and vividness of the imagination, and lived over again and again with much of the original delight, and in many cases even more. Isn't this true, friends? Some little circumstance at the time, indisposition, anxiety, haste, or pre-occupation, may have hindered the full appreciation of the joyous occasion. But let us take it up in some more favorable hour, and review it all, step by step, act by act, word by word, look by look; recall a little here, a little there, and considerable somewhere else. Let us bring it again as far as possible, into its first environments; let it grow warm in our thoughts once more; in short, hash it up! And then let our soul sit down and revel in the delectable repast, and by and by we shall tell somebody, "I actually enjoyed it more thinking it all over than I did at the time."

This process can be repeated many times with equal satisfaction, or greater, as more and more of the details occur to us, which we thought had escaped our mind. Memory is a good banker. Or to keep a little nearer to the neighborhood of my figure, as "a shoemaker should stick to his last," memory is a good ladder for resort in times of need. If it has been providently attended to all along, it holds out well, and in an emergency we do not have to produce "funeral baked meats to coldly furnish forth a marriage table." Let me tell you, friends, we should keep a good lot of hash-stock on hand. Now laugh! but believe me, and do it!

It is true economy to do this. Whatever kind of a good time we can secure, providing always it be of a right kind, which serves to ease and let down the tension when it becomes too taut, or has the effect to tone up and invigorate the threefold human energies when found too debilitated, should be utilized to its fullest extent, in the interests of the economy of the forces of nature. We have no right to be wasteful of any of the resources of rest, comfort, or recreation which we need, any more than we should be of any other kind of property, or of opportunities of labor in helping others or supporting ourselves. Our memory must be duly charged. As the really good cook and housekeeper makes the cold roast and other accompaniments of the dinner count largely for next morning's necessities, so we can all lay by the goodly, shapely fragments of our daily living in provision for exigencies which are sure to come.

For instance. By reason of some sickness, poverty, bereavement, or something else less calamitous, but equally forbidding, we will say that it has just come about that we cannot make the trip, or receive the guests, or read the books, or make the purchases, or appropriate some other good, as we did perhaps last season or last year. We are pretty reasonable about it, I hope. We know that every one is subject to unwelcome changes; we do not think the Lord has forgotten us, and make bad, homely speeches about it. Yet after all, we can't deny that the present is looking rather barren and dull. The future we don't know any thing about. We long for a little generous stirring up. Well, what are we going to do about it? Why now is the very time of all others to bring out that hash of the happy past! It is ours by unquestioned right, and we will make

it available. Suppose that in its original form it was the excursion of a day, or a journey of weeks. O, it was so large a spread, and so much left over, that we can make several hashes of it!

For one of them we will make as our chief ingredient the travel itself. We will re-traverse the whole route, whether by cars, steamer, or carriage; mark again the beauty or sublimity of the scenery; drink in the cheer of the sun and the summer sky, and the refreshment of the fragrant air; and note the wayside bird and flower. Already we are fed. For another lunch from the same, we can recall the incidents of the days, comic, tragic, or pathetic, and our own relations with them, and the emotions stirred, and influences felt. Another delectable treat is the memory of the friends met at that time, the charming intellectual or affectionate converse, and the general ineffable luxury of the intercourse. Then there are the little side dishes of specially nice hash to be made yet of all the tiny, choicest bits of wit and wisdom, thought and feeling, connected with the affair, to be garnished with piquant sauces of fun and sentiment, seasoned with sweet herbs and salt. So we enjoy it thrice and four times over. We have had quite a carnival.

Following with other experiences the same style of thrift and economy, and a happy faculty well cultivated in making the best of left over "odds and ends," we can manufacture an almost endless quantity and variety of savory dishes from our remembrances. All pleasant sights and sounds ever known; home and family reminiscences as well as outside or foreign happenings; recollections of choice passages in favorite books; all things good and bright and lovely are ours for abundant mental and spiritual food. Our meal barrel and oil cuse shall repeat the olden miracle.

And while it is right to hope for future festivities, and while it is our duty and joy to gather and prepare the golden grain of to-day if we have it, let us not mourn or fret if we have not a large supply, but see to it that we never forget or scorn the most excellent hash of past privileges.

HINTS TO HOUSE BUILDERS.

One of the most important parts of a house is its kitchen, so we will first think of its location. Unless the French custom of "apartments" is adopted it will always be necessary in cities to live on the stairs; but in the country there exists no good reason for a basement kitchen. The reasons given for its use are that it is more out of the way, and that its sounds and odors are supposed to be more easily got rid of. As a matter of fact, sounds and odors are more readily diffused through a house from a basement kitchen than from one that is on the main floor, if the latter is properly arranged; and that the former is more out of the way is but a doubtful advantage. It has been said that to ascend a height of ten feet even by a flight of easy steps requires the exertion of twenty-five times the physical force that is required to walk the same distance on a level.

If a housekeeper were in perfect health, and had nothing else to do, she would not probably object to spending her strength in ascending and descending one or two flights of stairs the ten, twenty, or thirty times a day that is often necessary to a proper supervision of the kitchen, in this country of untrained and frequently changing servants. But in that case it would be as well to do the kitchen work and dismiss Bridget. It would be the healthier and vastly the more amusing way of spending one's life. The superior convenience of a kitchen on the main floor

needs no demonstration. And that it can there be so arranged that no inmate of the house need be disagreeably conscious of its existence we know by experience. Between it and the adjoining rooms should be pantries, closets, stairways, or passages, which by forming double partition walls shut off the sounds. A ventilating shaft in the chimney, and a spring door, shutting noiselessly against a thick rubber strip fastened to the door-frame, do the rest.

As to doors; let the owner see to it that these be honestly hung, not allowed to sag, and that the door-ways be wide. There are very many houses where a large easy chair cannot be passed from room to room without a display of engineering ability that would do no discredit to Stephenson. No communicating door should be less than three and a half feet in width. When two door-ways are in a corner, as is sometimes necessary, they should be so hung as not to clash on opening.

In a city house there is little room for the exercise of taste in the placing of doors and windows; but in a country house, if care is taken they may be so placed that when the communicating doors are opened there is a delightful effect of unity and extent. In any case let there be doors and windows enough. A half lighted room with only one way of ingress and egress is but a modified prison.

Every architect will tell us, and every one who has once built a house knows, that each square foot of waste room means so many square feet of useless beams, flooring, studding, and siding, or wall laying, of plastering, roofing and painting; and that all these mean so many dollars thrown away instead of being applied where they are really wanted. But very often a large amount of waste space is found in conjunction with rooms too small for convenience. For the man who cannot afford to pay more than \$2,000, or \$2,500, for his house, three or four 12 x 12 rooms must suffice, however much he might prefer larger ones; but the man who can afford to spend \$10,000, or \$20,000 for his house, and yet cramps his many rooms down to similar dimensions, shows a commensurate soul. Far better have fewer rooms and more space in each.

One thing that the owner of a house must think to provide, for we believe no architect has yet done so, is a place in each bed room for a bedstead. A convenient place where one shall not be obliged to walk around it every time one crosses the room; where it shall not interfere with the opening of doors; shall not be exposed to draughts of air, or where the bed's occupant need not face the light unless he chooses. In cases of illness this last becomes a point of great importance. An invalid's room should be flooded with sunshine, but not a ray of it should be poured into his eyes. The head of the bed should invariably back the light. And in this connection it may be well to remark that where gas is used there should be one or two burners so placed that one wishing to read in bed could do so without facing the light, which is sure and speedy destruction to the strongest eyes.

The next worst thing to an empty house—meaning a house furnished with barely the cabinet maker's regulation sets of tables and chairs—is a house full of all the pretty, useful, or interesting things that, with the years, grow around careful people of taste and cultivation, without a corresponding growth of places to put the cherished accumulations. A house without an abundance of closets and pantries is either a desolate, comfortless barrack, or it is choked with rubbishy-looking piles of really desirable things lying about in the way un-

til one feels that one is in an ill-arranged bric-a-brac store, or a semi-genteel pawnbroker's shop. Yet, if the owner does not insist upon closets, the architect will object to them as "cutting up his design," and the contractor will sneer them away because he knows that they are much more costly than showy. The "funny man" of the New York Times writing upon the failure of the Stewart Hotel for women, attributed it to the dearth of closets, a dearth abhorrent to all true womanly souls. There was more truth than fiction in the idea. Women must have "things," and these "things" must have places for their orderly disposal, or the feminine heart is ever ill at ease.—*Exchange.*

HOW TO SERVE TOMATOES.

Tomatoes can be sent to the table in many tempting ways, but in no way more tempting than this, for dinner. Select fine, firm, ripe tomatoes, an equal number each of scarlet and yellow—the Golden Trophies are beautiful. Wash and put them for a moment or so in ice-cold water, arrange on a glass fruit stand a few small grape leaves that have been freshened in cool water, and on these place the tomatoes alternating the scarlet and yellow and piling them up in a handsome manner. Place among them some broken ice and a few small grape leaves. Thus, with very little time and trouble a most elegant dish can be prepared that will be an ornament to any table. The tomatoes should be served whole on glass plates, each one slicing and seasoning according to individual taste.

Some persons like tomatoes sliced very thin and others prefer them cut thick. Scalding tomatoes detracts from their flavor and firmness, and they ought to be allowed to appear on the table in their beautiful dress of scarlet, or yellow, or white. I have never yet seen a white tomato, though I am informed there are such.

For supper, again select choice, firm tomatoes, both yellow and scarlet, let them rest a few minutes in cold water, then slice thin, enough to fill a glass dish, in which arrange them handsomely, and put over them pounded ice. In another glass dish arrange similarly, slices of tomatoes that have been cut thick, serve on glass plates and each one season to their liking. Salt, pepper, sugar—fine white—and vinegar should be handed with the tomatoes.

For breakfast they are delicious done in this way. For this delectable purpose they should be prepared the night before. Select firm, smooth tomatoes of uniform size, and not too large, those that are two or three inches across the base are a nice size for this purpose. Wash them and remove a small piece with the core from the base of each, place them on plates—never on iron or tin—in the excavation made by removing the core, sprinkle a little fine salt and pepper, and put a teaspoonful of fresh butter and of white sugar in each and dredge a little flour over all, then set them in the oven, and do not forget to turn up the damper in the morning, and they will be nicely baked and nicely browned by the time the breakfast is ready. With a large spoon remove them carefully to a flat dish and pour the gravy that has formed in the plate, over them, and send to the table. This is a most delicious dish for breakfast through the autumn months.

For dinner we sometimes bake tomatoes in this way. Peel and slice fine-flavored tomatoes. In the bottom of a deep baking dish put a layer of broken, light bread, and sprinkle a little salt and pepper over it, over this put a layer of sliced tomatoes, sprinkle over them salt, pepper, sugar, and flour, and a tablespoonful

of butter cut into little bits, then another layer of bits of bread and tomatoes, continue thus until the dish is full, heaping full. Let the last layer be of bread with the salt and pepper sprinkled over, and bits of butter over all. They will require an hour or more for baking. The bread on top should be nicely browned. They should be sent to the table in the dish they are baked in. A plate should be put beneath the dish to protect the table from the heat.

To stew tomatoes, we scald and peel them and cut into small pieces and put them into a porcelain kettle, without any water and let them stew for half an hour. When done the superfluous juice is removed. The tomatoes are seasoned with pepper and salt, a teaspoonful of white sugar, a teaspoonful of flour, and a tablespoonful of fresh butter are mixed together and stirred into the tomatoes, and so soon as they boil up once they are taken from the fire put into a suitable dish and sent to the table.

To the writer's notion, however, they are much nicer with the addition of bread. Prepare the tomatoes as directed above for stewing, add to them part of a fresh red pepper, finely shred, when done, stir into them lightly, some broken light bread, not crumbed, put into a bowl a tablespoonful of fresh butter, one tablespoonful of sifted flour, and a teaspoonful of white sugar, stir them until they form a smooth mass, then thin it out with two or three spoonfuls of hot juice from the tomatoes, and stir into it half a teaspoonful of sweet, fresh cream, then stir it into the tomatoes and bread, and as soon as they have boiled up once, remove from the fire. By some persons the addition of a finely chopped onion is considered an improvement. UHLMA.

KITCHEN CHATS.

Although the kitchen may not be the place where we would choose to pass all, or even a great part of our time, yet kitchen work cannot be ignored, neither will it be despised if we sufficiently take into consideration the really important place which it holds in the economy of every dwelling.

The kitchen must be the "head center" of every house. From the elegant mansion of the wealthy, where the paid cook, with more or less assistants presides over the convenient cooking range, with abundance of suitable fuel, hot and cold water close at hand, and with well appointed pantry, store room and cellar, down through every grade of dwelling to the temporary cabin of the western pioneer where one room must per force do duty for kitchen, dining room, parlor and all; in every home the inmates must have three meals a day. The cook knows that whatever else is done or left undone there must be prepared and set before the family eleven hundred meals in the course of the year. Think of it! and the cook who has only to provide five extra meals during the year is fortunate indeed.

The kitchen may also be called the heart of the household, for out of it, literally are the issues of the material and physical life, and as the line has not yet been fully determined which divides the material and physical, from the mental and spiritual life—the one holding sway over the other continually—we may assume that the latter depends more or less upon the kitchen, or rather upon the cook in the kitchen, and that the human heart is affected for good or ill, as our bodies are well nourished with sufficient and wholesome food or otherwise.

It is probable that in most houses which THE HOUSEHOLD reaches, the cook is also the house-mother, that she is not only the cook, but nurse, laundress, and seamstress, and if she is living on a farm,

that the care of the poultry, and young animals devolves upon her in a more or less degree. Is it any wonder that her thoughts, all day long, and far into the night, are sometimes too much absorbed with the questions, what shall we eat? what shall we drink? and wherewithal shall we be clothed? To those of us who for love, duty, or for a pecuniary consideration are going the treadmill round of kitchen work THE HOUSEHOLD comes as a true friend, suggesting various ways of lightening our burdens, encouraging, edifying and truly helping us in our daily tasks.

When THE HOUSEHOLD comes in, how gladly we welcome Helen Herbert, Theresa, and all the questions and answers in the kitchen department. The beginners at housekeeping, on whom falls most heavily its cares, combined as they sometimes are with total ignorance of kitchen work must find it invaluable. What housekeeper who started out of a large family to begin life on her own responsibility, with herself and John, will not be amused with Mrs. E. D. C.'s batch of Thanksgiving pies? How it reminds her of something similar in her own early attempts. We can smile now, but it was no joke at the time.

The suggestions in regard to putting away clothes without ironing which are in constant use—towels in hot weather, and many other things, are very good. In this connection it will not be amiss to say that the cook's underclothing, which is so soon drenched with perspiration over her work, can be put away without ironing, thus enabling her to change them oftener than she otherwise could. A cook cannot be too cleanly in her person, and it is so restful to put on the fresh, clean garments, even without ironing, as some one of the sisters said, "The garments are fragrant with the odor of the bayberry bushes where they were dried," or something to that effect.

ALBANY S. WELLS.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY A. B.

As the last load of grain is deposited in the barn the tired housewife involuntarily rejoices in her heart that there will be a respite in her labors. But this breathing spell will be of short duration, as soon the inevitable threshers with their large engines and lumbering water tank, and a swarm of hungry men will be along to clear the barn of its store of golden sheaves, and the larder of its contents, unless, indeed, the housewife like a prudent general, looks ahead and prepares for the campaign before it begins. Now if one would save herself the worryment and bustle usually attending this occasion, in which women too often bear the heavier end of the burden, let them make all necessary preparation in advance of their arrival. Let the churning be got out of the way, and bake bread enough to last through their entire stay, as it is very perplexing to fall short of the staff of life with half a score of hearty men on one's hands. Fill also your jar with doughnuts, and bake a good supply of both molasses and sugar cookies, and at the latest convenient time, bake the pies, prepare the pickles, and the baked sweet apples, and whatever else you may need for their entertainment. Now with these preparations one day in advance of their arrival, you may smile serenely, even if no help can be obtained to help set and wait upon tables, as in extremity you can utilize one of the boys for this purpose.

For breakfast, we do not usually go beyond what we ordinarily have for that meal, consequently it is easily disposed of. But as dinner is the crowning meal of the day we endeavor to give them something

substantial. We prepare the vegetables early, and get the meat cooking in season, so that there will be no unnecessary bustle in having dinner ready at the appointed time. After getting the vegetables over, we proceed to set the table, and have the coffee all ready to steep the last thing before calling them to dinner. We have plenty of bread cut and on the table, also a pitcher of cold water, so as to save extra steps when our time is fully occupied with other matters. By managing in this way we have known more than one housekeeper to go through the ordeal of threshers without help, and come out without impaired health.

If the men are to remain with us the second day, we try to change the bill of fare somewhat by cooking fowls, or baking pork and beans for dinner, giving them an entire change in vegetables, and serving them with pudding in the place of pie.

We give the recipe for a thrasher's rice pudding, which we esteem highly, and we make it on other occasions when a pudding is required. Soak two cups of good rice in cold water over night and add a teaspoonful of salt to the water. Early in the morning drain off the water, and turn the rice into a large sized pudding dish, add to it two cups of white sugar, and a piece of butter half the size of an egg, and about seven quarts of new milk. Don't be afraid that the rice will be drowned, but place your pan or dish in a slow oven and bake it for three hours. Don't stir it often, as this breaks the grains of rice, which if the rice be good will gradually swell to double their natural size, and the milk will condense into the consistency of cream, and the pudding dish will be only about two-thirds full. Now remove it from the oven. Good either warm or cold and it is just splendid for Sunday's dinner as it can be prepared on Saturday. For common occasions we use but half the above quantities.

After an unsuccessful attempt at canning sweet corn in glass cans, we have become satisfied that there are more failures than perfect results, and hereafter we shall infringe on no one's patent that cans in fruit cans. We now dry it after the following method, and find that it retains nearly all the flavor and sweetness of corn put up at the canning establishments. Take corn when it is still in the milk, and with a sharp knife cut away only half the kernel, and scrape out the remaining half with the knife, so as to get none of the cob, and when the desired quantity is obtained, scald it by placing the pan over a kettle of boiling water and stir until cooked through, spread thinly on earthen plates, and dry carefully in a moderately warm oven. When used it should be put to soak in only just cold water enough to cover it, some hours before cooking. Let it come to a boil and season and it is ready to be served.

HOW TO COOK WATER.

I must tell you the old story of how the late Charles Delmonico used to talk about the hot water cure. He said the Delmonicos were the first to recommend it to guests who complained of having no appetite. "Take a cup of hot water and lemon and you will feel better," was the formula adopted, and the cup of hot water and lemon juice in it take away the insipidity. For this anti-billious remedy the caterers charged the price of a drink of their best liquors—twenty-five cents or more—and it certainly was a wiser way to spend small change than in alcohol.

"Few people know how to cook water," Charles used to affirm. "The secret is in putting good, fresh water into

a neat kettle, already quite warm, and setting the water to boiling quickly, and then taking it right off for use in tea, coffee or other drinks, before it is spoiled. To let it steam and simmer and evaporate until the good water is all in the atmosphere, and the lime and iron and dregs only left in the kettle—bah! That is what makes a great many people sick, and is worse than no water at all." Every lady who reads this valuable recipe of a great and careful cook should never forget how to cook water.—*Exchange*.

HINTS ON THE PRESERVING OF FRUIT.

The first and most important thing to be attended to is the selection of the fruit. This, to insure the finest flavor, should have been gathered in the morning of a bright, sunny day; but as this is an advantage which none but the country housewife can be sure of, she who is not blessed with a rural home must take her chances in this particular. She should see, however, that the fruit is sound, perfectly clean and dry, and, as a general rule, thoroughly ripe. These are essentials which her own judgment will find but little difficulty in securing. If not used immediately the fruit should be kept in a cool, dark place until wanted. At the same time it is well to remember that the sooner it is boiled after gathering the better.

The second important point is the sugar. Don't let her attempt to practice any economy here, either in looking for that which is cheap, or in trying to pinch in the quantity used; for in the former case she will find her attempted thrift rewarded by an over-abundance of scum, and in the latter her labor may be entirely thrown away, because unless enough sugar is used in the boiling the fruit will not keep. Nor should she err the other way and be too liberal with her sugar, for in that case she will lose the flavor of the fruit, and at the same time run the risk of having her preserves candy. Fruits vary much in the amount of acidity they contain, and it is this variation that regulates the amount of sugar that should be used. The preserving pan may be either an enameled one or made of brass or copper. If either of the latter metals, great care should be used to keep it bright and clean.

In selecting preserve jars have none but glass. They are far preferable, because they allow the examination of the preserves from time to time, a precaution which it is well to take during the first month or two, in order to discover whether they show any indication of fermentation or mould. If they do, they should be at once removed from the jars and re-boiled.

In storing preserves, a dry, cool place should be selected, and one to which the fresh air can have access, for dampness will soon mould the fruit and heat cause it to ferment.

Jams and marmalades are similar in their character, and are prepared from the pulp of the fruits, and sometimes portions of the rinds, by boiling them with sugar. The chief difference between the marmalade and the jam is that the former is made from the firmer fruits, while the latter is prepared from that which is more juicy, such as the strawberry, raspberry, currant, etc. Both the jam and the marmalade may be easily prepared, yet they require considerable care and watchfulness in the preparation, especially the boiling part of the process. If they are at all burned they acquire a most unpleasant taste; and, on the other hand, to insure their keeping, it is absolutely necessary that they be boiled enough; and it is also necessary that a

sufficient quantity of sugar be used in the boiling.

Another point in regard to the sugar used is worth remembering. If you would have the jam clear and bright in appearance never use sugar in any form but the lumps. These lumps may be crushed small, but never pulverized, else the jam will be turbid. The enameled preserving pan is best for the purpose, and when placed over the fire should not rest upon it, but a sufficient distance above it to prevent the fruit from burning, but at the same time to allow it to boil rapidly, for the latter is essential to the better preservation of the flavor and color. As we have said before, watchfulness is a very important part of the operation, and frequent stirring, which should be done with a wooden spoon, is also important. As the scum rises it should be carefully taken off, and if there is much of it, owing to an inferior quality of sugar being used, it may be strained through a piece of fine muslin, and that which runs clear put back into the preserving pan.

A very important thing in the preserving of fruits in syrup is to have the latter of the proper strength. Sugar, we know, ferments readily, but only when dissolved in a sufficient quantity of water. When the quantity is just sufficient to render it a strong syrup it will not ferment at all. The right degree of strength for the preserving of fruits, so that there may be neither fermentation nor crystallization, may be obtained by dissolving double refined sugar in water in the proportion of two parts of sugar to one of water, and boiling it a little. The degree thus obtained, which is the proper one for the preserving of fruits, is technically known as smooth. In preserving fruit whole it is necessary that this syrup should penetrate every portion of it therefore, to aid this, the fruit should first be blanched before it is boiled in the syrup.

Fruit jellies are made by so combining the juices of fruits with sugar by boiling that the product, when cold, becomes a quivering, translucent mass, the consistency of which is neither that of a solid or liquid. To make a perfect jelly—we speak now of perfection in regard to its transparency and pretty appearance—clarified sugar should be used, but the best grade of refined sugar will answer every purpose of the household, and produce results quite gratifying to the eye as well as the palate.—*The Caterer*.

CARE OF CARPETS.

A coarse broom, as a matter of economy, should never be used for carpets, as it tears off the surface and soon wears out even the coarser parts. There are different qualities of brooms to be had, or where factories are near they can be made to order and as fine as the material will permit. A stiff brush is better for very fine carpets. These can also be made to order at brush manufactories. A fine carpet preserves a clean appearance longer if after sweeping it is wiped over with a damp cloth, which removes all the dust that settles after sweeping. Fine parlor carpets, unless much used, do not require a thorough sweeping oftener than once a month, though frequent brushing up may be required. Where there is a large family, or the carpets are much used, they should be shaken frequently, as that removes the sand and dust which grinds them out.

It would be well if all housekeepers could avail themselves of the fashion of covering the center of the room only with carpet, leaving a margin around it for heavy furniture to stand upon, thus saving the strain of lifting and pushing, which is such a tax and injury at house-

cleaning times. The floor beyond the carpets can be stained and varnished, or painted to suit the tints of the carpet. For common carpets a broad binding would serve as a border.

Large figured carpets are out of fashion, and as small figures show off the furniture with better effect, and make the room seem larger, it is a good change, to say nothing of their better wearing.

For securing carpets from the depredations of moths, tar paper is now used, but we prefer a close wrapping up after a good airing and beating is given them. Newspapers, if used plentifully, are as safe as any material, but after wrapping in these if some coarse material is sewed around them they are as safe as can be made from moth attacks. A colored man, who has made a business for many years of putting away carpets for the summer, said he had found nothing safer than newspaper wrappings to preserve carpets from moths.

To extract grease from carpets used to be a troublesome affair, as it was done by applying warm buckwheat batter and then cleaning that off. A better plan was discovered by a young lady. A large spot had been made on her father's dining room carpet by grease spilled from a pan carried across the room. The daughter accustomed to cleaning her ribbons with benzine, concluded to try an experiment. She rose early one morning and getting the benzine tried the edge of the spot, and soon perceived the grease was disappearing. By a short but a continued rubbing she removed the whole of it. After the mother came down stairs she said to her daughter, "To-day the grease must be taken out of the carpet." The daughter, affecting ignorance, said; "Where is the spot, mother?" "I thought it was just here," the mother replied, "but I do not see it—that is strange." The daughter, enjoying the joke, repeated: "That is strange, but then I took it out with benzine."

Rag carpets are cleaned best by placing them on a board, bench or table and scrubbing them on both sides, rinsing them without dipping into water, as that runs the coloring into the light rags, giving them a mottled, stained appearance. If they are hung up across several lines or poles placed not very far apart, they will dry quickly and change color less.

Other kinds of carpets, if not too dusty, can be cleaned while on the floor, by scrubbing them with a clean brush and clean water (without soap). If done quickly, not made too wet, they are much improved in appearance. A little ox-gall in the water freshens the colors, as does water slightly salted.

The carpet on an invalid's room can be wiped with a coarse, damp cloth, which will take up most of the dust and prevent the annoyance of sweeping. It can be done very quietly if the cloth is rung out or rinsed away from the invalid's room.

In mending carpets, if there are large holes or slits, it will present a much neater appearance to cut the breadth across, turn down and whip fast the edges, then sew with an overseam. Frequent changing round, or ripping the breadths apart and changing parts, will prevent a carpet from wearing into large holes. Where it is likely to be worn thin in passing from door to door, it saves much wear to lay down coarse linen or a strip of narrow carpet.

Crumb cloths should be made large enough to hold the chairs set around the table, and be tacked to the floor. If they have a border or a gay binding they become quite ornamental, especially if the border match some tint in the carpet.—*Exchange*.

IDLENESS OF GIRLS.

Another great mistake that many of our girls are making, and that their mothers are either encouraging or allowing them to make, is that of spending their time of school idleness on frivolous amusement, doing no work to speak of, and learning nothing about the practical duties and serious cares of life. It is not only in the wealthier families that girls are growing indolent and unpracticed in household work; indeed, I think that more attention is paid to the industrial training of girls in the wealthier families than in the families of mechanics and people in moderate circumstances, where the mothers are compelled to work hard all the while. "Within the last week," says one of my correspondents, "I have heard two mothers, worthy women in most respects, say (the first) that her daughter never did any sweeping. 'Why, if she wants to say to her companions, "I never swept a room in my life," and takes comfort in it, let her say it; and yet that mother is sorrowing over her shortcomings for that very daughter. The other said she would not let her daughter do anything in the kitchen. Poor, deluded woman! She did it herself instead." The habits of indolence and helplessness that are thus formed are not the greatest evils resulting from this bad practice; the selfishness that it fosters is the worst thing about it. How devoid of conscience, how lacking in a true sense of tenderness, or even of justice, a girl must be who will consent to devote all her time out of school to pleasuring while her mother is bearing all the heavy burdens of the household. And the foolish way in which mothers themselves sometimes talk about this, even in the presence of their children, is mischievous in the extreme. "Oh, Hattie is so absorbed with her books, or her crayon, or her embroidery, that she takes no interest in household matters, and I do not like to call upon her." As if the daughter belonged to a superior order of beings, and must not soil her hands, or ruffle her temper with unnecessary housework. The mother is the drudge; the daughter is the fine lady for whom she toils. No mother who suffers such a state of things as these can preserve the respect of her daughter, which no mother can afford to lose.

The result of this is to form in the minds of many gifted girls not only a distaste for labor, but a contempt for it, and a purpose to avoid it as long as they can live by some means or other.

There is scarcely one letter I have received which does not mention this as one of the errors in the training of our girls at the present day. It is not universal, but it is altogether too prevalent. And allowing yourselves to grow up with such habits of indolence and such notions about work, you are preparing for yourselves a miserable future.—*St. Nicholas*.

SIX PUDDINGS.

Perhaps some of THE HOUSEHOLD readers would like a few recipes for different kinds of pudding. I think that you will find these very nice. I have tried them all so don't be afraid to try them:

Cottage Pudding.—One cup of sugar, one spoonful of butter, one cup of milk, one pint of flour, two eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Soften the butter, and then beat to a froth with the sugar and eggs; then add the milk, and lastly the flour, in which the saleratus and cream tartar are thoroughly mixed. Flavor with lemon, and bake in a shallow tin half an hour. Serve with lemon sauce.

Bread Pudding.—Take a quart basinful of stale bread, and soak in two quarts of sweet milk two hours; then mash well

with a spoon and take out all the hard pieces. Beat light four eggs, and stir into this, then add two teaspoonfuls of salt, a little nutmeg, and one-fourth of a cup of sugar. Bake three-quarters of an hour; serve with lemon sauce.

Cracker Pudding.—One and one-half quarts of milk, one dozen crackers, one cup of raisins, two eggs well beaten, two spoonfuls of sugar, a little salt, and nutmeg. To keep the raisins from settling to the bottom, put them in a tin dish, and pour on enough hot water to cover them, let them boil up once, then drain the water off, and put the raisins in the pudding. Serve with sweet sauce.

Indian Pudding.—One quart of sweet skimmed milk heated to a scald, and one cup of meal mixed with two-thirds of a cup of molasses; then stir it into the boiling milk; keep stirring until it thickens; one teaspoonful of salt, pour it into the baking dish, then pour over it one pint of cold milk, and spice to taste. Bake three hours.

Rice Pudding.—Boil half a cup of rice in one pint of water thirty minutes, then add one quart of new milk, and boil thirty minutes longer; then beat together one cup of sugar, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of salt, and a little lemon or nutmeg; stir this into the rice and turn the mixture into a buttered pudding dish. Bake thirty minutes. To be eaten without sauce.

Chocolate Pudding.—One quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls each of corn starch, sugar, and scraped chocolate, two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, two eggs, one teaspoonful of salt. Reserve one cup of milk, and put the rest on to boil. Put the sugar, chocolate and water in a sauce pan, or a small frying pan, and stir over a hot fire for about a minute, when the mixture should be smooth and glossy. Stir this into the boiling milk. Mix the corn starch with cold milk. Beat the eggs, and add the corn starch and milk to it, also the salt. Stir this into the boiling milk, and beat well for about three minutes. Turn the mixture into a mould that has been dipped into cold water. Let the pudding stand in the mould about fifteen minutes. Turn the pudding into the pudding dish, and heap whipped cream around it. Serve with sugar and cream.

Lemon Sauce.—Beat to a froth one spoonful of butter, one cup of sugar, one spoonful of corn starch and two eggs. When very smooth and light, add one cup of boiling water. Set the basin into boiling water and stir five minutes. Season with lemon and serve.

Maine.

WILD FLOWER.

STAINED FLOORS.

The popularity of stained floors goes on increasing. Nowhere are they more appreciated than in sleeping rooms, where sweetness and freshness are the main considerations. Just what is the best stain is a difficult question to decide. A writer in a contemporary is of the opinion that permanganate of potash is the best. It is much used in the navy, and is very satisfactory in sitting rooms. As most people know, permanganate of potash not only stains, but purifies and disinfects the rooms which are stained. The mode of procedure is this: Procure a good quality of permanganate of potash, dissolve about an ounce and a half of the crystals in a gallon of boiling water—this will make quite a dark stain—use a stick to stir up the mixture; then with a painter's flat brush lay on the stain, working the way of the wood quickly and boldly. A small brush is useful for corners and crevices, and a pair of heavy gloves should be worn while at work, as the permanganate stains very considerably. Salts of lemon, or the lemon juice,

will, however, quickly remove the stains from the hands. When dry, the staining can be repeated if the color is not dark enough, and then, when perfectly dry, the floor should be rubbed dry with an old duster, and linseed oil should be rubbed on freely with a piece of flannel, always applying it with the grain of the wood. Two or three layers of the oil are an improvement and firmly set the stain.

The floor is then ready to be polished with beeswax and turpentine. To prepare this, spread or cut up the wax into small pieces; put it into a gallipot, and pour sufficient spirits of turpentine over it just to cover it. Set the pot in the oven or on the stove until the wax is thoroughly melted, then set it aside to get cold, when it should be of the consistency of pomatum. Put on the wax, not too much of it, with a piece of flannel, and polish with a polishing brush or a big silk duster.

This mode of treating floors is quite the best and most welcome for bed rooms, which should be stained all over, under the beds and everywhere. They can be kept very clean and bright by a daily rubbing with the duster and a weekly application of beeswax and turpentine. Turpentine is cleansing, and floors so treated do not require the weekly scrubbing, which is so much labor; but after they are once well polished the labor is not more than scrubbing floors and washing oil-cloths, and they take away two-thirds of the terrors of house-cleaning.

Those who like the more common varnished floors should stain the floors as above; but instead of linseed oil a coat of size should be laid on. This can be obtained at the paint-shops, and should be dissolved in boiling water to the consistency of thin gum, and then laid on with the brush evenly, and with the grain. When the size is perfectly dry and hard, it can be varnished with one or two coats of copal or egg-shell flat varnish. These floors require to be dusted daily, and to have a little linseed oil rubbed in occasionally. These require less care than a waxed floor, but when they get shabby they are not so readily renovated. A flannel bag, in which the broom can be incased is the best floor duster, and one most easily managed.—*Oil and Color-man's Journal.*

HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNTS.

There are reasons why the wife or housekeeper should keep an account book. In the first place it would furnish interesting information of the number of pounds of sugar, spice, flour, meat, etc., that a family of a certain size consumes. How many know any thing definite about these things! Again, such a record would suggest changes in the living in one way or another, and furnish a basis for calculation of the requirements of the coming year. We knew of a lady who went so far as to keep an account of the number of extra meals which she furnished in a year; and when it was announced the family were greatly surprised. A household account is a startling revealer of facts. As a matter of family history, a record should be kept—of course, the dates of births and deaths will be found in the family bible, but there are other things that transpire in a family worthy of note.—*American Agriculturist.*

HOW TO WASH BLANKETS.

The following method of washing blankets has been highly recommended by an experienced housekeeper: For half a dozen double blankets take one pound of borax dissolved in a gallon of boiling water, with a pound of pure white bar soap, shaved up finely. Stir until all is melted. Then put the blankets into a

tub, as many as will go in, turn water upon them just warm to the hand, and mix with it the solution of borax and soap. If three double blankets are to be washed, take half the mixture at one time. Never rub soap upon any kind of woolen, or rub the blankets, but souse them up and down in the suds, and squeeze them in the hands, and pull them from one hand into the other, until all the dirt and soil are removed. If there are spots of grease upon the blankets, a little borax and soap can be gently rubbed upon them until they are extracted, but much rubbing will full up the texture. When white and clean, rinse in lukewarm water, and use two waters if one does not leave them very white. Wring through a wringer, hang on the line and pull straight and smooth. Blankets should always be washed on a sunny day, when they can dry quickly, and be folded up before the dew commences to fall. They do not need to be ironed, but can be passed through a mangle, if one is at hand. They can be laid between two mattresses and pressed, or put on shelves in the linen closet, and heavy books placed upon them.

WORKING BUTTER.

"How much should butter be worked?" is a question that would evidently be answered differently by different persons. It was formerly the practice, we suppose almost universally, among American butter-makers, to work and salt their butter as it came from the churn, and then to set it away for twenty-four hours to cool, and for the salt to dissolve before giving it its second working. This was certainly the practice in all the dairies with which we were acquainted in our earlier days. And although there has been a great change in the practice of many makers, yet we find that there are still many others who would expect their butter to be utterly spoiled if it did not receive its second working after standing from twelve to twenty-four hours. If butter is not half worked, or rather if it is not half salted at the time it is taken from the churn, it is certainly necessary to give it a second working. But, on the other hand, if the churning, washing, and salting are all done as they should be, there will be no occasion for a second working; and such second working will really be an injury to the butter.—*Ec.*

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—I have not written to you since our removal to our new home. Northwest we have flown and settled in a snug new home which we now feel comfortable in and find in many ways more convenient for our every day's work than our old home. Down stairs sleeping rooms are the fashion here, and for a baby I find it very convenient for day time, but our baby rests better at night since he goes up stairs, perhaps because his crib has more room to roll about than the cradle. We have had an abundance of wild red raspberries and the children gathered them every day for three weeks; we ate all we wanted to, canned and jammed and jellied and sold some, gave away two pails full and dried a peck, now we are drying blackberries and putting them away in our jars, too, of course. I have learned that one can salt green tomatoes with green cucumbers in brine and pickle them when wanted for use in winter. I have so often felt too tired to attend to putting away so many green tomatoes yet could not let them waste, how convenient it would have been just to put them in brine then scald out and make up afterwards. I hope the information will benefit some one else.

I'd like to ask about immortelles, if

any one knows if they grow wild. I think they do near here and have gathered a fine lot which we will color, if we can, for our Christmas decorations, with the lovely ferns we have pressed.

I wish to know if the sister to whom I sent arbutus succeeded in having it grow. I know it is hard to transplant here.

Although it has been baby Roy's second summer, he has cut teeth without being sick at all. We have been particularly careful about his diet; bread and milk, rice and oatmeal, with his regular milk, and warm baths at bed time with a brisk rubbing and clean woolen shirt on hot evenings seem the best medicine to insure a good sleep. I have always adhered to the old-fashioned way of keeping wool next to a baby's skin, even through hot weather, and in this changeable weather we all wear thin undervests and change them often.

My flowers are a great pleasure to me. I never had geraniums bloom so well, and have seven colors. Between the geraniums I have verbenas which are blooming too, with plenty of alyssum and some clumps of phlox, and Nan has some old fashioned flowers, larkspurs and marigolds and the most beautiful pink and red and blue morning glories. Baby admires these very much as well as the others and is never happier than with his little fat fingers full of them.

I do not know if I ever told you about what I call our "handy cake." We make it by putting one cup of sugar into a pan, break in an egg and take a tablespoonful of butter, beat all three together a minute, add a cup of milk or sour cream and three cups of flour into which you have sifted one teaspoonful of soda and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar—if you have no sieve use a colander—flavor and bake in three jelly tins if you wish a "nice cake," or in a sheet, if you do not care to use jelly or icing. If one has unexpected company to dinner, a hot sauce (made with a cup of sugar, a tablespoonful of flour and one tablespoonful of butter rubbed together then add a pint of boiling water and flavor) will transfer slices of it into "cottage pudding," or an egg custard poured over strips of it hot and cooled, with as fancy an icing of eggs or or cream as one desires, bits of jelly, or a spread of jam, make another variety, in fact we use it in various styles and always feel strongly fortified if we have enough for a meal ahead in the store room.

Did I ever tell how good a remedy tea of ground cinnamon is for the dysentery? If not let me tell you all now, I have used it several times with excellent success.

I want to ask some one to write all about making maple syrup and maple sugar, to please tell every little thing to be told, when to strain, etc.

Midget says tell the lady who asked about the boiled icing, that the egg is to keep it soft, when the sugar boils it would candy but for the egg. She succeeds nicely with it and it is not necessary to have pulverized sugar. She boils one cupful of sugar in about two tablespoonfuls of water till it candies when dropped into cold water, then pours it over the beaten white of one egg beating very fast as it goes in and spreads as soon as possible. I think it requires practice to get it "just right." We have never tried gelatine icing yet.

"Midget" has so outgrown her name that we smile in writing it now. How they do spring up, these babies, and ere we realize it are walking beside us men and women. How we should be always saying "last words" to our children, yet when we leave them or they go from us, we are so full of the present and the world, we forget it may be the last time our voice may ever reach them, if we thought of such possibilities oftener would it not soften our speech, purify it,

and make it worth remembrance. So, too, when we bid farewell to friends, how little we often realize how truly better they may fare, ere we meet again. To you all now, farewell, may we meet often in our HOUSEHOLD Band of sympathy and exchange of help.

ROSAMOND E.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As I am a last year's bride I cannot presume on the kindness of our editor any longer, so herewith renew my subscription. THE HOUSEHOLD has won its way so thoroughly to my heart and home, that I should find it hard to do without it. My "Sam" (I haven't any "Ichabod" or "John") thinks almost as much of it as I do, and if by chance he imagines a number is dry, I tell him of some nice things I found in said number or tempt him by the trial of some good recipe till he comes to his senses and admits, as every sensible Sam must, that every number is about perfect.

Do any of you find dried apple a burden? Here is the way I sometimes use it and we don't often have any left. Make a shortcake. After kneading a little, spread with butter, fold together after sifting or sprinkling flour over, and roll in shape of tin or plate you bake it on. After it is done, split it open where it was folded, and place between a layer of dried apple which has been stewed as for sauce, over this spread thick sweet cream, then sift on sugar and place the upper crust back.

Do we get any nearer our Band badge?
JUNE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If One Sister who asks for an inexpensive recipe for ice cream, will try the following I think she will be pleased with it.

Ice Cream.—Take one and one-half coffee cups of white sugar, mix it thoroughly with a scant half-cup of flour, wet this with a pint of milk, then beat up two eggs and add to the mixture and put in a farina kettle and boil until you can taste no rawness about the flour. Then remove from the fire and add one quart of cold milk. Allow the mixture to become cold then pour into your freezer, keeping in the paddle until so stiff that you cannot turn it; twenty minutes or a half-hour, ought to be a great plenty. Then cover well with ice and salt, putting a dry carpet over all, and let it stand two or three hours if you have the time, or an hour will suffice. If you wish extra fine, add one pint of cream and one pint of milk in place of one quart of milk. I think you will like the flour better than corn starch as the starch is apt to taste. If you flavor with fresh fruit, you will want to add a teaspoon of sugar. Whatever flavoring you use you want to put in after it is cold. The above will make ten or twelve good sized plates, and you can double the recipe, or more. If any of the sisters try this I wish they would report.

CLARINDA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—My anxiety to aid the ambitious is the only excuse I offer for appearing in print this my first time, and in fact I hardly think I could muster up courage enough even now, only I fancy there are so many of us "HOUSEHOLDERS" (70 000) that I shall not attract any particular attention.

Cayuga asks in our September number how to raise chickens, without losing so many by gapes; the remedy is simple but extremely efficacious in its results, at least it has proved so with me and the many friends who have tried it on my recommendation.

In the spring set out a good sized bed of the onion known in this state as the multipliers (as they produce the largest quantity of tops) and when the little chicks come, cut up and mash a little of the onion top with the wet corn meal and

feed them (increasing the dose of onions as they grow older) at least three times per week, also see that the little fellows have a dry place. I have my John build me small, cheap, letter A coops, large enough to accommodate the mother hen and fifteen chickens, I then select a little mound, and if there are none in my yard, I have a load of sand drawn, and out of that create little mounds about six inches high in the center, or just enough pitch to carry off all the surface water. I never allow the mother to drag her brood around through the wet grass, but keep her shut up on an earth floor with a dry board in one corner of the coop to hover her little family on through the night. Following out these directions Cayuga will attain her ambition without the loss of a single one of her pets.

I want to send the sisters the recipe for a pie we are very fond of, called lemon cream pie. Grate the peel of one lemon, squeeze out the juice, one cup of sugar, one cup of water, and one raw potato grated, bake with two crusts.

Apple Batter Pudding.—Pare and core six ripe apples, place in a dish, make a batter of one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of flour, a little salt, pour over the apples, bake thirty minutes.

I have been a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD over three years, and find each last number more interesting than the preceding one, what will it be in a year or two more? I feel very grateful to all the contributors of so excellent a journal.

Schenectady N. Y. Mrs. C. E. B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I must mention a remedy for rheumatism which I have seen used with excellent effect. Simply bathe the parts affected, with water in which Irish potatoes have been boiled, as hot as it can be borne, immediately before going to bed, the pain will be much relieved.

Lemon juice taken internally is a simple remedy I can heartily indorse for cases of muscular rheumatism, as I have seen it cure cases that liniments of all kinds failed to alleviate. The juice of this fruit is also often a cure for affections of the stomach. I have known the juice of a lemon diluted with a little water cure cases which anodynes had not benefited at all. I presume the reason must be that many of these troubles arise from disorders of the liver or biliousness, which lemon juice quickly rectifies. During the spring and summer months my family use lemons very freely, and I am sure they are a great preventive of sickness.

I must give my recipe for making corn bread which is a great stand by with us it is so nutritious and wholesome. Take a pint of sour milk, add the beaten yolks of four eggs, and a handful of corn meal, stirred briskly in, to this add one tablespoonful of melted butter, stir in the beaten whites of the eggs and enough meal to make a batter of the consistency of mush, lastly a half-teaspoonful of soda dissolved in water or milk. Quickly turn the mixture into a greased pan, and you will have something which we think quite equal to pudding. Do not forget the salt.

AUNT MARION.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Is there not always room in THE HOUSEHOLD omnibus for just one more? Because here is one who would like to step in. One who, although she has no personal interest in the Johns, still finds herself a housekeeper at this period of her life and hails THE HOUSEHOLD as a boon indeed.

That paper which is sent me by a sister who has recently become a subscriber, made its advent with the glorious June weather as fresh and bright with suggestions and ideas as are the June gardens with the blossom and fragrance of the rose.

I am one of a company of five, schoolmates

once and friends always, three of whom have married within the last two or three years and become readers of this paper. According to a compact entered into several years ago, those of the five who remain unmarried are to "board around," staying with each of the more fortunate ones six months at a time. So the two "lone, lorn creatures," expect to live right merrily, unless the gentlemen who have come into the family should object to the plan. But they all knew about it before they ventured.

I am glad to learn that there are Chautauquans among THE HOUSEHOLD sisters. Four of our company formed a Chautauqua quartette of the class of '83; and this year the most energetic one is taking a special course—indeed, she takes two special courses, one, astronomy, and the other, a bright little fellow of about six months, the company baby, who keeps his mamma from too much star gazing. I should like to know if there are any of the class of '83 among the contributors.

I am puzzled to know what the Connecticut Boy's letter contained, since it created such a furore; but any way I extend to him my heartfelt sympathy, and advise him to flee the country, since there is "not enough of him to go around."

New York.

PANSY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—I have only been a reader of your delightful paper for three months and must say, that with the first number I became very much attached to it and the many interesting persons who write for its columns. So now I have come to ask if I may not join the Band. There is so much that is instructive to young housekeepers—and old too, as for that matter—that I wish every woman in the universe could have the advantage of its contents. A dear, brown-eyed cousin of mine in South Carolina, made me a subscriber, and she could not have pleased me better in a gift.

Have any of you ever seen chair cushions and tidies made of bed-ticking with the large white stripes worked in briar stitch with turkey red? If not, they are cheap, durable, and pretty, and will of course wash. Some one try them and tell me how you are pleased.

Now, friends, if you will listen, I will tell you something of my place of residence and surroundings. For seven years my home has been among the hills—and in plain view of the Blue Ridge Mountains—of north-east Georgia. This is rather a poor and uncultivated section of the state but bids fair to be the "garden spot" in the near future, on account of its mineral resources and beauty of scenery. Of the fast-becoming famous falls and springs I will say something in a future letter. I am a native of South Carolina, and of course love it best, but am also attached to the home of my adoption. This section affords great facilities for the operation of factories, on account of its water power, and there is soon to be opened up near here by a Massachusetts man, a factory for making counterpanes. We greet all such enterprising parties with a smile of welcome.

I will close, hoping to form the acquaintance of many of the good ladies who write for our paper. With best wishes for all.

INEZ OF GEORGIA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have just received the June number of our paper, and feel inspired to write a few words to the sisters of the Band, but scarcely know where to begin, for there are so many things to write about. But first of all I want to thank the many kind sisters who month after month contribute so many good things to THE HOUSEHOLD. It is twelve years since I first became a subscriber and truly it has been a great help to me. So many times when I feel tired out with the ceaseless round of housework, I drop into my easy chair for a few moments, paper in hand, and never rise without having found something suited to my case. I hope THE HOUSEHOLD will never cease to be published for I know of no paper better suited to the domestic wants, nor one that offers more helpful hints to working women. It comes right to our every-day home life and brings comfort and cheerful words to every inmate of the family.

Dear sisters, I wish you could peep into my little home this evening. My one little girl is in bed and I am alone, for my husband and son are absent on business. I have had quite a lonely time of it since last December as both have been away since then except an occasional visit from my husband, but when I tell you that I have a great many flowers you can no doubt guess how I spend most of my time. I have over one hundred ever blooming roses, besides a great many other flowers such as geraniums, lilies, gladiolus, fuchsias, honeysuckles, etc., but the very sweetest of them all is the Bermuda Lily. As I write I am breathing in the delicious fragrance. Oh, so sweet!

Isn't the letter department of our paper nice? I always read the Conservatory first and the Letters to THE HOUSEHOLD next. Oh! that lily! Do, every one of you, get one next spring.

Sisters, do you all hear of the great health resort of Eureka Springs?

I am not a native of the south. Have lived

here but five years. My former home was in north-west Iowa, but I like the mild climate. We have no beautiful prairies here but instead, very broken country. The hills are literally covered with small flint stones that give it a lonely aspect and were it not for the pine and cedar trees it would be dreary enough to look at, but they give such a cheerful addition to the oaks that one is almost always charmed with the view. Fruit is abundant in this latitude. We have been regaling ourselves on ripe strawberries since the middle of May. There is no end to the berries here and peaches and apples usually do well. Sometimes they fail. This year the peaches were all killed by the hard winter.

Mrs. Z. P. F.

Lock Box 1513, Eureka Springs, Ark.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a silent member of your Band for nearly four years, but like all other women can keep silent no longer. THE HOUSEHOLD was sent me as a wedding present and I hardly see how I could keep house without it, and do not mean to try as long as my lord and master will furnish the one dollar ten. I live in the Pine Tree state, on the old Penobscot, the largest river in the state. I live on a farm and enjoy feeding chickens and turkeys, and butter making much better than teaching the "young idea," which was formerly my employment.

Where is Rosamond E.? I have not seen any of her letters for a long time, I have always been greatly interested in her letters and feel anxious to hear from her again.

There seems to be considerable said in our late numbers about the Johns that wash, iron, cook, etc. That I think is a grand idea if the Hannahs are out of health and have large families to wash for, but for my part I had rather do my work if able than to have a man pattering around the house peeping into the kettles and pans to see what is being cooked, and how, and giving his ideas on the subject. Certainly there are "exceptions to every rule," but I have known a few of these Johns, and they seem to me to be the kind of men that think a woman has no business to buy a yard of print, a spool of thread, or to harness and drive a horse. I believe they are regular fuss-buckets, and I should think that it would tax the patience of Job to live with them when they are old men. Perhaps I have formed a very wrong idea but that is my opinion of the "cooking" man. Now my husband is not one of the meddlesome kind, he is one of the best of them, but I had rather he would attend to his own work than the housework, and in fact I guess he had rather. There is another blessing about my John, he never tells me how his mother cooked, but always says that my victuals taste better than "mother's" used to. Whether he really thinks so or wants to praise me, I do not know, but I feel in my own mind that if I were as good a cook as his mother I should be satisfied that I could cook well enough for any body. I will only add that "circumstances alter cases," but as a general rule, I think the Johns had better keep out of the flour barrel, but let them write for our paper once in a while; not too often, they will own it soon if we do.

BETSEY BUNKER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—After many years of silent admiration for "our paper," and its contributors, I am persuaded to write a few lines, and in my feeble way express my gratitude for the many benefits received from its pages. I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD from its earliest infancy (almost from the very first number) and though I have long counted myself "one of the sisters," I have never before attempted to write, or even asked admission to the Band.

Don't imagine, sisters, that I have been a disinterested looker-on, all this time. On the contrary I have been intensely interested, and have often longed to have "my say" in THE HOUSEHOLD "squabbles," and the only thing that has kept me speechless has been the feeling that I was not qualified for that kind of business. Indeed, I have sometimes felt, as one sister expressed it, that I must "speak or die." I remember of having a feeling of this kind when Lucy Palmer's bread was assailed so mercilessly. I have been hoping we should hear from Lucy again. I liked her letters and her bread very much.

I want to thank the sisters for the many helps over hard places which I have received from time to time. Every number contains something to help and cheer the poor unfortunate ones who were not born with a love of housekeeping implanted within them. I would like to thank each one personally, but alas! their "name is legion." I have the most sincere admiration for all the bright particular stars among our HOUSEHOLD writers, but Emily Hayes is my especial pet among them, all her recipes come out just right.

I would like to thank Camilla of the July number for her way of starching. I like it better than any thing I have ever tried.

I suppose I must put in a word in regard to the Johns, as that seems to be "the thing" just now. I think it would be well enough to let them have a "hearing" once in awhile when there's nothing of more importance "on the docket." If they would only all be as good as Rob Roy says he is, how proud we should be! All the front

seats would be filled with members of the male persuasion. I liked Mrs. Guthrie's idea in regard to the badge. When are we to know about it? I think it is rather a nice plan to have one. I presume many pleasant acquaintances might be made in that way, if no other good came of it.

FRANC.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—There is always room for one more, is there not? And I have read with so much interest the letters from THE HOUSEHOLD sisters, that I already feel acquainted with some of the writers. To those who write the cheery, helpful letters, I would give cordial thanks—to the doubting, discouraged ones, I would extend a helping hand, if possible.

Dear Young Housekeeper, I fear that you will have to wait a long time ere you will learn any system of housekeeping by which you can always keep neat and tidy, and yet never feel tired. Especially will this be the case if you try to do all your work, sewing included, and have little ones to care for. The best systems of doing work will often get disarranged. It is very easy to say that we will wash on Monday, iron on Tuesday, etc., but if the weather is so bad that the clothes will not dry on Monday, and unexpected company arrives on Tuesday, and we have a distracting headache on Wednesday, what then? Why, we must do what we can in the three remaining days, and what we cannot do, we must leave over until next week.

"Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun."

* * * * *

By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made."

I have had several years' experience in house-keeping, with tolerable success, too, I think, but I have never found any way of doing my work without getting tired. And there are days when every thing seems to go wrong—is it not so, my sisters?—days when you feel convinced of the total depravity of inanimate objects. The bread is heavy, the cake burns, the milk that you are scalding for your custard boils over on your nicely blacked stove, you burn your fingers, and last, but not least, you catch the skirt of your new wrapper on a projecting nail, and tear an unsightly rent, then, just as you are giving your over-wrought nerves the relief they demand, by indulging in a "good cry," or a little rest, the door bell rings, and some one of your acquaintances, perhaps one whom you do not particularly fancy, appears upon the scene. Is my picture overdrawn? Don't you have such days, dear sisters—not often—but once in a while?

Then comes the other side of the picture, and there will be days when every thing goes on smoothly—piles of work that seemed like mountains in hours of discouragement, disappear as if by magic, you receive a letter from a dearly loved friend, a bright, cheery neighbor drops in for a little chat, and you feel as if the whole world were too small to hold your happiness. To most of us, I trust, the bright days are many, and the dark ones few. These changes of mood are due to our physical condition. We would not say that the world was all dark and dreary, because the heavy clouds and thick fog shut all the brightness from our view. We know that in a little while the clouds will pass away and all will be bright again.

There are many ways of lightening the burdens of housekeepers, and after a while they usually learn that many little things which seemed essential at first, can be left undone without serious inconvenience to any of the family. Though I am far from despising that much abused article, a pie, I find my work much lessened by using fruits and occasionally a slice of watermelon for dessert, while the expense is no more.

M. E. D.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I am the "lemon pie" man of a year and a half ago. The reason why I have been so reticent is because I have been waiting for my articulating machinery to recover from the disaster. Meanwhile, the question of masculine right to a column in your paper has been much discussed without definite results. Many seem to hit wide of the real merits of the case. They say it is a woman's paper. Very well, and who does the woman belong to? According to the wise laws of august bodies, she is the man's, and the paper she takes, unless paid for out of funds acquired by her before marriage, and that isn't the way my HOUSEHOLD is paid for. Again, the paper is owned and edited by a man. Now, if one man is so capable of publishing a paper devoted to the interests of women, cannot other men as capable assist in making it more interesting? Shall women have a right to attack a lemon pie man in THE HOUSEHOLD, and he be obliged to answer the calumny in THE TRIBUNE or on some stone wall, alongside a Rising Sun Stove Polish advertisement? No court would render such a judgment.

So long as John's faults or mine are paraded in the paper, we ought to be allowed the right to meet them there without dissent from any one except old maids whom nobody owns nor wishes to, otherwise, let the women take the paper, pay for it, and let no one know through its columns

that they ever heard of a man. Haven't I struck the *ipse dixit* of the case? Let John add his testimony before we rest.

L. FARNHAM.

Manchester.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Motley says, "Give me the luxuries of life and I can dispense with the necessities." Though not a Bostonian, I can attest the wisdom as well as the wit of the sentiment. I have had an extensive experience in dispensing with the necessities. I have learned that it is possible to wear last year's bonnet and the hat of two summers ago, without liability to social decapitation. Even my plain winter sack of a most uncertain age, has passed unchallenged. I have not observed that its contact has ever ruffled the fine composure of any honestly paid for seal skin or fur-lined. I can subsist and actually gain weight on an allowance of table money that would astonish the average economist, and that without the policy of frequent happenings in upon my friends.

But there are three indispensable luxuries against which no Spartan suggestions have yet prevailed, my religious weekly and local daily newspapers and the monthly HOUSEHOLD.

The diligent perusal of the latter has led to divers corollaries concerning my own claim to a place in its sisterhood, and I write for information—not yours, but mine. How much or how many does the term comprehend, or are there different degrees of sisterhood? I am an old subscriber and pay my dues regularly. Does that alone make me a sister, or only a step, or a half-sister, or a sister-in-law? In order to obtain full membership must I send a recipe, or request for exchange, or deliver a carefully considered opinion as to the entity or nonentity of Rosamond E.?

I will state that long familiarity with the capabilities of New England women, enables me to certify that to the best of my knowledge and belief, she is not an improbability.

I believe it is customary for correspondents to say something to conciliate the demon of the waste basket. But I would remain an eighth cousin forever rather than make the most remote allusion to so obnoxious a subject.

If this first epistle from my unaccustomed pen be thought too good to print, I recommend that it be suitably framed and placed in the cabinet.

SAGA.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MUCILAGE.—Mrs. S. L. Waltham asks for a recipe for mucilage. I will send one I know to be good. Five cents worth of gum tragacanth dissolved in a little water is better than mucilage, or gum arabic. A less quantity for present use is available in a few minutes. Try it and report success.

Indiana.

MRS. W. D. BAKER.

TO PRESERVE LEMON JUICE.—Ed. Household:—Please tell Laura, to preserve lemon juice, extract and boil it down one-half, then bottle and cork tight. If one wishes to have the juice ready to prepare a drink quickly, extract and stir in as much sugar as will dissolve. It will keep a week, and when one desires a drink take one teaspoonful to a glass of water.

INDIAN RIVER COOKIES.—Juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup of sugar, one-third cup of lard, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-third cup of water. Roll very thin and keep in a tight tin box or pail to keep them crisp. They keep a long time.

WASHDAY PUDDING.—One cup of meal, two-thirds cup of sugar, two-thirds cup of currants and raisins, salt, stir well into one and one-third quarts of boiling water and bake two hours. Eat cold, with or without sauce. It is nice with milk.

JESSIE JASPER.

HARD GINGERBREAD.—One of the sisters asks for a recipe for making hard gingerbread. This is the best I have ever tried: One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of lard, a little salt, one egg, a scant teaspoonful of ginger, and a heaping teaspoonful of saleratus. Mix quite hard. Roll out, cut in cards to suit your pan, which should be a shallow one. Have your oven hot when you put your bread in, but be careful not to burn it. I sometimes put in one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, but it is not necessary. I would like to have the lady try this recipe and report success. I think she will like it.

HITTIE E.

HOW TO PREPARE CITRON.—Soak the citron for a short time in warm water, until the inside can be cleaned by a little scraping, then cook in a syrup made of brown sugar, until the sugar has penetrated it well, but do not cook till tender, then take it out and drain it on a sieve, then put it in a warm oven and let it dry slowly. Will Mollie please try and report success?

WATERMELON PRESERVES.—I will say to the sisters if they never have tried it that watermelon rind will make a splendid preserve. Take the rind and peel it very thin, cut in pieces

about an inch thick, boil in clear water until tender, pour off the water, and add one-half pound of sugar to one pound of rind, boil until the syrup is thick, before putting it away add extract of lemon to flavor. The rind will be almost transparent when cooked.

MRS. S. H. BOXALL.

Jackson, Amador Co., Cal.

ELDERBERRY BUTTER.—I want Keziah Butterworth to know that a very nice sauce can be made of elderberries, called "butter." To have it solid, take the berries before they are very ripe, mash and cook rapidly for half an hour, measure now, and to two quarts of the berries, add one quart of sugar, and the juice of one large lemon. Boil until it will jelly, then put in the grated rind of the lemon. If it cannot be obtained, use in its place three tablespoonfuls of good vinegar and one teaspoonful of lemon extract. If carefully made it will keep in glasses as well as cans. We make pies of the berries just as we make blackberry pies, only putting in a tablespoonful of vinegar to a pie. If the berries are very ripe, sprinkle more flour over them than you would over blackberries, as they are very juicy.

OHIO.

CRAB APPLE PIE.—Take good, ripe Siberian crabs and core them, but do not take off the peel. The juice of the apple makes them plenty moist. Use one cup of sugar. They are delicious, far superior to a common apple pie. Please try it.

MRS. Y. H. LAKE.

White Creek, N. Y.

GINGER SNAPS.—Put in a dish one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, one-half teaspoonful of ginger, one half teaspoonful of salt, and one-half cup of butter. To this add one cup of boiling molasses, mix these, and let it cool, put flour enough to roll thin, and bake in a hot oven.

HULDAH BURNS.

RIBBON CAKE.—Three eggs, two tea-cups of sugar, one tea-cup of butter, one tea-cup of milk, four cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, or one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Divide the quantity in three parts, and to one part add one tea-cup of raisins chopped with a few currants, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of vanilla, and one-fourth teaspoonful of nutmeg. Bake in shallow cake pans, and put the dark cake between the others, with jelly between them. When cool enough, put a pan over it, and press with flat-irons.

E. F. W.

COOKIES.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sour milk, one level teaspoonful of soda and spice to taste. A half-cup of coconut improves them.

EDITH ENA.

LAYER CAKE.—I would like to give my recipe for layer cake. It is very nice with coconut, chocolate, or raisins for filling. Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, three and one-half cups of flour, five eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cream butter and sugar, add yolks of eggs, whites of two, and then add milk and sift in flour and baking powder. Will some one try it and report?

Will some one tell me how to cook taploca?

MRS. J. B. B.

Michigan.

BEEF LOAF.—Three and one-half pounds of lean beef chopped as sausage meat, six crackers rolled fine, three well-beaten eggs, four tablespoonfuls of cream, butter the size of an egg, salt and pepper to taste. Mix all together and make in a loaf and bake in a dripping pan one and one-half hours. Serve cold in thin slices. This is very nice.

QUELDA.

POTATO CHOWDER.—Have the teakettle full of boiling water, then take half a pound of fat salt pork, cut up like dice, put into the soup kettle, fry till a light brown, remove the pieces with a skimmer, have four good-sized onions cut up fine, put into the grease from the pork and cook till done but not scorched, then pour in two or three quarts of the boiling water, add perhaps ten potatoes pared and sliced, when these are cooked mix a little thickening of flour and water. Add pepper and salt, stir in, let it come to a boil, then add milk, I have no rule, but one quart or more. This is good and tastes very much like fish chowder. When done it should be like a soup for thickness.

POLISH FOR SILVER.—Four tablespoonfuls of liquid ammonia, one pound of whiting, one pint of water that potatoes have been boiled in, mix all together, shake well, apply to the silver with a cloth, rub the silver with it, then with a soft clean piece, then wash. This is a valuable recipe. It is equally good for cleaning windows, applying it in the same manner as to the silver. This amount will last quite a while. In cleaning windows just wet a cloth in the mixture, after

shaking it well, and wipe the glass over. We go over the window before we take the soft clean cloth, which leaves the glass clear as crystal. No washing other than this is needed for windows. The cost of this is trifling. It is the same that is sold in three or four ounce bottles at twenty-five cents.

MRS. S. L.

Waltham, Mass.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Into one quart of hot milk stir the yolks of six eggs previously well beaten. Strain until cooked sufficiently. Then sweeten and flavor. Put the whites of the eggs beaten stiff into a colander, and pour boiling water over to harden them, then place them on top of the custard, with bits of jelly if desired.

CARRIE.

BREAD PUDDING.—One pint of stale bread, one quart of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and two eggs. Soak the bread and milk together two hours, then mash fine with the back of a spoon, beat eggs, sugar and salt together and add to the bread and milk, turn into the pudding dish, and bake in a slow oven forty-five minutes. Run a knife or the handle of a spoon down the center of the pudding. If it does not look milky it is done. Cover the top of the pudding with meringue.

DAISY B. A. L.

STEWED OYSTERS.—Ed. Household:—I would like to give Mrs. Sweeney my recipe for stewing oysters, as I never knew the milk to curdle. Stew the oysters, well salted, in their own liquor, until the edges are crimped, then pour in the new milk and let it come just to the boiling point, put in a large piece of butter and serve at once. The fire should be hot, as oysters toughen from long cooking and lose their fine flavor.

HONOR.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters tell me where I can purchase an arrangement for carrying off steam from kettles while using on the stove? They are sold only through agency.

J. M. SHAW.

23 Parker St., Charlestown, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the 70,000 sisters tell me what to do with my nickel plated polishing iron? I bought it six months ago, but it has never become too hot to hold against my face at any time. So ironing or polishing with it is impossible. Also, who will send me THE HOUSEHOLD for January, 1887? I will return the favor in any way I can.

Box 290, Sardis, Miss. MRS. T. T. SETTLE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me how eggs can be preserved for winter use?

M.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one who knows how to can peas, beans, and corn without acid, please tell me how it is done?

IOWA GIRL.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. Home Missionary asks how to renovate an old coat. I have seen the following plan tried with excellent results and it did not crock. One pint of soft water, one-half teaspoonful of extract of logwood, one-half teaspoonful of gum arabic, two teaspoonfuls of A. ammonia. Boil the extract of logwood in the water until dissolved. Remove from the fire and gradually stir in the gum arabic and when cold the ammonia. Spread the coat on a table and with a stiff brush go all over it wetting it evenly, dry in the shade.

MRS. A. F. KEYES.

Dover, Minn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters tell me how to use a soapstone griddle? I have tried a new one and did not succeed.

M. J. I.

San Francisco.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I notice an inquiry about candied orange peel. I soak the peel over night in salt and water, in the morning put it into fresh water, set it where it will get to a scalding heat, (not boil,) change the water often till there is no bitter taste left, when cooked tender, put in the sugar, I have no rule for that, but make to be as sweet as I like after boiled down, let the peel cook in the syrup but a short time, take it out and boil the syrup down, just before removal from the fire put the peel in that it may be heated through before being canned. Can while hot. This is very nice with dessert, or chopped fine and put into cake or mince pies. Lemon peel is put up in the same way.

MRS. S. L.

Waltham, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the kind sisters please tell me how to remove the smell of tobacco from boxes, satchels, etc., which have had cigars packed in them? Also I would like to know how to color copperas color, using soda to set the color instead of lye which I have always used, and please state exact quantity.

A READER.

The Parlor.

THE THREE LESSONS.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rules the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Faith, hope and love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else were blind.

—Schiller.

HOW TO BEGIN.

BY MRS. S. A. F. HERBERT.

CHAPTER VI.

ALTHOUGH Fanny held to her choice in being married at Aunt Kemp's the occasion was not quite so tame an affair as she expected. For as Mrs. Kemp gave the wedding she must have her own way and that way was to have a cheery house with open wood fires in all the "spare rooms," a substantial turkey supper and all Allan's and Fanny's friends invited. The bride had persisted in her purpose to buy nothing new, which as she had every thing pretty and suitable without buying would not be worthy of note, but for an absurd fancy which exists that, however abundant be a young lady's stock of wearables, all things for a wedding and the attendant occasions must be new. As Aunt Kemp had the old-time fancy that a bride should wear white, the wedding dress was the expensive white one which Fanny had worn at the reception which attended her graduation from school.

"The last thing in the world to think of wearing," said Mrs. Lacy, "for somebody will be sure to remember it."

"And I'm quite willing they should," said our independent heroine. "It's pleasant to have the two occasions associated, and as I happen to be the first one of my class married I hope by setting a good example to be the means of saving a few thousand dollars from being wasted on new satin, trained wedding-dresses by my class mates!"

"You won't set the good example after all," said Mrs. Lacy, "for my wedding present shall be an entire new suit for the occasion."

"Don't be displeased about it," said Fanny "but I have promised to wear my graduating suit; so I must not accept a new one." Mrs. Lacy's present instead was solid silver spoons and forks and plated dinner and tea knives which the bride was, oh! how glad to see.

How many friends a young couple who have shown themselves friendly find they have at their marriage! Moreover, Fanny's purposes of economy got about, and the table of presents was quite a marvel of common sense. There was not even one pie-knife, or one piece of frail good-for-nothingness, but many truly valuable and substantial articles, some of which could not go on the table but found places around, about, and under it. These we must not now stop to enumerate, but as this story is one of beginnings fly through details of the wedding to the beginnings of housekeeping. Yet we must not fail to say that Fanny was lovely, not in pale languor, but in all the bloom which her busy summer in the country had imparted, which made her almost resplend-

ent in her snowy robes, and the orange flowers of which a friend sent an abundant and delightful fresh box, the very eve of the wedding. Allan, who had worn his business coat to church the whole previous year, had a new black suit which he meant to keep a long time for his very best, and the black vest was laid aside for an old white one which Fanny had purloined with other disused articles from his trunk and had bleached upon the October grass, and done up with such skill that it passed for a new one, as did the only pair of white kids he had ever possessed which had done previous service at the same occasion as the bride's dress. It was a bright, joyous wedding which would ever be to all, and especially to Mrs. Kemp who gave it, and to the happy pair who were its occasion,

"A something shining in the sun
For memory to look back upon."

As it was thought no one but efficient Fanny could ever convert those upper rooms over the store into a home, and as she could not be there till after the marriage, she expected her wedding tour, through them to comfortable housekeeping would be a rugged jaunt. Behold then, the morning but one after the wedding, the brilliant bird of that festival transformed into a busy brown sparrow with thought only intent upon the construction of the home nest. She expected to find it as she had last seen it, an unmitigated desolation. Imagine then her joy on finding that Mr. Rivers, who had attended the wedding without bringing a present, had bestowed a most acceptable one in improvement of the tenement. It had been partitioned with inexpensive, thin boarding such as could be easily removed, into four apartments, thoroughly cleaned and whitewashed and papered alike throughout, with a nearly plain French grav satin paper with a narrow gilt border. The paper had only cost six cents a roll at a closing out auction sale, and had been hung without expense by Allan and a friend in Mr. Rivers' employ who owed him a favor. The large packing boxes which had littered the rooms had been converted into a row of closets parallel with the middle partition, having spaces left between them furnished with hooks for hanging clothes and finished into neat presses by a thin papered boarding. Thus each room had a closet with shelves and a clothes press, where Fanny had only looked for superfluous space, and though all was of the lightest and cheapest construction, the neat, uniform paper covering the unpapered, or rough-planned boarding, made all neat and refreshing. Two disused counters of oiled hard wood, had been converted into excellent kitchen and dining room tables, while boxes and barrels, previously selected by Fanny and set aside for the purpose, had been prepared by the carpenter, ready for her covering, to assume the character of toilet stands and easy chairs. Two immense tight chests which were with the old family furniture, the keys of which were lost, had at last been fitted with keys and unlocked, revealing a goodly supply of well preserved old Brussels carpets and woolen curtain draperies which were uninjured because the chests were moth-proof; these had been aired and shaken, and waited fitting and hanging.

The bridal party which entered the unfinished nest, consisted of the newly made pair, with Mrs. Kemp and Susan as helpers, Mr. Rivers, with the carpenter, and the friendly paper hanger, who were placed at Allan's service for a day or two longer.

"I'm delighted," cried the bride, "if I believed in adjectives I should exhaust the entire list: splendid! beautiful! lovely! charming! all this is utterly unexpected to me. Whom shall I thank? Mr. Rivers! oh, but you promised not to

do it! you couldn't afford to make a tenement of it!"

"But this is my wedding present to my partner's bride, and I am only ashamed to have it so inexpensive. But I have followed your own lead in making every dollar I could afford produce as much comfort as possible. Your sincere pleasure makes me feel I have acted wisely. You couldn't seem more satisfied were it a palace."

"I'm so glad I want to sit down and laugh and cry instead of going to work," exclaimed the bride with charming naïveté, seating herself on a rough box, which was an embryo ottoman, and dropping a few bright tears of gratitude mingled with smiles. But it wasn't over five minutes before she was helping Allan spread a carpet, because they must get at least one down before the wedding gifts and other things from Hickory Farm came, so that there be a place ready to set them. And while the principals of the concern were busy with the other rooms Mrs. Kemp and Susan were making the box closets almost too dainty for use with thick strong paper on the shelves and ornamental cut paper borders, buzzing to each other meantime many mysterious consultations such as "best place for it" and "they will go here" and "this one is safe from mice," "this will never freeze" all of which were fully explained when, a little before noon, the freight from Hickory Farm was hoisted by the pulleys, and the carpenter was called to open sundry boxes and barrels which Mrs. Kemp had peremptorily ordered left in the kitchen regions. One only disgorged a miscellaneous supply of culinary utensils and conveniences supplied from the superabundance at home, while others were left unopened because they held the before mentioned canned stores. Others, however, poured forth a liberal supply of uncooked, and cooked provisions such as only a thrifty farm house affords. Butter, cheese, salt pork, lard, maple sugar, bees' honey, cranberries, dried apples, beans, peas, potatoes and other winter vegetables, and many kindred valuables, found their way quickly to preconstructed retreats. Then, to the places prepared, went baked spare-ribs and chickens, pies and cake of various kinds, loaves of brown and white bread and other choice eatables, all in such abundance that Allan, who was lighting a fire in the highly polished old cooking stove which looked good as new, declared he would have a house warming, with a public dinner, that very hour. The proposal made half in jest, was taken in earnest, the long counter dining table was covered with a very white table cloth and loaded with a most inviting dinner, a kettle of potatoes and a pot of coffee soon being in boiling co-operation upon the stove, while a glass pitcher (a pretty cheap present from a friend who had little to give) filled to the brim with cream from the farm, smiled assurance that the coffee would be delicious. For guests they had Mr. and Mrs. Rivers, who coming in to offer kind services and invite Mr. and Mrs. Doane to dinner, were kept to dinner instead, with the clerks from below, and all the helpers on the premises, Susan proving herself a skillful waiter. And merry though they all were over the extempore entertainment, Mr. and Mrs. Doane gathered the guests about the table, and took their appropriate places, with a dignity and grace which would have suited a palatial home, and Allan said with the ease of one to whom prayer is familiar, "We will ask our Heavenly Father's blessing," which he did in such a way as gave a refreshing sense that the act was a sincere expression, instead of a dead form.

After dinner all except the one clerk required in the store fell to work upon carpets, curtains, pictures, and upholstery,

every thing. "Many hands make light work," and these hands were all doing enthusiastic service, so the evening found the premises wonderfully transformed and really in comfortable living order, although, certainly, there remained much to be done. The parlor looked so pretty that even Mrs. Lacy, who called towards evening bringing a beautiful afghan she had just finished for Fanny, admitted it was very tasteful, and nothing to be ashamed of. The neutral colors of the never gay and now faded Brussels carpet, and of the old-fashioned parlor set which the bride had inherited with it, were relieved by the bright rugs, tidies, sofa cushions, table mats and covers, all of which were presents, to which the afghan proved such a charming addition that Mrs. Lacy announced that she had an unfinished set of bright wrought covers for the set of uncovered ottomans and crickets, when really she had almost forgotten that she once wrought them, when seized with an embroidery fever, and laid them away in camphor unfinished when her fever turned.

"I'll finish working them in three weeks and have them properly upholstered for you," she said. She did, and a lovely set they proved in their marvelous display of scarlet shades, if we may use the word "shade" in speaking of that which lit up the room like a sea coal fire and was only rivaled by the autumn foliage which Mickey had selected with an artist's eye and gathered for the bride, and which she in one afternoon had prepared and laid away for use in old pasteboard boxes from the attic. The choice selection was of twigs, not single leaves, and the preparation was simply to iron each leaf, on both sides, with a warm flat-iron waxed at the moment of use. The plain paper afforded a fine background for the foliage, and for a few choice pictures which were her own and had, till now, hung at Mr. Lacy's. A class mate residing in the vicinity of Amherst, Mass., where it grows abundantly, had sent her a fine lot of pressed trailing fern, a marvelously beautiful vine of the order *Felices*, which retains its greenness permanently when pressed. This was so disposed as to give gracefulness to places otherwise bare and homely. Mrs. Lacy who came over with one of her servants and the pictures, gave valuable aid in these adornments.

It took a busy week, during which the experienced Mrs. Kemp, and inexperienced but loving Susan, were efficient helpers to get settled. Then it was decided that Susan was to remain as permanent helper, on account of Fanny's future duties in the store, and Mrs. Kemp went home feeling almost as happy as if she had been getting a daughter to house-keeping.

As our title is "How to Begin," having brought Allan and Fanny through the beginning of their housekeeping, we must bid them, at least for the present, a reluctant good by, with the happy assurance that so sensible an opening must lead to broad and pleasant avenues of prosperity and peace.

STRAY LEAVES FROM A DIARY.

BY MARJORIE MARCH.

AYR, SCOTLAND, WEDNESDAY, JULY 23.—The home of Burns.

"Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lassies."

As we walked up the strange old street we saw the Inn of Tam O'Shanter, where the famous Carrick yeoman sat with Souther Johnny, "bousing at the nappy"—of course we entered to see what an old-fashioned Scottish hostelry could afford in the way of refreshments, and regaled ourselves at the identical bar with

beer drank from Tam O'Shanter's cup and ate crackers and cheese. Here spent were the hours when

"Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ill o' life victorious."

Leaving the town with its quaint houses with gables to the street and closes running off on each side, we soon reached the burn that Tam forded the stormy night when

"A child might understand
The dell had business on his hand."

Weel mounted on his grey mare Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guld blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares:
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry."

We followed Tam to Kirk-Alloway which is now roofless and bare, the old grey stone walls alone are standing, we clambered over the stile and looking through the iron grating saw

"At winnock-bunker, I the east,
There sat auld Nick in shape o' beast."

One could readily imagine the dark, stormy night, the flash of the lightning and the wind howling over the moors, the awfulness of the pealing thunder when Kirk-Alloway was seen blazing with light between the groaning and swaying trees. An old Scotchman whom I discovered half hid among the stones reading off the inscriptions, following the lettering of the sunken stones with his finger, and reading aloud in his quaint dialect, "Here lyes tae corpse—" took me to the window of the kirk and pointing out the scenes of the witches' dance recited in Scotch nearly the whole poem of Tam O'Shanter; it was very real to me and when I reached the "auld brig," where "Maggie left behind her ain grey tail," the scene was complete.

The house where he was born is still standing, the bed in the recess where the poet, a little babe, "with clouds of inspiration, and glory, and poetry wrapped thick about his head," first saw the light, the uneven, rough flag-stone pavement, and the deep, wide fire-place, the "wa' bed," and took the same as they were in his time. My heart is full to-night with the memory of Burns, and to-day as I lived over these scenes of his youth and inspiration, time fled and I was absorbed in the peerless sovereignty of that human soul and trying to truly and lovingly understand him. I wandered by "the banks and braes of bonnie Doon," and listened with loving ears as Burns had done to the ripple of the water and "the chant of ye little birds." Scotland is proud of her poet, as an old Scotch woman said to me, "he was of the people, you know—a peasant lad." His monument is a circular temple, with nine columns, representing the nine muses, surrounded by a cupola highly ornate, terminated by a gilt tripod; this tripod is supported by three inverted dolphins, fishes sacred to Apollo who presided over the fine arts. The grounds around it are beautifully laid out and kept. Poor, weak, erring Burns who combed his heart in song, we will forget his faults and thank God for such a genius; that is immortal.

THE TROSSACHS, SCOTLAND, THURSDAY, JULY 24.—To-day we left St. Enoch's hotel in Glasgow, and took our places in a railway car for the Trossachs. St. Enoch's is like a palace, the decoration of the dining hall, coffee rooms, and halls is very fine, tessellated pavements and dados of tiles, large tiled fire-places and paneled walls of velvet and gold paper, lofty ceilings and spacious apartments. On reaching Callander the great high coaches, drawn by four horses, were waiting for us, and we were obliged to mount by ladders, for the seats were all on the outside. The driver cracked his

whip and away were bowled a merry party down among the steep mountain passes, winding in around the lochs, the scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of The Lake."

At Coillantogle Ford, "Clan-Alpine's outmost guard," was the place of combat between Roderich Dhu and James Fitz-James. Loch Achray we saw on the left while to the right towered Ben Ledi crowned with purple shadows, on the shore a "leafy knowe," called Coille-bhroine, or the "wood of wailing," where the little children were playing that were enticed by the water-kelpie to their destruction.

Ben A'an, a bold, rugged crag, is pointed out as the spot where the Knight of Snowden lost his gallant grey steed and coming down the mountain side

"One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd."

And, "What a scene were here," he cried,
"For princely pomp, or churchmen's pride!
On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
On yonder meadows, far away,
The turrets of a cloister grey."

The scene that bursts upon one's view is so well described by Sir Walter Scott, all other words attempting the description fall tame and flat, and one unconsciously quotes from him who has made these scenes famous through romance and poetry. When the coach stopped at Loch Katrine for the steamer to take us past Ellen's Isle, I waded through the heather on the jutting crag of Ben Venue, and after a fall or two succeeded in getting just what I had been longing for.

After leaving the boat we took another stage and were driven down the steep mountain passes of the highlands, where the heather and the broom grow and the sheep browse so far up the mountain side, that I wondered they could ever get down. We saw the hut of Hannah McGregor at the foot of the high hills, and at Inversnaid the falls, and scene of Wordsworth's "Highland Girl."

EDINBURGH, SATURDAY, JULY 26.—What a beautiful city Edinburgh is. It is built on hills, one rising higher than the other, and the streets running one above the other, some ninety-eight feet higher than the street below. When I was a little child, I would sit on the staircase of an old gloomy house, where part of my childhood was spent, and dream I was in one of the turrets of Edinburgh Castle; little did I think that my waking eyes would ever behold the castle in reality. I arose early this morning and walked again to the scene which we visited yesterday; on my way to the castle I roamed through one close into another, up flights of steps to the next street; the closes are built of stone, have narrow entrances like our alleys and immense stone houses inside, seven or eight stories high, let out in tenements, with here and there a few steep steps down, or a door in a dark archway. Passing St Giles' church, my thoughts turned to the hard and stern John Knox who preached there his obnoxious sermon against poor Mary, Queen of Scots, and to the plain-spoken, rugged Scotch character of Jenny Geddes, who threw the stool at the Dean of Edinburgh's head as he attempted to read the collect for the day, "Colic, did ye say? The deil colic the wame o' ye! Wud ye say mass at my lug?" This, most effectually prevented the introduction of the Episcopal service into Scotland at that time. In the castle yesterday we saw the room where James VI. of Scotland was born, and the window where the baby was let down and taken secretly to Stirling to be baptized according to the rites of the Romish church. Saw the place on Castle hill where Mary of Guise lived, the mother of the queen, the moat of the castle, the portcullis, the prison where the Duke of Argyle was confined, and St. Margaret's

chapel, which is eight hundred years old and built in the Norman style of architecture. Ruskin has said that the mere contemplation of the castle from the low grounds adjacent to it, is equal to an art education.

We drove yesterday to Holyrood Abbey and palace. We went through Lord Darnley's rooms and saw the tapestry hangings and the portraits of Darnley, Knox, King Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, who looked to me haughty and overbearing, and poor Mary, Queen of Scots, in her beauty and sorrow. No wonder her subjects exclaimed as she rode through the streets of Edinburgh, "Bless her sweet face." We saw her room, the bed, the hangings and chairs and tables, her little room where Rizzio was stabbed before her eyes, the staircase up which the assassins crept to do their guilty deed, the stains upon the oaken floor which the guide points out as the drops of blood from Rizzio's wounds, but which we believe to be the graining in the wood. We entered the old abbey of Holyrood which is now in ruins. Under one of its windows, Mary, Queen of Scots, gave her assent to her fatal marriage with Darnley.

LONDON, ENGLAND, JULY, 1884.—We reached London Saturday night about eight o'clock; it was quite light but so foggy and smoky and the rain fell of course—I write "of course" because after we were here several days I came to the conclusion that the sun never shines in London at all. Our first glimpse of the city was through the mist-clouded windows of a hackney coach as we were rumbled down one street and into another, passed London bridge, and at length safely deposited at our hotel in Bishopsgate Witnout. It is in quite a handsome part of the city and just opposite St. Botolph's church, whose musical chimes ring out every quarter-hour. The house is called the Devonshire House, because the dukes of Devonshire owned it for two hundred years, then the Society of Friends bought it and they have held it for two hundred years. Here is where George Fox preached in the little meeting house connected with the institute below the hotel, with a court yard that separates it from the main buildings. My first night in London was very dreary. I dare not tell the number of tears that fell over the first letters I received from America, perhaps the weather had some effect on my spirits, and the fog and the gloom were contagious.

MONDAY, AUGUST 4.—We have been in London about ten days and have seen a great deal. What a vast city it is; one can ride miles and miles and miles, and yet the city stretches on and on as far as one can see. The houses are large and built of stone or of marble, as the cathedral and abbey and parliament houses are, and the Bank of England, or the Old Lady of Threadneedle street, as it is called; but the smoke and the grime of the city and the dust from the soft coal which is burned here has turned all these beautiful white marble buildings black. We have seen Westminster of course; the hall is very handsome but the abbey is beyond description. It is very old, and situated on the same site as that built by Edward the Confessor, (1049-65,) but the present building was erected in the latter half of the thirteenth century. Westminster Abbey has its royal burial vaults and long series of monuments. The Poets' Corner is particularly interesting. Gay's inscription runs thus:

"Life is a jest; and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it."

It was written by himself. Keble's monument was the handsomest in Poets' Corner I thought. We met there some friends whose acquaintance we formed on ship board crossing the ocean. One of

the gentlemen told me that several of their party had adorned the bust of Longfellow with their button-hole bouquets. So I took the roses which I was wearing in my dress, out, and laid them down also, as a tribute to him of whom we have such just cause to be proud.

When we visited the Tower we had a permit from the governor which entitled us to one of the yeomen of the guard as a guide; he was dressed in the costume of the time of Henry VIII., and took us to a number of places not opened to the public. It is an ancient fortress and gloomy state prison, and more replete with historical associations than any other spot in England. We went across the moat into the anterior court, we passed the Traitors' Gate, which is a double gateway on the Thames with steps leading up to the court. Up these steps came Elizabeth when she was princess, and brought to the Tower a prisoner by the mandates of her wicked sister, "Bloody Mary," Sir Walter Raleigh and Archbishop Laud also entered their prison by these same stone stairs.

In Beauchamp Tower we saw "Jane" carved in the stone, supposed to have been done by Lady Jane Grey during her imprisonment. And this interesting inscription, "Chas. Bailly. 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' 'Be friend to one—Be enemy to none.' 'Anno D. 1571. 10 Sept.' 'The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not patient in adversities; For men are not killed with the adversities they have but with ye impatience which they suffer.'" Chas. Bailly was a native of Flanders and a firm adherent of Mary, Queen of Scots, he was sent to England 1571, during her confinement, bearing letters written in cipher respecting the conspiracy formed in her favor by some of the English and Scottish Catholics. His errand was suspected and he was seized at Dover and sent to the Tower where he was put to the rack. He was imprisoned some time in the Tower and cut these words in the stone while there.

The little room was shown to us, high up in one tower where the two princes, Edward V. and his little brother were murdered at the instigation of cruel Richard III., where Sir Walter Raleigh, Laud, Latimer, and Ridley, were confined; it was a tiny room lighted by one little window, and oh, so dark and dreary. Here Sir Walter began his history of the world. Under the stone at the foot of the narrow winding staircase were found the bones of the two murdered princes. On Tower Green is marked by a stone where Anna Boleyn gave up her fair young life, and Katherine Howard atoned for a thoughtless youth, and Lady Jane Grey paid the penalty of dearly-purchased royalty.

We were taken to the dungeon, where so many wretched Jews lived through months of suffering, and to the torture chamber, where Guy Fawkes was put to the rack. Under some excavations in the court yard we saw the remains of a Roman pavement, it is so strange to think of a city built on a city—even the pavement of the old Romans who first invaded the island in 55, B. C., coming to light in this the nineteenth century. In the chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, which is four hundred years old, and stands at the corner of the Tower, within the moat, and just across the court yard from Tower Green, are buried Anne Boleyn, Katherine Howard, Countess of Salisbury, Sir Thomas More, and many more distinguished persons. Macaulay writes of it, "In truth there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery. Death is there associated not as in Westminster abbey and St. Paul's cathedral with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown;

not as in our humblest churches and churchyards with every thing that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame."

The crown jewels are kept in one room of the Tower, in a large, round glass case, enclosed in iron railings and guarded by forty yeoman of the guard. Queen Victoria's crown was one mass of jewels and no gold on it. An immense sapphire fully one and a half inches long is placed in front, and above that a large ruby said to be the same that Henry V. wore in his helmet at the battle of Agincourt, presented by Don Pedro of Castile to the Black Prince. The diamonds, pearls and opals are magnificent. The Prince of Wales' crown is of pure gold without a gem in it. The scepter of the dove or rod of equity is the most exquisite thing I ever saw; it is of gold and above the orb is a dove with outstretched wings and below the orb it is literally encrusted with diamonds, rubies, pearls and opals; the handle also is one mass of precious stones. The crown of Anne Boleyn is all of jewels also, and the mace and communion service, and salts are all of gold. The crown jewels are worth millions of dollars, and it almost seems as if nothing short of rubbing Aladdin's wonderful lamp or calling upon the genii of the sea would conjure up such a dazzling radiance of gems.

We sailed up the Thames to Kew gardens the other day. These gardens are the largest botanical gardens in the world, covering an area of one hundred and seventy-five acres I believe. The greenhouses contain some very fine plants, fuchsias hanging in festoons across the walk, the ferns are immense and the palm tree flourishes as if in its native soil. As we returned to our hotel in the evening, the band on board played a number of familiar airs, among the rest, "Sweet Violets," and my thoughts drifted back to America and the little school boy, Donald Mac Dougal, who played it for me so frequently upon his pipe. As it grew darker the tide came in, and as the barges and row boats passed us with some villainous-looking men, I could imagine Lizzie Hexam and her father Roger pulling their oars on just such a night searching for that awful something, all up and down the river. How well Dickens has portrayed character, at almost every step, one meets with the Artful Dodger, or Fagan the Jew, or Dombey and Son, or Bill Sykes brushes past you on the street, or Dick Swiveler comes out of a saloon, or the Marchioness begs you to buy flowers for a penny, or Miss Sallie Brass peers at you from her office. All along the river we could see the lights on its banks as we floated down the Thames. We passed Lambeth palace and Westminster abbey and the gloomy Tower in darkness, landed at London bridge, and after walking a short distance in a narrow street ascended a flight of steps and soon found ourselves in busy streets again where we could breathe freely once more.

We visited the Geological gardens the other afternoon, got separated as usual, and as Aunt Honora and the others were walking down one avenue they were quite surprised at meeting Belinda and me riding on the back of a camel coming towards them, and as Aunt Honore was quietly resting under an arbor of trees, the next sight which greeted her eyes was Belinda and myself riding on the back of an elephant. It was a novel experience and very delightful. We paid a penny each for the camel ride and "tup-

pence" for the elephant. I wish I could write what the streets of London are like. As near as I can describe them, they are like an anthill, black, black with people, streams of people coming and going, vehicles running in all different directions at once, one hundred thousand pedestrians crossing London bridge daily.

On Saturday Aunt Honore hired a handsome barouche and we drove all day, the driver perched up on a very high seat in quite a stylish outfit. We went to St. James' palace where poor, unfortunate Charles I. spent his last night on earth and walked through the park across to Whitehall the next morning to his execution. We then drove to Buckingham palace, the queen's town house, and by the bestowal of a few judicious fees we were taken through the royal mews or stables, by one of the queen's servants, who was dressed in a yellow waistcoat, blue coat, I believe, high topped boots, and wore a band of crepe and a rosette of the same on his hat, in mourning for the late duke, the queen's son. The horses were magnificent, and the coaches also. One coach used one hundred years ago cost thirty-eight thousand dollars, the panels were painted in oil by Cipriani. It was gorgeous in its gay trappings of red velvet and gold; two mer-men upheld the coachman's seat in front with brass horns at their mouths. This coach is not used now. The stables are kept spotlessly clean. Even the queen's cats are genteel and sleek, and well-mannered. The groom said the queen came down sometimes and fed the cats, and if a horse was sick she would come to see him.

We then drove to Lambeth palace, Kensington palace where Queen Victoria was born, and lived until she heard of her accession and the death of William IV. We took the drive in Hyde Park and saw the riders in Rotten Row. Drove through Pall Mall, Picadilly and Regent street, passed Fleet street where Harriet Martineau stayed when she came to London and held her literary soirees, where Hallam, Sir Sidney Smith, Lord Jeffers and Bulwer attended, where Dr. Samuel Johnson lived with his old lady friends and his cat Hodge, and the inn where Boswell hung on and took notes.

FROM PALMA SOLA, FLORIDA, TO THE DEY TORTUGAS.

This sketch of our cruise was proposed by a member of THE HOUSEHOLD Band who with her family had been spending the winter here and was on the way to her western home. The steamer bound for Tampa was at the wharf loading when we came along side in our little yacht, and after the good bys were spoken we sailed away amidst a shower of rice and old shoes. Looking back to wave a "good by" to friends before a bend in the river hid them from view, we were convulsed with laughter to see one using a corn sack and another a large red blanket, wiping away imaginary tears.

The wind was light but we had a delightful sail down the bay passing out into the gulf at Long Boat inlet, and at sunset we cast anchor in Sara Sota Pass. After supper the gentlemen of the party took a seine and caught seventy-five pompano in less than an hour; these are the most delicious fish of our justly celebrated fishing coast. By sunrise, after a hasty toilet, we were off on the beach, and oh, it was so lovely! The water so pure and clear that every crested wave which brought its treasure to the shore was a marvel of beauty, the shells shining in the sunlight, the little shore birds running along the edge of the water, the pure white sand, and glossy beach weeds, with tufts of graceful wild rice nodding their plumes as if in welcome to the ship in the offing, was the auspicious begin-

ning of our first morning out. Stopping at Osprey a few minutes to pick up one of our party, we were again en route, and a fine breeze bore us by an hour of sundown to Captiva Pass, where we spent the night between Lacosta and Captiva islands. On the last named the Spaniards have a fishing ranch, composed of eight picturesque palmetto shanties, reminding one forcibly of that most charming romance of childhood, "Poor old Robinson Crusoe."

The shells on these keys were not as fine as we expected, but there were quantities of the common kinds such as *bulia occidentalis*, *donax radiata*, *benus* and *cardiums*. The next day was one of alternate calm and wind. During the calms we could look down in the water from two to fifteen fathoms and see beds of algae of beautiful form and color, bunches of long, waving sea feathers as graceful as ostrich tips were interspersed with sea fans and bunches of stout branching sea weed, Neptune's night caps, loggerhead sponge, some of which would fill a bushel basket, star fish that would fill a half-bushel measure were bright yellow with reddish brown spots and almost as plentiful as the sea urchin that nestles at the root of the algae. We had a splendid view of a green turtle that was feeding on the bottom, and gave chase to it, but he was so much more expert with his flippers than the boatman with his oars that he was soon out of sight. We were also fortunate enough to get a good view of a devil fish, but having had some experience with them we were perfectly contented to let him have all the room he wanted for his ugly horns and flippers, and did not so much as send a bullet to attract his notice.

At evening we anchored at Harbor Key, ten miles from Key West, where we indulged in a delightful bath and found some new and rare shells and strange bits of sponge and sea weed. Our hope was to get in town in time for church but the sea was like glass, and it was not till nine P. M. we dropped anchor at the government wharf in Key West. On emerging from the cabin the next morning the view that greeted us was truly a tropical one. Tall cocoanut trees waved their graceful plumes above both palace and hovel, the ghiga tree with its luxuriant green leaves and bunches of scarlet flowers intermingled with dark fir trees filled in the background. The hospital and Fort Taylor stood out in bold relief against the clear morning sky. In the transparent water little negroes were diving and sporting as in their native element, while nearer shore the livery and dray horses were receiving their daily bath at the hands of their dusky grooms of every shade from the coal black of the African to the pale tint of the Cuban, who were enjoying it to the fullest extent, racing horses, diving under them, shouting and gesticulating, making a very animated picture.

Three men-of-war were lying in the harbor, and a number of queer little fishing smacks and fruiters. A steam launch was darting about amongst the shipping, reminding one of a sea spider at play.

Presently the doctor's boat was seen approaching with its yellow flag; we hailed his genial face under the white helmet with delight, knowing we should be permitted to land, and scarcely had he left us, before good friends took us in charge and we met with genuine hospitality on all sides. Rides, calls and sight-seeing, occupied us completely until Wednesday morning, when we started for Marquesas and reached there in time for a stroll on the beach, which we found more barren than any we had ever been on. In the morning, a good wind favoring us, we set sail for Tortugas, reaching there about noon. Oh, for "the pen of

a ready writer" to describe this wonderful spot. Sitting in the casemates of Fort Jefferson, on one side you look down into the moat that surrounds it, and although there is probably twelve feet of water in it, every thing at the bottom can be distinctly seen. The sea wall is about ten feet wide affording a delightful promenade, and beyond it a narrow strip of white beach, then the transparent water of the gulf, the shoals of coral reefs varying constantly in color; lines of deep China blue, then turquoise, delicate shades of pale blue merge into brown, and next green, too light and ethereal looking for a painter to catch the tint, are blended so it is impossible to tell where one leaves off or the other begins. The surf foams over the outer coral reefs in long lines of white. Bird Key is lying like an emerald gem but a short distance to the left; in its sandy bosom sleep those who died of yellow fever at the Fort, their graves nearly obliterated by cactus and bay cedar bushes in which thousands of sea gulls lay their eggs. Loggerhead with a fine light house one hundred and fifty feet high seems but a step away.

On the other side the eye rests inside the fort on tall cocoa palms with crowns of fruit in every stage from the flower and those not larger than a hazel nut to full grown ones filled with milk, and the ripened nuts; also a row of half grown ones as graceful and beautiful as it is possible to imagine. There are a few oaks and button-wood trees in the enclosure and amid the soft Bermuda grass are piles of shining balls and dismounted cannon.

Some of the buildings inside the fort are in a good state of preservation, but the fort itself is fast succumbing to time, that great leveler. It is one of, if not the largest in the United States, covering about seven acres, it is seven-eighths of a mile through the casemates, has six bastions and no real dungeons. The nearest approach to one is on the ground floor under one of the bastions. Over the thick iron door is this inscription: "He who enters here leaves hope behind." In this cell Doctor Mudd and other prisoners of note were confined. It is large and cool, having a window at either end looking out on the water, and it is by no means unpleasant now, but if the stones of which it is built, could speak, what a record of sighs and longings, tears and heart-ache, they might reveal. The wind keeps every thing so pure and sweet, it is difficult to imagine that disease could ever get a foothold here, yet in 1867, the yellow fever carried off a number of the inhabitants.

At one time this little place, Garden Key, containing but a little over seven acres, had one thousand soldiers, one thousand prisoners, and eight hundred workmen, beside two or three families who had charge of the lighthouse, wharfs, etc.

We went through the officers' quarters into the little chapel, through the store-rooms filled with all manner of things, into magazines, workshops, bakeries, all in ruins. One thing was very remarkable; in our explorations we found not so much as a live roach as reminder that any human being ever lived there.

The sergeant who has charge of the ammunition, guns, etc., kindly showed us about the fort and explained the absence of debris that must have accumulated where such a number of people lived, by the fact that after the yellow fever every thing was burned. The partitions that enclose the casemates making cells for the prisoners, were torn out and added to the pyre, so the wind with its purifying effects could carry off every germ of the dreaded scourge. The hurricane that came in 1873 left every thing

that it could not demolish swept clean and bright, and so it remains to-day, a most interesting ruin, reminding one by its long rows of arches one above the other, its winding stairs, balconies, and the glimpses we get through broken arches of tall palms, of pictures of Moorish ruins rather than any thing American. Our great regret was that there was not an artist amongst our party so we might have brought away pictures more clearly defined than those of pen and memory.

We received every attention from the officers in charge, Captain John Russell who has care of the buildings and wharfs was untiring in his efforts for our comfort and would have loaded a good sized schooner with presents of coral and other beautiful things if we would have allowed it. An Italian named Giovanni Messina has been in charge of the lighthouse that stands in the fort for fourteen years. It is a marvel of neatness and commands a splendid view of the reefs and surrounding islands. Every night his genial lady threw open her doors to the troop of young folks who danced as only those of light heart can dance.

We were so fortunate as to meet some Spanish friends who were as much at home in the water as out of it, and took pleasure in diving for any thing we pointed out and bringing to us strange specimens that can only be found on the reef; they pointed out wonderful things that but for their knowledge would never have been seen by us. They would allow a small octopus with its eight arms about a foot in length, each one with a double row of suckers, to crawl over their hands and wrists that we might see its movements and the tenacity with which it clung to any thing. The terrible black spined sea urchin that has quills like a porcupine was laid within a foot of us with the injunction, "Take care, too moocha bad." Beautiful little fish that live amidst the coral, resembling a bird more than a fish, with the brightest blue back and yellow sides as shiny as polished gold, together with strange crabs, star fish and wonderful sea weeds, found their way to us, and our friends seemed only content when the little boat would not hold another bit of treasure. This coral gathering is the most fascinating work imaginable, it looks so beautifully, so velvety, so shadowy and there is so much of it, and every piece seems handsomer than the other, that one does not know when to stop; but the curing and packing is altogether another thing and is any thing but pleasant, for it has to be put in casks of water to die, remaining there three or four days, and it does smell horribly, then it is washed in salt water until all the black animal matter is off and after an exposure of several days in the hot sun with an occasional dipping it can be packed away. We brought home about ten barrels of beautiful things, pink conches, sea fans, corals and shells, but best of all, the recollection of the new and wonderful sights we saw "leagues under the sea."

When homeward bound we stopped at East Key and gathered a quantity of gulls' eggs and found two turtle nests with about one hundred and fifty eggs in each. One of the young ladies in our party turned a turtle weighing about three hundred pounds which elicited much praise especially from our Spanish friends. Our journey resumed, fortune did not favor us as was the case when outward bound. Adverse winds made the passage back both rough and tedious, and all were heartily glad to set foot on Key West again. There we laid in a stock of delicious pine apples, aquacarties, mangoes, yams and fresh bread and set sail for home, arriving at Sanibel just at dusk and anchored midway between the wharf and ranch, and as the yacht swung to her

moorings we rejoiced we were in such comfortable quarters.

The next day we spent gathering shells and looking about the place. A fine large lighthouse and two dwellings for the keepers were in the course of construction. A wreck was lying out in the breakers. A ranch added picturesque-ness to the scene which was lovely, but oh, the mosquitoes! Can we ever forget their affection for us! They followed us whither we went until in desperation we sneaked off in the night and left them wailing on the shore.

It was a delightful night when we reached home. Friends met us on the river and rejoiced at our safe return. The old house never looked more lovely in the moonlight; each little tuft of moss on the humble roof was gemmed with dew drops, the Persian honeysuckle that shutting in one side of the porch climbs nearly to the top of the roof was a sheet of blossoms. The air was filled with fragrance, all was peace, quiet, rest.

E. S. WARNER.

A TRIP TO NEW HAMPSHIRE FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY KESIAH SHELTON.

The party of summer boarders that gathered around the breakfast table at a certain farm house, some miles north of Mt. Washington, were a fatigued party, though to "grandma's" disgust they had traveled only one day, and as "parlor riders" at that.

"I tell ye, gals, when I fust come up from down below, 'twasn't much as you folks come nowadays, step right inter a parlor, as you may say, an' git here in twelve hours! I was eight days a comin' in a lumber wagon, an' never found but two tarverns on our way nuther."

Imagine our enthusiasm! Here was an opportunity for something truly fresh. Eight days coming from Rhode Island to a point but a few miles north of Mt. Washington! We dropped upon the floor in a circle in front of the quaint old dame, and begged for the particulars of such a strange journey as hers must have been.

"Wal, wal, gals, I can tell you one thing to begin with. Them mount'ins you are all runnin' round crazy like to see, an' makin' such an everlastin' fuss over, a tellin' how harnsom' they be, didn't look to me, forty odd year ago, as they seem to, to you folks from down below that come up here for fun; they looked to me like so many sentinels that stood atween me an' every thing I cared for; seemed ez though sometimes 'twouldn't 'a' b'en so lonesome, if the ground hadn't riz up so atween me and Rhode Island. You see, at fust I lived in a little log house nigh about o't there," and she pointed through the window in the roof, which was held open by a large, awkward, wooden last, made she told us by her "man," who did the family cobbling. The effect of this foot was excessively comical as we had observed it from the outside. We could easily believe that back of that clumsy, brawny, flat-bottomed, tan-hued foot, would be found the rude, uncultured person that fate had given to grandma to fill that tender relation, "my man."

"When I wanted to see a chimney smoke to still that awful, lonesome feeling that sometimes gnawed right inter me, I had to go out and look at my own, there warn't no other in sight! It seemed to me that my man never would git ready to put up a decent house. I'd work and work, but the money always went for something else. But after a good while he begun to talk about buildin' a frame house, and I was tickled e'namost to death, but kep' still for fear 'twould set him aginst it, if he knew it." Here we

girls exchanged glances at this demolition of our dreams of the happy life of this white-haired grandma and her late man.

Tears filled her eyes as her thoughts went backward to those dark days, but she continued her rambling confidence. "But warn't I mad when I found out that it was only a hog house he was a goin' to build arter all, and even old Elder Goslin said to me when 'twas 'bout half done, 'Ef I was in your place, Mis' H., when he gits that air buildin' riz, I'd swap with the hogs,'" and grandma looked as if even at this late day she scarcely knew whether to weep at the hogs' better fortune, or to laugh at the witty pith of the elder's advice.

"But do tell us how you chanced to come here, and about your journey."

"Oh, you see 'he' belonged here, an' when we had three little ones he took a sudden noshin to come up hum an' live; we'd aint two or three hundred dollars, an' 'twouldn't buy nothin' down there, an' here 'twould buy a farm. Arter he took that noshin there warn't any peace till we packed up. Neighbor Fish and neighbor Jinks were allus kinder oneasy like, men that read mor'n they worked, you know, an' they was just suited with the noshin of takin' their teams an' bringin' us an' our goods up an' gittin' a chance to see the White Hills they'd read on, all for nothin', an' a little sunthin' to boot for the use o' their teams an' them. I guess 'twas lucky for me, tu, that they wanted to come, for Fish was a master hand to contrive things, an' we couldn't afford tarvern expenses. Fish rigged a cover on his lumber wagon, an' the trundle bed was sot right in all made up, for me an' the babies to lay on when we wuz tired; then my rockin' chair was put alongside on't, an' arter I'd nussed Zekel, I could drop him on to the bed, an' the moshin would send him off a sleepin' in less than no time, an' I could take up my knittin'; I knit two pairs of footin's those eight days, and didn't work hard nuther. The two older young ones did about ez they's a mind to, run along with the men, or napped in the bed, as they took a noshin. The other team carried the goods. I baked up a lot of pork an' beans, biled a big piece of salt beef, baked a big lot of brown bread, put in a ham to fry off of, if we got short of vittles, an' we come ez comfortable ez anybody could them times, but 'twas orful lonesome to think every time the men boasted how fur we'd come that day, that hum was so much funder behind us. Miles an' miles we went, an' the houses not much thicker'n villages be nowadays. I tell you I didn't see much fun nor beauty in them long drives through what you sort o' folks call the prime-evil forests. But for all I didn't want to come, bimeby I begun to hope we was most there, though I'd about as lief 'a' come in sight o' my grave, but I was so tired an' so was the children, an' they's gittin' crosser'n furiation, an' I was glad to hear my man tell the others that we had but twenty-five miles funder to go, that we was now in Frankony Notch, an' while we was a batin' oursel's an' teams, the men went out to see the 'old man o' the mountain'; they had talked about him a sight all the way up, an' I declare to goodness I thought the old hermit must be crazy to stay in such a hole ef he hadn't done nothin' to be ashamed of outside amongst folks. Arterward, when we rid by, the men pintoed out my 'old hermit,' an' I was just clean beat. I'd never heard a word on't till I heerd them a talkin', an' I re'ly thought 'twas a live hermit. But you better believe I was a leetle more tired than you could 'a' been, arter your ride of twelve hours, t'other day," and she looked contemptuously at half-invalid Lillian.

"Dinner's ready, I hear Lo-ize callin' the men folks. To-morrer mornin' I'll show you my things upstairs."

* * * * *

"Braidin'? Lor, yis, I begun to braid before Harner went away. Arter I'd braided enough to git well clothed up, mother told Harner to begin to lay my braid money by to git sunthin I could keep. So Harner did, an' when there was enough, she got me some silver spoons. She took 'em with her when she was married, 'cos she hadn't got any, but when she could she bought herself some, an' brung mine home. When I was married, I got a nice brass kittle, the fust thing I bought. That air kittle lasted well, tu, but what did our folks do one day, but to sell it to a tinman, 'cos it had holes in its bottom, but I diskivered it before he got away, an' I had it out o' his cart pretty quick, I tell you, an' one day I sent it off, an' had it new botomed, an' it up an' lasted a good spell longer. Gals don't do so nowadays. I tell Nance she needs sich a thing most of any thing about the house, they are so good to stew up sour things in."

We were in the low-studded, gloomy kitchen where grandma dwelt mostly, and a casual allusion to an old, battered "brass kittle" lying beside the road directly opposite the house, and some questions regarding the old lady's "straw braid" had made the old grandma both communicative and retrospective in her thoughts and conversation.

"Harner," we easily inferred, was an elder sister, and we smiled at the probable wardrobe the mother had deemed so sufficient that the child's earnings could be used toward that "setting out" parents of the olden time laid claim to giving their daughters. Human nature was the same then as to-day; credit was readily claimed for granting as a favor what had been honestly earned. I must recall my digressing thoughts, for this lone relic of "a day that is past" is promising to show us her relics.

First at the foot of the cramped stairway confronts us an oblong, wooden ex-crescence—so it strikes us—balanced on a standard which is set in a rough square, made from four-inch plank. The thing is about two and one-half feet high, the ex-crescence is fastened midway its length on the standard, its length we guess to be eighteen inches, its diameter about eight, its ends—well, its bonnet end is egg-shaped, its hat end is sawed off squarely. Yes, grandma has told us this was her block, made by her "man" and without which she could not press her crude millinery! How Parisian the light, jaunty plaster of paris forms would appear, beside this backwoods milliner's form.

"But the fronts of the bonnets, the brims of the hats!" we cried breathlessly.

"Oh that's easy enough come at, I shape 'em by my judgment."

Imagine, if you can, our amused consternation! We honestly admired her energy and industry under difficulties, but internally we were "all of a giggle" at the mental pictures we drew at once of the "folks" that would wear such crude specimens of head toilet and be content.

But we must not linger here longer, for our aged guide is creeping up the stairway to show us her other treasures, which we have been told are carefully stored in those low, unplastered attic rooms. This strong, ruddy woman of nearly fourscore years, with pardonable pride, introduces us to her old-time treasures, none of which to her, have lost even a portion of their value; there is the cumbrous wooden loom from which she has recently "taken out" a long web of rag carpeting that she has been weaving for Elderberry's wife. "A shiftless kind

of a woman she is; she's ben a talkin' carpet for years but seems if she never would git the rags cut and the warp ready. After every thing else was ready she was a puttering months a gittin' her dye-pot a goin, for her colors."

"Do they dye their own colors? I supposed they cut up bright-hued woolens for them."

"Land, no, 'tisn't much gay colors folks hev tu string up, nor the carpets ain't nigh all woolen neither, an' we take old sheets an' shirts an' tear 'em up narrer and sew 'em together an' reel 'em inter skeins an' then git the old dye-pot a goin' an' plan out our colors; some women ain't no taste at all about it an' it's orful disappointing to weave a humly carpet. Now there's Mis' Elderberry's, nigh about all she brung was that air otter; now ef she'd gi'n me plenty of green an' red, 'twould ha' lighted up the carpet butiful along with the yaller, but otter alone don't do much."

"Quite æsthetic," whispers one of the girls to me. Grandma calls our attention to her rags, and a goodly pile there is indeed, certainly enough to fill a large Saratoga trunk. Balls of narrow strips—or strings grandma calls them—tightly wound into spheres from the size of an orange, to those of ten inches in diameter, balls of black, gray, brown, dark blue, balls of "hit or miss," balls warranted never to hit but to miss it every time, balls of woolen, of cotton and wool, and of cotton entirely; balls of calico and a very few of white cotton and "lots" of large, loose skeins of white cotton waiting to absorb red, green and "yaller" from that mysterious "dye-pot." Taking up some of these and carefully shaking them to untangle imaginary snarls, she gently patted them with the same loving motion that fine ladies give to their pet fancy work.

"Soon's I can git some extract I shall dye these an' then I'll put my warp in an' hev sunthin' to do. For my part I believe in workin'. I don't see where the young folks are comin' tu bimeby, there's nobody now-a-days thinks o' makin' a carpet but goes right off to the city an' buys them cheap factory carpets that won't last no time." And here she opened a queer-looking box and drew forth a roll of homespun plaid flannel, coarse and strong enough to last, so she said, with indignation at the thought of those degenerate sons and daughters of the period that preferred to buy at the store the cheap factory flannels to patronizing her industry.

"Don't s'pose I shall do much more of such work, for folks won't buy at my prices, an' I shan't give 'em away, an' there's nobody comin' arter me that'll ever use the old wheel or loom; it's the fashin' now to send the wool to the factory."

There was a pathos—or rather we imagined there was—that went to our hearts as she pointed out odd conveniences for storing her treasures, and a wooden shuttle, a cobbler's last—a size smaller than the one that held the "skylight" open—or some rude repairing of "mother's harnesses," all these the work of "my man."

But our romance of "two hearts that beat as one," fell into irrecoverable fragments, when resuming the tale of the achievements of earlier years and giving us a summary of her average earnings, she said with a spirit which hinted strongly of wordy fittings in the past if not of personal encounter.

"An' I never arned a dollar too good to go for a quart of new rum, to say nothin' o' clothes, vittles, ax-handles, an' other necessaries o' life."

Not even in this retired spot of nature's own, could the spirit of retrospection

irradiate the past with an Arcadian halo. Where, then, shall we seek it?

A piece of armor now distracts us.

"Myrtle green, girls, I do declare, just the fashionable color of to-day."

"That! Don't you know what that is, gals? That's Aunt Penelope's corsets, an' she died when she warn't more'n sixteen, with consumption."

We freely quizzed the illy-shaded thing, and openly said we did not wonder she died early if she knew that she must wear that instrument of torture if she lived.

It was outwardly of coarse, green merino, inwardly of cotton satteen and broadly finished upon each edge with white kid, and stitched with a precision that need not blush beside the best machine work of to-day. Not a break was to be found, but the colors were somewhat faded. It convinced us that the girls of to-day inherited their desire to improve nature's work; and that the wasp-waisted of to-day should be treated like victims rather than as offenders.

A green-silk calash was the last treasure exhibited, for these last two made green and fresh so many Rhode Island reminiscences, and vivified so painfully the homesickness of those early days here, that we quietly passed down the bare stairway, leaving grandma unconscious of our departure.

WHAT AUNT MATILDA THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

The other morning when I had finished my marketing, I ran in to see Mrs. Mason. I had it upon my mind to ask her for a new pattern for a wrapper, and so found an excuse for resting my tired feet. She opened the door herself, and you can't think how sweet she looked. Her dress was nothing but a pink cambric, to be sure, yet she had lace in the neck and sleeves, and if you will believe me, a bunch of flowers in her hair, and that was all braided and puffed, just as if it was afternoon. I could not help looking at her, for she was a perfect picture. After I had explained my errand, Mrs. Mason and I fell to talking about one thing and another. At last our conversation came right around to the point I longed to touch upon, namely, what made her look like a fresh, dewy rose that morning.

"Have you company? If so I had better be going, and not stay just to hinder."

"No; nobody is in the house but our two selves."

"Then surely you must be expecting company, and that would be the same."

"Why, no, indeed; what could make you think so?" she said, smiling.

"Because you are fixed up so nicely," said I, half-shamefacedly. Then I wish you could have heard that lady laugh.

"Way, I'm not 'fixed up' in the least; this is my usual manner of dressing."

"But do you always puff your hair and put the fancy touches on in the morning, when there is no one but Mr. Mason to see?" I blurted out at length.

"Always, Aunt Matilda, unless I arrange it some equally fancy way."

"Well, I am glad to hear it; and if there were more ladies who did so, there would be more husbands as fond of home and wife as Mr. Mason is."

"Now, then, as you have been the first to begin the subject—for I cannot call it a discussion where we agree so well—I believe that I will tell you a little of my personal history; that is, if you would like to hear it."

"Indeed and indeed, I would, Mrs. Mason."

"Well, then, let me tell you why I am so careful about my dress. When we had been married about two years, and I had a dear little baby, I began to grow care-

less about 'dressing up,' as it is called. I wore calico because it washed well, and made it up without ruffles or other trimming, so that I could have more time. I never dispensed with collars; I was too well brought up for that. My hair I wore simply, although I always combed it before breakfast and dinner. Mr. Mason was always kind, and I supposed I was getting along nicely enough; but sometimes I just hungered for those expressions of endearment I used to have when we were courting; but then I thought, all married people settle down and become less demonstrative; so I thrust my longings away down into the corner of my heart, and went on in the same way six months longer.

How did I come to change? Why one day—our anniversary, it was—I thought to myself: 'This is our wedding-day, and I guess that I can afford to dress up for once. I wonder if Oliver will notice the difference.' So I made over a lovely lawn that I had on hand, and put lace all down the front of the waist. I put flowers in my hair, and a pretty ribbon at my throat. I didn't put on a great apron, either, and cover it all up, but tried to look just as if I were invited out to tea, and was waiting for his escort. First of all, I opened my door to let our little boy in. He was the first to see me.

"Oh, mamma, how sweet you look! I must kiss you," said he, clasping his arms about my neck. That was the first impression made; but when I heard Oliver coming, I pretended to hide from him. He spied me quickly, and there was a light in his eyes that I had not seen for years.

"Why, who is this?" Then he took me right up in his arms and kissed me again and again, calling me all manner of pet names. I was astonished, I can tell you, and delighted. Well, next day, I went back to my clean, plain calico again. Oliver said nothing until evening; then he asked me what had become of the dress I had on yesterday. I laughed, and asked if he expected me to dress up all the time. Yes, he did, he said, if I could get the clothes; and if I could not, he could. Then we had a long talk, and ever since that evening I have kept myself well dressed all the time."

If young wives, or old ones either, wish to keep their husbands lovers all their lives, they must not only keep themselves looking neat, but they must dress as other people do, avoiding, of course, absurdities and sinful extravagance, but carefully cultivating all the graces of manner, apparel and conduct possible.

If you do not "fix up" for Tom, he will wish with all his heart that Mary looked a little more as she used to. So, my dears, have your dresses cut in a pretty way, after a sensible pattern, wear little ribbons and ruffles, and put up your hair becomingly. And another thing, always look so pretty when your husband leaves you in the morning that he will have a pleasant picture in his mind all day long, one that will attract him toward home when night draws near. Then you may be assured of his expressed affection, and you will always be to your best beloved the same charming one you were in girlhood's prime, when he wooed and won you.—*Christian Weekly.*

MOTHER'S DRESS.

Mother and I have just finished making a skirt to-night out of one of her old dresses for sister Jennie. Jennie has been a suffering but patient invalid for several years. All of us think it a privilege to be allowed to help do any sewing for her.

It is more than eight years ago since the summons came to mother to come

heavenward, yet, we two, mother and I, made this skirt.

Never, at any time, since her long silence commenced, has she seemed so near to me as this day and evening when busy over her dear dress. Sister needed a skirt and when I was at father's last week I selected this dress from mother's unworn wardrobe, telling Jennie I knew it would be mother's wish to have her clothing worn and I would make over this dress into a good serviceable underskirt.

That evening, after my husband and children were asleep, I took out the dear familiar old garment and let the floods of memory rush. It seems so strange that fabrics will so outlast us. How vividly the creases and wrinkles of this garment, bulge and curve and crook of sleeve and waist shaped by long wearing to fit the dear form, hidden from us such a long, long time ago, brought her to mind again!

The dress seemed almost too sacred to be desecrated by scissors, but knowing it was best, I commenced ripping open mother's stitches. I wished I knew of what she was thinking when setting them, those firm, even, tiny stitches that mother always made. Some did not require ripping but more added as I lengthened fold and ruffle. It seemed good to have my work run along so with mother's once again. One stitch hers, the next mine, yet, oh, what a gap of desolation that tiny space between the two stitches represented. Such a series of constant happenings, many of them sad, dreary ones, since her busy, energetic fingers swiftly stitched on this same garment. I know she made this dress when "we girls" were all away at school and so nobody but mother and I need ever know of the little innocent dressmakers' secrets I discovered while fashioning the skirt. A fold gashed by accident and carefully darned, a gore skillfully pieced and matched so nicely as to defy detection and a mended rent concealed by carefully arranged gathers. It brought mother's presence very near, working over her stitches and witnessing her bandiwork.

I found a bit of crumbled newspaper in the pocket and a few crumbs left from some Sabbath day's lunch, and it seemed so strange those poor destructible little things should so outlive our strong, energetic mother. When the skirt was finished I folded it ready to send to Jennie, but the waist of the dress I took in my arms and with its empty limp sleeves clasped tight I kneeled by the beds of my sleeping dear ones, my little children whom she never saw, and prayed fervently that I might be such a mother to them as my mother was to me.

CLARISSA POTTER.

—It should seem that indolence itself should incline a person to be honest, as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave.—*Shenstone.*

—I am very sure that any man of common understanding may, by culture, care, attention and labor, make himself whatever he pleases, except a great poet.—*Chesterfield.*

—Upon a mountain hanging over the Straits of Magellan, a barrel is hung by a heavy chain swinging there. That is a post-office! There is no postmaster to deliver the mails, and no postman unlocks it; in fact, it has no key. Ships coming along that way stop and fish out packages of letters that have been dropped therein, take those that go their way, and leave a package to go another way, and some day a ship comes along, finds that package, and sails away. And the barrel swings, doing its duty without being watched or tended.

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.

MR. CROWELL:—I have been a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD for years and I thank you very much for the music and book Messrs. Cragin & Co. sent me at the dear HOUSEHOLD's suggestion. I would say of Dobbins' Electric Soap—I have used it five years and think it the cleanest and nicest soap I ever used. I never used the common soaps without chapping my hands and having them feel badly after washing. With Dobbins' I never have any trouble if used according to direction. I have done my best to introduce it among my neighbors and friends whenever I could, and think it is not to be compared to any other soap in the market. It whitens clothes, takes out paint and grease and leaves a clean smell which is more than I can say of any other soap I ever used.

MRS. GEORGE DWELLEY.

S. Abington Station, Mass.

MR. CROWELL:—In my business I have sold five boxes of Dobbins' Electric Soap in a short time, and think I will have a good sale for it. I think it very good and have used it in my own family and find that it makes the wash lighter and saves labor. One bar of Dobbins' Soap does more work than two bars of any other soap in the city.

PAULINA HEINRICH.

102 Belmont Ave., Newark, N. J.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have to say that I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for one year and find it unexcelled. I use no other. Have tested Babbitt's, Siddall's and other soaps, and prefer the Electric to all others. I have taken advantage of Mr. Cragin's offer, and sent to him for a lot of music. MRS. M. C. WATSON.

Indiana, Pa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—This is to certify that I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for the past three years, I find it superior to any other soap I have ever used for washing clothes. I have tried a great many different kinds in my experience of over forty years. When I first noticed the letters of the dear sisters in THE HOUSEHOLD about Dobbins' Soap, I sent to my grocer for that particular kind. He sent me another kind, saying he did not keep it, it was not a good soap, it injured the clothes, etc. I didn't say much then, but used the kind he sent. When that was gone; I sent to another grocer in town for Dobbins' Soap. I got it and have used it ever since with the happiest results. I have just received a lot of the piano music from Mr. Cragin.

MRS. M. L. BILLINGS.

Milford, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—My wife has been using Dobbins' Electric Soap for a long time and likes it very much. She says it will do all that is claimed for it, and she would not be without it. She has given Siddall's soap a fair trial and at first liked it very well, but prefers Dobbins' Electric to it and to all others. WM. H. SHUFF.

502 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—I have sent to Philadelphia office for some of the Shakespear cards which I am entitled to. I think Dobbins' Soap is boss. It does away with the old-time boiler altogether, and consequently with all the steam, and makes wash day a regular Fourth of July.

MRS. W. H. DUTTON.

Morristown, N. J.

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.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Mrs. Louise of Dakota, who wrote a letter to THE HOUSEHOLD in the September number, please send her address to me, as I would like to learn more about Dakota? MARGUERITE B. GOE.

Box 227, Greensburg, Pa.

Will Helen E. please send her address to A. S. Day, Stamford, Las Animas Co., Colo.?

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will all the subscribers of THE HOUSEHOLD favor me with their postal autographs? I will return the favor to all if desired. MRS. KATIE M. BRAUN.

Lock Box 22, Lorain, Lorain Co., Ohio.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Louise, whose letter appeared in the September HOUSEHOLD, be kind enough to send her address to me, as I am desirous of corresponding with her? HATTIE TAYLOR.

New Galilee, Beaver Co., Pa.

A CASE OF PARALYSIS.

We give the results of a year's treatment in a bad case of paralysis of long standing, showing the effects of Compound Oxygen in its slow but gradual work of vitalizing the half-dead nerves and giving the sluggish life-forces a new and better action.

In the latter part of February, 1883, a gentleman residing at Montpelier, Vt., wrote to us a statement of his case. We take from our record book the following abstract:

"Age 60. Paralysis. First attack, in September, 1874, affecting only one arm from which I entirely recovered in a few months. In March, 1875, had another attack which involved the whole left side and was attended with great nervous prostration, but in two years I seemed quite well again and was able to do some work. The third and last attack was in the fall of '77 and came near killing me. For two weeks I was perfectly helpless. Since then I have been gaining slowly. Can now go about the house and wait on myself; but my greatest trouble is weakness. Am very nervous; sometimes mental, and again physical exhaustion. I see double all the time; feet and hands always cold."

A treatment was sent March 5th, 1883. In a week after commencing its use our patient wrote:

"Extremities are delightfully warm, a new sensation for me. I am encouraged."

From that time we had regular reports through the year, showing very slow but steady gains and a state of fluctuating hope and discouragement on the part of our patient:

March 30th. "Left arm lies limp and heavy at side; circulation improved; veins in hands begin to swell out and skin to look red and healthy; the noise in head is departing."

April 6th. "Am weak and numb and sore, and feel miserable."

April 28th. "Eyes have become very bad, showing objects double and much blurred."

May 10th. "Circulation, appetite, and breathing all improved; last few days feel renewed nerve power and strength flowing through me; the paralysis has partly left my disabled side."

September 4th. "While walking was seized with sudden weakness."

September 10th. "Weakness has increased until this morning I could not stand upright; had a good night's rest and felt well until I attempted to get up."

October 22d. "Frequent fluctuations from good to bad."

January 11th, 1884. "Slight gain in

some ways; good appetite and some flesh."

February 3d. "There is a general toning up and improvement of the whole system."

March 10th. "Eyes look more healthy; there is not that glassy side-look like a stare as before."

For the next month improvement was still more rapid, and on the 8th of April we received the following warmly expressed letter:

"Dear Doctors:—Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy. My mouth is filled with laughter and my tongue with singing. That is to say, that I am feeling all together better, and if the indications don't tell untruths I am rapidly improving."

The results in the last week have been marked, direct, and all that I could ask for. I begin to realize, in fact, what I have looked for and hoped for, for a year past. I am gaining strength and in spirits; I am gaining rapidly; instead of feeling shiftless and dreading any little service, I am longing for a bright sun, clear, warm sidewalks, that I may walk out.

The improvement has been so marked and is so hopeful I am almost scared, and looking myself over and carefully studying symptoms and recalling the physical weaknesses of the past six years I question: "Is this really me, the paralytic?" Of course, gentlemen, I am fully prepared from the present phase of affairs to sing the praises of Compound Oxygen "with the spirit and the understanding also."

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. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Best Testimony in Favor

of PYLE'S PEARLINE WASHING COMPOUND is the millions of packages sold every year, and sales steadily increasing in spite of the numerous poor imitations.

—Why are the boxes in a theater like Nobe? They are all in tiers (tears).

A Row of Pearls

Glistening through coral lips is certainly a pleasing object; but a row of discolored, bespecked teeth in any mouth at all is a grievous drawback; add to this that such a set of teeth is usually accompanied by impure breath and one can scarcely imagine any thing more objectionable. SO-ZODONT, the great purifier of the breath and whitener of teeth obviates this state of the mouth completely, rescuing its dental occupants from destruction, and counteracting the influence upon the enamel of acid secretions in the mouth.

—Why is a busy tailor seldom at home? He is often cutting out.

ASIDE from its superior quality as an infant's food over any other substitute for a mother's milk, Mellin's Food has a great merit in the ease with which it is prepared. Medical men of high repute warmly indorse it, and the best druggists everywhere will furnish it.

Ayer's Pills are effectual in a wide range of diseases which arise from disorders of the stomach and digestive organs. They are a convenient remedy to have always at hand. They are sugar coated, easy to take, effective to operate, sure to bring relief and cure.

—What trade never turns to the left? The wheel-wright.

To produce a perfect Duplex Piano or Organ Stool, for Duets, etc., combining utility with elegance has been the study of inventors of musical taste for years. The Lamb Knitting Machine Mfg. Co., of Chicopee Falls, Mass., have succeeded in perfecting such a one, which is fully described in another column. See their advertisement.

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fee, etc.

Mischief is Wrought

by bad cooking, tough meats, late hours, business worries, irregular livers, sour dispositions, evil digestion and impure blood. Much of this mischief can be overcome by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters—the best tonic ever made. [Mrs. Emille Crawford, Reidsville, Ga., writes, "After trying Brown's Iron Bitters we are persuaded that it is all that it claims to be—a good and reliable tonic." Thousands of others speak in like manner.

—A ready-made rejoinder. He—"You made a fool of me when I married you, ma'am." She—"Lor! you always told me you were a self-made man!"

Neuralgic Rheumatism is the hardest kind to treat. The only way to get at it is to go right for the cause of it. The quicker you get your blood in good condition the less you will suffer in body and mind. ATHLOPHOROS moves directly on the enemy in the blood. It purges the vital fluid of the poisons and acids which give rise to neuralgic and rheumatic pains and inflammations. As soon as the work of cleansing begins you feel the pain departing, and by the time that work is done the disease has fled.

—"The leopard cannot change his spots." He doesn't need to. The leopard is not a candidate for office.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral wonderfully increases the power and flexibility of the voice, enabling public speakers to speak clearly and without fatigue. If people who are troubled with colds would take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral before going to church or places of entertainment, they would avoid coughing, greatly to the comfort of both hearers and speakers.

—Grace (whispering)—"What lovely boots your partner's got, Mary!" Mary (ditto)—"Yes; unfortunately he shines at the wrong end."

No medicine is half so good for a great variety of family complaints, as Ayer's Pills. They are easy to take, effective to cure, and are cheap and handy.

—Why is a gun like a jury? It goes off when discharged.

We call the attention of our readers to the Enterprise Meat Choppers advertised in our present issue. The demand for these choppers has attained such immense proportions that the manufacturers have been compelled to largely increase their facilities for making them, and we are assured that they are now being turned out at the rate of 2,500 per week, 150 hands being steadily employed on them.

There can be no doubt as to the excellence of these choppers, as they have been tested by the editors of nearly 100 agricultural papers, who have given them a hearty endorsement. We cordially recommend them to all our subscribers as by far the best machine of the kind ever introduced to public favor.

—It may be that riches have wings, but the man with a million is willing to chance it.

WHITE RIVER, W. T., Oct 21, 1881.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.—Gentlemen: My wife suffered for over twenty years with rheumatism in her hips and legs. On reading your almanac she positively believed that your Sarsaparilla would cure her. She has taken four bottles and is now as well as ever she was in her life. I feel it my duty to send you my sincere thanks.

C. ENGBLORN.

CATARRH CATARRH

ELLY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN CATARRH OF THE HEAD AND THROAT. HAY-FEVER. DEAFNESS. HEADACHE. EASY TO USE. PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BROS. U.S.A.

a disease of the mucous membrane. It generally originates in the nasal passages and maintains its stronghold in the head. From this point it sends forth a poisonous virus along the membranous linings and through the digestive organs corrupting the blood and producing other troublesome and dangerous symptoms. Cream Balm is a remedy based upon a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon. 50c. at druggists; 60c. by mail registered. Sample bottle by mail 10c. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD.

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill."—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla. "In my practice I use no other."—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

EQUIPOISE WAIST

For Ladies, Misses, Children and Infants.
THIS WAIST is a perfect substitute for corsets, and may be worn either with or without the bones, which, owing to the construction of the bone pockets, may be removed at pleasure.

THE CUT represents the Waist as made for Ladies and Misses, boned, and with full bust; the construction of inside of bust under full piece is that of a corset front, so that a corset and a perfect bust support is provided with a waist. In the Open Back Soft Waists as made for Children and Infants, particular attention to the physical proportions and requirements of the growing little ones has been given in shaping the parts, and from the large variety of sizes, all ages can be perfectly fitted from stock.

PRICES:	
Ladies' laced Back and Boned	\$2.25
Misses' " " " " " "	1.75
Children's and Infants' " " " " " "	1.50

Directions for Measuring.
For Ladies and Misses, take a snug measure around waist over dress, and give it to us in inches.
For Children and Infants, take chest measure also, and state age of child.

We shall take pleasure in sending circulars to all who desire to learn more about this meritorious garment.

Waists sent by mail to any part of the U. S., postage prepaid, on receipt of price, and if not satisfactory we will exchange or refund the money, if returned in good order. Mention THE HOUSEHOLD.

One good Agent wanted for every City and Town in the United States. Address

GEO. FROST & CO.,
287 Devonshire Street, BOSTON MASS.

Newspaper Agents

You can make more money the coming year by working for the "COTTAGE HEARTH" than for any other paper or magazine in the United States. Send full particulars of your past work to

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Miss Marjorie March, Lock Box 76, Philadelphia Post Office, Pa., makes purchases of every description for ladies and gentlemen, with discrimination and taste. Orders from all parts of the country promptly executed. Send stamp for circular. Miss Marjorie March takes pleasure in referring by permission to a few of her numerous patrons.

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50 CHROMO CARDS
every card embossed landscape, hand, floral, bird, motto, scroll, vase, rustic, etc. Name on 10 cents, 4 pks. 30c., 12 pks. \$1.40 and Ring No. 2, 40 cents, 6 pks. and Ring No. 1, 60 cents, 11 pks. and your choice of Needle Case, Four Bladed Pearl Handle Knife, or both the above Rings for \$1.00.
CROWN PRINTING CO., Northford, Conn.

50 Embossed, Gold, Floral and Satin Souvenir Cards, name on, 10c. 11 pks. \$1 with elegant Ring or Imported Silk Handkerchief free.
New Sample Book 25c. **F. W. AUSTIN, New Haven, Ct.**

CARDS. 50 Best Chromo Cards, name on in New Style Type, 100 Selections for Autograph Albums, 10 New Games, 100 Latest Songs, 6 Samples, & price list all for 15c. 6 pks. and Plated Ring free, for 60c. Agents wanted. **Nelson Card Co., Waltham, Mass.**

WORK New, steady, and pleasant for men, women, boys, and girls, at their homes during whole or spare time. From \$2 to \$10 per day made. Full particulars and SAMPLES worth \$5 to commence with FREE. Send 10 cents for postage, etc. Address **EDWARDS & CO., MONTPELIER, VT.**

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IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Stamps. Free catalogue to Agents. **Foljams & Co., Cleveland, O.**

Don't Send Us Money but name, and receive our New Sample Book FREE. **Capitol Card Co., Hartford, Ct.**

\$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies in each county. Address **P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia.**

AGENTS WANTED in every town. \$5 to \$8 a day at home easily made. Agents' outfit free. **P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.**

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For KENSINGTON, OUTLINE and RIBBON EMBROIDERY, BRAIDING, etc.

With this Outfit you can do your own Stamping, and Stamping for others.

Our New Outfit contains 35 STAMPING PATTERNS, Designs of Daisies, Ferns, Wild Roses, Lilies of the Valley, Bouquets, Outlines, Half Wreath of Roses for Pillow Shams, Strips for Flannel Skirts, Seallops, Vines, Braiding Pattern, Cherries, Butterflies, Grass-Hopper, Mouse, Kitten, Frog, Anchor, Star, etc. Price List of Floss, Crewels, Silk, Chenille, Felt, etc. Full Instructions for Stamping and Working, Box of Stamping Powder, Distributing Pad, Instructions for Indelible Stamping.

New SAMPLE BOOK containing over 400 Illustrations of New and choice designs for all kinds of embroidery. Illustrations of Roses, Golden Rod, Sumac, Cozomb, Pansies, Daisies, Woodbine, Ferns, Wreaths, Vines, Braids, Seallops, Corners, Outlines, Alphabets, etc., also a list of over 800 Patterns. We send this Outfit by mail for \$1.00.

EXTRA STAMPING PATTERNS.—Outline Alphabet (26 letters), 10c.; Sheaf of Wheat, 15c.; Cluster of Strawberries, 10c.; Forget-me-nots, 10c.; Galla Lily, 15c.; Pansies, 15c.; Pomegranates, 15c.; Outline Design, 10c.; Golden Rod and Aster, 15c.; Sprig of Sumac, 15c. SPECIAL OFFER.—We will send all these Extra Stamping Patterns and the Stamping Outfit for \$2.00. Address, **J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.**



GRAPE AND FLOWER GATHERER

Fills a want of the vineyard and florist. Cuts and holds the grapes, so they can be gathered without handling or breaking the bloom. Save time and money!

By mail, free, on receipt of price: Japaned 75 cts., Nickel Plated \$1. Address **J. A. HOWELL & CO., Jefferson, Ashtabula County, Ohio.** Agents Wanted. Dealers supplied. Send for descriptive Circular.

ESTABLISHED 1850 INCORPORATED 1883.



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The Carpenter Organs, Brattleboro, Vt.

Removed from Worcester, Mass.

These beautiful instruments contain

The Celebrated Carpenter Organ Action,

which is a guarantee of their superior excellence. Before buying an Organ send for our large new Catalogue of latest styles, free to all applicants. In towns where we have no agent we will sell direct to parties desiring an organ for their own use, at reduced prices.

AN HONEST ORGAN.

"The Carpenter Organs have won for themselves a high reputation for durability, and fine musical qualities. An organ may be fine in appearance, but unless it is built honestly in every part it will prove unsatisfactory. Mr. Carpenter makes most emphatically an honest organ; and this is, we think, the secret of their popularity."—*Youth's Companion*.

WARRANT.

Each Organ containing the Carpenter Organ Action is warranted to be made in the most skillful manner, of the best and most perfectly prepared material, and to be, according to its size, capacity, and style, the best instrument possible. Each purchaser may have, if he desires, a written guaranty for eight years.

Address

E. P. CARPENTER & CO.,
Brattleboro, Vt., U. S. A.

We refer by permission to publisher of The Household

Best Offer Yet! 50 Chromo Cards, New Imported designs for '85, name printed in latest script type 10c., 11 pks. and this elegant controlled Gold Ring or a beautiful Silk Handkerchief for \$1. **FRANKLIN PRINTING CO., New Haven, Conn.**

40 Hidden Name, Embossed, and New Chromo Cards, name in new type, an elegant 48 page Gift bound Floral Autograph Album with quotations, 12 page Illustrated Premium and Price List and Agent's Canvassing Outfit all for 15c. **SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.**

40 CARDS, all Hidden Name and New Embossed Chromos 10 cts. Agents make money. Elegant Book of samples 25c. **CLINTON & CO., North Haven, Ct.**

40 OUR NAME on 50 all Hidden Name and Embossed Chromo Cards 10c. They are Beauties; 6 pks. and Rolled Gold Ring 60c.; 10 pks. and Four Bladed Pearl Handle Knife \$1. Agent's Outfit 15c. Address **Hub Card Co., Boston, Mass.**

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THE SURE CURE

FOR
**KIDNEY DISEASES,
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CONSTIPATION, PILES,
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PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY.

"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I ever used." **Dr. P. Q. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.**

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IN THOUSANDS OF CASES

it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

It cleanses the Blood and Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the kidney is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

PRICE, \$1.00 LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Dry can be sent by mail.

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The "SOLAR TIP" is

the best SHOE for boys & girls. So popular that MANY IMITATIONS ARE MADE

New names are springing up every day, such as Sole Leather Tip, etc., and many who think they are getting the genuine "SOLAR TIP," get only an IMITATION

See that our Trade Mark is on the sole of each pair and that our name is printed in full on it.

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TWO IN ONE. STOOLS

Opened, showing Second Stool. Second Stool Removed. Stool Closed.

The DUPLEX STOOL for Piano or Organ, above illustrated, is unsurpassed in beauty as a single stool, or in convenience for teacher and pupil while giving and receiving instructions in music, or for two players at the same instrument. Send for circular showing different styles now ready, prices, etc. **LAMB KNITTING MACHINE MFG. CO. CHICPEE FALLS, MASS., U. S. A.**

PERSONAL.

We wish the address of every person in America who is suffering from CATARRH, and on receipt of a postal card with address, we will SEND FREE a trial package of the only remedy that can successfully combat this insidious disease. Our offer bears on its face sufficient guarantee of its honesty. **TOWER & CO., 1681 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.**

A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 35 cts. by mail. **STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.**

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sample Book, Premium List, Price List sent free. **U. S. CARD CO., Centerbrook, Conn.**

THE LIGHTNING HAY KNIFE

IS THE

BEST

KNIFE IN THE WORLD!

To Cut HAY & STRAW from the Mow, Stack, or Bundle.

To Cut CORN STALKS or Baled HAY, or Unthreshed OATS in bundles, into Fine Feed.

To Cut ENSILAGE from Silo. To cut PEAT, and Ditching in Bogs and Meadows, severing grass roots, and cutting off bush roots an inch through, readily. Farmers having any of this work to do, should not be without a Lightning Hay Knife, and would not, after an hour's trial.

If you feed only hay for your cow, it will PAY YOU to have a Lightning Hay Knife, to cut fresh hay from the side of the mow or stack, instead of pitching from the top, where it is drying up and losing its best qualities. IT PAYS to use a Lightning Hay Knife to cut a load of Clingy Clover Hay into sections, so as to pitch off easily. This is THE KNIFE which Cuts Frozen Hay readily. Manufactured only by

HIRAM HOLT & CO., East Wilton, Me., U. S. A.

For sale by Hardware Merchants & the trade generally

NEW BOOK. Contains illustrations and plain instructions for all the stitches. Describes 70 FLOWERS; tells how each is worked; what material and stitches to use; GIVES THE PROPER COLORS for the petals, stamens, leaves, stems, &c. of each flower; tells how to trim and finish; how to line, press and wash Fancy Work; what colors look best together, &c.; FINELY ILLUSTRATED. Price by mail, 35c. Agents wanted.

125 NEW STITCHES for Crazy Patchwork. New Book. Gives full instructions. Shows 8 full sized squares. Ten pages of stitches. Price 25c.

NEW SAMPLE BOOK OF STAMPING PATTERNS. Shows over 1300 designs for every branch of embroidery. Shows each design entire and gives instruction for stamping that will not rub. Price 25c.

New Stamping Outfit. Contains full instructions for stamping on Plush, Velvet, &c. 35 working patterns. Flowers, Sprigs, Vines, Kittens, Oaks, Roses, Daisies, &c. for Kensington, Outline, Ribbon, Arrasene and other Embroidery, and for KENSINGTON AND LUSTRO PAINTING. Powder, Pad and Sample Book described above, all for \$1.00. All three Books and Outfit for \$1.50. Stamping Patterns at wholesale.

T. E. PARKER, Lynn, Mass.

The Great Instruction Book!

RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD

FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

This wonderful book continues to sell immensely, and among others of fine quality, may fairly be termed the LEADER, having had more years of continued large sales, having been repeatedly corrected until it may be said to be literally without fault, having been enlarged and improved where possible, having been for years and years the favorite of eminent teachers who have used it, and having been most profitable to the publishers and to the widow of the compiler, the copyright alone amounting to more than \$90,000.00.

PRICE OF Richardson's New Method for the Pianoforte \$3.00.

Mailed, post free, for above price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

WOOD DISH DRAINERS.

Stands in the sink. Receives and drains the dishes. Does not break them. Does not rust. Takes no available 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. **DOVER STAMPING CO., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.**

144 Scrap Pictures and 100 Album Quotations, only 10c. 50 Comic Cards, 10c. **J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.**

50 Splendid Chromos with name, 10c., 3 pks. and lovely Sample Sheet of new style Cards, 30c., 5 pks. with Gold Plated Ring and Sample Sheet, 60 cts. **E. H. PARDEE, New Haven, Conn.**

THE WONDER OF WONDERS!

The **MIND READER** is a marvelous contrivance for finding out another person's thoughts and secrets. If you wish to be surprised, buy it. If you wish to mystify your friends, buy it. If you wish to own the most curious, most puzzling, and most amusing article ever advertised, send for the **MIND READER**. There is nothing equal to it for an evening party. The whole company will gather around it and care for nothing else. It delights young and old alike. Sent by return mail, postage paid, for only 25 cents. 1 & 2-ct. 8's sent. Address **A. E. HOWARD, 29 Bainbridge St., Boston, Mass.** [Copyrighted.]

50 Splendid Chromos with name, 10c., 3 pks. and lovely Sample Sheet of new style Cards, 30c., 5 pks. with Gold Plated Ring and Sample Sheet, 60 cts. **E. H. PARDEE, New Haven, Conn.**

PATCHWORK SILKS. Ten large bright samples, 10 cts. 450 square inches with painted piece, \$1.00. **SILK CO., North Haven, Conn.**

THE OLD MALDEN DYE HOUSE.

Ladies and Gent's Garments dyed and cleansed without ripping, and pressed equal to new. Also, dyeing and cleansing in all its branches. Send for price list.

NO. 8 HANOVER ST., BOSTON.

SEDGWICK STEEL WIRE FENCE.



Is the only general purpose Wire Fence in use, being a Strong Net-Work without Barbs. It will turn dogs, pigs, sheep and poultry, as well as the most vicious stock, without injury to either fence or stock. It is just the fence for farms, gardens, stock ranges and railroads, and very neat for lawns, parks, school lots and cemeteries. Covered with rust-proof paint (or galvanized) it will last a life-time. It is Superior to Boards or Barbed Wire in every respect. We ask for it a fair trial, knowing it will wear itself into favor. The Sedgwick Gates, made of wrought iron pipe and steel wire, defy all competition in neatness, strength and durability. We also make the best and cheapest All Iron Automatic or Self-Opening Gate, also Cheapest and Neatest all Iron Fence, Best Wire Stretcher and Post Auger, Also Manufacture Russell's excellent Wind Engines for pumping water, or geared engines for grinding and other light work. For prices and particulars ask hardware dealers, or address, mentioning paper, SEDGWICK BROS. Mfrs., Richmond, Indiana.

"THE GOLDEN BELT"

KANSAS LANDS KANSAS DIVISION U. P. R'WAY. STOCK RAISING WOOL CROWING

Buffalo Grass Pasture Summer and Winter. Unsurpassed for Climate, Grasses, Water.

CORN and WHEAT FRUIT

200,000,000 Bus. Corn. 30,000,000 Wheat. The best in the Eastern Market.

Pamphlets and Maps free. B. McALLASTER, Land Commis'r, Kansas City, Mo.

These 3 Little Friends are going Travelling, and they want to visit all the Good Little Boys and Girls in America. Want you Let Us Come to Your Home? We will Start as Soon as you Send Us 15 Cts to Pay Our Way. We are Three very consequential People, and Our Elegant Wardrobe C nists of 32 Pieces. Our Garments are of Every Fashion and Style. If You Send for Us We will Go where you Live, and Amuse You all through this long year. Ask Mamma and Papa to send for Us, and we will Wear our Reception Dresses.

Only 15 Cts for 3 French Dolls

WITH AN ELEGANT WARDROBE OF 32 PIECES.



Consisting of Reception, Evening & Morning Dresses, Street Costumes, Cloaks, Hats, Bonnets, Hand Satchels, Sun Umbrellas, Music Portfolios, Overcoats, Sailor Suits, Military Suits & Drums, Street Jackets, Watertight Place Suits, Travelling Costumes, Dress Suits, &c. These Dresses and Suits in this Elegant Wardrobe represent Nine Different Colors, and they are lovely beyond description, several being from Designs by Worth, of Paris. There is One Little Boy and Two Girl Dolls in Each Set, with Pretty Faces and Life-like Beautiful Features, and their Wardrobe is so extensive that it takes hours to dress and undress them in their Different Suits. Every Child and every Mother, that has seen them, go in ecstacy over them. Children will get more real enjoyment out of a Set of these French Dolls than out of articles that cost \$10. Every person that buys them send immediately for more. A Lady writes us that her Little Boy and Girl played for five hours with a Set of these French Dolls, and they felt very sorry indeed to think that they must stop and eat their supper, and if mothers only knew how much amusement there is in these Dolls they would willingly pay double the price asked for them. Sample Set, consisting of Three Dolls with their Wardrobe of 32 Pieces by mail for 15 Cts. Two Sets, Six Dolls 64 Pieces for 25 Cts. TEN Sets for \$1 you get \$1.50. 25 Sets for \$2.50, you get \$3.75. Fifty Sets for \$4.50, you get \$7.50. 100 Sets by express \$7.00 you get \$10 for them. Any Little Boy or Girl, or any Agent, male or female, can sell 100 Sets every day. If you do that you make over \$40 a week. If you send for one or two Sets we will send our Secret Method and Full Directions how you can make more than One Hundred Dollars a month out of these Dolls. You have not one day to lose, as each day's delay is so many Dollars lost to you. This is an opportunity too valuable for you to lose. These Dolls are not like those of former years.

L. A. ROOT, Box 5275, Boston, Mass.

SONGS

Unabridged Song Collection. It is the largest, most varied, and complete collection ever printed. You have here the latest sentimental songs, funny songs, gay songs, serio-comic, lullabies, popular songs, opera songs, home songs, Irish, Scotch, and English songs and ballads, patriotic songs, Ethiopian and minstrel songs, burlesque and comic opera songs, love songs, naval and military songs, sporting and miscellaneous duets, and choruses. You will find here many an old favorite that you have long sought for, as well as numerous new songs now being sung by the leading singers. This is a new collection. We send 150 songs for 10 Cents. Postage stamps taken. Address J. LYNN & CO., 769 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Dr. Hanaford's Card.

MOTHER AND CHILD, giving in plain language, the treatment of both. Price, \$1.00.

HOME GIRLS, treating of the physical and mental training, 20 cents.

ANTI-FAT AND ANTI-LEAN, 25 cents.

GOOD DIGESTION, or the DYSPEPTIC'S FRIEND, 25 cents.

STOMACH REGULATOR AND LIVER INVIGORATOR. Intended for Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Indigestion, Nausea, Torpidity of the Liver, and all derangements of that organ. Price 40 cents (stamps) for enough to last one month; \$1.00 for three packages, three months.

THE SICK who will carefully give their symptoms, diet, habits, etc., will receive medicine and advice to last six weeks, by letter, for \$3.00.

GOOD BREAD AND HOW TO MAKE IT, 15 cents.

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.)

My original and only offer to "brides" who have had THE HOUSEHOLD as a wedding present, and who will re-subscribe for it, was 75 cents for the "Mother and Child," (see Replies in Aug. No.) This offer still remains, applying to all who subscribed in 1882, who will renew for 1883. Address

DR. J. H. HANAFORD, Reading, Mass.

SHERMAN & JENNE, General Insurance and Real Estate Agents, Brattleboro, Vt.

\$16 BREECH LOADER. \$12 MUZZLE LOADER.

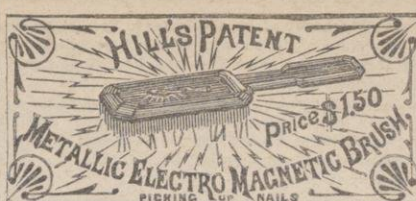
Powell \$16 Loading Shot (Front Action) Locks, guaranteed Steel Barrels, Side Lever Action. Warranted good shooter or no sale. Our \$15 Muzzle Loader now only \$12. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue of Guns, Pistols, Watches, Knives, etc. See it before you buy. P. POWELL & SON, 180 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

AMAGIC LANTERN ELECTRIC ENGINE MUSICAL BOX OR STEAM ENGINE FREE

For particulars how to SECURE ONE and Mammoth Catalogue of Magic Lamps and Organettes, all latest styles, also Wonderful Novelties Address, HARBACH ORGAN CO., Philadelphia, Pa. MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED.

Newton's improved COW TIE holds them firmly, draws forward when lying down, pushes back when standing, gives freedom of head, keeps clean. E. C. NEWTON, Batavia, Ill.

100 Scrap Pictures, no 2 C. ALPHEUS, Syracuse, N. Y.



WANTED—Every one of the 500,000 good, honest readers of THE HOUSEHOLD to turn to page 286 in the Sept. No., and read the advertisement and price list of the Hill Brush Co., and then turn to page 281, and read what Dr. Hanaford says concerning Hill's Electric appliances. Then if that good reader or any friend is troubled with any complaint these claim to cure, you may select the article best adapted to your case, and send us the price by money order, postal note, or registered letter, with ten cts. extra for registering same, and we will prepay postage, and mail the article as requested, with condition that you may examine the article when received and if not satisfied return the same to us uninjured, and we will return the money less the postage we paid. We deal on the square and will give and do all we agree and ask others to do so. What we claim to cure, is only what our patrons assure us of and we believe them. Send postal for circulars and testimonials. Agents wanted everywhere. Address HILL BRUSH CO., Reading, Mass.

HEALTH FOODS.

Send your address on postal card, and we will send you valuable pamphlets. Our products are known and enjoyed by many of the regular writers for THE HOUSEHOLD. Good Mr. Crowell, the editor, is one of our best customers. Dr. Hanaford, Emily Hayes, and others, say that they find strength, health and comfort in our Foods. Professor R. H. Thurston of the Stevens Institute of Technology, who has been greatly benefited by them, has taken the trouble to secure analyses of all the wheat-products, from his colleague, Prof. Leeds, State Analyst for New Jersey, and the result is given below.

STEVENS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, HOBOKEN, N. J., May 23, 1882. At the request of my colleague, Prof. Robert H. Thurston, I have thoroughly examined the various food substances prepared from wheat by the Health Food Co. The examination was both microscopic and chemical. Finding, after the most careful trial, that no trustworthy determinations of the relative percentages of the starch, gluten, etc., could be made by the aid of the microscope, I submitted all these food substances to chemical analysis as the only accurate test. The result has been to show that the relative percentage of the albuminoids (gluten, albumen, etc.) as compared with the starch, is greater in these food-substances, than it is in ordinary commercial wheat flour. In some of them the relative percentage of albuminoids is very much greater than in ordinary flour, whether European or American. ALBERT R. LEEDS, PH. D., Prof. of Chemistry in the Stevens Inst. of Technology.

HEALTH FOOD CO., 74 & 76 4th Ave. & 69, 71 & 73 E 10th St., New York City. New England Agency, 199 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.



ESTEY ORGAN. Everywhere known and prized for Skill and fidelity in manufacture, Tasteful and excellent improvements, Elegant variety of designs, Yielding unrivaled tones. Illustrated Catalogues sent free. J. ESTEY & CO., Brattleboro, Vt.

A PRIZE.

Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

LADY of education wanted on SALARY in every city and village. A FEW wanted to travel. NO capital required. TYLER & CO., Detroit, Mich.

"LITTLE DETECTIVE."

No More Short Weights.

\$10 SCALE FOR \$3.



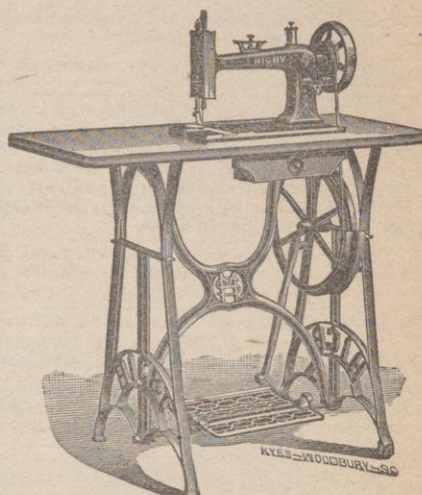
Weights from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs.

This Little Scale is made with Steel Bearings and a Brass Beam, and will weigh accurately any package from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs. It is intended to supply the great demand for a Housekeeper's Scale. Nothing of the kind ever having been sold before for less than from \$8 to \$12. Every Scale is perfect and will last a person's life time. With one of these Scales you need not complain to your Butcher or Grocer of short weights without cause, and if you have Butter, Cheese, or any article that goes by weight to sell, you need not guess at it, or trust others to weigh for you. Every family in City, Village or Country should have one. It is also a valuable Scale in every Office, for Weighing Mail matter as well as a convenient Scale for any Store.

We will send one of the above Scales, on receipt of \$3.00, or the Scales together with THE HOUSEHOLD for one year, to any address in the United States for \$3.50. Address THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

The Latest and Best!

THE HIGBY



SEWING MACHINE.

We call the especial attention of every lady who has any sewing to do to the merits of this machine, believing they will find it not only the LATEST but also the BEST of any Sewing Machine now in the market.

WE CLAIM It Runs the stillest, It Runs the Easiest, It Does the Best Work.

Three essential points in the working of a Sewing Machine.

BESIDES THESE POINTS, It has a more Roomy Arm, It has fewer Parts to Wear, It is Stronger & Better Built,

than any other, and every machine is fully warranted to give entire satisfaction in every particular.

PRICE LIST.

- No. 1. Plain Table.....\$40.00
- " 2. With Cover..... 45.00
- " 3. Cover, Leaf and 2 Drawers, 50.00
- " 4. Cover, Leaf and 4 Drawers, 55.00
- " 5. Cover, Leaf and 6 Drawers, 60.00
- Three-Quarter Case..... 70.00
- Full Cabinet..... 80.00

Active and reliable Agents wanted everywhere.

Higby Sewing Machine Co., Brattleboro, Vt.

Special to the Subscribers of THE HOUSEHOLD. We have made arrangements with the Higby Sewing Machine Co. whereby we can furnish our subscribers with these machines at a discount of \$10 from their price, and prepay freight to any railroad station in the United States.

We make this offer to our subscribers knowing that the Higby is in every respect a first class machine that will give entire satisfaction. It combines all the best qualities of the leading machines of the day, with several peculiar to itself, and is destined to be extremely popular wherever it is known. We heartily endorse the Higby, believing that for work and wear it must stand at the head.

Address all orders under this offer to THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.



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

BRATTLEBORO, VT., NOVEMBER, 1884.

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

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

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

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

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

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS, 1's and 2's, will be received in payment for any sum less than one dollar but DO NOT send full subscriptions in that way. It is just as easy and as safe to send bank bills in a letter as their value in stamps, and they are worth a great deal more to us.

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

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 adding 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 ESTATEY 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 papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

SPECIAL PREMIUM FOR 1884.

To such of our readers as wish to procure a first-class Sewing Machine on easy terms we offer the following opportunity:

For a club of 40 yearly subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD we will send a No. 1 Higby Sewing Machine. Price \$40.

For 45 subscriptions we will send a No. 2 machine, same make. Price \$45.

For 50 subscriptions we will send a No. 3 machine, same make. Price \$50.

These machines are strictly first-class in every respect and fully warranted. There is no better Sewing Machine made than the Higby, and no better chance was ever given by which a lady could obtain so excellent a machine on such easy terms. Send for a catalogue either to THE HOUSEHOLD or The Higby Sewing Machine Co., Brattleboro, Vt.



THE BAKING PREPARATIONS OF Prof. Horsford,

[Namely, Prof. Horsford's Self-Raising Bread Preparation, put up in paper packages, Rumford's Yeast Powder, in bottles, and Prof. Horsford's Phosphatic Baking Powder, in bottles with wide mouths to admit a spoon.]

are made of Horsford's Acid Phosphate in powdered form, and are

HEALTHFUL AND NUTRITIOUS,

because they restore to the flour the nourishing phosphates lost with the bran in the process of bolting. These Baking Preparations have received the endorsement of, and are

UNIVERSALLY

USED and RECOMMENDED

by Prominent Physicians and Chemists,

and are for sale by all dealers.

THEY INCREASE THE NUTRITIVE QUALITIES OF FLOUR.

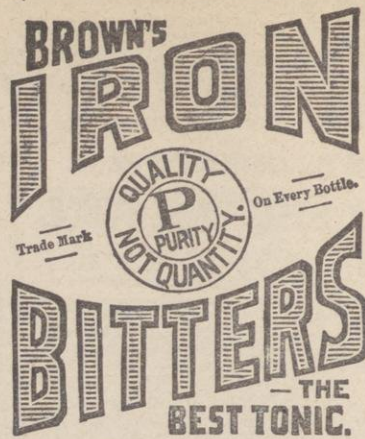
BARON LIEBIG, the world-renowned German chemist, said: "I consider this invention as one of the most useful gifts which science has made to mankind! It is certain that the nutritive value of flour is increased ten per cent. by your phosphatic Baking Preparations, and the result is precisely the same as if the fertility of our Wheat fields had been increased by that amount. What a wonderful result is this!"

The Horsford Almanac and Cook Book sent free.

RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

TEA CLUBS

With every order for \$10 worth of tea we give a 46 piece English White China Tea Set, or a Decorated English China Tea Set of 32 pieces or a 11 piece English Chamber Toilet Set. With a \$12 order we give a Maroon, Pink or Blue Band, Gold Lined Chamber Toilet Set of 10 pieces or an English Decorated Tea Set of 44 pieces. We have Hundreds of other Premiums. All Catalogue Free. Agents Wanted. **GREAT EASTERN TEA CO., 333 & 335 Broadway, Providence, R. I.**



PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other Iron medicines do.

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

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-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England



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. Commended by Physicians. Sold by druggists. Send for Book on Care of Infants. DOLBER, GOODALE & CO., 41 and 42 Central Wharf, Boston, Mass.

MRS. E. S. WARNER, Palm-Sola, Fla., having renewed her collection of coral, shells, sea urchins, mosses, and other marine curiosities, is prepared to send by mail boxes of the same at moderate charge.

Birds! BUY OF THE IMPORTER! German Canaries, your choice from 1000 singers, \$2.50 and \$3.00; St. Andreasberg Canaries, bell and flute notes, \$4.50; trial of a week given. A great variety of talking Parrots, Cardinals, Goldfinches, Bullfinches, Linnets, etc. Birds safe by express. Holden's New Book on Birds, 128 pp., 80 illustrations, all about food, care, diseases, 25c., stamps. "Canaries and Cage Birds," 375 pp., colored plates, \$2. G. L. HOLDEN, 9 Bowdoin Square, Boston, Mass.

RUGS. Beautiful Colored Designs of Flowers, Birds, Animals, etc., printed on burlap (cloth), to be worked in rags, yarn, etc. Wholesale and retail. Large discount to dealers. Send to manufacturer for catalogue. GEO. R. ANDREWS, Biddeford, Me

It will soon be time to decorate your HOMES for the holidays, and if you cannot go to FLORIDA send 25c. for a beautiful Pampas Plume, (3 for 50c.) A bunch of fine sea oats, 25c. 1 lb. of Spanish Moss, 35c. or send 50c. and receive one fine Pampas Plume, one bunch sea oats, and a large Sample Spanish Moss. Or for \$1.00 will send 3 50c. packages. Address, **EMMA R. WARD, Orange Park, Clay Co., Florida**

ALL FREE! 50 Scrap Pictures, 50 Col'd Transfer Pictures, 100 Selections for Autograph Albums, 1 Set Fancy Cards, 1 Set Awfully Funny Cards, Great Magic Puzzle, 30 Fancy Patterns. Send 10c. for postage. **A. L. ROOT, Box 5275, Boston.**



PARLOR, Chamber and Rattan Furniture, Folding Beds, Bed Lounges, Easy Chairs, Carpets, Dinner and Tea Sets, Plated Ware, Watches, Jewelry, etc., **GIVEN AWAY** to those who send clubs for a meritorious household article. All are delighted with it. You can obtain any article you want by devoting your spare moments to the work. Hundreds of valuable presents to select from. List of presents and all information free. Address N. Holmes & Co., 337 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

RED DRAGON TEA

Most Delicious Drinking!

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Strongest and Cheapest!

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5	Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife.	75	3
6	Sugar Spoon.	75	3
7	Autograph Album.	1 00	3
8	Package Garden Seeds.	1 00	3
9	Package Flower Seeds.	1 00	3
10	Half Chromo, Apple Blossoms, or May Flowers.	1 00	3
11	Butter Knife.	1 00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book.	1 00	3
13	One vol. Household.	1 10	4
14	Fruit Knife.	1 25	4
15	Pair Tablespoons.	1 50	5
16	Call Bell.	1 75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork.	1 75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings.	2 00	5
19	Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings.	2 00	5
20	Six Teaspoons.	2 25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk.	2 25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box.	2 50	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick.	2 50	6
24	Child's knife, fork and spoon.	2 50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case.	2 50	6
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27	Six Nut Picks.	2 75	7
28	Gilt cup.	2 75	7
29	Photograph Album.	3 00	7
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31	Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler.)	4 00	8
32	Pie Knife.	3 50	9
33	Soup Ladle.	3 50	9
34	Cake Knife.	3 50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork.	3 50	9
36	Six Tablespoons.	4 00	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium.	4 00	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles.	3 75	10
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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.

Dr. Doremus' on Ammonia in Food.

In analyzing samples of baking powder purchased by myself of a number of grocers in New York City, I find that CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR BAKING POWDER contains only pure Grape Cream of Tartar, Bicarbonate of Soda and a small portion of flour, while the Royal Baking Powder contains in addition thereto, Tartaric Acid and Ammonia. The Ammonia gas is observed not only in the Royal Baking Powder when it is heated, but even in biscuits made therefrom.

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New York, July 11, 1884.

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