



# LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

## The household. Vol. 10, No. 1 January 1877

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, January 1877

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/SNTRM4UBS7HSE86>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.



# THE HOUSEHOLD

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

W. A. RICHARDS, INC. ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 10.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JANUARY, 1877.

No. 1.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

CROSBY BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,  
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

TERMS:—\$1 00 per year in advance.  
Postage 10 cents extra.



### A WINTER SONG.

Alas! cold earth, dost thou forget  
The scent of April's violet?  
Do wailing winds bemoan the death  
Of youth, and joy, and odorous breath?  
Are all these shriveled leaves that fall  
Heaped up for beauty's burial?

Ah! no, no, no; the careful year  
Prepares a bed and not a bier;  
Though beauty's trance be long and deep,  
Her heart still quivers in her sleep.  
Then leave her place of slumber bare;  
Let the loved sunlight enter there.

Alas! cold heart, hast thou foregone  
The bliss that o'er thy spring-time shone?  
Has all the winter of thy woe  
Congealed thy weeping into snow?  
And in that long and bitter frost,  
Has the sweet life of love been lost?

Ah! no, no, no; love wakes again,  
Though still and pale it long hath lain,  
And chilly was the place of rest;  
Then warm it, dearest, on my breast;  
Revive it with thy voice divine,  
It wakens to no touch but thine!

—Rural New Yorker.

### A HOME FOR ALL.

EVERY living thing should have a home. "Foxes have holes," and all burrowing animals excavate domiciles suited to their need; why should man, of all other animals, neglect to provide a home for himself and family—or allow himself to depend upon his neighbor for such a necessity? Endowed to the highest degree with the faculty of "inhabitiveness," why should he either choose or be compelled to curtail his desire for the luxury, or rather necessity, of a home. It should be one of the first duties of every man to procure for himself either a temporary or permanent home—one that he should be able to call his home and from which no power or circumstance should be permitted to drive him, save important necessity, or fire, or flood. Especially should this be the case with every married pair. A home of his own fixes a man as few other things can, and takes away both the necessity and desire for

the too prevalent necessity of "moving," a ruinously costly practice, and one which is alike destructive of prosperity or pleasure to both parents and children.

The lack of ability to provide a costly or elegant home should be no excuse for a total neglect of the duty under consideration. An extremely humble home in proprietorship is far more honorable and praiseworthy than a more costly and showy one the possession of which depends upon the caprice of a landlord. At the same time no man should be content to live in an old rookery who is able to provide his family with a comely and convenient home.

Many who own homes are quite too indifferent to give their domicile that care and attention which is necessary to insure a proper degree of comfort and love for the homestead. Children should be taught to love and feel an honest pride in their homes. Inducements should be held out which will naturally lead to such a result. Ornament your homes, as you may be able to do from time to time. A few shade and ornamental trees, a little flower-garden, a tidy fence around the homestead, cost but little and add wonderfully to the love which will be begotten in a son or daughter for their home.

As a general thing it is difficult to place money where it will insure more pleasure or profit than when invested in a home. Better spend money in building and improving a home than for thousands of things of which we soon tire or finally throw away as worthless.

### RUSTIC STUMPS.

In certain retired parts of gardens or grounds "rustic stumps," when clothed with creeping vines, give a pleasing impression. The important point is grouping. The mass should not be raised too high above the surrounding level, and yet be sufficient in area to prevent an insignificant appearance. Light fibrous soil should be filled in among the roots allowing the latter to jut out here and there for the vines to clamber over.

As suitable plants for this purpose, an English periodical suggests the ivy and clematis, as the former will give a cheerful appearance to the work during the winter months, when the latter is taking its rest; and then throughout the summer nothing will exceed the clematis, with its bright verdure and splendid flowers; and not only these, but it has a grace peculiar to itself, decorating everything it touches with the most charming of garlands.

Another vine might be added which would impart still greater interest to the mass of foliage, and that is the Ampelopsis Veitchii, one of the newer class of vines, very closely related to our American ivy, but with a smaller leaf and more slender growth. In the autumn we should then have a brilliant tint of crimson mingling with the deepest green.

Ferns, such as are willing to endure a little sun, would not be out of their place, their graceful fronds harmonizing well with the drooping character of the vines, but eschew flowering shrub-like plants as too uniform and stiff for such a half wild spot as we have endeavored to describe. A group of untrimmed shrubs might act as a background, over which an occasional vine may clamber, but care must be taken not to have too much of this feature.

### RED WASH FOR BRICK RESIDENCES—IMPORTANT FACT.

Travelers visiting Chicago are astonished at the beautiful appearance of the brick buildings in that city, showing so distinctly the lines of white mortar between the bricks. It has taken years of trial, says the Enquirer, before a mixture could be found that would stand the test of rain and frost. At last, the following has given thorough satisfaction: Venetian red and Paris brown, in proportion to suit the taste, are mixed with a quantity of water to make a heavy wash. With this the walls are well coated. To settle the color to the wall, and prevent its washing off by the rain, a wash with diluted muriatic acid (one-quarter acid) is given over the painted surface.

The mixture forming the white lines or joints is made of settled white lime, to which is slowly added plaster of Paris, kept stirring until the mixture is past setting; then mix a little fine sand, to keep from cracking, and work into the consistence of glaziers' putty. This putty is then applied to the wall by two men, along a straight edge, and with a beading trowel, the distance of the joints having previously been measured. Care should be taken, in applying this putty, to press it strongly against the wall to prevent any water from creeping between it and the brick. In winter time we should suppose the water would freeze, expand and detach the white joint, thus spoiling the looks of the building; but it is impotent if the treatment above described proves effectual. It is certainly worth trying, for an indestructible red and white paint is very beautiful.



### CONCERNING ETIQUETTE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the ridicule that has always been poured upon the habit of paying calls and receiving callers, it is a necessary custom in existing society, and its rules must be known to any woman who means to frequent society.

There are many occasions on which calls should be paid. They may be ranged under three heads: congratulatory calls, condolence calls, and calls of courtesy. At the head of the congratulatory calls are those paid to a bride as soon as she is settled in her new home. Her parents receive callers immediately after the engagement is announced, and after the marriage has taken place. When any of your friends have a child born to them, it is your duty to call with your congratulations as soon as the mother is well enough to receive you.

Beside the two grand occasions of marriages and births, it is usual when any other cause for congratulation arises, for friends to offer their good wishes in person.

The condolence calls are paid when in sorrow or domestic calamity befalls friends or acquaintances, and one of the most difficult tasks of life accomplished—condolence and sympathy offered. We say difficult, for most people, because only a few know how to offer sympathy, and bring balm to a wound instead of irritation. There are people who possess this marvelous gift, whose very presence in a house of mourning brings a kind of respite from pain, but they are few. It requires the greatest tact and the most sincere feeling to bring consolation where it is needed, especially where people are generally shy about their sentiments, and rarely wear their hearts on their sleeves.

Calls of courtesy are made in the country upon people when they first come into the neighborhood, and in a town after an introduction has been made through some mutual friend. These formal visits should always be returned within three or four days. What are called in France "Digestion calls," that is, after you have been out to dinner, etc., are paid in a few days after the event. If you cannot go, you must leave cards at the door or send them.

If the persons upon whom you call are not at home, you turn down one corner of your card, which means that



you have called in person. When you send cards with inquiries, a servant must take them.

For first visits in town exactly the opposite rule must be observed to those in the country. When you arrive in town, you call and leave your card to inform your acquaintances of your arrival. Whilst in the country you wait till you have been called upon. Of course this custom has its *raison d'être*. Your friends cannot be expected to know of your presence in a large town, whereas in the country, every event is known directly.

Cards now are unostentatious and plain, and the simpler the better; the gentleman's smaller than the lady's. Name and address are printed in ordinary type.

Many people are puzzled by the initials P. D. A., or P. P. C., in the right-hand corner of visiting cards; the former means *pour dire adieu*, and the latter, *pour prendre congé*. They are added when a call is made for the purpose of leave-taking, and should be left before any lengthened absence from the neighborhood.

On any occasion of a formal character, cards must be left. A lady leaves her own and two of her husband's—one for the gentleman of the house, and the other for the lady. When a lady leaves her husband's cards she must place them on the hall table, and not leave them in the drawing-room on her departure, as the custom used to be.

A formal call should never last longer than a quarter of an hour. If when you call there are visitors there already, you leave sooner. When the mistress of the house receives her friends, she rises and gives a chair near her to the last comer. The gentlemen get up as visitors enter, but the ladies keep their seats. When visitors leave, the lady rings the bell, and a servant should be near to open the door. If the gentleman of the house is present he accompanies the guests to the door and puts the ladies in their carriage. A gentleman should bring his hat and stick into the room and keep them in his hand.

It is rude to keep visitors waiting; it is much more polite to appear as you are than to keep people waiting while you change your dress. If, however, you have unavoidably kept your visitors waiting, do not "confound yourself" in apologies; if you can, state calmly the reason, and then say nothing more about it.

It is rude to take either children or dogs when you go to pay a visit.

When you call with a letter of introduction, which, by-the-by, should be left open, you should leave your card and the letter, and not go in, as it is awkward to read a letter before the person whom it concerns.—*Ex.*

#### HANGING PICTURES.

How to hang our pictures is the next worry after curtains, and yet the way out of this wood is as clear or clearer than the other. Our plaster walls are not made for driving nails into, and they are easily defaced if we try to drive nails into them without the aid of a practiced hand.

We have to get a carpenter to come

with his hammer and we set him at tapping the wall like a woodpecker to find the solid places by the sound, and then put in his nails at a venture. And then we are the slaves of the studding timbers, and our pictures must hang where they will, not where we will. The first device for getting more liberty was that of fixing a permanent brass or iron rod along the upper part of the wall just under the cornice, and hanging the pictures from that, moving them back and forth till we had them where we wanted them. But this has a clumsy look and a mechanical, and suggests the notion that we are taking advantage of an accidental gas-pipe to suspend our pictures from. We want something simpler and less obtrusive than this, which is only suited to a public hall; and what seems to just hit the mark, is a strip of wood nailed along the wall at any height desired.

Ordinarily, it will be best to fasten it directly under the cornice, but this depends upon the height of the room. If the room is a very lofty one, by fixing the strip some distance below the cornice, we avoid the monotony of a number of cords or wires spreading over the wall, and we can utilize the space thus left between the strip and the cornice by hanging there some casts, or pieces of armor, or objects of any kind that will bear being hung above the level of the eye. Very few things do bear this—I mean of things that are of a size to bring into our houses at all; but there may be such, and while we should like to have them on the wall of our living-room, we do not want them to drive things away that need nearer looking at.

No picture ought to be hung higher than the height of the average human eye when the owner of the eye is standing. It is the almost universal rule in our houses to hang pictures much above this level, and they cannot be enjoyed there. If the picture is a portrait, or if it have human faces in it, its eyes should look as nearly into ours as possible; and if there be no such simple guide, perhaps a good rule will be to have the line that divides the picture horizontally into equal parts level with the eye. If one starts in hanging pictures with the determination to place them so that they can be easily seen and enjoyed without stretching the neck the least, or stooping the body, he will be pretty sure to do well.

In remote farmhouses and country taverns we often see pictures, particularly portraits skyed as high as if their owners had been Academy Hangers, and the painters young rivals of a new school. I suppose the reason is that the simple-hearted owners think a picture such a precious thing, it can't be hung too securely out of the reach of meddling hands. They are often not clear in their minds as to what a picture is meant for, and not finding in it any practical relation to human life and society, they treat it with reverence and put it where it will disturb them as little as possible. But, as people come to enjoy pictures and get some intellectual, spiritual nourishment out of them they want them as they want their books, where they can see them and use them.—*Scribner.*

#### HARMONIOUS COLOR CONTRASTS.

The Journal of Education gives the following list of harmonizing colors which will be found very useful in selecting wall decorations or colors for any purpose: Red with green; blue with orange; yellow with violet; black with warm brown; violet with pale green; violet with light rose; deep blue with golden brown; chocolate with light blue; deep red with gray; maroon with warm green; deep blue with pink; chocolate with pea green; maroon with deep blue; claret with buff; black with warm green.



#### FLOWERS FOR COUNTRY HOMES.

BY MRS. D. HUNTLEY.

TO THOSE who love the beautiful in nature, no home, however costly, is quite complete without its bed of flowers upon the lawn, its vine covered porch, or charming window garden. So general has this love for flowers become, that every person of taste knows just how to admire a well kept garden, or be grateful for a bouquet, but many who understand this perfectly, have none of these loving, changing beauties to adorn their homes. They have many reasons why they have not, and none is truer or oftener given than want of time. Particularly is this true of the farmer's wife. So seldom are flowers seen in any quantity about a country home, that many think it a mystery that they ever find a place around the farmhouse.

Many times has one farmer's wife we know, been asked: "How do you find time on a farm to cultivate flowers?" The only answer was, "It must be found."

It is a truth that cannot be denied, we all find time, more or less of it, to devote to the things we love. Among the various duties of farm life we may have no time for elaborate gardens or many varieties, but a few we can have—in the window, by the door, or in the vegetable garden, if no where else. It is the flowers themselves, and not any special arrangement, that will give most pleasure. Nowhere are they more charming than about the farmer's home, and, we might add, no where is it more difficult to take time from household duties for these beautiful adornings. But, with a love for them that will conquer all difficulties, time will be found, space may be had, and skill will come if the heart is in the work.

It is thought by many that annuals are too much trouble; that a good collection of shrubbery, with a fine assortment of hardy perennials, is the most desirable for a country garden. We have shared in this feeling to some extent, and have made some unsuccessful attempts to enlarge our lists. Sometimes a half dozen varieties of pinks have died in one winter. The old fashioned Canterbury bell occasionally will not come up in spring,

and all the summer we sigh for the bluebells of our childhood. Potentilla, perennial pea, narcissus, digitalis and many others would not survive the first winter. After repeated trials the graceful pentstemon bloomed two years in our garden, but the cold winters of 1872 and 1873 wholly destroyed it. The beautiful roses, too, shared the same fate; whether covered standing, laid down and covered, or not covered at all, they were alike destroyed, and spring found us with only a few old pinks, the hardy phlox, herbaceous spirea, dicentra, peonies, and the grand old lilies. The tulips, too, had slept under their winter covering and hastened to greet us with their gorgeous colors as if to make up for the other treasures we had lost.

Besides the disappointment attending the culture of perennials, we have found it more trouble to keep them free from grass, and to remove decaying foliage and seed vessels, than to care for twice the number of annuals. Then many of the summer perennials will afford no flowers, while with a good selection of annuals we may have a succession from spring till autumn. With this experience, and no time for uncertainties, we have learned to prize the annuals more than all the other treasures of the garden. Laid carefully away with no anxiety for their welfare, the little seeds and precious bulbs are all the long winter waiting our pleasure. We can plan with certainty for their coming, for the frost king cannot rule in every closet and cellar.

The most satisfactory arrangement for a small collection of flowers about a country home, we have found to be a few of the hardy shrubs and evergreens, too well known to be mentioned here, with as many of the beautiful roses as can well be cared for. The old familiar kinds we do not like to do without, but these so often die in winter, we have come to regard the perennials as safest. If they are killed to earth in winter, the new growth brings the fragrant blossoms, and we have roses till the autumn frosts. These should be set about the dwelling, leaving an unbroken lawn about the door. Dear as we love the flowers, we cannot do without the fresh, bright grass—nature's own carpet—spread for weary feet and playful children.

After the shrubbery we would plant, first, a good variety of early and late tulips, not because we love them best, but because they are so showy, so gay and cheery, and make the garden so bright in the waiting spring time, so attractive to the passer by and will grow with so little care.

After these, the hardy perennials before mentioned will always be satisfactory. Next, dahlias will give more of character and eloquence to the garden than anything we know; their growth is so stately, their flowers so magnificent, they richly pay for all their care. For farms where there is ample room for wintering, this splendid old flower is admirably adapted. Gladiolus, too, are charming in their time, of easy culture and should always be found in every collection.

The arrangement of annuals may be such as taste will suggest or oftener as time will permit. Set in a little



border just about the house, we have found a pleasing way. So near they will claim attention, when they might be forgotten if far out on the lawn.

Those varieties that bloom earliest and longest, will give most pleasure. Among these, pansies and verbenas are best. Asters are indispensable in their place; but when waiting for them to bloom, verbenas will give beauty and fragrance for many weeks, and the pansies will look up from their lowly bed with almost human intelligence. The other standard annuals are of easy culture. A single bed of phlox or stocks or balsams will make bright any garden; while the spicy odors of the dianthus will add perfume to all. A few more delicate things should be grown to set off the others, and for cutting. The best for this purpose is *centranthus gila* and *phecelia*. If time is limited new varieties should be added very slowly.

The trouble which many experience about the germination of seeds, may be done away with, by a little care given to a seed bed or hot bed. Many varieties can be grown in this manner easier than a few planted in the open garden. Some of the most showy varieties of house plants will grow very successfully in the open air. Geraniums will grow readily from seed and will bloom before the frost. These can be wintered in the cellar with little trouble, and will make excellent bedding plants the second season.

Climbing vines should adorn every farm house; but few things are more satisfactory. Some of the best of the green house climbers will grow readily in any garden. The farmer's wife may have something more than the old fashioned morning glory, though it is doubtful if she can have anything more beautiful than these glories of the morning. Last season we planted in the hot bed a few seeds of *cobæa scandens*. They came up readily, grew rapidly and covered the window with luxuriant foliage, and at length gave us its lovely bells blue. The canary vine, too, is seldom seen in small collections. But few vines are more attractive than this, with its perfect little yellow birds perched about among its light green leaves. This and *cobæa*, planted near each other, give a charming contrast, both in foliage and flower.

Another very desirable cluster deserving more notice than it receives is the star *ipomœa*. Its little clusters of scarlet blossoms are most attractive among its green leaves, and among cut flowers. The cypress vine, with its finely cut foliage and wax-like flowers is one of the prettiest of this class of plants, but extremely sensitive to cold. It should be grown in some sheltered spot or sunny window.

[To be continued.]

#### HANGING BASKETS FOR FLOWERING PLANTS.

Of all the pleasing ways for growing plants the hanging basket is most attractive. There is something about their graceful beauty that wins the love of all. Elaborate baskets may be purchased, or simple ones may be made at home that will be quite as pleasing. Some of the most beautiful

ones we have ever seen were knots of wood from decayed forest trees. Many of these are of curious shape, much like ocean shells. With varnish applied and slender chains or bright cords attached, they are ready for use. Others may be constructed of grapevines or branches of fruit and forest trees. In this way not only the flowers but the receptacles in which they grow will become the admiration of all your city friends.

For basket plants the graceful *smilax* is first of the list. Its dainty, glossy leaves will add a charm to everything it touches. Next, the English ivy has the richest foliage. If you can wait for its tardy growth you will have an elegant vine. But we like the German ivy best. This ivy will do such wonderful things in the way of adorning windows and pictures, and do them so quickly. The *Kenilworth* ivy is the best trailing plant we have ever grown and is unsurpassed for a center basket. *Moneyworth* is also a good trailer, but is prettiest among other plants. All these are of easy culture. If given much water, morning and evening, they will delight you with their constant growth. If these are too many in a home where work must lead and pleasure follow, two or three varieties in a single basket or a little hanging garden will become a thing of beauty, and give more pleasure than many a costly adornment.

Any of these vines are exceedingly desirable for the lawn, for trellises or over rock work, or in rustic vases or lawn baskets. These may be made of branches of trees interwoven with grape vines, bound with moss, then filled with earth, and they are exceedingly appropriate for a country garden where all these materials are just at hand. In these may be grown several varieties. The *dracæna* is very showy in the center of large vases or lawn baskets. Around this set verbenas, with here and there a bright pansy; and about the edge set trailing plants. If you wish vines for baskets with handles, *maurandya* is excellent. One such basket will do more for its possessor, if well cared for, than a whole garden of neglected flowers. These are as easily grown as the common kind. A very attractive basket may also be made of wire, lined with moss, filled with ferns, wild plantain and lycopodium from the forest. These will grow all summer with a little care, in any shady corner of your rooms, and send up long, graceful, drooping fronds much larger than those first planted. In such a basket place a bunch of pansies or forget-me-nots and you will have one of the loveliest ornaments imaginable. — N. Y. Herald.

#### WINTER CULTURE OF BULBS.

There is nothing that gives greater cheer to the parlor or sitting room in winter than plants and flowers. Of these none are easier of culture than the hyacinth and its relatives, and there is no better way of reaching success than by growing them in glasses, colored or plain, as is now almost universally the case.

All that is necessary in this culture of the hyacinth is to place them on

the crown of the glasses, filled with clean water just so that it will not touch the bottom of the bulb, and set the whole away in a cool, dark place until the germ appears and the roots are well developed, when it should be brought to the light, but still exposed to a low degree of temperature.

When the stalk is about three inches high, if the plant is well developed, expose it to a strong heat. If the leaves grow faster than the stalk, lift the bulb and cut the roots off square almost an inch below the base of the bulb and again place it in the glass. This will check the leaf growth and allow the flower spike to develop.

The flowering bulbs known as Dutch bulbs are grown in a peculiar manner. They are kept from blooming by pinching back the flower stalk, as is sometimes practiced by market gardeners, with onion sets, when inclined to go to seed. Thus the whole strength of the plant is thrown into the bulb, and an extraordinarily strong flowering bulb is the result. Indeed, it would seem from various experiments made that the roots play a very unimportant part in the economy of the bulb up to the time of flowering. In fact, St. Simon, a French writer, believes them to be entirely useless.

To have hyacinths in bloom successively all winter, all that is necessary is to place new bulbs in the glasses every ten days. The earlier ones should be started in October or early in November, using no soils or manures of any kind, only pure, soft water, for the hyacinth, and other like bulbs, contain the future flower, perfectly formed. All that is necessary is that the germ push forth, develop, flower and die. If these are then allowed to dry, and are kept until spring and planted out, they will, many of them, make bulbs that will be useful for out door flowering the succeeding year, but they will not be successful for flowering again in glasses.

The philosophy of cutting the roots when the leaves make undue growth, is founded upon the fact that a plant makes root in proportion to its leaf surface, and *vice versa*. In the case of the hyacinth, a slight heat and a little moisture are sufficient for growth, and the development seems to be pretty much independent of those organs of growth, the leaves.

The leaves, on the contrary, acquire strength from an excessive root growth and at the expense of the flower stalk. Hence the necessity of cutting them off in some cases, just as the pomologist root-prunes his trees to induce fruitfulness.

#### FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I come again with questions. I have had some blue English violets for two years; they grow well but do not blossom. Will some one tell me the kind of treatment to give them and the time of year to look for the blossoms?

I am worried about my "Mount of Snow" geranium. The oldest leaves keep drying up and falling off, and no signs of branches. There is only a tuft of leaves at the end of each branch that look well. What ails it, and what shall I do with it?

What plants will do to put down cellar through the winter?

How can I keep the green lice off my verbenas and white pinks?

Will some one please give some directions in painting with "water colors?"

JEANNIE.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to ask through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD if any lady of our Band would like to exchange a bulb of the crown imperial for a canadense lily? If so, address, Vinnie Phifer, London, Ohio.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—X. Y. Z., in a late number, wishes to know how to press ferns so they will retain their color. If she will go to the woods during the month of August, and take her books with her, and place the ferns between the leaves of the book smoothly, and then carry the books home carefully and put them under heavy weights; changing the ferns into different books every few days so they won't turn brown from their own moisture, she will have beautiful green ferns for her vases that will not change color. After the ferns have lain in the books for two or three weeks, or until they have become quite dry, they can then be taken out and put into a large box until ready to be used.

Richmond, Ind. MRS. M. A. S.

#### THE EDUCATION OF CANARIES.

The Reading, Pa., Eagle says: "A gentleman residing at Phoenixville has several very fine canary birds, to which he has given much attention. One of the birds he has taught to sing 'Home, Sweet Home,' clearly and distinctly. His mode of instruction is as follows: He placed the canary in a room where it could not hear the singing of other birds, suspended its cage from the ceiling, so that the bird could see its reflection in a mirror. Beneath the glass he places a musical box that was regulated to play no other tune but 'Home, Sweet Home.' Hearing no other sound but this, and believing the music proceeded from the bird it saw in the mirror, the young canary soon began to catch the notes, and finally accomplished what its owner had been laboring to attain, that of singing the song perfectly. Mr. Wall has been offered and refused \$20 for his yellow-throated soprano."

#### CRYSTALIZED FLOWERS.

Construct baskets of fancy form with pliable copper wire, and wrap them with gauze. Into these tie to the bottom violets, ferns, geranium leaves, in fact any flowers except full blown roses—and sink them in a solution of alum, one pound to a gallon of water, after the solution is cooled. The colors will then be preserved in their original beauty, and the crystalized alum will hold faster than when from a hot solution. When you have a light covering of crystals that completely covers the articles, remove the basket carefully, and allow it to drip for twelve hours. These baskets make a beautiful parlor ornament, and for a long time preserves the freshness of the flowers.





## MOTH-EATEN.

I had a beautiful garment,  
And I laid it by with care;  
I folded it close with lavender leaves  
In a napkin fine and fair;  
"It is far too costly a robe," I said,  
"For one like me to wear."

So never at morn or evening  
I put my garment on;  
It lay by itself, under clasp and key,  
In the perfumed dusk alone,  
Its wonderful broi'dery hidden  
Till many a day had gone.

There were guests who came to my portal,  
There were friends who sat with me,  
And clad in soberest raiment  
I bore them company;  
I knew that I owned a beautiful robe,  
Though its splendor none might see.

There were poor who stood at my portal,  
There were orphaned sought my care;  
I gave them the tenderest pity,  
But had nothing besides to spare;  
I had only the beautiful garment,  
And the raiment for daily wear.

At last, on a feast day's coming,  
I thought in my dress to shine;  
I would please myself with the lustre  
Of its shifting colors fine.  
I would walk with pride in the marvel  
Of its rarely rich design.

So out from the dust I bore it—  
The lavender fell away—  
And fold on fold I held it up  
To the searching light of the day.  
Alas! the glory had perished  
While there in its place it lay.

Who seeks for the fadeless beauty,  
Must seek for the use that seals  
To the grace of a constant blessing,  
The beauty that use reveals.  
For into the folded robe alone  
The moth with its blighting steals.

—Harper's Bazar.

## ABOUT SPINNING-WHEELS.

THAT faithful companion of our grandmothers, the old-time spinning-wheel, was long ago consigned to oblivion. In some dark garret or remote farm house the dust has gathered upon its venerable frame, and the spiders have woven their frail webs about its silent wheel. But by a sudden freak of fashion it has lately been restored to favor, and become a cherished ornament of the parlor. How long this ancient treasure will be numbered among our penates no one can tell; but its very presence speaks more eloquently of the past than all our Centennial orators or printed records. Anything that has survived the wear and tear of one hundred years may lay claim to respectable antiquity; but the spindle and distaff are as old as the Egyptian monuments. To be sure, the spindle was not mounted in a frame till a comparatively recent date, for the spinning-wheel is said to have been invented in Nuremberg in 1430. But the "spinners" of merry England knew nothing about the wheel till the time of Henry the Eighth, though it had then long been used by the Hindoos in making their far-famed muslins, those "webs of woven wind." Yet in the early ages of the world, "Go spin, you jade, go spin," was a familiar sound to both princess and peasant. Did not young Telemachus bid his royal mamma return to her spindle

and loom instead of meddling with public affairs?

And the selectmen of New England, in Puritan times, thought it their bounden duty to see that every girl in the village did a proper amount of spinning and weaving. England's attempt to repress American manufactures—the Earl of Chatham declaring that "the colonists had no right to manufacture as much as a horseshoe nail"—set the spinning-wheels whirling day and night all over the land. The society organized in New England in 1765 to repudiate foreign cloths was wonderfully popular. To insure an abundance of wool, its patriotic members agreed to eat no mutton, and to purchase no meat of any butcher who should commit the crime of killing sheep. The women formed themselves into similar associations, promising to card, spin and weave their own clothing; and well did they keep their vows. Many of them even went into the fields to pull flax, and scutched and hackled it themselves.

In the early inventories of furniture there is no allusion to forks, but there were plenty of napkins; and this little fact points significantly to the skill and industry of the housewives of old. History records that a certain matron of the Revolution left at her death enough homespun cloth in the shape of curtains, quilts and garments of all sorts and patterns to stock a village store. This person was a worthy contemporary of Mrs. Washington; for the latter, according to her biographers, kept sixteen spinning-wheels in constant operation in her house. Two home-made cotton gowns striped with silk which were worn by the first President's wife were justly regarded as triumphs of skill, the silk stripes having been made from ravelings of brown silk stockings and old crimson damask chairs. Even Washington himself is said to have been arrayed in a complete suit of homespun when he arrived in New York to take the Presidential chair. Indeed, we are assured that the leading men of that era were proud of appearing in public in homespun coats and trousers; and that when women presented their husbands with clothing woven and made up by their own fair hands, "men had solid pleasures now unknown."

It was the fashion in the Colonies to have great spinning bees, or "wool-breakings." Here all the damsels in the neighborhood collected to card and spin till night, when the young men joined them, and the gathering ended with a dance. Pianos were unknown; but the "music of ancient industry," to quote a New England historian, the sound of the spinning wheel, whirling at the rate of fifty miles an hour, the loud beatings of the loom and dashing of the churn, quelled all discord in the family. It is said the Grecian women had a habit of spinning with the distaff as they walked; and certain elderly women in New England were wont to take their knitting-work with them when they walked abroad. We fear these industrious creatures had no eye for the wonders of the way-side, and that the click of the needles drowned the voice of nature. But then, as an old writer quaintly remarks, "Industry was a habit of female life, and it required

resolution sometimes to bring it into subjection." He tells us, too, that young women, instead of talking over their conquests then boasted of the number of hanks of thread they could spin, or the quantity of cloth they could weave in a day on rustic looms made by their fathers or brothers. And modern maidens are boldly accused of spinning nothing but street yarn! Longfellow has given us a pretty picture of the Puritan maiden seated beside her wheel, "the carded wool like a snow-drift piled at her knee," and her foot on the treadle. But the maiden of to-day may also be seen with her foot on a treadle. The yards of cotton cloth which she rapidly turns into garments may not be so beautiful as the snowy wool, and the loud buzz of the sewing-machine may not sound as musical as the whir of Priscilla's wheel; but wouldn't the women of old have been glad of a sewing-machine on which to stitch the dainty ruffles of their liege lords?

The spinning-wheel and loom were inseparable companions of the early western pioneers, and the song of the wheel was heard in the cabins of the settlers at all times and seasons. In summer the wool was spun for winter clothing, and the flax for thin garments was spun in winter. Only a few years ago it was stated that the brown jeans—a favorite material for men's suits—were still made by the old, slow process in the rural districts of the Cumberland Valley, the art having become hereditary. And as late as 1820 women in the country towns of New England manufactured a great part of the family clothing, keeping the dye-tub in the chimney-corner. The art of dyeing was not very well understood in those primitive times, and Daniel Webster's adventure in his school days, when he sallied out in a suit of fresh blue home-spun, was the sad experience of many another youth. A sudden shower was fatal to snowy linen, for the rain soon washed the color from the coat into the shirt.

The southern women of Revolutionary times were very much troubled by depredations of Indians and Tories, who not only helped themselves to all the clothing they could find, but even stole cloth from the looms, and many of the sufferers were at their wits' end to know how to keep their families in trim. Some of them made a rough loom between four trees in the forest, and there secretly worked in pleasant weather, covering the loom and web with cow-skins when it rained. And the poorest and most ingenious matrons gathered the beautiful silk of the milk-weed and spun it in with flax for garments.

The descendants of those southern women have proved themselves as fertile in expedients as their grandmothers, and spinning-wheels have been better known of late years at the south than in any other part of the country. Before the war they were often seen in the houses of the small planters, kept in constant motion by the negro women, who spun yards of cotton, flax and wool. Many of the older women were very accomplished spinners, while others did the carding, the doubling and twisting, and making into skeins. These yarns were woven into cloth for the slaves, who were

furnished with new garments at Christmas and at one other time during the year. The planters' proud wives and accomplished daughters often cut homespun suits for days together, which the slave women afterward made up into garments. But during the war the spinning-wheel, all over the south had a new lease of life, for not only the slaves, but their owners must be clothed, and the few factories at the south could do little toward supplying the immense demand for clothing. The forest trees and shrubs yielded dyes, as in earlier days, and delicate ladies were obliged to learn how to spin, dye and weave. In those industrious southern homes the mournful whir of the spinning-wheel was the first sound which greeted one's ears in the morning, and the last at night. The spinning was done in the dining-room, and in the kitchen the clumsy old-fashioned loom was kept. Here were turned out the heavy jeans for the men, the plain unbleached homespun, and the checked, plaided and striped goods which formed the clothing of the women. "I well remember my pleasure," says a southern lady, "when I had two new homespun dresses. A calico seemed almost as unattainable as a silk."

Everything was cut and made in the family, and there was no sewing-machine to lighten the labor. We dwellers north of Mason and Dixon's line have little conception of the devices to which these southern women were driven. From the undyed wool of black sheep a thread was spun which they knit into gloves, and the ladies cut up their old black silk dresses, relics of happier days, and raveled out the pieces. Then some deft old aunty carded the silky thread, which was knit into pretty and strong gloves.

Those days which so sorely tried men's (and women's) souls are happily dead; but the spinning-wheel deserves immortality. To be sure, its days of usefulness are over: but there it stands, a perpetual reminder of the industry, ingenuity, thrift and patience of women in all ages and countries.—*Bazar.*

## TOILETS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The dress of Queen Charlotte, the bride of the period, is thus described by the chroniclers: On her powdered hair she wore a fly-cap of lace, the latest mode from France, and a coronet of diamonds on her brow. Her dress was of white satin brocaded with gold, her stomacher covered with diamonds. Her long, violet train, looped to the shoulders with bunches of pearls, was borne by ten bridesmaids. The dress of the bridegroom was of the greatest richness—a coat of velvet or satin embroidered all around with flowers in colored silks and heightened with spangles, gold and silver and paste buttons; the white satin waistcoat elaborately embroidered and encircled with similar ornaments. A sword with richly-cut steel hilt, lace ruffles and shirt-frill with diamond bucklet shoes completed his attire.

Should we seek further to inquire into the wedding life of this fashionable couple we find it plainly portrayed by the powerful pencil of Hogarth in



his "Marriage a la Mode." There the wife is yawning over her chocolate while the husband has carelessly thrown himself into a chair. Cards and card-tables show the occupation of the night. The old, faithful steward is leaving the room with looks of despair. Hoping that this and its sad finale is an exaggerated picture of the manners of the time, yet there is no doubt but that society at this period had taken up the vanity, freedom and unprofitable mode of existence of the regency and Louis XV. The toilet was the great sum and business of life, the adjustment of hair the principal employment.

Take, for instance, how a lady of fashion passed her day: "At ten, after a 'dish of Bohea,' as it was called, generally taken before rising, the lady arranged herself in a muslin *peignoir* or wrapper and had a regular reception of her friends, while with her hair disheveled she was submitted for the first time in the day to the hands of the hair-dresser; for usually she dressed four or five times a day. Her hair dragged off her face, covered with powder, plastered with pomatum and frizzled in stiff curls, was raised by means of gauze, feathers and flowers into an edifice often equal to her height. Four ells of gauze has been contained in some of these erections, with butterflies, birds and feathers introduced—the last of the most preposterous height of, it is recorded, about a yard. After an hour's plastering and frizzing the hair-dresser's task was over, and a weary one it was, though enlivened by the animated conversation of the visitors."

The remainder of the toilet was finished, the most important of which was the arrangement of the patches—a point of great interest. These were made of black silk, gummed and cut into stars, crescent and other forms. Patches had originated in France, under Louis XV., with a view to show off the whiteness of the complexion, but they were never worn by women of dark skins. Great was the art in placing these patches near the eye, the corner of the mouth, the forehead and the temple. A lady of the world would wear seven or eight, and each had its special designation. She never went without a box of patches to replace any that might accidentally fall off; and these little boxes, generally of Battersea enamel, finely painted by some eminent artist, had usually a tiny looking-glass inserted within the lid to help her repair the accident.

Nor was the rouge-pot forgotten, rouge at that time being an indispensable adjunct to the toilet—so indispensable that when Marie Antoinette came over to France to marry Louis XVI. and begged to dispense with wearing it, a family conclave was held at Versailles on the subject, followed by a formal order from the King to put it on—a command which she had no alternative but to obey.—*London Society.*

#### CARD RECEIVERS, ETC.

BY A. C. D.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I suppose a few of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD have been wondering at my long silence when so often the question has

been asked of me how to make some fancy work I mentioned some time since. You will understand why I have delayed when I tell you I have been away all summer at the Centennial Exhibition and visiting eastern scenery generally. But I must proceed at once to answering questions, for if I should commence on Centennial I fear our editor could not find space for publication.

Miss Annie M. A. wishes to know how to make coral (imitation) frames, card receivers, etc. To make frames I bend small wire into any shape I desire the frame to be, (I have never made any larger than for a large sized photograph), then take cord and tie knots all over it, leaving ends about an inch long, and, if you wish, you can cut paper leaves and imitate a wreath over the top of it; then I take two cakes of white bees' wax, melt it in a vessel that will never be used for anything else, (as it is poison), then put in it about a teaspoonful or more of vermillion red, enough to give it a bright color. After melted and mixed, dip it up by the spoonful and pour on the frame, and as it cools heat it again and apply it while warm.

I shape my card receivers and baskets according to my taste and make with same process. I use Paris green in these instead of the vermillion red, which makes a very pretty contrast. I also make brackets the same way.

To make some pretty cheap and durable mats, I get variegated Germantown yarn in scarlet, green, or any other color preferred, and with bone needle chain eight stitches and join to the first, then around those work double stitch, then single and double again and continue until your mat is the size you want, then chain eighteen stitches and join in every other one around the mat until you go around three times; this makes a very pretty looped edge.

I learned to make some pretty tidies and stool covers at the Centennial, but must not occupy any more space this time.

#### TO CLEAN GLOVES.

BY MRS. E. C.

Just a few words about glove cleaning, if you please. But I want to say first that I have found it the truest economy to buy either very light or very dark kids, because the former can be cleaned again and again, and made to look as well as when new, and the latter never require cleaning at all. The medium shades I have never been able to cleanse to my satisfaction. I never pay over a dollar for light, and half a dollar more for dark kids.

Now for the cleansing process, which is the one, I find, after trying every other known way: Pour a little benzine (don't be too saving of it) into a saucer, take one of the gloves and wash it as you would a handkerchief, giving the soiled spots special attention. Squeeze, (hurry, now!), lay the glove on a clean cloth and rub it with another cloth toward the finger tips until dry. Proceed as above with the other glove, using fresh benzine, then pin both to a cloth and hang them up in the window or out of doors till the scent disappears. Have the wiping cloth clean, turning it about frequently

for clean spots; don't rub too hard, either in washing or drying; never put the gloves on the hand; rub (in drying) quickly and evenly, to avoid streaks, and do the whole job as quickly as possible. It takes only ten or fifteen minutes of my time, and my gloves always look splendidly. Of course I do not allow them to rival the color of the stove before I wash them. Now just try it, sisters, and see if you don't say, with me, that it is cheaper to wear light kids than almost any other kind of glove.

#### THE SOFA BLANKET.

BY HANS DORCOMB.

L. L. L. asks the use of it—why it is spread over an invalid when reclining on the sofa. To be sure a common bed blanket will answer the same purpose, and so also will a shawl. But a tastily worked article made for the purpose is preferable. Most any small pattern for the embroidery is pretty. The illustrated crochet books contain them. The canvass should be just large enough for the figure, and when finished the threads of the canvass should be carefully pulled out. The fine thread canvass is the best because the threads pull out more easily than coarse threads and do not injure the work. But the canvass should not be too fine, for the work would not show on it as well and the working it would be more trouble. Canvass that counts eighteen threads to the inch is plenty fine enough. When your pattern is worked, take a firm hold of one thread at a time, pull straight, until all the threads are out. I think you will have no trouble. Be careful not to break your embroidered stitches.

Whether the half squares are knit all the same color, is a matter of taste and convenience. They may be alike, or in great variety of color. I think the figures should be alike in form, but the color of the figures should be such as look best on the half square. Thus, if your half square is green, a scarlet figure will look well on it. Or, if the half square is blue, the figure should be orange or yellow, or the reverse. The knitting must be firm in order to embroider well.

#### RUSKIN'S ADVICE TO GIRLS ABOUT DRESS.

Dress as plainly as your parents will allow you; but in bright colors (if they become you) and in the best materials—that is to say, in those which will wear the longest. When you are really in want of a new dress, buy it (or make it) in the fashion, but never quit an old one merely because it has become unfashionable. And if the fashion be costly, you must not follow it. You may wear broad stripes or narrow, bright colors or dark, short petticoats or long (in moderation), as the public wish you; but you must not buy yards of useless stuff to make a knot or a flounce of, nor drag them behind you over the ground, and your walking-dress must never touch the ground at all.

I have lost much of the faith I once had in the common sense, and even in the personal delicacy, of the present race of average English women, by

seeing how they will allow their dresses to sweep the streets, if it is the fashion to be scavengers. Learn dress-making yourself, with pains and time, and use a part of every day in needle-work, making as pretty dresses as you can for poor people who have not the time or taste to make them nicely for themselves. You are to show them in your own wearing what is most right and graceful, and help them to choose what will be prettiest and most becoming in their own station.—*Fors Clavigera.*

#### THE FOOT BLANKET.

BY HANS DORCOMB.

Do the sisters know the comfort of a foot blanket in bed?

Just here the paper for October was brought in, and there I saw an article on this subject, taken from the Scientific Journal. And now I want to endorse one part of that article, from my own experience.

My doctor advised a foot blanket at a time when I was very unwell. He told me to have one of good thick woolen flannel, one yard wide, two yards long. "Why so long," said my mother. "Because people not in good health are often chilled on getting into bed." The foot blanket should be long enough to wrap one end around the feet, and pull the other end up over the body, and in a few minutes there would be experienced a delightful warmth altogether better than could be imparted by a jug of hot water, or a hot soap stone. And for twenty-five years this blanket has been a great comfort to me. I have it at the soles of my feet all summer, and thus prevent cramp in my feet.

#### THE WORK TABLE.

In a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD some one asked for a recipe for restoring gray hair, which shall contain no poisonous ingredients. A friend who has used the following with satisfactory results for the last two or three years, has lent it to me, to copy for her benefit. To three pints of water put two cups of dry black tea and steep all the strength therefrom. Then mix two-thirds of a cup of alcohol, one and one-half gills castor oil, one ounce of bergamot. Let these stand over night, then pour on the tea and add a few rusty nails.

E. CLOUGH.

Will you please to tell a reader who wishes to know what will restore her hair, if she will take the leaves from the center of a mullein plant and put them in French brandy, I think it will restore its color and prevent its falling out or turning rusty. The brandy must be pure. Z.

I give a word to R. E. R. Boil your switch in strong tea, let it just keep to boiling heat, I can't tell you how long, but in about fifteen minutes hold it up and see if it is dark enough. Put in new tin, you will find it will do just as it has done, fade out, but much less trouble and expense than having it taken to a hair dresser every time. You can make any shade you like to black; if you get it a little too dark wash in soda or borax water. M. M. C.





## WHAT IS IT MAKES A LADY?

BY E. L. CUSHING.

What is it makes a lady?  
 Asked my little girl of me,  
 One shining summer morning,  
 As she stood beside my knee;  
 And I told her that it is not  
 Fine dress nor heaps of gold,  
 Nor all the bright and flashing gems  
 The caves of ocean hold;  
 But it is a gentle temper,  
 And thoughts of peace and love,  
 And a mind that seeks in all things  
 Some goodness from above;  
 That seeks another's comfort  
 Before it seeks its own,  
 And strives to live on earth the life  
 That is in Heaven known.  
 It is this that makes a lady,  
 And not being rich or poor;  
 For kind thoughts, kind words, and acts  
 Make the lady, I am sure.  
 So think of this, my darling,  
 And to the truth be true,  
 And soon will love and kindness  
 A lady make of you.

## WHAT THE DOG AND CAT SAID.

WILLIE had played with the dog, and hugged the cat, until he was tired, so he threw himself down upon the nice chintz-covered lounge that looked so tempting on that pleasant July day.

"Mother," said he, "if Rover and Maltie could talk, what do you suppose they would say?"

Mamma laughed. "I guess if Maltie could have spoken this morning she would have said: 'Oh, how rough Willie is! He hurts me! Dear, dear, I shan't have any tail left!'"

"I don't mean to hurt her," said Willie. "How I do wish she could talk. Wouldn't we have nice times?"

"I guess so," said mamma, and went quietly on with her sewing, but Willie kept quite still on the lounge, thinking, "If they only could talk, why it would be almost as good as a boy to play with. How funny it would sound;" and he laughed to himself as he thought of it. He wondered what Maltie said to her kitten; if she ever scolded it. He was quite sure he had seen her strike the little thing sometimes. Was she in fun or earnest?

Now, as he was lying there so quietly, thinking and wondering, who should walk in but Maltie, with her kitten in her mouth, and—wonder of wonders! strangest of all strange things! She put it down very gently upon the rug, and said—yes, said—as plainly as Willie had ever heard anything in his life:

"I'm going to leave you here a minute, while I run off and get something to eat. Willie forgot my breakfast this morning, he was so busy with that foolish Rover. You'll be perfectly safe here. Don't stir from this rug."

Notwithstanding his astonishment, Willie could not help reproaching himself for the forgotten breakfast. "It's true enough," he thought, "I did forget it. That game of tag with Rover drove it out of my head;" but he couldn't stop for any more thinking,

for now the kitten opened its mouth, and, instead of the feeble little mew it said, in a frightened voice:

"Oh, put me in the basket! Please put me in the basket! Don't leave me here—put me in the basket!"

"Nonsense!" said the old cat, with dignity. "What are you afraid of?" "Of that boy, that Willie," answered the kitten almost crying.

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Maltie, impatiently, "he's a good boy, if he did forget my breakfast. He wouldn't hurt a fly."

"He would,—he does,—he hurts me," cried the little kitten. "He takes me out of the basket and puts me on the floor, and when I try to walk, and my legs give out under me, he only laughs."

"Well," said the mother cat, encouragingly, "he doesn't mean anything; besides, you're quite a little cat now, and its time you were trying your strength. Willie won't hurt you. I'll risk him."

She was moving off (being probably in a hurry for her morning meal); but the kitten couldn't be left so. She put her little paws up pleadingly, and seemed quite beside herself with terror.

"He takes me in his arms," she cried, "and when my claws stick into his jacket, he won't wait for me to take them out, but pulls them hard. Dear me! Dear me!" Here the poor little kitty began to cry just for all the world like a little baby.

Willie couldn't stand that so he called out from the sofa: "Dear little kittie, don't be afraid, I wouldn't hurt you for the world;" but neither the cat nor the kitten took the least notice; in fact they didn't seem to hear him at all.

"How queer!" thought Willie. "Perhaps my talking sounds as funny to them as their mewling does to me. They don't understand me at any rate."

No, they didn't understand him, for the old cat laid herself down beside the kitten, and cuddling it up to her, and softly lapping it up with her rough tongue, she seemed exactly as if she was getting it to sleep.

And so she was; for, when in a few minutes Rover appeared on the scene of action, and seemed about to open his mouth, Maltie winked at him so cutely, as much as to say: "Do keep quiet a few minutes till this troublesome kitten is off my hands."

It was almost too much for Willie; but when Rover very soberly went to the window and stood looking out with a face which was gravity itself, though Willie knew, by the quivering of his stumpy little figure and the impatient motion of his tail, how he was longing for a good romp in the garden, he could stand it no longer, but laughed so loud that he was really afraid he had disturbed the kitten just as it seems about "dropping off."

But no!—no such thing! She took not the least particle of notice; and the old cat continued her caressing a few moments longer then rose and stretched herself, opening her mouth "widely," as Willie said sometimes.

That was enough to bring Rover from the window. He and Maltie had been brought up together from their earliest infancy, so they were excel-

lent friends, and generally got along most harmoniously, though sometimes it must be confessed they did quarrel like cats and dogs.

If there was any choice as to disposition, it was rather in Rover's favor, for Maltie was sometimes a little spiteful (spitful, as Willie called it,) and, when she didn't happen to be in the humor for playing, would give Rover a smart box on the ear, which sent him away, howling in indignation.

But then Rover did have his jealous fits occasionally, when, if Mistress Puss got more than he considered her just share of Willie's attention, he would be as glum as he could be, and not speak a word to her for a whole hour.

But, on this particular morning, he was all ready for a frolic. "Come! come! come!" said he impatiently. "Your kitten is off as sound as a top. It's too pleasant to stay in the house. Come! come!"

This he said, shaking his little body and wagging his little tail, till Willie was ready to laugh again; but Maltie began in an injured tone—

"I should like a little breakfast, but I suppose Mary will take the broomstick if I go into the kitchen now. Let me see—what time is it?" (here she cast her eyes inquiringly up to the clock.) "Half past eight—I declare! Everything will be put away—I shan't have even a crust of bread!"

"Yes, you shall, old Maltie—yes, you shall!" sung out Willie from the sofa, but it might as well have been the wind blowing, for all that Maltie heard or understood.

"Never mind," said Rover; "you just come out into the garden with me, and I'll show you where I keep my bones."

"Your bones!" replied the cat, disdainfully. "There's a great deal of meat on them, I guess."

"Of course there isn't," replied Rover. "Don't I eat all the meat off clean, before I bury them?"

"Well, then, what do I want with them?" exclaimed Maltie, pettishly.

"Oh! you just come and try them," cried Rover. "You see, after they have been in the ground awhile, the outside gets just as tender as—well—as that little chicken you stole the other day—" (here he gave Mistress Cat a sly glance out of the corner of his eye,) "and it comes off as easy—but it's the inside—what is it they call it? Oh! I know—the marrow that I eat, and I tell you it's worth waiting for. Just come and try it."

"Well, said the cat, in a whining voice, "I suppose it is better than nothing. I can't stand this much longer, at any rate. Talk of stealing chickens! I'd steal another this minute, if I could get the chance; and pray whose fault would it be, when your regular meals are forgotten, and all for a foolish romp in the garden, with a nonsensical goose of a dog."

If Rover's disposition hadn't been pretty good, I think he would have been quite angry at such impoliteness from Mrs. Maltie, especially when he was doing all he could to appease her hunger. He did seem to feel a little hurt, for he drew his face down to its utmost length, but, like a sensible dog, he concluded to say nothing, but qui-

etly led the way to the garden, the cat close at his heels.

Willie jumped up and ran out after them. Just as he got to the outside door, he happened to think of something. "Oh, dear?" he said to himself, "I dug up a lot of bones yesterday, and sold them to Charlie Ferris for a humming top. What if they were Rover's—dear me! I hope not."

But they were—for as Willie approached the place, there they stood, the dog and the cat, both with their noses to the ground, investigating.

"This is the place," cried Rover, with great glee. "I smell them."

"So do I," said Maltie, turning up her nose; "but there never was anything about the smell of bones very inviting to me. I must say, I prefer my meat outside, instead of in, too."

Rover made no reply, but commenced a vigorous digging—all to no purpose. He rested a minute, then went at it again—scratch, scratch, scratch.

"Strange," said he; "they were here; I looked at them only yesterday." Again it was dig, dig, but no bones; and never was disappointment more plainly written on a dog's features.

"They're gone—every one of them," he gasped. "I know who's done it! It's Leo—that mean, sneaking cur of Wilson's. I'll pay him for it, the next time I catch him on the street, and if he ever shows his face in this yard again—well" (showing his teeth, and looking quite savage,) "he'd better not, that's all."

Willie was very much distressed. "Oh, dear!" said he, "he'll have a fight with that dog, and of course he'll beat, for Leo isn't half as big as he is. It's too bad." So he sang out, at the top of his little voice:

"Here, Rover! Poor Rover! I took your bones; it wasn't Leo. I didn't know they were yours. I'll save you some more. Look here! Here, sir! I say! You shall have plenty more."

"What's the matter, Willie?" said his mamma—and Willie opened his eyes, and, behold, there he was upon the lounge, instead of in the garden; the cat was lapping her milk from her little earthen saucer, and the kitten lay sleeping in the basket.

Just then Rover walked in, and, going up to the saucer, sniffed round it, as if inclined to try a taste, but Maltie didn't give him a chance, for, before he knew what was coming, she just lifted her paw, and gave him a smart slap in the face, accompanied by a most expressive spit.

"Poor Maltie!" said Willie, "I know you're pretty hungry, but you needn't be quite so cross. Mother," he added, with a yawn, "I've had the funniest dream—Maltie and her kitten, and Rover, were all talking, and, if I hadn't waked up just then, I should have found out what Maltie says when she spits."

"I thought you were dreaming pretty hard," said mamma, laughing, "when you called out so loud to Rover."

"That was when he got so angry about the bones," said Willie. "Mother, I've got three things to remember—I must always give Maltie her regular meals, I must not trouble the kitten, and I mustn't steal Rover's bones."



And he proceeded to relate his dream, much to mamma's amusement; but still he wound up with:

"I do wish I knew what Maltie says when she spits."

#### AMUSEMENTS FOR CHILDREN.

In old fashioned times, boys and girls were left to their own wits for amusements, nor do I think that this was a very bad thing to be left so. I never go into a toy shop, especially one of those magazines in New York, where ten thousand toys are heaped together, without pitying the modern family.

Once the dear old aunt promised the little girl that if she would be good she should have a doll made for her. Already she had had little, thin and crinkly paper dolls and picture dolls on slates, and handkerchief dolls folded and pinned, which could be opened out again, on pressing need, to the use of a handkerchief.

But there shall be a new doll set apart and consecrated to the high ends of doll life, but it shall have eyes, and nose and mouth marked on it with ink, and set forth in the sight of all men and girls. The joys of anticipation almost equal the rapture of possession.

At length the creative work is done, and the little girl comes into possession of a cotton doll stuffed with bran, and the face brought out with ink in a manner that would make an old Egyptian hieroglyphic dance with envy. A bit of well worn calico, ten years ago flaming new, in a dress that excited envy, a shred of worn out lace, a scrap or two of ribbon—these are the whole stock in the child's hand.

But what joy do they produce? Ah, no poet has yet sung one of the gentlest, richest and most fruitful of earthly joys—the joy of a pet-loving little girl, with her first real doll. Sacred geographers have long searched for the position of Eden. We don't know about the old one, but the door of young paradise is placed not far from the corner where the little girl has laid her doll to rest. Her imagination supplies all that is lacking. This is not a corner of a garret, nor a nook in the closet. It is a splendid room. Those are not cobwebs, but tapestry hangings. Those bits of crockery—is there in Dresden or Sevres manufactures any wares so fine in their eyes as this delf is in the little girl's?

But now-a-days children are buried down under the loads of toys which are upset upon them. Dolls! In one little girl's treasury house I can count twelve, small dolls, large dolls, wax dolls, with eyes that move, and eyes that don't, and white and pink—with chairs, and doll sets of china, and beds, bureaus, stoves, houses, carriages, wagons, and wheel-barrows, until the very inventory becomes burdensome.

Do not children enjoy these? Certainly. But no more than aforetime children enjoyed the home-made and scanty provision for amusement. It is the creative faculty in children that furnishes them their child delight.

If the imagination is killed by a superabundant supply, it has no chance to create. All is done for it. This suppression of imagination by

overloading is not confined to amusement. It is a deadly sin in art, literature, teaching, oratory, and all other departments which have for their objects the moving of men's thoughts.

A chest of tools—not too many—is a far better present to a lad than a cart load of wagons, machines and finished things. No boy ever flew a kite that he had bought with half the pleasure that he experiences to see the work of his own hand rising heavenward.

Some of our happiest hours were spent in damming up a brook. We toiled at stone, we burdened ourselves with loads, we worked for days and days, at spare hours, in laying the ledge across the stream, in stuffing in clods, in adjusting boards to carry a sheet out as a waterfall, and in a hundred wriggles of ingenuity that were an intense pleasure at the same time that they were stirring up ingenuity and serving as a real educator.

A good knife and a ball of twine is a good enough capital. Let the boy make his kite, make his base ball, his bat, his ladder. All true pleasure consists in the creative activity of the human faculties.

Stir up boys and girls to amuse themselves. Then amusement becomes a handmaid to education.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

#### THE BOYS' ROOM.

BY LAURA RAYMOND.

The boys' rooms are often the worst rooms in the house to begin with, and they are made still less attractive by being receptacles for all the old, mismatched and dilapidated furniture which has been accumulating for years. The faded worn carpets, the cracked pitchers and bowls, the roughly mended chairs and the bare walls of the boys' rooms are in sharp contrast with the pretty, neat, tidy, and fastidious chambers of the girls. Are boys supposed to belong to a lower order of humanity? Are they semi-savages? How is it that mothers, devoted to the welfare of their children, are so careless concerning the places where their sons sleep, and very likely study during some of their waking hours?

One can hardly blame the boy for his scorn of various polite observances and for his indifference to certain refinements, when one knows that the powers at the head of the household are contented to let him burrow as best he can in a den of dirt and disorder. Inasmuch as a girl may safely be left to find out the beautiful for herself, and a boy needs training in the love for nicety and personal conveniences, if there must be a difference, more rather than less care should be taken of his surroundings than of hers. A bit of bright color on the wall, in the shape of a garland of autumn leaves, a fine engraving, a shelf for books, a mat or two upon the floor, and a few little contrivances for holding matches, whole or burnt, are not thrown away when they are placed in the boys' room.

I think, too, that having provided the lads with a properly adjusted chamber, the mother should insist on their taking care of it. They as well as their sisters, should habitually take the covering from their beds on ris-

ing, and should open the windows before leaving the room. If the mother and sisters do the housework, and they are crowded with work, and often wearied with labors, there is no reason why the boys should not make their own beds. To properly shake up a bed, and to arrange the sheets and blankets on it smoothly is quite an accomplishment. It requires strength and skill, and no man will be less manly for having learned how to do it in his boyhood. Some day it may aid him in helping to relieve a feeble wife. Those boys who have been kind sons and brothers at home in childhood are not likely to be arbitrary and selfish when they become husbands. No boy was ever made effeminate by being allowed to help his mother in any way or place where she needed assistance. I should respect a boy who put his strong arms and his willing feet at work anywhere at home where they could do good.—*Christian at Home.*

—To make punishments efficacious two things are necessary: They must never be disproportionate to the offence, and they must be certain.

#### THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS:—1. THE HOUSEHOLD. 2. Hard Times. 3. Steel pen.

5. E A R 6. S T A R  
A M Y T A P E  
R Y E A P E S  
R E S T

7. D  
T I N  
T R A D E  
D I A M O N D  
F R O Z E  
E N D  
D  
ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of eleven letters. My 1, 3, 4 is an animal with wings. My 10, 9, 3, 2 is a loud sound. My 5, 3, 4, 6, 11 is a bad habit. My 8, 3, 5, 4, 6, 7 is an engagement. My 10, 9, 8, 11 is an article of dress. My whole is the name of a town in New England. BELL.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

2. I am composed of twenty-three letters. My 5, 9, 21, 7, 18, 1, 17 is a town in Pennsylvania. My 14, 2, 23, 8, 20, 6, 5 is a province in Germany. My 5, 22, 8, 17, 5, 51, 11, 7, 9 is a river in the United States. My 14, 4, 5, 12, 19 is a large lake in the western hemisphere. My 4, 13, 2, 14 is a western city of note. My 14, 21, 3, 13, 6, 5, 2, 10 is a cape on the Atlantic coast. My 10, 2, 16, 7, 15, 6, 17, 8, is a bay of the Pacific coast. My 17, 9, 16, 6, 20, 2 is a city in Switzerland. My 5, 10, 2 is a mountain in Switzerland. My whole is a great truth. BELL.

#### ACROSTIC ARITHMOREM.

3. 1101—a factory.  
4. 101—a contraction.  
5. 1009—to join.  
6. 501—that (Latin).  
7. 157—municipal.

Initials.—8. 2102—imitative.

SIA.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC ARITHMOREM.

9. 1501—between extremes.

10. 1—one.

11. 1501—not plainly visible.

SIA.

#### ANAGRAM.

12. Wetes si het ovel ichwh retuan ribngs;  
Rou dlingdem incettell  
Hemisspas het tobcausue morfs fo nights,  
Ew rumerd ot sidsect. BELL.

#### CHARADES.

13. My first is a part of a sea,  
My second is among the hills,  
My third is not in this country but in Prussia.  
My whole is the name of a village and county in one of the middle states. BELL.

14. My first crept up, one starbright night,  
To the coop where the chickens lay,  
Old mother hen in terror shrieked  
To scare the intruder away;  
Charlie heard, and my second he dropped,  
As he ran to the yard in haste,  
And my whole nodded on their beds,  
As my first was swiftly chased. MARY B.

15. Poor Minnie lay on her little bed,  
And she tossed in feverish pain,  
The doctor came, my second was he,  
And my first made her well again.  
My whole we must be, until we arise  
And enter the gates of Paradise. MARY B.

16. Away with my first, its trappings and gilt,  
Its varnished veneering, away,—  
Under my second, all safely and snug,  
My whole sleeps awaiting the day. MARY B.

#### PROVERBS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

17. Vaisurelyn the the sight net of is any spread bird.  
18. stand wisdom: standing heart.  
O ye simple, and ye fools, b ye of an  
19.—  
Coals: burning coals / :a contentious man:  
wood: the / kindle strife.

20.— 21.—  
The wicked r standing hath wisdom.  
thrown and r o: but a man of

22. The silver — the dross = a vessel for the finer.

23. B4 the king — the wicked and his thr 1 shall b rightestablishedeousness.

24. But love all sins. SIA.

#### WORD PUZZLE.

25. With 5 letters only form 44 words of 5 letters each; 21 words begin, and 20 end with S. SIA.

#### SQUARE WORDS.

26. To bequeath; a metal; empty; means. W.

27. A part of a linen wheel; implying heat; to give; a part of a ship. BELL.

#### TRANSPOSITION.

28. O! ho! we se the mem. BELL.

#### JUMBLES.

Scripture Names.—29. Han mohash.  
30. I am tarehegd. 31. Ahprepatne.  
32. Habazbid. 33. Santihinroc. 34. Zekbeidona. 35. Thaniscaba. 36. It suthome. BELL.





## UNEXPECTED GUESTS.

BY HANS DORCOMB.

HERE have been several articles in *THE HOUSEHOLD* upon the importance of receiving unexpected guests without annoyance. Perhaps a leaf from my own experience, may interest some of the sisters. If I seem to say too much of myself, you will excuse me, for I am an old lady now.

I was perhaps forty years old, when my brother lost his wife, and asked me to go to him to take care of his family. He lived, as was then called, at the far west. He had three well grown sons, and a clerk in his store. When I went there, he told me he had one request to make of me, and that was, that whatever we might have to eat, there might be enough to allow him to bring in a friend at any time without embarrassment. The roads were not good, and population was scattered. I told him I would do so, if he would keep me provided with materials, so that I could look ahead. As he had kept his part of the contract well, I was careful to keep mine. His store was near his dwelling.

One day the bell had called to dinner, and he came in to ask if I had enough food for eight more.

"Do you mean eight in addition to our own five?"

Yes, eight of his oldest and best customers were in the store, and too far from home to get any dinner there. At first two had come in to settle accounts, and he had asked them and they engaged to come, and afterward the others had come in two and three together, and now he could not take two without the others, and he would like to ask them all.

"Very well, give me half an hour, and then you may do so."

On the previous day, we had for dinner a piece of corned beef, boiled, with vegetables; we had made a breakfast from it cold and sliced, and I had made of the remainder a good dish of hash. This, with boiled eggs, or a pudding, would be sufficient for ourselves, but what was it among so many? I had a very good natured and capable girl, and this was a joy to me now. I had an advantage too, in the fact that the family were fond of potatoes fried for breakfast. They like these, better than potatoes freshly boiled or baked. And we usually boiled an extra quantity at noon, so as to have them ready to fry for our six o'clock breakfast. So then we had potatoes enough, and we had only to keep them hot. I had another advantage. We had yesterday boiled a shoulder of bacon, and set it aside. This was just right now. Also we had bread enough. And thus in twenty minutes we had enlarged the table, peeled more potatoes, boiled more eggs, cut more bread, and again the bell called to dinner, and thirteen men sat down to our table.

Nancy had said, "What a shame to

cut that bacon which you fixed so nice yesterday, when there is not a woman here to see it." The "fixing" had consisted in this. When the lean part was boiled tender, I had stripped off the skin, stuck a few cloves into the fat, and strewed pounded cracker thickly over it, and then put the whole into a dripping pan, and set it into a hot oven, for fifteen or twenty minutes. It looked very nice and was praised and enjoyed by the men, who had never seen bacon prepared in this way, but were accustomed to eating it fried. It was indeed very relishing, and it was appreciated, notwithstanding ladies were absent.

After the others had gone away, one pleasant faced old gentleman had set down by me, and said, "When your brother had asked us to come in and dine, I told him no, for it would disturb the women folks to have so many come in unexpectedly—but he said 'no, it won't, just you come and see if it does.' And now marm, I've watched you, and you don't seem worried one mite, not a mite, and I don't see how you do it."

"Oh no," I said, "it has been a pleasure."

"But do tell how you do it."

"Why, my brother is a good provider, that is the main thing. I have enough on hand, to enable me to keep ahead. Then I have the blessing in a capable and good natured girl to help me. And with these two important blessings, I surely should be quiet."

"Well, marm, I shall send my darter down to see if she can't learn to do it. It is surely a blessing to a man, if the women folks can bear unexpected trouble, and not get fretted, and worried enough to spoil a good dinner. I've seen good dinners spoil that way, many a time, yes, many a time."

## SETTING TABLES.

Although I should not be capable of directing one how to do it genteelly, I wish to make a few suggestions applicable to every day life in the country, for I think many housekeepers take too little pains with the appearance of their table at meal time, for the improvement as well as comfort of their families. There is a certain refining influence about a neatly spread table and pleasantly conducted meals, which children and young people can hardly afford to lose.

Some, I know, would be glad to have things more tasteful and orderly, but are so overworked they are obliged to do everything in the quickest and easiest way possible; while others care nothing about "feasts for the eye," any further than to have plenty of food, giving no thought to the manner in which it is served, or the surroundings. Old tin dishes and basons are sometimes used on the table, which, though perfectly clean, are so out of their proper sphere as to make the food almost repulsive to sensitive people.

According to my idea, the truest hospitality is that which dispenses but a few kinds at a meal, and those of a simple and healthful quality; this makes an inviting table, a cheerful hostess, and comfortable guests, and is much pleasanter every way than if the table is crowded with viands, and

the hostess tired and nervous from preparing so many.

Set the larger and principal dishes in the center of the table, with the smaller ones around them; cups, spoons, milk, sugar, and everything used in serving the tea should be in front of the hostess, and the water and glasses near some other member of the family, as it is too much for the hostess to attend to everything, and gives too crowded an appearance to her part of the table.—*N. E. Farmer.*

## DINING COMFORTABLY.

Most people are aware, even without any scientific knowledge, that the mind has a most direct influence on the stomach, that the stomach reacts upon the mind, and that the two, linked mysteriously together, act and react upon each other with unflinching certainty. Digestion thus obviously to a great extent will depend on the state of mind in which we sit down to a meal. It is not sufficient always merely to set the bread-winner down to a good dinner. If he has been hard at work, battling during the day with the perplexities and difficulties inseparable from daily life, in whatever calling, his meal, if it is to do him all the good it should, must be a cheerful one; and it is as much a part of a loving wife's duty to meet him with smiles and pleasant words as it is to give him his soup hot and his meat cooked to a turn.

Nay, although disappointment in the quality of the viands—a tough steak, a tepid roll—may check much more than is thought the process of digestion, even when spirits are good and appetite keen, it will not be so prejudicial to the healthful assimilation of food as will be dolorous tales of domestic cares or the announcement of bad news. Whatever trials and sorrows have to be faced, dinner time and the time immediately succeeding it is not the time to grapple with them, or dwell upon the means by which they are to be surmounted.

Again, highly animated discussions, lapsing often into virulent arguments, are distinctly prejudicial at meal time; for temper, if ruffled, will retard digestion as fatally as dampened spirits will. In a word, there is no by-way to health more directly useful and generally worth sticking to than that by which we can have our meals in peace and comfort, if not in absolute gaiety.

## ROSES IN ANCIENT LUXURIES.

To enjoy the scent of roses at meals an abundance of the flowers was shaken on the table, so that the dishes were completely surrounded. By artificial contrivance roses during meals descended on the guests from above. Heliogabalus, in his folly, caused roses to be showered down upon his guests in such quantities that a number of them, being unable to extricate themselves, were suffocated in flowers. During meal times they reclined on cushions stuffed with rose leaves, or made a couch of the leaves themselves. The floor, too, was strewn with roses, and in this custom great luxury was displayed.

Cleopatra, at an enormous expense, procured roses for a feast which she

gave to Antony, had them laid two cubits thick on the floor of the banquet-room, and then caused nets to be spread over the flowers in order to render the footing elastic. Heliogabalus caused not only the banquet-rooms, but also the colonnades that led to them, to be covered with roses.

## A WINTER EVENING DESSERT.

In the winter, when there has been a fall of light snow, the following makes a delightful dish for dessert and refreshment. Take of the thickest sweet cream you can get, one pint; to it add one teacupful of white or light sugar; beat well together, then add enough clean dry snow, stirring well all the time, to make it the consistency of ice cream; add flavoring of lemon, vanilla, strawberry or raspberry syrup made for the purpose.

## THE DESSERT.

—The individual who called tight boots comfortable defended his position by saying they made a man forget all his other miseries.

—Voltaire once praised another writer very heartily to a third person. "It is very strange," was the reply, "that you speak so well of him, for he says you are a charlatan." "Oh," replied Voltaire, "I think it very likely that both of us are mistaken."

—While a lecturer was describing the nature of gas, a lady inquired of a gentleman near her, what was the difference between oxygen and hydrogen? "Very little, madam," he said. "By oxygen we mean pure gin, and by hydrogen we mean gin and water."

—A gentleman having an appointment with another who was habitually unpunctual, to his great surprise, found him waiting. He thus addressed him: "Why, I see you are here first at last. You were always behind before; but I am glad to see you have come early of late."

—A lecturer wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which the lobster casts its shell when it has outgrown it, said, "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh, no," replied the little one, "we let out the tucks." The lecturer confessed that she had the advantage over him there.

—The difference between the real and the ideal is vividly shown in the following verses:

"Only a lock of golden hair,"  
The lover sighed. "Perchance to-night  
It formeth on her pillow fair  
A halo bright."

"Only a lock of golden hair,"  
The maiden, smiling, sweetly said,  
As she laid it over the back of a chair  
And went to bed."

—A young Danbury boy proposed to his father that he go fishing, but his father had other business for him that day. "Father," said the young man, "do you know what Solomon said about boys going fishing?" "Solomon didn't say anything about it," replied the parent. "Yes, he did. He said, if you spare the rod you spoil the child." "I won't spare it," said the old gentleman, promptly. And he didn't, but the son thinks he got hold of the wrong rod.





## HEALTH OF FARMERS.

IN treating upon some of the causes of ill health in farmer's families a correspondent of the New York Times remarks: The use of feather beds is still common among farmers. Feather beds are soft and are good non-conductors of heat and hence many rheumatic farmers think they can sleep on nothing else, especially in winter. But some of these old beds, having imbibed the perspiration of numberless bodies, possibly for generations, are only fit for the dung hill, not because they have lost their savor, but because they are too savory. A fresh feather bed is enervating—an old one is a hot bed of disease.

On this point we will introduce the testimony of an observing woman. Speaking of these nuisances in farmers' houses she says: "These are often precious family heirlooms, and they had an excuse for so being, while stoves and furnaces were yet unheard of, but are none the less injurious for all that. A coarse sacking filled with inexpensive straw, forms the under bed; on this is laid thirty or thirty-five pounds of feathers. The farmer with his blood at boiling heat after a day's haying, lies down on this cheap and unpatented vapor bath and perspirator, and tries to go to sleep. Is it any wonder he tosses and groans; that he finds his garments wringing wet and himself nearly deliquesced; that he rises with the first streak of light, from pure misery? The poor wife, who, very likely, in addition to all his discomforts, has suckled an infant all night, finds herself more dead than alive in the morning, and looks forward with justifiable shrinking to the tasks of the day, as she finds the baby all broken out with heat, and fretful accordingly. No wonder she calls this world 'a vale of tears,' and considers life a thoroughly puzzling problem. Feather beds are answerable for much of the debility among farmers' wives."

As to how long farmers can sleep, no general rule can be laid down. There is no doubt that some constitutions require more sleep than others, and custom has much to do in this matter. Franklin is said to have laid down this rule: "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool," but we do not believe Franklin was ever so foolish as to have promulgated such a dogmatic law. Another equally absurd maxim which was sounded frequently in our youthful ears was: "Five hours for some, six for many and seven for any." The some are very few who can be satisfied with five hours sleep. The most distinguished preacher of this country, and one who accomplishes prodigies of work, says he sleeps all he can, the more he sleeps the more work he can accomplish. We have no doubt that farmers, as a class, do not sleep enough, though it is true that tired muscles recuperate sooner than exhausted brains.

Many farmers make a mistake in giving their children no more sleep than they allow to themselves. Childhood requires more sleep than maturity. The infant does well when it sleeps pretty much all the time. As years increase less sleep is demanded, till we arrive to second childhood, when sleep as an old Greek philosopher expressed it, hands us over to his twin brother, death. Rousing up boys at four or five o'clock of a winter's morning and sending them out to do chores, or on the mountain for a load of wood, is a sin against humanity. It brings on disease and premature old age. We see many laboring men at forty and fifty years of age bent over and walking as though it was a tax on their energies to drag one foot after the other. One great reason is that they have discounted the hours that should have been allotted to sleep. If a farmer makes it a rule to get up in season to hear the matin song of birds, he should also make it a principle to go to bed at the same time with the feathered bipeds. Every man should study his own constitution, and eat, sleep, and work in such proportion as to make the most of life.

## GET RESTED EVERY DAY.

Every person who would live well should get so thoroughly rested once every twenty-four hours as to feel bright, fresh, active and strong. Many do not do this, but go on feeling tired, over-worked, ill at ease, sick, never being rested from morning till night. No course could be worse. If a man wishes to last a reasonable number of years on this globe, and live in peace and comfort, he should get rested every day of his life. Many resort to stimulants, when they had better go to bed and to sleep. Sleep does not always come easily. The brain sometimes loses the power to stop thinking when the proper hour arrives for sleep, but keeps on, like the heart, aching involuntarily. How can such people get sleep is one of the most important questions they can consider. Shall they resort to chloral hydrate, morphine, tobacco, or as some do, ale, beer, or other alcoholic drinks?

We advise no person to take poisonous drugs on his own account, but there are agencies of great value, better for common daily use than all the drugs in the world, which every person can learn to use without harm to himself, provided he is reasonably intelligent. One of the agencies is water. A tepid sitz bath taken just before going to bed, of such a temperature as shall be agreeable, is a beautiful sedative for many persons, preparing them for sleep that is sound and refreshing. It may be used for ten or fifteen minutes, or even longer if agreeable. It should be taken in a warm room, and such portions of the body as are not in the water well covered with a blanket.

Still another remedy, and often more convenient, is a mild current of electricity, continuing from five to thirty minutes. The positive pole may be held in one hand, or, by means of a sponge placed over the stomach and abdomen, and moved about from point to point, while the negative may be

placed at the feet. This is one of the best methods of producing a condition favorable to sleep that is known, and after a study can be adopted by almost any one. Every house should have an electrical apparatus, for electricity carefully and wisely used has great value for many purposes.

Still another agent, not very well understood, and one not to be advised except it can be given by those who know its use, is magnetism, by means of passes over the head or simply holding the hands of the person to be influenced.

Still another agent is a very short shower bath, or a hot foot-bath, or holding the hands, if hot, in cold water, or if the hands are cool, holding them in hot water; or putting a cold wet compress over the abdomen.

The two best remedies, however, are the sitz bath at bed-time and the use of electricity. Whatever is done should be done with judgment and care. — *The Herald of Health.*

## REMEDIES FOR IN-GROWING TOE NAILS.

In reply to the inquiry of a sufferer, we have already published three communications, and now give you a few more, with a list of names of others who have kindly responded to the inquiry. We would gladly publish all we have received, but they are about the same. The majority recommend pressing a bit of cotton batting, or lint beneath the corner of the nail. That is well, but it is better, instead of cotton or lint, to use scraped horn. There is very likely to be "proud flesh" in the toe (we are all more or less troubled with "proud flesh" from top to toe), for this we know scraped horn to be a sure cure. You need not get it from the "live" horn, but scrape it off an old powder-horn, or any article made of horn. We once had a felon, in which, after it was lanced, appeared proud flesh; and not having any powder-horn, and the old cow being in the "back lot," we thought us of the horn-comb, and used some scrapings from that, with the happiest result. Burnt alum will have the same effect, but it hurts, while the scraped horn is perfectly painless, and one application is quite sufficient.

Scrape the nail very thin in the center, and keep it scraped; also cut the nail as short as possible in the center and allow the corners to grow out beyond the toe, and do this until cured. After scraping and cutting, raise the corners of the nail and place a pellet of cotton between the nail and flesh, which, with scraping, will help the nail to contract, and also give the flesh a chance to heal. Of course it is advisable to wear loose boots, or give the toe freedom by cutting a hole in the boot. P. J. H.

Dr. Chase, in his book of recipes, gives the following remedy: "I put a small piece of tallow in a spoon, and heated it very hot, and poured it on the granulations; the effect was almost magical. Pain and tenderness were at once relieved, and in a few days the granulations were all gone, the diseased parts dry, and destitute

of all feeling, and the edge of the nail exposed so as to admit of being pared away without any inconvenience. The cure was complete, and the trouble never returned."

H. McC.

Having been a sufferer from the toenails growing in for about fifteen years, I give a recipe that has been well tried. Wind a woollen thread two or three times around the smallest part of the toe and tie it, not so tight as to stop the circulation—and you will have no more trouble with the nails growing in. I tried it two years ago and have not had any trouble since. M. C.

Cut away the nail where it grows into the flesh, and then crowd lint under the edge of the nail so as to prevent it from coming in contact with the flesh. In a short time the nail will cease to grow down, and a cure be effected. SUBSCRIBER.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. CROWELL:—If "Sarah" will persevere in the habit of snuffing weak salt and water, and using three times a day, a pinch of snuff, composed of the following ingredients, equal parts gum myrrh, gum camphor and powdered slippery elm bark, I think her catarrh will be helped. I have learned by experience that any one afflicted with catarrh should carefully avoid all sudden changes and breathe plenty of Heaven's pure air night as well as day. VINE.

Some one asks for a cure for warts. If she will dissolve saleratus in water as much as it will take up, and apply four or five times a day she will find they will soon dry up and disappear. The saleratus water should be kept closely corked. I have tried it for bad seed warts and know that it will cure. E. B.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I am especially interested in Dr. Hanaford's articles relative to health, etc. I wish he would write for your columns his ideas concerning the use of milk as an article of diet. Is it particularly beneficial for dyspeptics? and should it have a prominence even above the use of meat as a source of nourishment? As this question is somewhat agitated of late, would you not be so kind as to ask his views on this subject, and let them appear in your columns very soon? G. L. P.

## A VALUABLE OINTMENT.

MR. EDITOR:—I send you a recipe for a valuable ointment for the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD. Take sweet clover, a few buds of balm of gilead and sweet mary; stew them in water until the strength is out of them, then add mutton tallow, and simmer until the water is all evaporated. This will be found excellent for all kinds of sores. For sore eyes, sore or beated breasts, it is a sovereign remedy. For these use rabbit oil or goose grease instead of tallow. Mrs. E. C.

Rosemond, Ill.





### APTNESS TO GOVERN AND TEACH.

**A**PTNESS to govern and to teach is still another natural gift to be sought in the candidate for the teacher's office.

Aptness to govern is expressed in the word authority, and implies ability to direct and control others. It is in-born, and manifests itself as a kind of instinct. It is seen among children when assembled to engage in their sports; perhaps in

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood."

Some one assumes the command, and exercises his gift of rule. It is seen among men. Whenever they organize for any purpose,

"Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood," becomes the leader, and exercises authority and control. In some families the children are in complete subjection to their parents, and yet no special effort has ever been made to govern them. The mother has authority, which is discovered in her eye, in the tones of her voice, in her truthful words and unchangeable purposes. Under her management the habit of obedience is soon formed, and cheerful submission rendered.

In some schools, (though these are the exception and not the rule,) the master has only to wave his hand, or tap with his pencil upon the desk, to restore perfect order. His very presence is a ruling power which his pupils are inclined to recognize and obey. He has authority, a natural aptness to govern. Lack of discipline in the family and school, which has become so fearful an evil in our land, more often results from a want of this native power than from any other cause.

Aptness to teach is not always connected with aptness to govern, but is equally desirable as a qualification for the important duties our teachers have to perform. Ability to teach well implies the power to instruct and fix the attention of the pupil or class; the power to illustrate and apply principles; the power to read character, so as to be able to adapt instruction to the varying capacities and dispositions of different pupils; and the discretion to know what to teach, when to teach, and how much to teach. Aptness to teach does not necessarily imply the highest order of scholarship, nor the largest ability to understand and explain a given lesson; but the power to inspire, guide, and control pupils in self-culture, and in the attainment of knowledge by their own earnest application.

School trustees should spare no pains, in the selection of teachers for their schools, to find those who possess these peculiar gifts. And they should examine the candidate also in reference to another qualification, viz.: energy of character, or what is appropriately called "snap." One live teacher is worth a score of dead ones.

He will accomplish much more work; and his presence and influence are in-

spiring, not only in the school-room, but in the homes of the children and by the way. A live teacher makes a live school, and awakens a new interest in the cause of popular education in the community where he resides. This vital energy of which I speak enlivens his whole being. It is seen in the elasticity of his step, and in his animated conversation. It flashes from his eyes, and streams from his fingers, as the red current of life courses rapidly through his veins, propelled by a heart, every fibre of which throbs with sympathetic emotion, and a lively interest in the work in which he is engaged. Energy is essential to success in any enterprise, and especially in the difficult and important work of managing and teaching school.

### EXPERIENCE.

### THE SEVEN WONDERS.

The ancient world had its seven wonders, which were much talked about, and which people traveled hundreds of miles to see. But the seven wonders of our times are more useful, and quite as remarkable.

The seven wonders of this world were: First, the Egyptian Pyramids; the largest of these is 693 feet square and 469 feet high, and its base covers 11½ acres of ground.

Second, the Mausoleum, erected to Mausolus, a king of Caria, by his widow, Artemisia; it was 63 feet long and 35 feet high.

Third, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; this was 425 feet in length and 220 feet in breadth.

Fourth, the Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon; these walls are stated by Herodotus to have been 87 feet thick, 350 feet high, and 60 miles in length, and the statement is deemed credible by modern antiquarians.

Fifth, the Colossus, at Rhodes; this was a brazen statue of Apollo, 105 feet in height, standing at the mouth of the harbor of Rhodes.

Sixth, the statue of Jupiter Olympus, at Athens, which was made of ivory and gold, and was wonderful for its beauty rather than its size.

The Pharos of Ptolemy Philadelphia; this was a lighthouse 500 feet high, on the Island of Pharos, at Alexandria, in Egypt; a wood fire kept burning on its summit during the night to guide ships into the harbor.

The seven wonders of the world now are: The Art of Printing; Optical Instruments, such as the telescope and microscope; Gunpowder; the Steam Engine; Labor-saving Machinery; the Electric Telegraph, and the Photograph.

### HUMORS OF BOOK-SELLING.

"The Impenitent Dead" is a work by a Massachusetts professor of theology. One morning visitors in a leading book house were all startled by the inquiry which one clerk who was filling an order shouted to another in a distant part of the store: "Have 'The Impenitent Dead' come in yet?"

A rather slow boy had been employed in a great establishment—in which his father also was a clerk—just long enough to realize that he did not know anything, and to look bewildered whenever he was asked for an

unfamiliar work. One day a fellow clerk, wishing to speak with the elder, asked: "Bill, where is your paternal ancestor?" "I'm sure I don't know," replied the lad in a tone of despair, "I never know where half the books are!"

A rather quiet boy, and also a newcomer, had learned the great lesson of a salesman—always to sell a visitor something, whether the store contains what he asked for or not. A dignified gentleman in gold spectacles entered and inquired: "Have you 'Feuchtwanger's Gems?'"—a large treatise on jewels. The lad had never heard of it, but he instantly produced a little religious volume, and replied: "No, Sir; but here is a book which may answer your purpose—'Precious Gems of the Heavenly Foundations!'" The astonished inquirer gave one searching and perplexing glance over his spectacles, as if in doubt whether the youth was making game of him or not, and then, without a word, turned upon his heel and stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost.

**QUAINT NAMES.**—Are we returning to the Puritanical method of naming publications? A well-known London publisher announces a book with the strange title of "Salts and Senna; a Cathartic in Seven Doses." This recalls the name of an old pamphlet published in the time of Cromwell, entitled "Baruch's Sore Gently Opened, and the Salve Applied."

—The editor of the Standard of the Cross deals thus pithily with a common editorial annoyance: "The anonymous communication signed 'L.' is necessarily declined, as the chirography is even worse than our own, and the latter is fully up to the measure of the printer's ability to decipher. The remark that the writer had not time to copy does not help the matter. Does he think we have?"

### THE REVIEWER.

**BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT MUSICAL COMPOSERS**, by L. B. Urbino. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

This is an unusually "handy" book, and fills a place that was quite vacant. We have now a number of well written and interesting biographies of the great Music Masters. Time is required to read them all, and money to purchase them. Here is an epitome of all their contents, very neatly condensed and arranged. About a hundred sketches are given. We begin with Gabrielli, who lived 1510-1586. Little is now known of him, but in his day he was a celebrity. A few pages are devoted to half-forgotten worthies of that elder time, when we come to Lulli, Stradella, and Purcell. These names have a familiar sound, and we read their brief biographies with interest, which is intensified by stories about Bach, Gluck, Graun, Pergolesi, Abel, Richter, and others. As the work is arranged chronologically, we here find our memories refreshed with records of the luminous lives of the many music creators of the eighteenth century. Some careers are well known, but there are not many who can answer questions about Arne, Paisiello, Gretry, Salieri, Clementi, Cimarosa, or even Cherubini, whose death is recent. Of the composers and players not now living, who have more or less occupied public attention during the present century, we have Spontini, Boieldieu, Hummel, Spohr, Meyerbeer, and many others, one of the last being Auber, who died in 1870. Of living musicians, we have also a goodly number, some twenty or more being given. We have said enough to direct attention to this neatly printed volume, which appears quite opportunely for the holiday music trade.

**ST. NICHOLAS FOR DECEMBER** is the Christmas number this year, and is much larger than usual. It contains nearly one hundred pages, and more than fifty illustrations. The frontispiece, called "The Heart of Winter," is a superb engraving, representing some exquisite bits of winter scenery and life. It is one of Thomas Moran's finest drawings. William Cullen Bryant contributes an article entitled "The Boys of My Boyhood," and describing the amusements, studies, sports, occupations, and social life of the young people of his early years. This paper forms a remarkable feature in magazine literature. J. T. Trowbridge, the great favorite of American boys, begins in this number his new serial, "His Own Master." The first installment contains some exceedingly interesting scenes. The Christmas element is made very prominent. Edward Eggleston contributes a fine Christmas Fairy-show, and there are several splendid Christmas stories in the number by Susan Coolidge, Lucretia P. Hale, Rebecca Harding Davis, Olive Thorne and others. Still another striking feature is the description of the great stables of one of the prominent lines of New York street-cars. The article is entitled "The Horse Hotel," and describes the building, the rooms and attendants, the management of the horses, the arrangements for feeding and caring for them, and the various methods and means employed in the huge establishment. Its illustrations are from sketches taken on the spot. The number's pictorial display also includes beautiful pictures by Miss Hallock and Addie Ledyard, some funny illustrations by Church, and some very curious drawings by a Siamese artist.

**NEW HYMN BOOK—LATEST OUT.**—A neat and convenient volume, entitled *Spiritual Hymns*, is just from the press. It confidently claims to be the best adapted to all religious meetings—prayer-meetings, praise-meetings, protracted-meetings, Sunday-schools, etc.—embracing, as it does, the old and the new hymns that are most pure, inspiring, helpful and scriptural in sentiment, and most used in all parts of the country and among all denominations. A large number of the hymns in this valuable collection are those sung in the Moody and Sankey meetings in England, New York, Philadelphia, and now in Chicago. The book is the result of twenty years' experience in the publication of religious literature, and in pastoral and evangelistic labor, and is believed to be the best adapted, of any convenient-sized, neat and cheap work in the market, for pulpit use, home use, prayer and praise-meetings, anniversaries, Christmas, Christmas-trees, Sunday-schools, all special occasions, etc. With the hymns of this book there are nearly all of the best of both the old and the new tunes—the tunes now most used in all churches. Price, wholesale, bound in heavy, neat, durable board, ten copies for \$3.00, and same rates for larger orders. Sample copies will be sent for thirty cents. In fine leather rep binding, forty cents per copy. Address, H. Y. Rush, Dayton, Ohio.

T. Robinson Warren's "Bay Shooting" in SCRIBNER for December, the second of the series of papers on American Sports, is in a somewhat lighter vein than Mr. Wilkinson's "Salmon Fishing." As the spirited outline illustrations suggest, it is full of fun and anecdote, but the hard work of coast shooting is not therefore slighted. Other humorous papers are "Mr. Quatty's Great Speech," by Wm. M. Baker (with a tempting picture); and James T. Fields' clever sketch of Cyrus J. Muchmore, who is appropriately described as "A Peculiar Case." Donald G. Mitchell describes the attractive and growing institution, "Lafayette College," in a well-illustrated paper. Mr. Hale's serial, "Philip Nolan's Friends," is completed, and "That Lass o' Lowrie's" is continued. "Owd Sammy Craddock" meeting with a severe loss. This number also contains the first installment of Dr. Holland's new story, "Nicholas Minturn," in which Nicholas is presented to the reader and also to Miss Larkin. There are signs of love and danger ahead. In "Topics of the Time" Dr. Holland pays a tribute to the late Dr. George B. Bacon, and writes of "Mr. Huxley's Visit," "The Better Times," and "The Interest of Fiction." "The Old Cabinet" has a stanza under the title of "Mystic," and discusses the "Philistine," "Egoism," "Reform," "Daniel Deronda" as a Vindication of Bohemianism, "The Best Society," etc. "Bric-a-Brac" contains a variety of amusing verse and sketches. In the other departments important topics are ably and suggestively handled.



## LIFT THINE EYES.

TRIO, for LADIES' VOICES.

MENDELSSOHN.

*Andante.* *sf* *p*

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh, whence cometh, whence com - eth help.

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh, whence cometh, whence com - eth help. Thy help

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh, whence cometh, whence cometh help.

*cres.* *Dim*

Thy help com - eth from the Lord, the Mak - er of hea - ven and

com - eth, com - eth from the Lord, ..... the Mak - - er of hea - ven and

Thy help com - eth from the Lord, the Mak - - er of hea - ven and

*cres.* *pp* *cres.*

earth. He hath said, thy foot shall not be mov - ed; Thy keeper will never slum - ber, never will, never

earth. He hath said, thy foot shall not be mov - ed; Thy keeper will never slum - ber,

earth. He hath said, thy foot shall not be mov - ed; Thy keeper will never slum - ber,

*cres.* *pp* *cres.*

slum - ber, nev - er slum - ber, Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence

nev - er will nev - er slum - ber, Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence

nev - er will, never slum - ber, will nev - er slum - ber, Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains.

*sf* *p*

cometh, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence com - eth whence cometh help.

cometh, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence com - eth whence cometh help.

*sf* *p*

whence com - eth, whence com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence com - eth whence cometh help.





## THE FARMER'S WIFE.

The farmer came in from the field one day;  
His languid step and his weary way,  
His beaded brow, his sinewy hand,  
All showed his work for the good of the land;  
For he sows,  
And he hoes,  
And he mows,  
All for the good of the land.

By the kitchen fire stood his patient wife,  
Light of his home and joy of his life,  
With face all aglow and busy hand,  
Preparing the meal for her household band:  
For she must boil,  
And she must broil,  
And she must toil,  
All for the good of the home.

The bright sun shines when the farmer goes out;  
The birds sing sweet songs, lambs frisk about;  
The brook babbles softly in the glen  
While he works so bravely for the good of men:  
For he sows,  
And he mows,  
And he hoes,  
For the good of the land.

How briskly the wife steps about within,  
The dishes to wash, the milk to skim;  
The fire goes out, the flies buzz about;  
For the dear ones at home her heart is kept stout:  
There are pies to make,  
There is bread to bake,  
And steps to take,  
All for the sake of the home.

When the day is o'er and evening is come,  
The creatures are fed, the milking done,  
He takes his rest 'neath the old shade tree,  
From the labor of the land his thoughts are free:  
Though he sows,  
And he hoes,  
And he mows,  
He rests from the work of the land.

But the faithful wife, from sun to sun,  
Takes her burden up that's never done;  
There is no rest, there is no play,  
For the good of her house she must work away:  
For to mend the frock,  
And to knit the sock,  
And the cradle to rock,  
All for the good of the home.

When autumn is here, with its chilling blast,  
The farmer gathers his crop at last;  
His barns are full, his fields are bare;  
For the good of the land he ne'er hath care  
While it blows,  
And it snows,  
Till winter goes,  
He rests from the work of the land.

But the willing wife, till life's closing day,  
Is the children's guide, the husband's stay;  
From day to day she has done her best,  
Until death alone can give her rest:  
For after the test,  
Comes the rest,  
With the blest,  
In the Father's heavenly home.

—Selected.

## CHIEFLY ABOUT PIES.

BY ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

MRS. JENNIE WILSON, a young wife and housekeeper of a year's standing, was visiting her cousin, Mrs. Bradford, a lady several years older than herself, and quite an experienced housekeeper withal. They had just finished dinner and were sitting in the dining-room chatting in a cosy manner, while their respective husbands had gone into the garden to see what progress the early vegetables were making towards coming to an eating condition.

"It is the most discouraging time of year there is for a housekeeper," said Mrs. Jennie, looking from the

window into the garden, "especially for one like myself unused to making shifts and doing, if not as I would, as best I can. These later spring and early summer weeks have tried me more than all the rest of the year, in my efforts to prepare a variety for the table, and something that will relish at just the time when the appetite is most capricious."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Bradford, "that is the complaint of nearly all housekeepers, for few of us can command the means to purchase the first fresh fruits and vegetables brought from more southern regions, and must depend mostly on our own resources—or rather plan for ourselves if we would not have our tables come to grief. There is enough canned fruit and some kinds of canned vegetables offered, but I prefer my own, certainly if I must purchase that put up in tin cans. I will not use any acid goods put in tin, though it may serve for some purposes."

"This lemon pie we had for dinner tasted delicious," said the visitor, "but it is with lemons as with other things, they are scarce and high just at the season when most needed and best relished, so that I do not make them as often as I otherwise would."

"And the lemon pie is some of my experimenting," replied Mrs. Bradford. "I get the lemons late in the winter, when they are very cheap by the dozen, and prepare for time of need. I prepare some also for lemonade in hot weather, and we find it an excellent plan indeed. Then you know," said Mrs. Bradford, "that here in the country, where we are, if not quite 'twelve miles from a lemon,' as the witty Sidney Smith put it, we are at least too far to step into a store and get one when we would, so it is a great convenience, as well as matter of economy, to get them when they are plenty and low priced."

"How do you prepare it?" asked Mrs. Wilson, "do tell me, for though I live where I can get things in market readily, I am sure it would be a good plan to buy when we can do so to the best advantage."

"I tried the experiment myself," said Mrs. Bradford, "before ever I saw any rule, but here is a recipe I cut from a paper last summer that is about as I did mine. I press the lemons, rolling them on the table so as easier to squeeze out the juice, and press into an earthen dish all that will readily drop out. Then remove the pulp, put, say, a pint of water to a dozen pulps, and let it boil a short time in the preserving kettle. Then strain, add the pure juice, put a pound of sugar to a pint of juice, let it boil a quarter of an hour, then bottle and seal ready for use. A teaspoonful or two of this will make a glass of lemonade good enough for any body to drink. I do not put into very large bottles, as it keeps better not to be very long opened."

"And for pies?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"This same preparation will do nicely flavored with extract of lemon," was the reply, "but I made some expressly for pies which is a good plan. For this purpose I grate off the yellow rind—never the white, as that is bitter—and add this to the prepared juice before boiling it down. I boil it more

into a jelly for pies sometimes, putting into my jelly glasses, which saves bottling up. It is not, however, as convenient to make up as the thinner syrup, but sure to keep—if you don't use it all right up. Then, any time, if you have no lemon at hand, or if company comes unexpectedly, you can hurry up a lemon pie, make it as from fresh lemons."

"I am glad that you have told me this," said Mrs. Wilson, "for we like pies, even though they are condemned food by many; and we tire of dried apples, with now and then canned berries for a change."

"If we made a meal out of pies, then they might be called unhealthy food," replied Mrs. Bradford, "but a single piece, say at our noon-day dinner, as we usually take it, amounts to little as food, and yet is a part we do not care to dispense with on the whole. We, perhaps, might make puddings oftener and pies less frequently, but many days it is convenient to have a pie on hand to save interrupting other work, as we must to make a pudding. Fresh made pies, however, are much better than old ones, and I never care to keep any baked more than a day or two before using, except it may be mince pies in winter."

"The work of making pies," said Jennie, "is made a great bug-bear now in the talk of women's work, and it is something of a task where they are placed constantly on the table. But to me, such cooking when I have the material to do with, is the poetry of housework, and plain cooking the prose. And where we care for others' tastes in such matters, it is something of a pleasure to make a delicious pie, pudding, or cake—not for steady diet, but for a necessary after-piece to the plainer food."

"Yes," was the reply, "and speaking of dried apple pies, which are apt to be little cared for, and often are despised, I find they relish better to sometimes mix with canned or dried raspberries; then again I make into tart pies which, when new and crisp, are excellent. Some of our prepared lemon helps flavor nicely for a change, and lemon peel is relished by most people for an occasional spice in apple or mince pies."

"Do you ever put up mince meat?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"Usually a little every season. I prepare it as for pies, except that I do not put in cider or much water before canning. I take cans, after using out the fruit, fill with the prepared mince, and seal when hot. Then for a pie take out a portion, add water, boiled cider, and bits of butter, which makes as good pies as in the season though we care less for them in hot weather, except as a change, than in winter. Dried pumpkin, too, comes in with the rest, and when it is cooked, sifted, and nicely dried, then soaked well in milk before making up, it makes an excellent pie; and squash, too, can be used in the same way."

"How about eggs in pumpkin pies?" asked Mrs. Wilson. "I see some writers and housekeepers are calling it a waste to put eggs in pumpkin pies, just because the pie can be made without them."

"But is better with eggs," said Mrs. Bradford, "and they are no more

wasted in pumpkin pies than in other food, though if they are scarce and very high it may be economy to dispense with the eggs in pumpkin pies at such times. However, they are most nourishing diet, and, when trembling in a handsome, golden-brown pumpkin pie, just cool enough to eat, will help out a dinner with dessert good enough for a king."

"Especially if you have a piece of good, rich cheese with it," put in cousin Jennie.

"To go back to eggs a moment," remarked Mrs. Bradford. "You people who have your eggs to buy, can purchase them for winter when they are cheap and plenty, and then pack them in slacked lime, or rub over with lard, setting them little end down, in a cool cellar and thus you can have eggs all winter; though you might like to get a few fresh ones for some purposes. New laid eggs are of course always to be preferred, but to get them thus is not always possible, as many who sell eggs pass off stale ones to the public. Whereas, if you purchase of a reliable farmer in the egg season and pack yourself, you are more sure of good ones in the end."

"What a long talk," said Mrs. Wilson, "but I have not learned half enough yet, though we must be going now. Next time I see you I want you I want you to tell me about putting up vegetables and other things to help in the barren seasons of the year."

## THE CHEESE FLY.

The only excuse for skippery-cheese, of course, is want of care. Cheese in hot weather should be closely examined every day. They require to be turned once a day in order to facilitate the curing process. The bandages and sides are to be rubbed at the time of turning in order to brush off or destroy any nits of the fly which may happen to be deposited about the cheese. If there are cracks in the rind or if the edges of the bandage do not fit snugly, they should at once be attended to, since it is at these points that the fly is most likely to make a safe deposit of its eggs. The cracks and checks in the cheese should be filled up with particles of cheese that have been crushed under a knife to make them mellow and plastic. When once filled, a strip of thin tough paper oiled and laid over the repaired surface will serve as a further protection of the parts. The cheese in the checks soon hardens and forms a new rind. Deep and bad looking checks may be repaired in this way so as to form a smooth surface scarcely to be distinguished from the sound parts of the cheese.

Some dairyman think that a darkened curing room is best for cheese, and at the same time is the best protection against the fly. We think this is a mistake. Cheese cures with the best flavor when it is exposed to light, and besides it can be examined more minutely from time to time, and freed from any depredations of skippers.

August and September are generally the worst months in the year to protect the cheese against attacks of the fly. Some years the trouble is greater than others, and various means have



been resorted to for the purpose of avoiding the pest, such as rubbing the cheese over with a mixture of oil and cayenne pepper. These things generally do not amount to much and are not to be recommended. Whenever a lodgment of skippers has been made, they must at once be removed. Sometimes it will be necessary to cut down into the cheese and remove the nest with the knife, but if the colony is young and small in numbers, a thick oiled paper plastered over the affected part so as to exclude the air, will bring the pests to the surface when they may be removed. The oiled paper should again be returned to its place and the skippers removed from time to time, until all are destroyed.

If skippers begin to trouble the cheese, the best course to be adopted is to commence at once, and wash the ranges or tables on which the cheese was placed with hot whey. This will remove all accumulation of grease and nits about the ranges, giving a clean surface which does not attract the flies. If the cheese also are washed in hot whey and rubbed with a dry cloth, the labor of expelling the trouble from the curing rooms will be greatly facilitated. We have seen this course adopted with entire success in many instances when much time and labor had previously been employed without effecting the desired object.—X. A. Willard.

#### OLD FRUIT CANS.

Empty tin fruit cans, like old hoop-skirts, are a nuisance when out of place. The question is: Where is their place, and I should be willing to answer it a hundred times. If I could banish them from the gutters, the ash-heaps, the vacant lots, and, above all from the hands of the boys. I shudder now at the very suggestion of their ever being used again as music boxes, strung with resigned cords. Did that epidemic visit your locality, my dear reader? If so, you would be in haste to prevent the slightest possibility of its recurrence. But to the remedy.

In the first place, to open the cans properly put hot coals on and around the little soldered tip on the top, until the solder melts, then scrape off lid and coals together with a table knife. Be careful, however, not to set the cans on the hot stove before they are opened, by which little neglect steam enough to burst the can might be generated, which would not be a very pleasant or profitable method of opening it. When opened properly, you have a smooth, round orifice through which to remove the fruit.

When the cans are empty and dry, invert them on hot coals in the stove, for half a minute, or on a hot stove, until the solder melts and loosens the remaining top of the can; then strike it off, smooth off the bits of solder, and you have a very convenient cooking utensil. For a lid use a saucer, or the covers of old tin pint cups or pails.

Rice, wheat, samp, beans, pearl barley, split peas and many other dishes for a small family, can be cooked in them, either standing directly on the stove or placed in a large boiler or saucepan of water, to prevent the possibility of their burning. It also

saves more costly tin utensils; for this method of boiling in water is very hard on tinware.

One can may be kept for onions; others can be used for baking or steaming rye and Indian bread, and some kinds of pudding.

They are also convenient for pantry use, for holding articles to be used in cookery or in the laundry; for garden seeds, for paint pots, and for many other things that will suggest themselves to every housekeeper, and for which, indeed, they would long ago have been used but for the untidy jagged edge made by the common method of opening them. If covers are wanted for them in these capacities, discarded rims and lids may be put together with a little solder.

If there are tin shears at hand, and any one to use them, the cans may be made into very passable scoops. Take several of them at a time to a tinner, and he will cut them into the shape for a trifle. It saves time to have a scoop in every meal-tub, flour-barrel, sugar-pail and starch-box. In short, old tin cans are far better for many purposes than for street organs or for ornaments to dog's tails. Suppose we change the tune, and have better economy, more and a higher grade of music.

#### SEE WHAT YOUR WIFE WANTS.

We cannot too often remind the farmer of the necessity of keeping his farm utensils in perfect order when in use, and of protecting them from the rain and sun when not in use. Everybody knows that much more labor can be performed with a good tool than with a poor one. What boy even does not know that his hoe works better for being bright, and with the handle of the right size and length. What plowman does not know that he can turn a finer furrow with a bright, clean plough, than with a dirty and rusty one. If the team could speak, they would tell you that their labor is less with a bright ploughshare, a well oiled axle and a nicely fitting yoke or harness. It is both economy and humanity to take special care that these seemingly unimportant details are promptly and faithfully attended to.

But while the husbandman is placing everything in "apple pie" order, we would suggest that he devote some attention to that part of the labor which his wife directs or perhaps performs. She needs a score of little trifling jobs performed which will be no trifles, when her comfort and convenience are considered. The wood needs to be split finer, some of it is too long. She needs something to kindle the fire with quickly, when you are in a hurry and are withal a little fretful at delay. A shelf or two may be "handy to have." A screen for the kitchen window or a new window for light and comfort may be within the range of possibility. Some hooks in closets or behind doors may assist her in keeping things "picked up." The flour barrel may need a cover or the washtub may need a hoop. The mop may need reconstructing and the old broom may need replacing. In a thousand ways and in any moment of leisure you will be able to so assist

your wife and lighten her labor, that she will appear to have grown ten years younger in a single hour. Try it.

#### LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD BAND:—It is pleasant to meet you in the columns of our little favorite every month. How I have wished I could know some of you personally, but as that cannot be we will meet in spirit through the medium afforded us by Mr. Crowell. I do wonder what first put it into his head to start such a paper as THE HOUSEHOLD. Sometimes I have fancied he must some day have tried his hand at housekeeping on his own account in an old bachelor sort of a way, of course, [Correct. Ed.], or he would never have known the wants and needs of humanity as he seems to.

It is the little things of life that make or mar it, and women's life especially seems made of trifles; a man would never begin to remember the thousand and one petty cares that falls by inheritance to her lot. One straw alone would be a very light weight, but bundles of them is quite a different matter. Is it any wonder that so many women break, fade, and grow old and gray before their time when we consider the burthens they carry; the little sympathy they receive; and I might almost say the ingratitude that is meted out to them, by those, too, from whom it is least merited? Is it a small thing for a woman to give the best years of her life for her husband and children; to toil, to think and plan for their advantage and happiness, and then seldom if ever have her heart made glad by so much as a "thank you," a kiss, or a grateful acknowledgement and appreciation of her labors?

Another thing, too, which sorely tries the self respect of an independent spirit, is to always have to ask for every dime you need; state what it is for, how much you require, and prove that it is an indispensable necessity. And then the Lord of Creation, (if propitious, and you have succeeded in convincing him of the necessity thereof), doles out the money as if it were his heart's blood instead.

Now this is all wrong. A sensible woman will not spend money unnecessarily, particularly if she knows her husband is hard pressed for money; and if she is not a sensible woman, her husband certainly showed great weakness to marry her at all; but having done so, he should at least repose sufficient confidence in her judgment to trust her with a few dollars without always bringing her to a strict account for the use of the same.

As a rule, man is the money maker, and it is right that he should be, for nature and education have both aided him in making him such, but women fills just as important a station, and has the same right to appropriate and enjoy, as if she went forth into the world and earned her bread by the sweat of her brow.

A woman who takes the charge of, and rears a family, has done what no man could do; she has fulfilled her mission, what her Creator designed her for, and she is not a slave, a servant, nor yet a beggar upon her husband's bounty.

I once heard a man say; "Mary don't you want some money, it's a good while since I gave you any?" Now I made a mental note of that man, and I honor him in my heart, and wished the world held more like him.

I know another man, and he is not a poor one either, that when his wife says, "Frank, can you spare me a few dollars; it is spring, and the children cannot wear their winter clothes any longer?" he replies something after this sort.

"Good Heavens! you must think I'm made of money. It's nothing but money, money. If you knew a little better how it comes, you'd be more careful in spending it." So the poor wife subsides, and sets her wits to planning how she can manage to dress herself and children respectably upon the very least possible outlay.

Now I'm not meaning the poor, hard working man, who has not the money to give; but I mean the close-fisted, iron-hearted, well-to-do man, and Heaven help us, there's plenty of them. If he happens to get hold of this I advise him not to read it, for I mean him exactly, and nobody else.

How many heart aches, and self-humiliations might be spared, if a man would only think to say, "Wife, I guess you are in need of some money. Here's all I can spare now, but if it is not enough for your wants, you must let me know." Wouldn't any woman love a generous soul like that? Wouldn't she rule her expenses according to her husband's ability, and be prudent and economical in all her outlays? Try the experiment once, ye close-fisted old misers. Don't wait for your wife to go down to her knees in spirit and beg for what she has the right to demand. Some men act as if they thought they had engaged a servant for life when they marry a girl; a servant who will never present her account, nor demand her wages. No matter how hard she may work, and strive and plan; nothing is actually hers. She does not give, nor sell, nor buy, till she has first got permission from her husband. Now all this is a system of tyranny and oppression; wrong as can be. If marriage means anything, it certainly means a mutual partnership, where all the authority shall not be rested in the male head of the firm.

What would a couple of men in partnership think if one was obliged to say to the other, my shoes need repairing, or I would like a new pair, or my coat, hat, or pants, are getting in a dilapidated condition, could you spare me a few dollars to replace them with? Do you think any man would be willing to humiliate himself in that manner? No, he would not. He would take what he required and consider it no one's business but his own what he did with it. But there are plenty of women who would not dare to give twenty-five cents in charity, buy a print dress, a pair of shoes, nor a paper of pins, till they had first talked the matter over with the head of the firm.

I did not intend quite such a discourse on this theme when I commenced; but if the coat fits any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD I shall not regret it. If it does not fit, they need not put it on.



One of the main reasons why women are so proverbially close, is because they must get so much out of a little, and they can only get one hundred cents' worth out of a dollar, no matter how hard they contrive to make it go farther.

Men, as a rule, are not half as economical as women in their outlays. Their money they consider their own, and spend it accordingly.

I blame no woman for learning a trade, opening a shop, or doing whatever she may that is respectable, if she is to be treated as a dependent all her life, unless she resorts to some method of helping herself.

AGNES ATHERTON.

Effingham, Ill.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD FRIENDS:—I want to tell you about our sociables, hoping it may be a hint to some one, who, like myself, is kept at home by ill health.

The object has been to promote a more social feeling among neighbors, and to break up somewhat the monotony of a long winter to a few folks that are by circumstances kept pretty closely at home.

We are a dozen families living about half a mile from the village. Last winter we commenced with a Christmas tree, each family contributing presents. It was quite a success, and was followed by a social at some one of the houses every two weeks all winter. This is our way. Some pleasant morning one of the neighbor's children come in to say that the sociable will be at their house that evening, it being arranged before hand who shall have it, only not setting a particular evening, as we want to be sure of pleasant weather so that all may attend.

Usually we have something different every evening, for instance, one time music, games, conundrums; another time a select reading. Once we have had a golden wedding; that was an extra. We try to have as much variety as possible so as to keep up the interest. I think any neighborhood that will try the experiment will be surprised at the results. It is an excellent cure for blues to plan something interesting for the next sociable. There is no expense as all that is required is to have the house warmed and lighted, as no refreshments are expected.

ALICE WYMAN.

MR. CROWELL:—I have been a subscriber of your paper for six years, but never has it seemed so interesting as now. I have just received my November number, and have read and re-read the piece entitled Religion in the Household. It was just what I needed, and many others, to bring up our children in the way they should go. May God bless that Christian's effort.

And here I would thank Tewksbury for the light that came to me through that letter in the April number, 1876, for I was then striving to be a Christian in my own strength. But oh! what comfort those words brought to me, as upon reading it I saw my mistake I was exerting myself and calling upon others for help, when I only needed to fall at the feet of Jesus, to trust all to him, and find peace and joy, which he freely gives to all who

seek him. And to all the sorrowing and troubled ones of THE HOUSEHOLD, let me direct you to that God of mercy and of love, as that dear sister did me. His promises are sure, they will never fail, go to Him in all your trouble. Pray for strength and it shall be given you, for he has said, "As thy day is so shall thy strength be." Only believe on him, that his arms of safety are about you, and He will guide you safely home at last.

But pardon me, Mr. Editor, I fear I shall be cast out entirely from the Band, if I tarry longer, but I wish we might see more of religion in our almost perfect paper, for what is of more importance? May God give success to all your efforts and deal gently with all of our HOUSEHOLD Band. LENA.

I would advise Mrs. O. C., who wants to have a well regulated house and everything "just so," to give it up; there's no recipe for such a thing, though many a poor housekeeper has worn herself into her grave trying to find one. It is impossible to have that with a cheerful temper and a body that isn't all dragged out, and who wouldn't prefer the latter? Ask your husband which he would rather you would have. If you have no children perhaps you may more nearly gratify your ambition, but I hope you have, they are infinitely more comfort than an orderly house; and if you have just take comfort with them and let things go. If you don't now, you'll break down sometime, perhaps, and then you'll have to. ALICE E. C.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to ask a question of one of your correspondents through your paper, if you will allow me to do so. I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD ever since it was published, and have never asked to use its columns as a means of communication until now. To-night I have been reading "What has become of them," and wish to ask the writer of that article where she lives, that she does not see plenty of good, sensible, reliable, middle aged women, and not "ancient fossils, befrizzled and feathered into a frightful resemblance to youth."

If she could be induced to leave her present place of abode and remove to some quiet village like the one where I reside, she would not have her senses shocked by seeing "crimps" and "humps," nor "hirsute spoils of some unfortunate cow" adorning our middle-aged women—not a bit of it—but they dress plainly, still follow the fashion enough not to look outlandish, nor as if they were born fifty years too late. They do not go to church merely to see other women's "bits of lace," and "feathers and flowers," and heavily "trimmed dresses." They look quite as dignified as the men, and are not more devoted to fashion than the men.

Our middle-aged women are ready to do for others in sickness or health, and can take care of their own families and amuse the neices and nephews. It is to be regretted that she lives where she is obliged to attend church with such a set of shallow-minded women. I fail to see the necessity of condemning the whole race because some are foolish enough to be

just what Mrs. G. represents them to be. In this section of the country these kind of women are the exception and not the rule.

SUB.

Fayetteville, Vt.

#### SPIRITS OF AMMONIA.

There is no telling what a thing will do till you try it. I knew ammonia, diluted in water, could restore rusty silks and clean coat collars, but when I got a grease-spot on the carpet, I tried half a dozen other things before I thought of that, and that is just what did the work effectually. I put a teaspoonful into about a teacupful of hot water, took a cloth and wet the spot thoroughly, just rubbing it slightly and the ugly spot was gone. It is splendid for cleaning your silver; it makes things as bright as new without any expenditure of strength; and for looking-glasses and windows it is best of all; and one day when I was tired and my dish-cloths looked rather gray, I turned a few drops of ammonia into the water and rubbed them out, and I found it acted like a charm, and I shall be sure to do so again some day.

I suppose house-wives have a perfect right to experiment and see what results they can produce; and if they are not on as large a scale as the farmers try, they are just as important to us, and they make our work light and brighter too. Now, I do not believe in luxuriating in a good thing all alone, and I hope all the housekeepers will send and get a ten cent bottle of spirits of ammonia and commence a series of chemical experiments, and see what they can accomplish with it. Take the boys' jackets, the girls' dresses, and when you have cleaned everything else, put a few drops in some soft water and wash the little folks' heads, and report progress. —Country Gentleman.

#### TAKING POTATOES OUT OF THE KETTLE.

If there is one thing harder than another in preparing potatoes for the table it is taking a boiling hot kettle (covered or not) from the fire and pouring the water out slowly, which cannot be accomplished without nearly or quite scalding the hand which holds the kettle. One or two holders is requisite; then oftentimes the kettle, which is not of the best iron, is covered, replaced on the stove to stand from fifteen to thirty minutes, until the potatoes are saturated with rust or a taste of iron, and all in the bottom watery, having soaked up what it is impossible to turn off.

To do away with these objections have a long handled skimmer, place it on one side under all the potatoes it will hold at once and so on until all are removed into a convenient dish. The heat retained in the potatoes will make them perfectly dry and mealy while the steam is escaping. They should be eaten before they are done smoking.

To mash or jam them, skim out as we have shown into a tin pan; place the pan on a flat surface; then mash (not pound), which will not hurt the pan nor the potatoes, season and stir with a spoon. The kettle is easily removed to cool, or with one stroke the boiling water may be turned into the slop pail. Try it.

#### HOW TO CLEAN A SPONGE.

Old sponges that have been employed for some time, and have become full of grease and dirt, may be again used in the place of new ones. To clean, a solution of permanganate potash in water is prepared of such a strength that it appears of a wine color, and into this is the unserviceable sponge immersed, and allowed to remain in the liquid for some time. When taken out and squeezed, it is next put into diluted muriatic acid of ordinary commercial quality, being immersed and kept saturated therein sometime as before. The most appropriate strength of this acid solution is about ten parts water to one part acid.

The sponge is taken out after sufficient treatment, squeezed well to free it from the acid, and then washed well in good spring water. When taken out it will be found to be quite clean, to have again assumed its light color, and to be free from all foreign matter. Sponges treated in this way become like new. The main thing to be attended to in this plan of purifying sponge is to see that it is thoroughly saturated both by the permanganate and the acid solutions, which should be allowed ample time to soak through the mass; care must also be observed to wash the sponges thoroughly with plenty of water at the end of the operation.

#### HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

APPLE JELLY.—Mr. Editor:—M. S. inquires how to make apple jelly. I send the following recipe: Take red apples, wash them, quarter and core, leaving the skins on, place them in a porcelain lined kettle and nearly cover them with water; cook slowly until quite soft, then drain off the juice; strain, sweeten with white sugar, and simmer until it is of the proper consistency, carefully removing the scum as it rises. It will be of a beautiful color.

DRIED APPLE JELLY.—Soak the apples over night and drain off the water, strain, sweeten, and simmer down. It is quite nice with or without lemon flavoring. S. H. C.

I have some cake recipes which we have tried and like very much. Perhaps some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD would like to try them.

RIBBON CAKE.—Four eggs, two and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, four cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda. After the above is well stirred, take out one-third of it for the dark loaf, and add to it one cup of raisins, one cup of currants, one-fourth pound or less of citron, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, two tablespoonfuls of molasses. Bake the light cake in two tins, and put the three loaves together with jelly, the fruit loaf in the center.

QUICK LOAF CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, two cups of sweet milk, five cups of flour, three cups of raisins, one egg, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

DELICATE CAKE.—The whites of four eggs, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, one and one-half cups of sugar, two cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, two-thirds teaspoonful of almonds.

GOLD CAKE.—The yolks of four eggs and one whole egg, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Flavor. ELLEN.

COCOANUT CAKE.—S. M. B. wishes a rule for cocoanut cake. I send mine which is very nice. Two beaten eggs, two table-



spoonfuls of butter, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, two cups of coconut soaked in milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

SUB.

**FRENCH CAKE.**—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, three eggs, one cup of milk, three and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of essence of lemon.

The same ingredients, minus the butter, make a very good sponge cake.

**LUNCHEON CAKE.**—One cup sugar, one-half cup of butter, one egg, three cups of flour, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one teaspoonful ground cloves, and one cup of raisins.

E. CLOUGH.

**RAISED CAKE.**—One pound of butter, two pounds of sugar, three pounds of flour, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cloves, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one cup of yeast, one teaspoonful of soda, milk enough to make it as thick as you can stir it.

**BUNS.**—Two cups of milk, three cups of sugar, two cups of butter, two eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-half cup of yeast, a little nutmeg, and flour to make it stiff enough to roll; let it rise over night; in the morning roll, cut small, set them close together in a pan, let them stand and rise again. Bake in a moderate oven.

AUNT DOROTHY.

**COCOANUT CAKE.**—*Mr. Editor:*—One of your correspondents, I. B. M., wishes a recipe for making cocoanut cake. Here is an excellent one. One grated cocoanut, one-half pound of white sifted sugar, one-fourth pound of butter, one-fourth pound of flour, three eggs, and one grated lemon. Grate the cocoanut over night and spread it upon plates to dry; work the sugar and butter to a cream, add the yolks of the eggs, dust the cocoanut with the flour, and add it gradually, then the grated lemon, and last the whites of the eggs. Bake in small pans in a moderately quick oven. Ice them if you choose.

M. D. H.

Hopkinsville, Ky.

*GEO. E. CROWELL.*—*Dear Sir:*—My family have derived so much pleasure and instruction from THE HOUSEHOLD, that I feel it a duty to repay in a small way, your large family of contributors from the store of our own personal experience. I am specially incited thereto by the inquiry in your last, concerning rice croquettes, for which you will find a recipe in a pamphlet which I send you, published by me some years ago when in business. I have no interest now to serve except that of your paper and its readers.

**RICE CROQUETTES.**—Put in a stew-pan half a pound of rice, a pint and a half of milk, a quarter of a pound of butter, stir until boiling, put over a slow fire, cover, and simmer until quite tender. Mix well the yolks of five eggs, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and a teaspoonful of extract of lemon, and add to the rice, stirring till the eggs thicken, but do not let them boil; lay the rice on a dish, and, when cold, form into balls, or other shape, not larger than a small apple. Dip the croquettes into beaten eggs, roll in cracker dust, and fry in very hot lard, a nice light yellow color; drain, and serve on a napkin, with powdered sugar sifted over them.

I also send recipes for

**CHICKEN CROQUETTES.**—There is no dish so highly prized, for evening parties, or cold collations, as a plate of chicken croquettes. Boil one medium sized chicken in as little water as possible, till tender; then boil the broth down to a cupful, which will be a jelly when cold. Chop the meat, rejecting the skin, as fine as possible, with two ounces of lean ham, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, the juice and grated rind of a lemon, and half a teaspoonful each of powdered mace, salt, mustard, and white pepper. Boil, separately, one cup of bread and milk, and one sweet-bread till tender. Chop fine half a shallot or small onion, fry it with two ounces of butter, add a teaspoonful of flour, stir half a minute, add the chopped meat, broth, bread and milk, and sweet-bread, stir two minutes and take off the fire; add the yolks of two raw eggs, mix well and spread on a dish to cool. Butter a flat-bot-

tomed wine-glass, shake in some cracker dust, and form the croquettes in it, like a small sugar-loaf; dip into beaten egg, roll in cracker dust and fry gently in very hot lard. Serve on a napkin with sprigs of parsley.

**LOBSTER CROQUETTES.**—They are truly delicious made as above,—omitting the sweet-bread, and using, instead, the green and white fat and red coral, finely mashed together.

H. W. A.

**CRAB APPLE JELLY.**—*Mr. Crowell:*—Mrs. H. L. B. inquires for a recipe for making crab apple jelly and preserve. If they are the old fashioned wild, green, crab apple, I can tell her how I prepare them for preserving. They want to be boiled until they are very tender, in a porcelain kettle, then peeled, and the cores pushed out with a goose quill. Make a syrup of one pound of sugar to one of apples. Cut a lemon in small pieces and boil with them. If too sweet with sugar, it hardens them and makes them indigestible. They make a very good pickle, if any one has a taste for such things, and is fond of variety. When the country was new, these hard, sour things, were boiled and passed around in the evening for company as a substitute for pippins. They were glad to get them, and took just as much comfort in eating them as the young folks do in these luxurious days eating pop-corn candy.

**SWEET APPLE PRESERVES.**—I can tell Minnehaha how to make nice sweet apple preserves. If she will take part quinces and part apples, say about one-third quinces and two-thirds apples, and white sugar the same as for other preserves, pound for pound, she will have a splendid sweetmeat. Cut the apples in halves and the quinces the same, take the core out, boil them tender, first, in water enough to cover them, and dissolve the sugar in it before they are mixed; then add them together and boil thoroughly. They will keep well, and she will want to try it over again another fall, if she has good success.

**RIPE CUCUMBER PICKLES.**—If Mrs. M. F. wants to know how to make ripe cucumber pickles, I will tell her how I do it. There may be some better way, but I cannot make mine last long, and it seems as though that was a very good sign they were palatable. She asks whether they should be canned. I never can mine, as they are eaten before it is very late in the winter. I pare them and take the seeds out, cut them across the cucumber, and they will be in rings, (which is the fashion nowadays,) soak them in weak alum and salt water twenty-four hours or more; pour this water off and rinse them; then make a syrup, the same as for pickled peaches, three pounds of sugar to a pint of vinegar; cook them until soft; add spices to suit the taste, cloves and cinnamon are the best, with a little allspice added to it.

Bainbridge, O.

MRS. J. H. S.

**CAKE FROSTING.**—If Aunt Lydia, who asks for a way to make frosting for cakes, will try my way, she will find it very nice and very easy to make. Mix one teaspoonful of cream of tartar with one pound of powdered sugar, and stir it into the whites of three eggs without beating. Please try it.

ELSIE.

**PICKLED PEACHES.**—One-half gallon of sharp vinegar, four pounds of sugar, two ounces each of cinnamon and cloves. Put the spice in a bag and boil the mixture five minutes, then put in the peaches and boil them five minutes, take them out and put in more; put the peaches in jars and pour the mixture over them hot; when cold, cover tight.

ZELLAH.

**PICKLES.**—I have a recipe for pickles which I should like to send, although it is too late for this year, but like THE HOUSEHOLD, it will keep. Cover the bottom of the barrel with wild cherry tree leaves, then a layer of cucumbers, sprinkle in a little salt, then another layer of leaves, and so on, then add water to cover them; keep a weight on them, and in a few weeks they will be ready for use. They will keep hard for a year, and are much cheaper than "whisky pickles."

Duluth, Minn.

MRS. C. H. T.

*MR. CROWELL:*—Being interested in this department of THE HOUSEHOLD, I will con-

tribute some recipes which I know are good. M. C. H. wished for a recipe for raised cake; the following is considered nice:

**RAISED CAKE.**—Three cups of dough, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two eggs, one cup of raisins, one tablespoonful of yeast, a little salt, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Work the dough and shortening together, beat the eggs thoroughly, then add to the dough, beating well; add the other ingredients, with the raisins rolled in a handful of flour, add cinnamon and nutmeg to taste, pour into tins, let it rise till light, and bake. I make it when I make bread, and have my dough as stiff as bread ready for the oven.

**DELICATE CAKE.**—One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, whites of four eggs, and flavor with vanilla.

**BROWN BREAD.**—Three cups of corn meal, two cups of rye flour, two-thirds cup of molasses, three and one-half cups of warm water, and one teaspoonful of soda. Steam four hours.

**GINGER SNAPS.**—One teacup of molasses, one teacup of sugar, one teacup of butter, one teaspoonful of ginger, one-half teaspoonful of soda, flour to knead hard, and roll thin.

**RAILROAD CAKE.**—Break two eggs into a teacup, beat well, then fill the cup with sweet cream, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda.

**SPONGE CAKE.**—Two cups of flour, two cups of sugar, four eggs, one-half teacup of cold water, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. The eggs must be fresh and the whites and yolks beaten separately.

**MUFFINS.**—Two cups of sweet milk, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, four teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, two teaspoonfuls of soda, butter the size of two eggs. Make a stiff batter and bake in rings, or small tins.

I think there must be some fault with Mrs. S. W. G.'s recipe for cream cakes, or she would have no trouble with them. Will send her mine if she wishes it. Will be pleased to send you more recipes if you wish them.

MRS. H. M. J.

**BREAKFAST CAKE.**—One quart of flour, one pint of milk, two eggs, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cream of tartar, one tablespoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of salt, and butter the size of an egg. Very nice with berries in.

**LINCOLN CAKE.**—Three cups of flour, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of essence of lemon.

Webster, Mass.

MRS. E. W. B.

**RAISED DOUGHNUTS.**—Three cups of light dough, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, and three eggs. Mix all well together, adding sufficient flour to make it as hard as for bread. Let it stand for an hour or two for the second rising, then roll out, cut into strips, and fry in hot lard. If this recipe is followed exactly, I think you will have raised doughnuts that will satisfy even a Yankee.

T. B. L.

**GOLD AND SILVER CAKE.**—Modern Martha asks for a recipe for gold cake. I will send her mine for both gold and silver. One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, one cup of flour well mixed with two two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and the eggs. Take half the above ingredients, put the yolks of the eggs in the gold cake, and the whites in the silver cake. Flavor differently, as with rose and lemon.

**PUMPKIN BUTTER.**—*Editor Household:*—Mrs. I. A. W. wishes to know how to make pumpkin butter. Grandma says let your pumpkins freeze, then while they are frozen, cut up and stew; when done, strain through a cloth, then boil the juice down to a rich syrup; have ready your pumpkins, and thicken this syrup with them just as you

would for apple butter. The pumpkins you thicken with, need not be frozen. When done spice just the same as you do apple butter. You will find it very nice, and will be sorry when it is gone.

**TO PRESERVE PIE-MELONS.**—Keep them in a cool, dry place, where they will not freeze. I have kept them all winter this way.

Medara, Ill.

GRANDMA.

**GINGER SNAPS.**—In THE HOUSEHOLD for August A Reader wishes a recipe for good ginger snaps. I will send mine, which I have used two years with good success, and given my friends. One cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one egg, two teaspoonfuls each of ginger and cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda. Mix very hard with flour.

SADIE.

**BAKER'S GINGERBREAD.**—Some one inquires how to make baker's gingerbread. I will send my recipe. Take a piece of alum as large as a nutmeg and pour upon it one teacup of boiling water, let this cool, then add one-half cup of butter, two cups of molasses, one tablespoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger. Flour to roll out smooth, stamp and bake quick.

LENA.

**TO PICKLE BLACKBERRIES.**—Three quarts of blackberries, one quart of vinegar, one quart of sugar; no spice is required; put all together at the same time into your kettle and boil fifteen or twenty minutes. After standing a few weeks they are very nice.

E. R.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

*MR. EDITOR:*—Will some kind reader of THE HOUSEHOLD, please tell me how to cook in different ways cauliflower, salsify, or oyster plant, egg plant, and other kind of vegetables? And also how to make indelible ink? and oblige,

DELLA MAY.

*MR. GEO. E. CROWELL:*—Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD, inform me through its columns, of some remedy for canker in the mouth? I have suffered from this, for a long time, and would be very grateful for information of any thing that will cure it.

MRS. H. B. E.

*DEAR HOUSEHOLD:*—Can any of your numerous subscribers tell me how to preserve green tomatoes and keep them whole?

AUNT DOROTHY.

*MR. EDITOR:*—Will some one please inform me how to color scarlet? and oblige,

A SUBSCRIBER.

*MR. CROWELL:*—I would like some one to tell me how to polish hard wood. And also how to clean lamp chimneys so as to make them shine.

S. D.

I hope some one will give us a good recipe for catchup, and one for pickled tomatoes.

Has any one tried drying corn without cooking? It is excellent. Cut it from the cob, the same as though it was cooked. Try it, and I know you will say it is better than when it is cooked before drying. Many thanks for past recipes given.

Walsburg, Wash. Ter.

MRS. W. A. R.

*MR. CROWELL:*—I saw in the June number a request concerning cracked wheat. Let me tell you how I cook it. Pick over a sufficient quantity, cover with cold water, and when it boils add a little salt. Be careful not to let the water boil away. Cook for about an hour, then serve with milk and sugar.

IDA.

*EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:*—In the September number F. M. H. has written how to make a hair-chain in answer to E. B. After giving directions, stated if she did not understand about the board, if she would give her address through THE HOUSEHOLD she would write and explain. If it would not be asking too much, I should like an explanation in THE HOUSEHOLD, as I do not understand about the figures and letters, how they are arranged on the board and how to commence. Will F. M. H. please answer in the next number, and greatly oblige one of THE HOUSEHOLD Band?

C. L. B.





## ALL MY LIFE LONG.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

All my life long have my steps been attended  
Surely by One who regarded my ways;  
Tenderly watched over, sweetly befriended,  
Blessings have followed my nights and my days.  
Tears have been quenched in the sunshine of glad-  
ness,

Anthems of sorrow been turned into song,  
Angels have guarded the gateways of sadness,  
Summer and winter—yea, all my life long!

All in the dark would I be, and uncertain  
Whither to go, but for One at my side  
Who from the future removes the dim curtain  
Seeing the glory to mortals denied.  
No other friend could so patiently lead me;  
No other friend prove so faithful and strong;  
With angels' food He has promised to feed me  
Who has befriended me all my life long.

He will not weary—oh, blessed assurance!  
Infinite love will the finite outlast!  
But for my Heavenly Father's assurance,  
Into the depths of despair I were cast.  
This is my star in a midnight of sorrow,  
This is my refuge, my strength, and my song;  
Earth is to-day, but there's heaven to-morrow,  
And Jesus to be with me all my life long!

—Sunday School Times.

## JOE DILLAR'S CHRISTMAS FEAST.

PLEASE 'm, only a penny, I'm  
frozen and starved."

The carriage stood at the door, and Mrs. Linley was just going out with her two children to buy Christmas presents. Nellie was all scarlet and ermine, her sweet, happy face framed in with golden curls, and Master Frank not a whit behind in elegance, though a trifle more haughty, as he showed by the wise distance he gave the miserable little beggar boy.

"Go away," said Mrs. Linley, with a sweep of her hand. The child and she looked at each other one of those glances that stamp a face upon one's memory. She was always afraid of street boys, they might have fever or small pox lurking in their rags. The carriage drove on. The children were happy, generous, and well behaved, and belonged to a Christian family. They were going to prove this now. Besides gifts for mamma, and papa, and some little cousins, they remembered half a dozen poor children also.

They spent the sunshiny, pleasant part of the day in going from shop to shop. What hosts of tempting things. A Santa Claus revel everywhere. It was like a glimpse of fairy land. Frank and Nellie laughed and talked, and run to mamma with a hundred pretty things, but did not tease. They had quite a load in the carriage. And, oh! wouldn't lame John Ashton be delighted with his books, and the wheeling chair mamma had bought for him. And Susie Dorr would be the happiest of the happy, with her plaid dress, and cups and saucers. "For poor children love to play just as well as rich children, don't they, mamma," said grave, sweet Nellie.

"I hope, my dear, you will never forget that we are all created just alike, and the poor little ones are just as precious in God's sight."

"And it is so nice to make them happy," said Nellie.

"And Christ, the Lord, was born for everybody," said Frank, "my teacher told me so on Sunday, so that all little children might be saved, and have a merry Christmas."

"May be they can't all have a merry Christmas," said Nellie, "some of them may be so poor and sick, like that little boy who stood watching us when we started. Isn't it hard, mamma."

"God takes care of them, like the sparrows," said Frank.

Mrs. Linley did not answer; she half expected to find the boy on her doorsteps. But he was not there.

They shivered with the cold, and ran to the fire to get warm. Then papa came home, and they had a happy Christmas eve. Of course one could not make her charities go all round the world, but Mrs. Linley thought she had stretched hers a long distance. So she had. And yet she might have given the child at her door a few pennies. Beggars are often thieves. The child had wandered on. For nearly a week he had slept in a station-house, and begged a little during the day, just enough to keep from starving. He used to tell that he had sold matches and pins, but he had no money now, and there were many in the trade. A month ago, the old woman with whom he had lived, died suddenly. Then he had to tramp. He went on, asking now and then for a penny, some gave him a scowl, and some did not look at him, and he was so hungry, and so cold. The bright sunshine did not seem to warm him one bit. His shoes were out to the ground; his ragged clothes flapped in the bitter cold wind. It was growing colder and colder. Not a mouthful of anything had he eaten since yesterday noon. Men went along with baskets full, men with bundles in their arms, girls and boys with Christmas gifts. He had nothing. "Move on, move on," said a stern voice, "move on youngster." What if he was arrested and sent to prison! He would have something to eat, he thought, and the pain gnawing in his stomach was so hard to bear. There was a jacket, he might steal it; he reached out his hand—but no—some one would see him. He couldn't. He never had stolen. He remembered his mother, who had died two years ago. That pretty lady getting into the carriage made him think of her. Oh! how good it was that she was up in heaven and could not be hungry. And she had told him "never tell a lie, never steal," and he never had.

He sat down on a doorstep, and began to cry. He was very cold, so cold that his tears froze on his cheeks. He curled himself up in the corner and began to be sleepy. If he only could sleep.

"Hillo!" said a cheerful voice, and some one shook his shoulder.

"Let me be, I was most asleep."

"Why, you'll freeze to death here, you must run home."

"I haven't any home, and now you have brought the pain back," and he began to cry.

Joe Dillar dragged up the poor little object, and looked at him sharply.

"Where have you been?"

"Station house, and such. After

old Molly died they turned me out. I hadn't any money, and I tried to beg."

Joe stood considering. What would Granny say if he took the poor child home. "Don't ask another one to your Christmas party, there won't be standing room," she had said. Joe drew his sleeve across his eyes. Something had made his heart very tender, since he had attended the mission school. On Sunday Mr. Linley, the most splendid man in the world, Joe told Granny, had been explaining to his class how even the Saviour of the world had been homeless.

"I wish I'd been there," Joe had said manfully, "I'd took him in."

"Joe," said Mr. Linley, "when we do it for the poorest, and the meanest, we do it for the Lord."

And then he read the beautiful commendation the Saviour would bestow on those who did what they could for the poor. He had a way of talking which impressed the minds of the children, and made such vivid pictures, that the boys would listen.

So Joe had announced to Granny, that he meant to have a party Christmas, and told her his plans, as he always did.

"I thought you was agoing to get that nice new jacket, Joe."

"Well, Granny, I'll wait for that till I earn some more money. You see the dinner will be nicer Christmas day. I don't understand a bit how the Saviour did come and be so poor, but it seems good to think He was a little boy, though He was a good sight better'n us. When you think of it, you seem to get nigher to Him. And may be, if we ask the poor and the lame, He will look down and say Joe Dillar is trying to keep Christmas the right way. There'll be Tom Jenkins, you know he was run over by the horse cars, and Humpy, whose mother is dead, and the little Smith boy that I set up in the paper business, and Kitty Benner, who has been sick and lost his place, and"—

Then it was that Granny had said, "Not another one; there won't be room for them to stand on one foot."

"And we'll have a rousin' turkey, I know where to get one real cheap, and cranberry sauce, and pickles, and mince pie, and coffee. A regular feast and no mistake."

He had found two more, so there were six of them. Joe was a news-boy, and took care of Granny, who was too old to do much, and was almost bent double with rheumatism. They had a room on the second floor of a tumble-down barrack, and one small bed-room out of it. But Granny thought it almost a palace, because Joe was so kind to her.

"Come along," said Joe to the little vagrant, thinking somehow of the Lord of all, who had not where to lay his head, "for may be if He was here, we shouldn't know Him from anybody else. I guess it means just anybody that is poor." So he helped the little boy along who was too cold and numb to help himself. He didn't care if they were taking him to the station house, but he wasn't. After a little while he felt the warmth, and heard the voices, but he was so tired and sleepy he could not eat. He dropped in a heap

by the fire. Joe made him comfortable and he slept.

"But, Joe, we can't take care of him, and"—Granny looked into Joe's eyes and stopped.

"It's Christmas eve, Granny, and we must do all we can, even if we lived in a manger."

By and by Tom Morgan woke up and eat some supper, and told his brief story. It was like hundreds of others, only his mother was a beautiful lady, and had beautiful clothes, and he had seen a lady to-day who looked like her. But his mother would have given a penny to a poor boy, he knew she would. Joe made a shake down for him.

"He's smart and chipper, Granny, and I'll soon have him in business."

Tom's cheeks were very red the next morning, and his eyes very bright, but he said he was quite well. It was so nice to be warm and to be fed. Joe went out awhile, and Granny prepared her turkey to roast. Tom thought there never was anything so fragrant in the world. It was a famous Christmas feast. There was lame Tim, with a clean face, and a new necktie, and Humpy, who had suffered and grown deformed from a fall, and Kit Benner who looked white enough to frighten one, and three others, and Granny in a new cap and calico gown which Joe had bought her. Such a time as they had. They were crowded, they could hardly stand still, but they joked, and laughed, and drank Granny's health in the good coffee, and were happy as they could be. And after dinner they had some cards, which Joe had learned at the mission school. Tom begged to lie down again, for his head was aching.

"Oh, Joe! won't you sing again. It's like heaven that mother used to tell me about. Do you suppose the Lord Jesus cares for the little boys who haven't any homes, and sometimes they can't hardly keep from lying and stealing?"

"Yes, He does care, Mr. Linley says so. You see," and Joe laid his finger in his other hand, as his teacher often did, "you see, this is the way. He isn't here any more, but He puts the thoughts into other people's hearts, and they do the work."

"But why then don't they give a feller a penny sometimes?"

"Oh! sometimes they do; look at the newsboy's dinner to-day, and then there's other things," said Joe.

Presently the boys went home, declaring it was the jolliest kind of Christmas. They thanked Joe and Granny over and over again. The next day was Sunday, and Joe begged Mr. Linley to come and see Tom, and then it all come out about the Christmas dinner. Tom was very sick. Cold and hunger had done their worst, but he was willing. He had been so cold, and been knocked about so much, that if the Lord did care for him up there, he would rather go to Him.

"He is a pretty sick chap," said Joe to Mr. Linley, "but Granny and I'll try to pull him through."

Mr. Linley came. He felt the pulse and shook his head. The fever was high, and there was no strength to battle with it. And then he looked into Joe's great wishful eyes, and sighed. He was touched to the heart.



The boy had learned the noblest, sweetest lesson of all. He had gone out to the highways and hedges and gathered in the lame, the halt, and the blind.

"You see I've grown fond of him already," said Joe.

Mr. Linley said he would get a doctor.

"The lessons have not all been on my side," said Mr. Linley to his wife afterwards, "the poor newsboy has taught me a lesson, I shall never forget. To think of his going without his coat, so as to provide a dinner for those homeless, hungry boys. I wish you would go and see them."

Mrs. Linley went with her husband. Her dress was very plain, but she was beautiful always, and everywhere. Joe stared as if she was an angel. Granny dropped a quaint curtesy, and dusted a chair with her apron.

"Tom," Joe whispered, "dear old chap, can't you open your eyes a minute?"

He opened them wide, then wider, then he stared round, and stretched out his arms toward her.

"Oh, mother! mother! Joe said I would find you in heaven. I tried to be good, and not lie, or steal, though I was most starved. And Joe's been so kind. He brought me in to the Christmas dinner, and,"

Mrs. Linley caught the boy in her arms, and his eyes dropped. She remembered just where she had seen the child, and a pang of bitter self-reproach pierced her heart. Had Joe entertained an angel unawares, and her blind eyes not been able to discern "one of the least of these?"

"Oh!" said Joe, "I'm so glad you came. I s'pose he thought it was his own mother that he talked about. Poor little chap, he's gone straight to heaven, hasn't he. I'm glad I brought him in, but I didn't know he was going to die."

"The fame of your Christmas feast has gone up among the angels, Joe," said Mr. Linley, reverently, "and now my dear boy, you may have him buried where you like, but bring the bill to me. I want a little share in your good work."

Mrs. Linley walked home with her husband. Had her beautiful Christmas tree borne any such fruit as this poor newsboy's? "For I was an hungered, and ye fed me."—"Methodist," in *The Vermont Chronicle*.

#### PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Number Twenty-six.

##### WHAT TO READ.

In the November number a "Boston Girl" asks of some of THE HOUSEHOLD a list of books for a good solid course of reading; not knowing herself, she says, where to begin. The sign is a hopeful one, and the more so because girls are usually charged with caring for only light literature. And our Boston girl, we opine, has already made something of a beginning in literary culture to be inspired to ask assistance of others.

But it is not easy to make out a bill of fare for one to whose tastes, and opportunities, and mental capacities, we are a total stranger, so we will

presume only to talk the matter over, and perhaps be able to offer some helpful hints, leaving others to more definitely advise.

Those who have been readers of the "Papers for The Household"—commenced almost with the first volume of that journal—will recall how much the earlier papers were devoted to the bright home-girls, and with seeking to inspire and help them above the mere common-place to higher culture and mental development, even in the prosy walks of every-day life. And whether, or not, a word of mine has ever found sympathy with my readers, the task has been one full of interest to the writer. And now I feel that I cannot be intruding in attempting a word with our young friend, even though I am not Mrs. Dorr, and never assume to fill the same place that she has so satisfactorily done on these pages in the past.

But before coming to the books themselves, I would ask our correspondent if she is acquainted with a society, which has its head-quarters at Boston, its special object being to promote home studies, and to give advice to young ladies as to a course of home reading? Students must be at least seventeen years old, and are expected to try to honestly devote a certain time to study. By the payment of two dollars per year any member can consult with the ladies as to a course of reading, and then have a programme for the year furnished them. Some may choose one branch of literature, or science, or philosophy, and in that course have the best works selected for them. As Mr. Curtis, in the *Harper's Easy Chair* for November, says: "The object is very simple. It is mainly judicious counsel for those who greatly desire it, and a more sensible and useful society for the purpose we do not know." Whoever wishes to join as a student can procure a programme of studies by addressing Miss Ticknor, 9 Park Street, Boston. So why may not our inquirer state her tastes, acquirements, and desires, and thus be assisted by a society of ladies most emphatically fitted to advise on these points?

Then if our young friend has access to Boston's splendid library she may have abundance of books to choose from for general reading; and could we only look over its catalogue together, the writer of this might point out volume after volume advisable to read. Our privilege has been only to look upon its shelves as a visitor, and then almost to sigh that we were born outside the "Hub." But what has this Boston girl already read and studied? Does she wish a course of history, metaphysics, art, or critical reading? The Putnams publish a volume called "The Best Reading," which is valuable to select from.

Were I to advise at random, I think I should suggest a dipping into the British Essayists, and from that a farther course will readily suggest itself. I recall, even now, the perfect delight with which having stumbled upon a ponderous volume of Macaulay's *Essays*, in a friend's book-case, soon after leaving school, I commenced its perusal and the enthusiasm with which its whole contents were devoured. Not only is the style fascinating, but the

variety of topics treated upon, the critical analysis, the vast fund of knowledge at the command of the author makes its reading, not only "solid," but most entertaining and instructive in various ways. After thorough reading of such a work, weak, wishy-washy books seem tame indeed; at the same time so many subjects are touched upon, that the reader is led, as it were almost unconsciously, to seek the acquaintance of the best of authors and their works. Science, philosophy, history, poetry, and romance, come in for a share, while each, and all are valuable in their own way.

Much may be said of the influence of other essayists and critics in the same fields, though Macaulay seems to know more about everything, than any other writer of the age. Carlyle is more of a philosopher, Jeffries a sterner critic, while Christopher North, Charles Lamb, Sydney Smith, and rough old Dr. Johnson are full of wit, wisdom, and charming to the reader. Of similar character in our own country, we have Bancroft's *Miscellanies*, James Russell Lowell's "Among my Books;" Whipple's scholarly essays; Emerson, most sententious and epigrammatic; Thoreau; Curtis, of the *Easy Chair*, with others, here and over the water, too numerous to mention. There are also many translations of value from German, and some from French; of the latter is Madame de Stael, whose book entitled *Germany* is the work of a philosopher and poet, as well as a rare woman.

Art, such as may be most desirable for general reading, will be found in Ruskin; and not only art, but nature, poesy, and life itself is discussed, as no one but Ruskin can do it. Hugh Miller makes dry science interesting, and leads his readers to seek other more strictly scientific works.

I have mentioned such works as the above, because I consider them as naturally leading the reader to other and varied fields of valuable reading, and to seek the best that the literature and one's own language affords; supposing the reading confined to the English tongue. But once have the field open, and more books and topics will be suggested to the mind than time, and our brief life will allow us to enter upon. In reading history, some general plan is necessary to get the greatest good from the time spent in its perusal. At first, a ground work of universal history of the world—such a one as is used in our high schools—brief and succinct, forms a good stepping stone to the whole. Then ancient history naturally comes before modern, and if one has time and patience to read it closely, it well repays the effort. I found "Plutarch's Lives" most interesting to read in connection with history proper, and even Rollin's lengthy volumes never wearied me, though I must confess the style is not captivating, and I fear I could not read them a second time as readily as I did in years gone by. Classical scholars get so many glimpses of ancient history that they are naturally led to its farther reading, in both the dead and living tongue.

Then the history of any country needs to be read something in course. Thus, it would be folly for one to commence English history, either upon

Macaulay or Froude. Some general knowledge of the Britons and early times is necessary, with a clear view of the whole progress of the nation. Then Hume comes before Macaulay, as the latter commences where the former dropped his pen. Shakespeare can hardly be read intelligibly, as far as events are concerned, unless we have a general knowledge of history both ancient and modern, and the same may be said of much in fiction, and biography, and the drama. Miss Strickland's *Queens of England* go more minutely into England's social life than do political histories, and have a certain degree of interest for almost all classes of readers. M. Theirs' *French Revolution*, and Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* are standard works of great authors, yet one needs more or less acquaintance with the history of the different countries to make the most of their contents.

In reading, as well as in study, there is so much that it is desirable to become familiar with, and so wide a range to choose from that it requires not a little consideration, where books are at hand to select from, to ascertain what is most desirable to read. Yet there are some of us who never are at a loss to know what is wanted; the trouble often may be to lay hands on the volume, and find the time to read our fill. And thus we think our Boston girl, after thoroughly becoming interested in literature, will be led of herself, to understand her needs; though judicious counsel may much assist her in the beginning.

The benefits of a wide acquaintance with books are too many to enumerate, but the chief end to one seeking the most, is, of course, to gain knowledge, culture, and enlargement of the mental faculties. Connected with this—or rather growing out of a true literary taste—comes the exquisite pleasure that valuable reading affords, and the culture of the ideal or poetical faculties of our natures. And where one, in early life, makes acquaintance with the best authors and their works, the taste is little inclined to seek, or even relish, the works of weak, or mediocre writers. Even where we read to "get good," or for amusement, there comes dissatisfaction if the contents of the book are tame or ill-written, and we turn from such reading to stronger, better prefaced mental food.

There is much well worth reading which cannot be called "solid," and which, sandwiched in amongst heavier works, gives a pleasant variety to the whole, as do sweet-meats for a pleasant addition to the dinner table. Only let works of the lighter class be well chosen, and they not allowed to destroy the appetite for the more solid, and no harm comes then from a limited indulgence in them; but, rather a benefit to certain faculties given as to be cultivated.

We do not call such books as *Ik Marvel's*, *Charles Dudley Warren's*, *Washington Irving's*, *Wm. Howell's*, together with our best novelists and pleasant writers, the solid class; and yet, what more delightful than lingering over volumes such as these men write. They are solid, though their books are not dull, and the style of each and all is admirable.

In regard to works particularly of



literary value, and upon English literature, I have quite freely expressed my views in the series of "Hints to Young Writers," published last year on The Library page of this journal. The works mentioned there I can heartily recommend to our Boston girl if her tastes in any way incline her to them—and if not I will commend them all the same, while the reading may beget a love for such literature. The study of the English language and its best models is one of vast importance, and one which no scholar, classical or otherwise, can afford to forego, while its pleasures are enough to make the task one of real delight.

But I must stop somewhere, though this subject scarce has a halting place. Let us hear from our Boston Girl again, and perhaps better words can be added by some of us in the future.

#### LETTERS TO ALICE.

##### Number One.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

It is a year to-day since you were married, Alice; one year ago to-day since you placed your hand in that of him whom you had chosen for your life-long friend, and went forth from the shelter of the old home roof, to return to it no more save as a transient guest.

This is just such a glorious October morning as was that. Now, as then, the hills that you love are all aglow; clothed even to their very summits in robes of more than royal magnificence. The sky is a vast dome of sapphire, as it was that day; and the river winding along between meadow banks where the brown tints of autumn are fast supplanting the deep greens of the summer time, laughs and sparkles as merrily as then. The garden, albeit much of its glory has departed, is as bright now as it was a year ago with verbenas, asters and scarlet geraniums, and the densely matted beds of mignonette and sweet alyssum, load the air with their faint yet exquisite perfume. Nothing has changed, save that you are not here.

"This is Alice's wedding day," was my first conscious thought this morning; and since then minute by minute, and hour by hour I have been re-living the life of a year ago. I have felt again the quick throb born half of pleasure, half of pain, that came with the sudden awakening thought of what the day was to bring forth. I have helped spread the tables for the wedding feast, and arranged the flowers that were to lend their grace and beauty to the festival. Again I have braided your brown hair, and folded above its lustrous waves the mystic marriage veil that woman wears only in that one supreme hour of her life. I have heard again the heart-warm supplication, the earnest "God bless her," from the lips of the poor whom you had succored, the sorrowful whom you had comforted, the children whom you had caressed. I have seen the assembled guests, the group of nearer friends, with smiles upon their lips but tender sadness in their eyes, the white-robed bride, the altar and the priest. I have heard the vow, the

prayer, the benediction and the farewell.

One year ago? After you had gone, Alice—after the guests had all departed, and the house was still, I stole away alone, and sought the room where—do you remember it, dear?—you and Philip and I stood talking when your bride maidens came to summon you. How its desolate emptiness chilled my soul! There was the chair in which you had sat, the flower you had plucked, breathing its little life out just where you had dropped it, the book you had read, the glove you had worn. I touched them tearfully, reverently. It was as if you were dead, and had passed out of my life forever more.

O, my darling! My darling!

But it is all right, all as it should be. I said it a year ago amid my heart-yearns for you, I say it again now. I am glad you are married, Alice. A happy, loving marriage is the natural, ordained conclusion of a pure thoughtful, simple hearted girlhood. That it does not always follow is very true. That a woman is an honored, trusted wife, does not prove that she is a whit better or nobler, or more attractive, even, than her sister who is unmarried. No marriage at all is infinitely better, infinitely happier than an ill-starred, ill-assorted union, where hands and homes are joined together, but hearts are as far asunder as the poles, and souls are alien, not kindred. Yet while this is true beyond all contradiction, it is also true that the best and noblest of our single women, those of the strongest intellects and the warmest hearts, are the first to admit that in missing the close ties of wifehood and motherhood, they have missed out of their lives that for which nothing else can ever fully compensate. They feel, and they are not slow to confess, that their lives lack the symmetry, the harmonious development, the full, rounded completeness which they could have found only in a true marriage. All honor to the woman who deliberately chooses a lonely life rather than the bitter loneliness of a loveless marriage; who refuses to sell herself for a home or a name, for position or wealth; who, looking quietly down the long and oftentimes dreary road, that stretches from girlhood to the grave, prefers to tread it alone, uncheered by the voice of husband or of child, rather than take upon herself obligations to which her whole being does not joyfully respond. But honor to her, also, who loving and beloved, places her hand in that of her other self, and strengthened by his strength as he is strengthened by hers—for she has her own strength, differing from his just as "one star differeth from another in glory"—walks calmly by his side through storms and through sunshine, down smiling valleys and over desolate wastes, finding ever that "joy is duty, and love is law."

And while I am on this subject, Alice, let me say that as I am glad you are married, so am I glad that you had a whole heart to give to your husband—not such mere fragments of one, as might have survived the wear and tear of a long series of flirtations. It has been said that no woman is worth loving who has not a

strong spicing of coquetry in her composition. Put into plainer English, I suppose the man (for of course it was said by a man) meant to say that no woman is worth loving who does not choose to make herself charming. So far, so good. But if he meant more than that, he might as well have said that no bread is sweet enough to be eaten unless it is sour. Yes, Alice, I am glad that your heart is not a haunted chamber, peopled with the ghosts of successive lovers; nor a burial ground, where you must needs retire to weep over the graves of departed hopes. Doubtless you had your girlish fancies. Indeed I know that you dreamed dreams and saw visions like those of all other maidens. I think it quite probable that at some period of your girlhood you may have made unto yourself an idol out of very poor materials perhaps, mistaking a cheap alloy for the pure gold of Ophir. But a girl's first fancy, and a woman's first love, although often confounded, often mistaken the one for the other, are really two very different things; and the latter, I rejoice to believe you gave to Philip.

You wrote me some time ago that the new house was nearly ready for occupancy, and I suppose you are house-keeping at last. At last, I say, for the time has come none too quickly. In your case this delay could not well have been avoided; but I doubt the expediency of our American custom of boarding for the first few years of married life. The robins, the blue-birds, the wrens and the thrushes, have each their own nests, fashioned after their individual needs, and managed according to their own ideas of things. The young married lovers build up a home for themselves. They do not live with the "old folks," nor board at Madame Bobolink's fashionable establishment, where worms and grasshoppers are served up at the shortest notice and in most unexceptionable style. Perhaps we might take a lesson from the birds in this matter. Our young lovers, also, need the privacy, the retirement, the close and intimate communion of heart and home in order that they may become acquainted with each other. It is not an easy matter in the present state of society for young men and women to know each other thoroughly; and it is but too true that full half who marry begin their real acquaintance with each other's character and disposition after the irrevocable vows are spoken. Then the sooner they devote themselves to their new study, the better it will be for both of them.

Is it not better, too, that the first cares of domestic life should come to the young wife hand in hand with the dawning joys of wedded love? Will she not assume them more easily in the flush and pride of her new matronhood, than by and by, when her habits have become fixed in a life of leisure, and perhaps of frivolity; or when the duties of maternity have stolen upon her, and she feels that the cares of house-keeping added thereto would be a terrible burden?

Knowing Philip's good taste, as well as your own, I do not doubt that the new home is a marvel of simple beauty. I hunted up the ground plan that you sent me to-day, and have been imagin-

ing how you have arranged the pretty, new furniture, where you have hung your pictures, etc., etc. I fancy you have put Murrillo's dusky haired Madonna—the most beautiful, perhaps, of all the Madonnas—over the mantel in the parlor; and beneath it on the mantel, stands your quaintly carved easel, holding the lovely Mater Dolorosa on porcelain, that we found at Schaus' last summer. O, the exquisite blue of the mantle drawn so closely over the bending forehead! O, the eyelids, heavy with their weight of tears! O, the wondrous pathos of those almost living lips that seem to quiver and grow tremulous, as dumb with awe we gaze upon them! It haunts my very dreams, and I almost envy you its possession.

Really, Alice, you young people who get married now-a-days, have greatly the advantage of us who took that important step fifteen or twenty years ago. You have so much more to start with. We thought ourselves extremely fortunate if we were the happy possessors of a pretty pair of vases for the parlor mantel, a few bits of old china, and a good picture or two. And if in addition to the orthodox number of tea and tablespoons we were so lucky as to add a handsome castor and cake basket, we accounted ourselves rich. But the modern fashion of wedding presents showers such wealth of grace and beauty, often in their most enduring forms, upon the young couple, that they begin where their elders can hardly hope to leave off. After all it may be doubted whether they are any happier, or their homes any brighter. What comes without effort is seldom estimated at its full value. Sometimes I think that the very happiest home are those that, starting from the humblest, plainest beginnings, gradually grow into beautiful proportion, harmonizing with the character of their occupants, and seeming to be the out-growth of their own being, rather than something outside of, and distinct from themselves. Such a home has an individuality of its own. It is not merely a home, but *the* home.

Fortunately, however, my dear Alice, you were not overlaid with gifts, and have still room to use your own taste and judgment in the adorning of your house and its surroundings. May Cozytoft grow in beauty year by year, slowly and steadily gathering unto itself whatever can add to its comfort or its happiness, until it shall seem to you and to Philip the loveliest spot on earth—a holy temple sacred to purity and to peace.

#### PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec. 1, 1876.

On Friday, November 10, at 3.27 in the afternoon, President Grant pronounced the Centennial Exposition closed. The great Corliss engine, which had been the life of one of the most important buildings, stopped. When I thought what this immense motor, with strong, steady and even pulsating throbs had done during the last six months in Machinery Hall, a feeling of sadness for a moment came over me similar to that which is experienced in the loss of a dear friend,



who has lain down his life upon the altar of his country. Then upon a second thought, I call to mind what great good it has done to the country and to the whole world, and the grand results of the entire Exposition, morally, intellectually, and last but not least, religiously, to all the civilized nations of the earth. My heart filled with gladness and gratitude to an All-wise Providence that he put it into the hearts of such men as Gen. Joseph R. Hawley of Connecticut, Alfred T. Goshorn of Ohio, John Welch of Pennsylvania, and others, to organize and carry through to a successful issue such a world's exhibition as the so called Centennial at Philadelphia.

Many other prominent men than those named are entitled to a great deal of credit in pushing on this great enterprise, and good citizens from different states encouraged the project, but had it not been for the noble and loyal citizens of this Quaker City, this magnificent and wonderful world's exhibition would not have taken place.

Outside of the Centennial grounds, in the city proper, are a great many places of interest and amusement. Some of the most prominent are the old Independence Hall and United States Mint on Chestnut street. If you wish to spend a pleasant evening and witness a first class, moral entertainment, either and all of the following named cannot fail to suit the most fastidious. Col. Geo. Wood's Museum, Arch Street Opera House, Sweatnam's Minstrels, the former on the corner of Arch and 9th streets, and the latter on Arch above 10th. Kiralfy Brothers, proprietors and managers of the Alhambra Solace on Broad street, the New National on Ridge avenue, 10th and Callowhill streets.

At the last named place they are playing a semi-military gorgeous spectacular drama. It has been running over one hundred nights, and has been seen in that time by nearly 200,000 people from all parts of the world, and is universally popular. The marching by the young ladies reminds one of the procession of the West Pointers, the 7th regiment of New York, or our own soldiers in the Estey Guard. To sum it up in a few words we report that the scenery and costumes are grand and beautiful, the plot romantic and Oriental, and the acting wonderful, funny and unexceptionable to the most fastidious. The managers are gentlemen, and polite to strangers, especially the treasurer and cashier. The play needs to be seen in order to appreciate and understand it fully. It is said that this play will drive away the blues and cure rheumatism. I have no doubt about it, if it is taken in allopathic doses.

At the Alhambra Palace they are playing Around the World in Eighty Days. Commencing from London, where in a London Club House a wager of half a million is made by one of the members, with the club, that he will go around the world in eighty days or forfeit the money. He starts east immediately, and meets with many hindrances and adventures. He, with his valet and two Americans whom he meets in India, stop at a Hindoo Bungalow, after which they witness a great religious festival of the Sutte and a grand funeral pageant. They

rescue Aouda, an Indian princess, from being burnt alive with her dead husband. They get away after awhile and embark for San Francisco, and subsequently take the cars on the Pacific railroad, and among the Rocky Mountains are attacked by Road agents or robbers. They are assisted to escape by United States troops. They finally embark on board the steamer Henrietta, which has been purchased for the voyage by the member of the London Eccentric Club; the steamer is lost in the ocean, but our traveler is rescued, and arrive in Liverpool the day before the wager is due in the London club house. He takes the cars for London and arrives at the club house just as the eightieth day is closing, and on the last stroke of the clock. He has won his wager, saved the princess and, being a single man, marries her. The scenery is gorgeous, the acting is very fine, and to appreciate it fully it must be seen.

Billy Sweatnam's Minstrels, at the Arch Street Opera House, consist of gentlemen, and first class talent. You will find real, genuine wit here, and new every evening. Bernardo, the male soprano, has a most wonderful voice. The Hamtown Students have very quaint and weird pieces of music and they are decidedly interesting. My Good Old Southern Home, drawing an original and realistic picture of plantation life in the south, was delivered with fine effect by Frank Cushman. The flute solo entitled "American Songs," by Ed Gariel, was finely rendered, and gave the audience great pleasure. The entire programme was carried out fully, and we spent a very pleasant evening in this temple of song.

At the Museum, formerly Colonel Wood's, we found Uncle Tom's Cabin on the stage, and it really seemed that we were for one night living on an old southern plantation, as there were on the board men, women and children from the south, and the original Southern Jubilee Singers. I have seen Uncle Tom's Cabin rendered several times, but I have never seen it played better than at the Museum; especially Uncle Tom by W. H. Bailey, Eva by Nellie Pennoyer, who has a most wonderful voice for a little girl, Eliza Harris by Emily E. Baker, and Bobby Newcomb as Topsy, are seldom surpassed by any of the professionals. If you spend a night in Philadelphia don't fail to go to the Museum.

If you have two or three hours to spare don't fail to visit the Academy of Design. Here can be seen elegant statuary and very fine oil paintings, also very many revolutionary relics. The desk on which General Washington signed the death warrant of Major Andre, Court dresses of the Republic, Lafayette's camp bedstead, and many others. I also noticed a very large and valuable oil painting of General Sheridan, representing his ride to Winchester or twenty miles away, when that battle commenced. This is life-like and spirited. R.

#### THE MERRY, MERRY SUNSHINE.

By some mysterious association this bright balmy morning, so near the cloudy and chilling winds of winter, reminds me of a friend in the long

ago, whose bright face and cheerful voice, and gleeful laugh, were the very embodiment of pleasure to all with whom she came in reach. Nor was she a giddy, thoughtless and selfish girl who had never known sorrow and who was bent on her own pleasure reckless of all discomfort to others.

Her birth and her home were in the sunny South, and in her childhood servants were ready to do her bidding, but while she was very young, from conscientious principles her father set them all free, and hired only such as were necessary to perform the labor of the household, but not until of their large number of slaves, sixteen had died in their service. And soon after this followed the sudden and unlooked for death of her father, and her mother was left a widow, with five children. There was only one daughter beside herself, and the last time I saw her she was clad in deep mourning for this only sister. And yet her face was not gloomy, nor her cheerful laugh checked, save in allusion to her lost sister, whom she sadly missed.

To be cheerful and hopeful was natural to her, and it was too, I think, a matter of principle. I remember of congratulating her one day, on her uniform cheerfulness, even when trials were no strangers to her, and her reply was—"I never allow my face to get long enough to tread on. I can always manage to assume a cheerful appearance."

After her return to her home from the visit to which I have alluded, there followed in quick succession the death of her mother and two brothers, and the adoption and care of her brother's orphan baby, and then her marriage and the exchange of her warm southern home for a cold northern one, in all of which her letters were cheerful and hopeful still. With a firm trust in the wisdom and love that was permitting and over-ruling all things, and the knowledge that He was guarding and guiding her life, and her best good, she was content and happy.

Her husband was a lawyer, and entered upon his business life with hopefulness in a large northern city, but circumstances frustrated his anticipations, and he moved more into the interior of the state to try farming, which seemed more conducive to his interests, and from this tenderly reared woman of the South, there was received from her new home the characteristically cheerful letter containing the words, "You would scarcely know me in my working apron, milking the cows and doing my housework."

Thus I have recalled this beautiful and noble example of uniform cheerfulness, which shed sunshine, and dispelled clouds wherever, and under whatever circumstances she was known, and who can estimate the good she has thus accomplished?

And I leave her here without further moralizing than as a "living epistle, known and read," she may do the good to those who will here form her acquaintance, that no mere moralizing words of mine can do.

And if in her far-away home she should see and recognize this sketch, I will say to her that only a loving remembrance has dictated it, and that

with sincere regret I recently returned from a trip taken for my health, which took me within a few miles of her home, but which circumstances rendered it impossible for me to visit.

With cheerful hopes and kind wishes for my readers, I will close this little sketch of real life. MACARIA.

#### PLANNERS AND PLODDERS.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

The man who fires before he takes aim, cannot expect to hit the mark, or even to go anywhere near to it; and so the man who spends all his strength and life without a thought of what it will all amount to, or where it will end, cannot expect to attain anything worth having.

Yet, strange to say, many people fire away all their youthful strength and vitality at random, and then expect to take aim by and by, at something great and good, when their ammunition is all gone. Strange, that so many people will rush through life, hap-hazard, with no thought beyond the present!

Multitudes of really industrious, well-meaning people, plod wearily all the way through life and accomplish little at the end, simply because they have never learned to plan.

How much suffering and misery might be prevented, and how much time, strength and happiness might be gained by a little foresight; by steering, and not drifting, through life.

Yes, it is truly an excellent thing to know how to plan well; yet that is not all that is necessary to secure success in life. The planner must also know how to plod.

There are too many mere planners in this world; men and women who are full of visionary schemes, well-wrought air-castles, even perhaps noble aspirations, for that which they never attain, simply because they have not patience to plod. He was a shrewd man who asked as his test question to every youthful aspirant for honor, "Can you plod?"

It is easy to lay the most brilliant schemes; you may astound your hearer with your wonderful plans, but can you carry them out? If not they are of no more value to you than a soap-bubble—they are mere idle air-castles.

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep!

Aye. But will they come?"

All the great men and women who have ever lived have been both planners and plodders. Columbus was a great planner. What other mind of that age dared conceive of the bold scheme of crossing the seemingly measureless ocean, and making it a highway for the nations? But his careful researches, and his acute reasoning, necessary as they were, could never alone have given him success. It was patient, laborious effort, and a persistent determination that would never yield to any obstacle; it was steady, unconquerable energy that enabled him to win for himself immortality, by giving to the world America. And so with Kepler, and Newton, and Franklin, and Goodyear, and John Howard, and Florence Nightingale, and every other man or woman who has been a blessing to the world.

Nothing valuable is ever attained



without thought, labor and patience. As the Eastern proverb says, "Time and patience change the mulberry leaf to satin." The architect may lay the plan for the beautiful temple or cathedral, but there must be days, and perhaps weeks, months, or even years of patient plodding; stone upon stone, brick upon brick, before it is finished.

The mushroom may grow up in a single night; but the grand old oak is the growth of a century; the mammoth trees of California have been growing for thousands of years; and ages pass while the slow but sure forces of nature purify and crystalize the sooty carbon, and change it to the brilliant diamond.

Many a one who began life full of buoyant energy and brilliant talents can say at its close in the words of the poet:

"Oh, what a glorious record the angels might have kept,  
Had I done instead of doubted; had I warred  
instead of wept!"

For as faith without works is dead, so planning without plodding is death also—death to the fame, the honor, and the usefulness of the dreamer who plans, but who has not patience to plod.

#### TALE-BEARING.

What counsel should be given to those who are so unfortunate as to have tale-bearers among their acquaintances?

Never listen to them if you can help it. "The receiver is as bad as the thief." If you are deaf they will soon be dumb. When they come to tell you something "you ought to know," tell them that very often the old line is true, that "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." You may indeed sometimes think that it is better the tale should be told to you than to any body else, and that when once you have heard it, it will not be told again; by listening you may, perhaps, prevent further mischief. But even this is a doubtful justification; and you ought not to be satisfied without attempting to make the tale-bearer sensible of his folly and sin.

Never give him the chance of reporting anything about yourself. Shroud yourself in impenetrable reserve. Make him feel that his habit excludes him from all the pleasures of confidence and intimacy with wise men. Talk to him about the weather and the crops, the news and the exhibitions. Never say anything that may not safely be twisted into any inconceivable shape, reported by a hundred foolish tongues, without doing any harm. Never tell him anything that you would not trust him to say over again in any words he might like to use, and with every possible misapprehension of your meaning, on a platform before three thousand people. Be especially afraid of him when he is obsequious, when he praises your business tact, and admires the taste with which you have laid out your garden. Under the warmth of his good opinion your reserve is likely to relax. Remember the words of Solomon: "He that goeth about as a tale-bearer revealeth secrets, therefore meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips." Of all the foolish pretences by which tale-bearers justify themselves for telling

what should never be told, surely this is the most ridiculous, that they "spoke in confidence." If they find it is so hard to hold their tongue, what right have they to subject a friend to the inconvenience which they could not bear themselves? If they are guilty of betraying trust, what right have they to expect that their own trust will not be betrayed? They ask their friends "not to tell," but their example is likely to be more effective than their precept.

See that you create in your own house and among all your friends a spirit of intolerance for the offence, and a moral judgment that shall repel and condemn the offender. Let tale-bearing never be regarded as a weakness, but as a vice. Let no cleverness paliate it. Make it despised as a meanness, censured as a sin.

There are, indeed, "Tales" which ought to be told and listened to—"Tales" of cheerful patience in suffering, of energy and self denial in well doing, of open handed generosity, of incorruptible integrity. Such "Tales" have elevated the moral aims of many of us, inspired our sinking hearts with courage and constancy, given force and fire to our noblest passions. The gospel itself is a "Tale;" and the apostles "turned the world upside down," not by a moral or religious theory, but by telling the story of how the Lord Jesus loved mankind. Yes, the story of his poverty and homelessness, temptation and agony, his miracles of mercy and his words of love, his shame and death, is the spell by which even the hardest and most profligate of men have been softened and recovered to a holy and blessed life. Tell that story, and children will feel its charm, and aged men and women, bowed down under the cares and sorrows of a lifetime, will confess its power. Would that every Christian tongue which is now too often used in reporting and discussing the failings of good men and the sins of the ungodly, could learn to tell the tale of Christ's infinite compassion! "Life and death are in the power of the tongue." "By thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned."—*Exchange.*

#### ABOUT CATS.

BY FLORA.

I was hoping some one would answer Annie M. F.'s inquiry for a remedy for the fleas that annoy her little pet.

I have sometimes had kittens troubled with them, and I never liked to put on insect powder or snuff for fear of doing more harm than good.

I have sometimes washed them in warm water, a little sudsy, and then picked off the fleas. But there is great danger that the patient will take cold in consequence, unless kept a close prisoner in some warm place where no draught of air can strike it until dry.

When kittens are healthy and growing well they are not so apt to be troubled with fleas, and in order to be healthy, kittens, like children, require the right kind of food, and plenty of it, and plenty of outdoor air. So give little puss all the warm bread and milk she will eat morning and night, and for dinner something from your table—

potato and cooked meat or fish, taking care there are no bones in it. Never give raw meat or liver to growing kittens. Too much meat of any sort will cause them to have fits, and is as bad for them as none at all. Give catnip occasionally. Sometimes when dumpy or ailing, a dish of oysters or a nice bit of lamb will set all right.

Some may think it foolish to make so much fuss over a cat, but if I have one for a pet, I feel as much in duty bound to provide for its comfort and health as I do to take proper care of my canaries. If you have no shed or barn where pussy can stay nights turn down a barrel on the sunny side of the house or in some sheltered corner; make it stationary and protect the entrance in some way; partly fill with straw, dry leaves, husks or something of the sort, and with an old piece of carpet or flannel for a counterpane, pussy will have a nice comfortable little bed which can be renovated at your pleasure.

Treated in this way I think she will be rid of fleas before spring, and if kept healthy and plump I do not think they will trouble her very much another year.

However a great deal depends on locality, in some places cats will be troubled with them more or less anyway, but so far as my experience goes, the more healthy the cat the fewer the fleas.

#### THE RIGHT USE OF STATUARY.

The art of expressing ideas, in hard or soft material, by chiseling or moulding, is an old one, ante-dating history. In fact, like painting, poetry, and the whole range of the so-called fine arts, it is a component part or expression of that divine image or rationality which is at once the grace and crown of man. While the art of sculpture is thus inherent in the race itself, and ever manifest, in greater or less degree, within and outside of the confines of history, the names of Phidias and Michael Angelo, in indelible lines on the shores of time, mark the swellings of the art towards perfection.

That sculpture is the highest of the arts within the range of man's ability, and therefore, in the hands of ungodly men, a subtle and powerful instrument of debasement—and, at the same time, showing there must have been masters in those days—Jehovah's canon against it to his ancient chosen people seems to show. And a little reflection will make the reason apparent. Appreciation of statuary, unlike pictures or poetry, needs no long-continued cultivation of taste or color nor technical education into the intricacies of language. The higher the conception and genius of the artist, and the lower the mental scale of the beholder, the more powerful and overcoming the effect. But what may be used as a means to create awe, and fear in the ignorant can inspire adoration and love in the cultivated, and hence, under altered conditions, "the greater the curse" may be transmuted into "the greater the blessing;" and the sculptor of the temple, who by his devices once obscured God and debased his fellows, may now become the sculptor of the household, and minister, by his "sermons in stones,"

the incoming "peace on earth and good will to men."

These few thoughts were evoked by a recent half-hour's enjoyment of the ideas enshrined in a few of the groups executed by, in our opinion, one of the greatest—because of his evident didactic object—of living sculptors, John Rogers, whose studio is at 1155 Broadway, New York. Without detracting of his other creations, we think no one can look five minutes upon "Checker Playing up at the Farm," without—in addition to enjoying the nonplussed expression of the defeated city gentlemen—in imagination feeling the summer zephyr fanning his brow and smelling the perfume of the woods, as in vacation-time; and if any young matron should once get a glimpse of "Weighing the Baby," we pity the husband who should refuse to make it a permanent fixture of the home. And the price of these love-inspiring, liberty-preaching, patriot-making, mirth-provoking, health-creating groups places them within the reach of almost every household in the land.

#### GOLDEN GRAINS.

'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart,  
Wherever your duties call,  
With friendly glance, and an open hand  
And a gentle word for all.  
  
Since life is a thorny and difficult path,  
Where toil is the portion of man,  
We all should endeavor in passing along  
To make it as smooth as we can.

—What is done at once is never forgotten.

—Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always barren.

—Had there never been a cloud there had never been a rainbow.

—The veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy.

—The present with its duties, and the future with its hopes, are all we have to do with.

—Dean Swift says, "I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed."

—Nothing is wholly good or bad. There are dark spots in the sun and bright ones in the coal mine.

—When charity walks into the lowest places of want, we see the beautiful purity of her robes most distinctly.

—He who refuses to do justice to the defenseless will often be found making unreasonable concessions to the powerful.

—There is not a heart but has its moments of longing, yearning for something better, nobler, holier, than it knows now.

—The beloved of the Almighty are the rich who have the humility of the poor, and the poor who have the magnanimity of the rich.

—One reason why the world is not reformed, is because every man is bent on reforming others, and never thinks of reforming himself.

—Thou oughtest to be nice, even to superstition, in keeping thy promises; and, therefore, thou shouldst be equally cautious in making them.

—False friends are like our shadow keeping close to us while we work in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.



## 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.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD,—Sir:—I wish to acknowledge through your columns the receipt of a bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap, also to give my testimony as to its merits. I consider it the best soap I have ever used, indeed it is all that it is represented to be. I have recommended it to several of my friends; one of them has sent with me and purchased a box of sixty bars and others intend to do so.

MRS. W. PETERSON.

St. Helena, Napa Co., Cal.

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—I have tried Dobbins' Electric Soap and found it to be all that it was represented to be and more than I expected. I can do my washings with one-half the time and strength that I could with the old soap in the old way. I think by the invention of this soap they have conferred a greater blessing on woman, than any inventor of washing machines could have done. It deserves even more praise than it gets. I am ready to recommend it every time.

MRS. S. A. BALDWIN.

Baraboo, Sauk Co., Wis.

DEAR SIR:—I received my sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap, gave it a trial according to directions, and was very much pleased with the result. My clothes look clean and white with very little rubbing and it saves a great deal of hard work, I am going to have my grocer keep it for sale. It is better than any other soap I ever used. It is wonderful how it takes out the dirt from clothes just by soaking them a few moments in the suds. I recommend it to all my friends. With many thanks I remain yours respectfully,

MRS. HENRY PAYNE.

Waterbury, Conn.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—My trial of Dobbins' Electric Soap, was a success and I can faithfully say that it far surpasses any other soap that has ever come to my notice. Every one that can obtain it ought never to be without it, and as I see there is an agency in almost every state in the Union, no one needs to be without it as it is very easy to have their grocer get it and keep it for sale. It does full justice to all that has been said about it. I shall never be without it while it can be bought.

MRS. KATE STARR.

Godfrey, Ill.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—I received a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap, in Sept. last, and have used the soap ever since. I can truthfully say, it is all its friends say. It takes less time, the clothes look whiter and nicer, and all in all, the soap is cheaper and better than any soap I have used. I have ordered two boxes of it to-day from Boston.

MRS. A. B. CUSHING.

Hingham, Mass.

MR. CROWELL,—Dear Sir:—I am satisfied that Dobbins' Electric Soap is the best soap I ever used.

Tymkhanock, Pa. MRS. E. PALEN.

DEAFNESS RELIEVED. No medicine. Book free. G. J. Wood, Madison, Ind.

Imperial Egg Food is the name given to a most excellent article, for feeding hens, and remorselessly enticing them to lay "good eggs for gentlemen." See advertisement in another column.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY FREE. See Trial Trip, on last page.

A pure, safe, and strictly vegetable medicine of extraordinary curative properties is DR. BULLOCK'S KIDNEY REMEDY NEPHRETICUM. Bright's Disease, Kidney, Bladder and Glandular complaints, Diabetes, Gravel Suppression and Incontinence of Urine, Affections peculiar to Females, Dropsy and care relieved at once by its use. It is prescribed daily by Physicians in their practice. Circulars containing undeniable proofs sent free. Address W. G. Hopkins, Proprietor, Providence, R. I. For sale by all druggists. 5 12d

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER is out with its prospectus for the fifty-fifth year. It is a large paper of the first class, and should be in every family in the land. Those who do not take it should send for a specimen copy at once, or, better yet, should send the price for a year. Any person desiring a comprehensive weekly newspaper, filled with just the news that every family wants, and free from clap-trap or objectionable matter of any kind, will hardly do better than to send \$3.15 to S. I. Prime & Co., 37 Park Row, New York, and receive the OBSERVER postpaid.

TEN CENTS for Three Months (postage paid). See A Trial Trip, on last page.

Ditson & Co. have in press, and will soon issue the following musical works. Biographical sketches of Eminent Musical Composers, arranged in chronological order, by Madame L. R. Urbino, including sketches of Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Bach, Haydn, and all other musical celebrities. Price, \$2.00.

## WORLD OF SONG.

a book of 248 pages, Sheet Music Size, comprising a fine selection of nearly 100 popular songs, ballads and duets in a cheap form, that would cost \$30.00 to \$40.00 if bought as separate pieces. The price will be \$2.50 in boards, \$3.00 cloth, and \$4.00 full gilt.

## GEMS OF THE DANCE.

228 pages Sheet Music Size, comprising nearly 100 of the most beautiful of the late Waltzes, Galopades, Polkas, Polka Redowa, &c., by Strauss, Faust, Zikoff, Gung'l, Lamothé and other eminent Dance music composers. It is to be issued as a companion to the celebrated *Gems of Strauss*. Price 250 boards, \$3.00 cloth and \$4.00 full gilt.

THREE MONTHS (postage paid) for ten cents. See A Trial Trip, on last page.

## IMPROVED DIARY.

The Marginal Indexed Diary, or Daily Record Book published by the Erie Publishing Co., Erie, Pa., is the best thing of the kind yet issued. It is convenient either for the pocket or desk, and being perpetual, is good for any year or at any time of the year. There is an index of months across the foot of the page, and an index of days for each month at the side which enables the user to turn instantly to any date desired. It also contains an Alphabetical Index for classifying the subject matter of the book, besides thirty pages of valuable tables and useful information. We have one and do not hesitate to say it is the best thing in the line of Diaries we have ever seen. The price is \$2, per copy, sent post paid by the publishers, also for sale by Stationers.

## THE ANNUAL REGISTER.

We are in receipt of a copy of the ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS for 1877, published at Albany, N. Y., by LUTHER TUCKER & SON, and mailed to any address for the nominal sum of 30 cents. It is the oldest (and now the only) publication of the kind, and contains 150 pages of practical matter, interesting to every resident in the country, illustrated with no less than 140 beautiful engravings, almost all original. We notice particularly a capital article on "Practical Ventilation," which discusses this all important topic in a clear and at the same time scientific manner, giving fully illustrated descriptions of all the improved systems. Elaborate almanac pages are prefixed, and a very useful feature is the "Farmer's Register," which gives the addresses of all the reliable dealers in everything a farmer needs to buy—live stock of all kinds, seeds, implements, nursery stock, &c., &c.

Mr. W. A. Pellet, of this town has begun the manufacture of Cement Drain Pipe, and proposes to give his attention to laying the same the coming season. This pipe is the same as that made by S. E. Todd, of Bridgeport, Conn., well known as being first class in every respect.

## SPOONS AND FORKS.

## BUY DIRECT OF

Manufacturers at Wholesale Prices.

Made of Steel, Plated with white Alabama Metal; they will wear like silver and last ten years. Six Teaspoons, 40c; 6 Tablespoons, 60c; 6 Table forks, 70c; by mail on receipt of price. Olive, Oval and Tipped patterns. Samples and terms to Grangers or Patrons, 50c. 1-2m

BEAUTIFUL CHROMO—A Sleighride Party, of excellent finish and artistically colored, size 13x20, sent by mail postpaid for 30 cts.; 4 for \$1. E. BUSHNELL, Brattleboro, Vt.

25 FANCY CARDS, all styles, with name, 10c. postpaid. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y. 1-4m

RARE CHANCE! One pack confidential, three fancy photographs, Language, Fan, Flowers and Handkerchief, all for 10c and green stamp. H. M. COOK & CO. MERIDEN, CONN. 1-3h

## 25 FLOWERING PLANTS FOR \$1.25

BY MAIL, POSTPAID. YOUR CHOICE from over 150 varieties, some of which see below. Abutilons, Achimenes, Bouvardias, Begonias, Callas, Cobaeas, Cupheas, Coleus, Cactus, Daisies, 3 varieties, Deutzias, Fuchsias, Ferns, Geraniums (either Ivy, Silver, or Zonale-leaved sorts), Gladiolus, Hoyas, Heliotropes, Ivies, Jasmines, Lantanas, Myrtles, Pansies, Pomegranates, Pilea, Smilax, Stevias, Solanums, Tuberoses, Tulips, Violets, Zephranthes. Ten of the above for 50 cents. Catalogue free. HILLSIDE GREENHOUSES at NEW BRIGHTON, BEAVER CO., PA. 1-3h

AGENTS—For 400 Papers & Magazines Wanted. C. W. Bennett, Gen. Ag't, Quincy, Mich. 10-4adv

\$10 a day to Agents canvassing for our Books. Terms and Outfits Free. 1-5m HUNT & CO., Rockland, Mass.

## Howe's Standard Scales.

THE BEST IN USE.

Don't fail to see samples of these superior scales before purchasing any other kind.

Call on or address,

Benj. R. Jenne,  
Brattleboro, Vt.,  
Gen'l Agent for Southern Vermont.

## REMEMBER

We send THREE NUMBERS for Ten Cents

and give one copy of

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary Free

to the person sending in the largest number of

## TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS

Before April 1st, 1877.

## THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability and Cheapness, Unequaled.

MORSE BROS., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

## IMPERIAL EGG FOOD.

TRADE MARK.



PATENTED FEB. 24, 1875.

## WILL MAKE HENS LAY.

Used by the best poultry men all over the country. Packages by mail for 50c and \$1.00. Circulars with testimonials free. References: H. T. Sperry, Pres't, Conn. State Poultry Soc'y. H. H. Stoddard, Author of "Egg Farm" and Editor "Poultry World." Geo. P. Burnham, Author of "Diseases of domestic Poultry." Sold by Druggists and Grocers.

ALLEN & SHERWOOD, Proprietors, 29 Pearl St., HARTFORD, CONN. 1-1h

## GRAPE VINES.

Also, Trees, Small Fruits, &c. Larger stock and lower prices than ever before. Quality extra; warranted genuine and true. Price and Descriptive List free. T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.



DIAMONIZED Metal Knife and Scissors Sharpener, Glass Cutter and Ice Pick in one. "Best in the world." "Wouldn't sell it for \$5." "Is worth a dozen steel." Hundreds of similar testimonials. Samples by mail, 25 cents. Terms to Agents of this and other Novelties, free. G. J. CAPEWELL MANFG CO., CHESHIRE, CONN. 5-11



Fifty pages—300 Illustrations, with Descriptions of thousands of the best Flowers and Vegetables in the world, and the way to grow them—all for a TWO CENT postage stamp. Printed in German and English. *Vick's Floral Guide*, Quarterly, 25 cents a year. *Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden*, 50 cents in paper; in elegant cloth covers, \$1.00. Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

## B. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET.

With Skirt Supporter and Self-Adjusting Pads.

Secures HEALTH and COMFORT of Body, with GRACE and BEAUTY of Form. Three Garments in one. Approved by all physicians.

AGENTS WANTED. Samples by mail, in Coutil, \$2; Satteen, \$1 75. To Agents at 25 cents less. Order size two inches smaller than waist measure over the dress.

Warner Bros, 763 Broadway, N. Y. 10-6b

## TAKE NOTICE.

We have the largest and best selling Stationery Package in the World. It contains 13 sheets of paper, 18 envelopes, pencil, penholder, golden pen, and a piece of valuable jewelry. Complete sample package, with elegant gold-plated sleeve buttons, and ladies' fashionable fancy set, pin and drops, post-paid, 25 cents. 5 packages, with assorted jewelry, \$1. Solid Gold Patent Lever Watch free to all agents. BRIDE & CO., 769 Broadway, N. Y. 12-3

## KIDDER'S PASTILLES.

A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 35 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass. 1-12d

## 10 DOLLARS PER DAY

AGENTS WANTED to sell THE IMPROVED HOME SHUTTLE Sewing Machine Address Johnson, Clark & Co., Boston, Mass.; New York City; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.

## Hall's Hair Renewer

Turns gray Hair dark. Removes dandruff, heals humors of the scalp and makes the Hair grow thick and glossy.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH



Where Advertising Contracts can be made.



## DEBILITY AND NERVOUS HEADACHE.

Chronic, sick or nervous headache is generally dependent on, or accompanied by, impaired digestion, by which the circulation and nutrition of the brain are deranged, and the nervous centres vitiated. The PERUVIAN SYRUP, by reinvigorating the digestive powers, lays the ax at the root of the tree; the brain is duly nourished, the nervous symptoms cease, and the headache disappears.

## A REMARKABLE CURE.

West Townsend, Vt., May 14, 1860.  
Messrs. S. W. Fowle & Son:

In the spring of 1847 I took a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, where it remained without relaxation. I was then in Massachusetts, and growing worse and becoming unable to attend to my business, I returned home and commenced searching in earnest for some medicine which would restore my lost health. I consulted physicians, I tried many remedies, but obtained no help, but daily grew worse. I had a terrible cough and raised a good deal of blood. I had profuse night sweats, and severe pain in my side. I continued in this state for months, and became so weak that it was with great difficulty I could walk, when I was advised to try WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY, and to my great joy I soon found that this remedy had arrested the disease. I continued to use the BALM to the extent of five bottles, and have since then experienced no difficulty of the lungs. I believe the BALM saved my life, and I shall ever hold it in high estimation.

Yours truly, LEWIS PHELPS.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, SEA WEED TONIC, AND MANDRAKE PILLS.—These deservedly celebrated and popular medicines have affected a revolution in the healing art, and proved the fallacy of several maxims which have for many years obstructed the progress of medical science. The false supposition that "Consumption is incurable" deterred physicians from attempting to find remedies for that disease, and patients afflicted with it reconciled themselves to death without making an effort to escape from a doom which they supposed unavoidable. It is now proved, however, that consumption can be cured, and that it has been cured in a very great number of cases (some of them apparently desperate ones) by Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup alone; and in other cases by the same medicine in connection with Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills, one or both, according to the requirements of the case.

Dr. Schenck himself, who enjoyed uninterrupted good health for more than forty years, was supposed, at one time to be at the very gate of death, his physicians having pronounced his case hopeless, and abandoned him to his fate. He was cured by the aforesaid medicines, and, since his recovery, many thousands similarly affected have used Dr. Schenck's preparations with the same remarkable success.

Full directions accompany each, making it not absolutely necessary to personally see Dr. Schenck unless patients wish their lungs examined, and for this purpose he is professionally at his principal office, Corner Sixth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed. Schenck's medicines are sold by all druggists.

## CAN BE DYED IN FORTY SECONDS.

Ribbons, Ties, Scarfs, or any article made of silk or wool, can be almost instantly dyed by the use of the celebrated LEAMON'S DYES. A wash bowl of hot water is all that is necessary for small articles. It is a pastime rather than work to use them, and many dollars can be saved every year. Any fabric made of silk or wool will take splendid colors. Full directions with each package, also to color Feathers, Hair, Ivory, Everlasting flowers and all kinds of fancy work.

## 52 Times for 100 Cents!

Under our Great CENTENNIAL OFFER we will send "THE RURAL HOME" One Year to any address for Only ONE DOLLAR—Postage but Fifteen Cents Extra. No other paper published is so cheap, as none other of its kind is so neat, so pure, so well adapted to ALL RURAL HOMES. It is Agricultural, Literary and Domestic. Lowest CLUB Price, heretofore, \$1.50. Our new offer makes Everybody his own Agent, and gives him commission on his own subscription. Address, with the \$1.15, or for specimen,

THE RURAL HOME,  
Rochester, N. Y.

## 52 Times for 100 Cents!

"A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction."

## Harper's Bazar.

ILLUSTRATED.

## TERMS:

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States. HARPER'S BAZAR, one year . . . . . \$4.00 \$4.00 includes prepayment of U. S. postage by the publishers.

Subscriptions to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR, to one address for one year, \$10.00; or, two of Harper's Periodicals, to one address for one year, \$7.00; postage free.

An extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or BAZAR will be supplied gratis for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS at \$4.00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for \$20.00, without extra copy; postage free.

Back Numbers can be supplied at any time. The Volumes of the Bazar commence with the year. When no time is mentioned, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the number next after the receipt of his order.

The Annual Volumes of HARPER'S BAZAR in neat cloth binding will be sent by express, free of expense, for \$7.00 each. A complete Set, comprising Nine Volumes, sent on receipt of cash at the rate of \$5.25 per vol., freight at expense of purchaser.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of \$1.00 each. Indexes to each volume sent gratis on receipt of stamp.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

## Holiday Music Books!

Two Splendid Volumes for Presents.

## The World of Song!

Price in Bds \$2.50. Cloth \$3.00. Gilt \$4.00. Rarely have we issued a book of songs including such a variety of really first-class and popular Vocal Music. 250 pages, full Sheet Music size. Songs by nearly sixty different composers, and among the compositions are many such gems as "Come to me quickly," "Golden Locks are Silver," "My Heart's best Love," "She's a Rosy, she's a Popsy," and Millard's "Whippoorwill."

We publish 19 valuable collections, uniform with the "WORLD" and "GEMS." Send for Catalogue of "HOME MUSICAL LIBRARY," and select one or more of its books for Christmas.

## Gems of the Dancel

A Companion to the famous "Gems of Strauss."

\$2.50 in Boards, \$3.00 Cloth, \$4.00 Gilt.

The "GEMS OF STRAUSS" had a wonderful success, and this new work is fully its equal, and contains the recent "Strauss" pieces, and many others by Gung'l, Lamothe, Faust, Coote, Zikoff, and other eminent composers. 232 pages, full Sheet Music size, well filled with Waltzes, Galops, Polkas, Quadrilles, etc.

Either book mailed, post-free, for Retail Price.

## OLIVER DITSON &amp; CO.,

BOSTON.

C. H. Ditson & Co., J. E. Ditson & Co.,  
711 Broadway, Successors to Lee &  
New York, Walker, Philadelphia.

## STEINWAY PIANOS.

The Best is the Cheapest.

The Steinway Pianos, for FULLNESS, CLEARNESS and PURITY of TONE and THOROUGHNESS OF WORKMANSHIP, are unequalled. The majority of the leading artists throughout the world prefer them for their own use and concede to them the highest degree of excellence.

EDWARD CLARK, Agent, Brattleboro, Vt.

Also, Agent for the Behning & Klitz Pianos, and the Estey Cottage Organs.

## BIGLOW &amp; MAIN'S PUBLICATIONS

## Are the Best!

## FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Brightest and Best, \$30 per 100 Copies.  
Royal Diadem, . . . \$30 per 100 Copies.  
Pure Gold, . . . . \$30 per 100 Copies.  
Any of above sent by mail on receipt of 35 cents.  
Book of Praise, . . . \$40 per 100 Copies.  
Sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents.

## FOR PRAYER MEETINGS.

Gospel Hymns, . . . \$30 per 100 Copies.  
Sent by mail on receipt of 35 cents.  
Winnowed Hymns, \$25 per 100 Copies.  
Song Evangel, . . . \$25 per 100 Copies.  
Either sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents.

Sold by Booksellers and Music Dealers Everywhere.  
BIGLOW & MAIN, PUBLISHERS,  
76 East 9th St., N. Y.; 91 Washington St., Chicago.

## Ayer's Hair Vigor

Restores gray Hair to its original color, thickens thin Hair, and stops its falling. It is an elegant Dressing.

## Charles J. Root

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Is receiving a fine line of goods for Fall and Winter Wear. He will keep on hand a well selected stock of

## FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC GOODS.

By having garments well made and trimmed, and Guaranteeing Satisfaction in all cases, he hopes to merit and receive a liberal share of public patronage. CHAS. J. ROOT, Cutter,  
No. 9 Brooks Block, Brattleboro, Vt.

## FOWLE'S

## PILE AND HUMOR CURE.

WARRANTED a perfect cure in all the worst forms of PILES, LEPROSY, SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM, SALT RHEUM, CATARRH, KIDNEY DISEASES, and all diseases of the SKIN, and the greatest BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered. Entirely Vegetable. Internal and external use. Money returned in every case of failure. H. D. FOWLE & CO., Montreal and Boston. Sold everywhere. \$1 a bottle. Send for Pamphlets. 11-3eomd

## EMPLOYMENT.

Pleasant and profitable. Catalogue with full particulars and sample free. E. M. DOUGLAS,  
12-12 Brattleboro, Vt.

WORK AND MONEY. Our new method of Guest carries everything before it. Our premiums beat the world. Don't be idle a day. Particulars free. Sample of paper superbly illustrated, with choice Moss-rose Cross, 10 cts. J. LATHAM & CO., 418 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 4-12e

CHROMOS of all kinds. Twenty 9x11 mounted for \$1.00. Largest assortment. Two samples free by mail for 20c. J. LATHAM & CO., 418 Washington St., Boston, Mass. 4-12e

\$5 TO \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 10-12r

## AGENTS WANTED for the NEW FARMER'S BOOK

Gives full information on all kinds of Farm-work, Drainage, Fertilizers, Rotation of Crops, and Farm-Stock. Includes a most valuable and practical treatise on House-building, and book of Legal forms and Laws for farmers. The most valuable farmer's book ever published. For full description and terms address. 1-1  
J. C. MCCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

25 NEW YEAR'S CARDS, with name, 1-1 post-paid, 50 cts. Agents Wanted.  
L. F. WRIGHT, Hillsdale, Mich.

\$55 to \$77 a week to Agents. Samples FREE. 9-12r  
P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine 10-12r

50 ELEGANT CHROMO CARDS, in Card Case, (new designs. Flowers and Leaves), suitable for Visiting Cards, Rewards of Merit, Book Marks, &c., sent post-paid for 25c. and 3c. stamp, printed, 10c. a line extra. 12-3  
JEWETT CARD CO., NEW HAVEN, CT.

\$1175 PROFITS FROM \$106 25 on one contract in 20 days by the late decline in stocks. The judicious management of

## STOCK CONTRACTS

on the privilege plan always ensures a good return; often ten times the investment in as many days. Send for information and the "New System of assured profits," free.

Gold and Stock Brokers. T. POTTEE WIGHT & CO.,  
35 Wall Street, New York.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Purifies the Blood, cures Scrofula and diseases of the Skin.

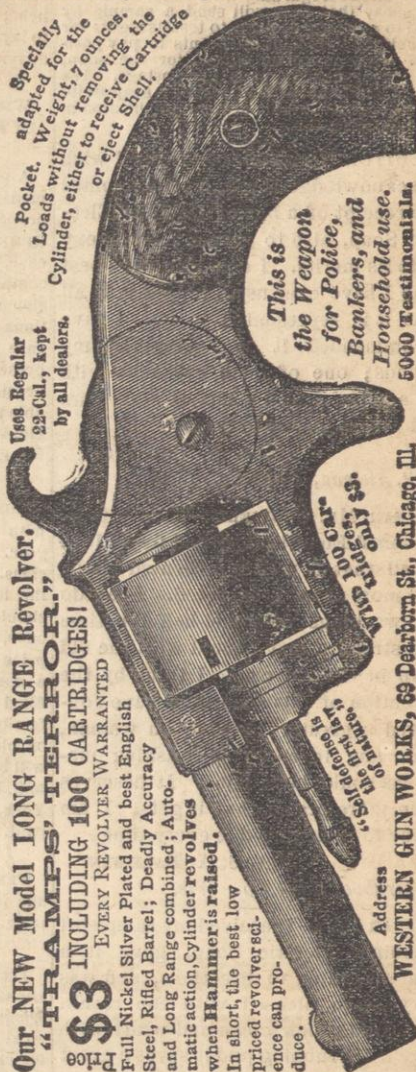
\$100 INVESTED HAS \$1,700 PAID A PROFIT OF \$1,700

during the past few months, under our improved system of operating in STOCKS. Book containing full information sent on application. TRUMBIDGE & CO., Bankers & Brokers, 92 Broadway, New York.

## UNEQUALED OFFER.

A MONTH'S AMMUNITION FREE.

Tramps, Burglars and Thieves infest all parts of the Country. Every One Should go Armed.



Cut Out Certificate Below and Return with \$3.00.

WESTERN GUN WORKS PREMIUM CERTIFICATE.

A BOX OF EXTRA FINE TARGET CARTRIDGES FREE!

THE WESTERN GUN WORKS hereby agrees, on receipt of this CERTIFICATE and THREE DOLLARS, to send every subscriber to this paper One Elegantly Mounted Full Nickel Silver Plated and best English Steel, Rifled Barrel, and Long Range combined; Automatic action; Cylinder revolves when Hammer is raised. In short, the best low priced revolver ever produced. This offer is only good for THIRTY DAYS from the date stamped hereon. Fill out address below in full and inclose it with \$3.00 to WESTERN GUN WORKS, 69 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, and you will receive the EXTRA Premium Box of Long Range Target Cartridges, and the Revolver, and the Revolver will be sent you by express, and the Cartridges will be sent to the Extra Long Range Cartridges when accompanied by the Cash. Not good on C. O. D. Orders.

YOUR Name, \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

P. O. \_\_\_\_\_ Co. \_\_\_\_\_

WESTERN GUN WORKS, N. T. H. U. 1877 CHICAGO, ILL.

Give name of nearest Ex. Office.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING Favorite Self-Inker, \$16 Presses from \$3 to \$125. Office complete \$5. 1000 sold. Send 10c. for splendid book of Presses, Type, Cuts, &c. 68 pages, nicely bound and beautifully illustrated, with instructions, worth \$1. New Book—issued May 1st, 1876. CORHAM & CO., 299 Washington St., Boston







THE HOUSEHOLD.



**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.

Every new subscriber to **The Household** for 1877, whose subscription reaches us by November 20th, will receive two numbers of this year free. Send early and secure the extra copies.

We TRUST our young readers will not neglect the present opportunity of obtaining a **WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY FREE.**  
See Trial Trip, in next column.

A **BLUE CROSS** before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. Do not wait for an agent to visit you, but enclose \$1.10 in a letter, giving name and post office address plainly written—including the State—and direct the same to Geo. E. Crowell, Brattleboro, Vt. Don't send *Personal Checks*, we cannot use them.

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.

SEE OUR OFFER of Organs and Sewing Machines for their value in subscriptions to **THE HOUSEHOLD**. We hope to send at least one of each into every county in the United States and Provinces in the next twelve months.

WANTED, a few more good County Agents, especially in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and the South. We give good pay, pleasant work and permanent employment. A few more chances left—will you take one?

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

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

OUR NEW PREMIUM.—We take great pleasure in placing the Bickford Knitting Machine upon our Premium Lists both regular and special. We can most heartily recommend these machines to any and all who wish a simple, durable, cheap, and every way satisfactory knitting machine, and are confident that at the very favorable rate at which we offer them they will be among the most popular premiums on our lists.

LETTERS TO ALICE. With this issue we commence the re-publication of these admirable letters, written by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr and published in the first volume of **THE HOUSEHOLD**. So great has been the call for the numbers containing these letters that we have but a few copies left, and as we shall not re-print the volume we take this method of supplying the demand for them. Our readers will be glad to know that our columns will be enriched by other contributions from Mrs. Dorr at an early day.

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. We will do the best we can in all cases, but if persons will send us puzzles they mustn't be surprised if we don't always guess right.

AGENTS WANTED.—We want an agent in every town to solicit subscriptions to **THE HOUSEHOLD**.

A good sized list can be obtained in almost any neighborhood, and a valuable premium secured with very little effort. We have sent many beautiful chromos, albums, etc., to persons who procured the requisite number of subscribers in an hour's time. It is not necessary, however, for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states and sent as convenient. A cash premium will be given if preferred. See Premium List in another column.

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. 54, 70 and 83 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

ANY ONE MAY ACT AS AGENT in procuring subscribers to **THE HOUSEHOLD** who desire to do so. Do not wait for a personal invitation or especial authority from us, but send for a sample copy, if you have none, and get all the names and dollars you can, and send them to us, stating which premium you have selected. If a premium is not decided upon when the list is forwarded, or if other names are to be added to the list before making the selection, let us know at the time of sending, that all accounts may be kept correctly. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of this list and name the premium selected. It is no use to order a premium until the requisite number of subscriptions have been forwarded in accordance with the instructions given in our Premium List. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver. In ordinary circumstances a premium should be received in two weeks from the time the order was given.

A TRIAL TRIP. In order to give every house-keeper in the land an opportunity of becoming acquainted with **THE HOUSEHOLD** we have decided to send three numbers on trial—postage paid—FOR TEN CENTS, to any one not already a subscriber. This offer affords an excellent chance for the working ladies of America to receive for three months the only publication in the country especially devoted to their interests, at a price which will barely pay us for postage and the trouble of mailing. We trust our friends who believe **THE HOUSEHOLD** is doing good, and who are willing to aid in extending its influence, will see to it that everybody is made acquainted with this offer. This trial trip will be especially an aid to our agents in affording each one an opportunity of putting **THE HOUSEHOLD** into every family in his county at a trifling cost, where it will be read and examined at leisure, which will be the very best means of swelling their lists of permanent subscribers. As an inducement to our readers to make an effort in that direction we will give a

**Webster's Unabridged Dictionary** to the one who sends us the greatest number of trial subscribers before April 1st, 1877.

Unexceptional advertisements will be inserted at the rate of fifty cents per agate line of space each insertion.



The Largest and most Complete Stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees in the U. S. Priced Catalogues sent as follows: No. 1. Fruits, with colored plate, 15 cts.; plain, 10 cts. No. 2. Ornamental Trees, etc., with plate, 25 cts. No. 3. Greenhouse; No. 4. Wholesale, and No. 5. List of New Roses, Free. Address, **ELLWANGER & BARRY**, Rochester, N. Y.

**TILDEN LADIES' SEMINARY.** Winter session opens on Monday, Jan. 8, 1877. The full board of instruction will be retained. Parents having daughters to educate are respectfully invited to correspond with the Principal, **HIRAM ORCUTT, A. M.** West Lebanon, Dec. 8, 1876.

**LA SELL SEMINARY FOR YOUNG WOMEN.** Auburndale, (near Boston,) Mass. Attractive home; best instruction; special care of health, manners and morals. **CHARLES C. BRAGDON**, Principal.

**HILL'S (INDUSTRIAL) HIGH SCHOOL** for Boys. Long Hill, Conn. **BEACH HILL, A. B.**, Principal.

**BENJAMIN R. JENNE**, General Insurance and Real Estate Agent, Brattleboro, Vt.

GOODELL COMPANY. GOODELL COMPANY. GOODELL CO.

Beautiful Holiday Presents.

We will send an Ivory and Metal Handled **SILVER PLATED BUTTER KNIFE**

to any address, by mail for \$1.00, or we will send an Ebony and Metal Handled **SILVER PLATED BUTTER KNIFE** for 75 cents. These knives are made of **BEST STEEL** in the most substantial manner and

**Heavily Plated with Silver,**

and are the handsomest and best butter knives known. Will also send **PRICE LIST** of our magnificent

**TABLE CUTLERY,**

Both Plated and not Plated.

We refer you to the publisher of this paper as to the quality of our goods, and as to our responsibility.

**GOODELL COMPANY,**  
Antrim, N. H.

Successors to Woods Cutlery Co., and Sole manufacturers of Woods Hot Water Proof Table Cutlery. 1-2

GOODELL COMPANY. GOODELL COMPANY. GOODELL CO.

**GUSTIN'S OINTMENT.**

This really valuable Ointment is now for the first time offered to the public. For many years its extraordinary curative virtues have been known but to a few, it having been handed down from generation to generation in one family, who, with their friends, have been the only ones benefited thereby. The recipe for making it was obtained in the last century from the Indians by one of Vermont's early and distinguished physicians, and used by him during his life with wonderful success. It will perform what is promised for it, and we now offer it as standing without a rival for relieving and curing

Piles, Burns, Bruises, Bites and Stings, Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Sore Nipples, Etc.

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

**THOMPSON & CO.,**  
12- Brattleboro, Vt.

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

**THE PUBLISHER OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK**

Offers to and will give to every subscriber, whether single or in a club, who pays in advance for 1877, and remits direct to his office, a copy of **THE MOTHER'S JOY.** The handsomest Chromo ever offered by a publisher to his patrons. Price \$5 per year. Address, **L. A. GODEY**, Philadelphia, Pa.

**Warranted Artificial LEGS AND ARMS!** GEO. R. FULLER, (succ'r Dr. Bly.) ROCHESTER, N. Y. Warranted five years. Lowest prices. Send for FREE Pamphlet. 1-3min

**The Greenbrook & Paterson City Nurseries** Floral and Fashion Journal Free for 1876! Address **GRIEVES & CO.**, Box 2853, New York. 1-1r

**MONTEBELLO LADIES' INSTITUTE,** Newbury, Vt. The school is select and homelike. Great attention is paid to the Moral and Religious Education of the students and Physical Culture. **MARY E. TENNY**, Principal.

**SAVE MONEY!**

By subscribing for your **NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, &C.,** through **The Popular Periodical Agency,** **FRED A. FIELD, Prop'r.** RUTLAND, VT.

Atlantic, Galaxy, Lippincott's and Scribner's, Monthly, only \$3.45 each. Harper's Bazar, Weekly or Monthly \$3.40. Little's Living Age, \$7.25, renewals \$8.00. Arthur's Magazine, \$2.10. Godey's Lady's Book, \$2.65. The Nursery, \$1.35. Wide Awake, \$1.75. St. Nicholas, \$2.65, and all other magazines and newspapers at proportionately low prices. Catalogue and Club Rates sent free on application to any address. 1-ladv

**CHEM HEATER.** Used on any lamp. Rests on chimney. Heats milk, &c., quickly. Great convenience nights. Sent post-paid for 25 cents. Agents wanted. 1-6adv Address **S. H. JENNINGS**, Deep River, Conn.

**THE FRET WORK DRILL.**

Indispensable with Fret Saws. It will make beautiful ornamental work, with or without a saw; will drill 75 holes per minute, without danger of splitting, as an awl will surely do; Every one praises it. Sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. 1-lh **COLMAN SMITH**, NEW HAVEN, CT.

**50 MIXED CARDS** With name for 10 cts. and stamp. Agents Outfit 10 cts. One pack Rooster cards 10 cents. Address, 2-12d **M. W. DOWD & CO., BRISTOL, CONN.**

**25 Fancy Cards**, 18 styles 10c. 20 scroll, with name 10c. 1-2h **GEO. I. REED & CO., NASSAU, N. Y.**

**Take Ayer's Pills** For all purposes of a Purgative. Safe and effectual.

**Carpet Warps,**

Green, Black, Brown, and Drab, for sale at the lowest prices by the **CARPET WARP CO.,** Holyoke, Mass.

**Oatmeal Glycerine.**

The only genuine Oatmeal Soap is **ROBINSON'S OATMEAL GLYCERINE.** It is the cheapest fine Toilet Soap in the world, and a perfect Winter soap. If you have never tried it do so at once, ask for Robinson's Oatmeal Soap, made only by **ROBINSON BROS. & CO., Boston.** 1-6e