



The household. Vol. 19, No. 12 December 1886

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, December 1886

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Vol. 19.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., DECEMBER, 1886.

No. 12.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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 CROSBY BLOCK, - MAIN STREET,
 BRATTLEBORO, VT.

\$1 10 per year. Single copy, 10 cents.

The Veranda.

DECEMBER.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

Briskly he treads the frosted earth,
 In haste to bring the days of mirth,
 The joyous time of holy cheer;
 He leaves behind the autumnal dearth,
 With moaning winds and falling tear.

A sunny face is his, though cold
 May seem his heart, and he so old,
 The bearded monarch, white with snows
 Of winter, as he walks the wold,
 Or tries the life the city knows.

His is the sway of right good-will
 Divinely bidden hearts to fill;
 And his the gift of peace to men
 From One whose birth may well instill
 Such blessings for our practice, then.

While twining boughs of evergreen
 To grace the sanctuaries seen
 By throngs of people met for praise,
 'Tis meet to knot quite fast, I ween,
 Kind thought and deed, that love upraise.

December is the time to bring
 Our deeds to light with numbering
 Of mercies had from heaven's store;
 So we may to the sweetness cling
 That teaches how to gather more.

CARE OF STOCK.

STOCK, to do their best, need to be comfortable as well as warm. The two do not always go together, although they ought to. Stock may be warmly sheltered, and still be uncomfortable. If they are, they will not thrive, as every good farmer knows. Extra feed may make up for lack of shelter and keep the animals warm, the only loss being to the farmer who furnishes three dollars' worth of corn meal to do what one dollar's worth of battens would have done: but no amount of extra feed will make up directly for loss of comfort. Animals will, in time, get used to almost any treatment, I know; but wouldn't it be better and more profitable to make them comfortable from the first? There is very little money in the wintering of stock, at the best. And can we afford to have cows give less milk, or steers take on less flesh than they ought to, simply because they are not comfortable?

Some years ago I wintered a score of steers coming three years old. They had evidently never been in stanchions, but had always run loose. I use stanchions in my barn, and with a great deal of trouble and coaxing we got these wild fellows all fastened in. Then I gave them the best of feed in abundance; but they were so uncomfortable that they did not do it justice. By being very quiet and patient

with them we got them broken so they would go into the stanchions without much trouble, after a while, but they did not get thoroughly used to them, so as to be perfectly comfortable in all winter. They were very much more comfortable along toward spring than when first put in, but not thoroughly so. I never worked harder over a lot of cattle and never succeeded so poorly. They were not comfortable, and no amount of warm shelter and good care and feed would make up for it. I am perfectly satisfied, that, could they have been tied up they would have been easy almost from the first start, and that the result would have been far more satisfactory. The change from perfect freedom to being tied would not have been so great. It would have taken them but a short time to get used to this, particularly if they had been let out in the pasture day times, the first few days. And here is where a mistake was made again. The steers were brought here after winter set in, and shut right up, and let out only long enough to drink, twice a day. That was all right after they had become used to the change; but it would have been better had the first few days been half and half of stabbing, and of being outdoors. Too abrupt changes are not wise.

But at another time I had the same stable and same stanchions filled with steers of the same age, and they did as well as I could wish for. Now, what caused the difference? They had been put in the stanchions when young, and had grown up used to them. They had been fed in stanchions when they were calves, during the first summer, and in the winter they were shut in stanchions while eating their hay and grain. Then when winter began to approach they were taken up nights and turned out day times, for a spell. So when finally shut up for good they were perfectly at home. We filled the stable with sawdust a foot deep, gutter and all; and every day, when they were out drinking, we wheeled out the manure and wettest of the dust, and every few days put in another load or two. The stanchions were three and one-half feet apart, so the steers had plenty of room, and I never saw a stable full of steers more perfectly contented and comfortable. The way they gained flesh tells the story; viz.: Thirteen of them, weighed on the scales in town, gained, between the first of February and the first of April—about sixty days—an even 2000 lbs. It was a pleasant sight to see those fat fellows spread themselves on their deep beds of sawdust, and then to see them jump up and act as though they could not possibly wait till their turn came, when I went into the stable with a card. And if the weather was at all cold or stormy, as fast as they had drank they would rush for the door, and every one would kick up his heels when let in, as much as to say, "Thank you for my comfortable warm stable."

There are many ways of confining stock, all having their advantages and

their advocates. I do not care to particularly urge my way, only to show that it may be made a comfortable way. Do your own way, only so all your stock are kept with a due regard to their comfort. The good farmer will use the card or curry-comb on his stock when they are confined in the stables whether in stanchions or tied up or in box stalls. Oh, how they enjoy it! How comfortable and contented they feel after you have given them a good scratching! How they will twist themselves around, trying to show you where they itch! "What! curry cows and steers, would you?" says some one. Yes, I would, particularly well fed cattle that are gaining flesh, they do itch so.

My father used to tell me that a good currying was as good as four quarts of oats, for a horse kept stabled. He was right, and I don't know why it isn't just as good for the cattle. To be sure, I would not enjoy, particularly, currying poor scrawny cattle; but give me nice thrifty short-horn steers, weighing about 1500 pounds, and fat and sleek, and I do like to card them off and make them comfortable. It is pleasanter than lounging around town, and more profitable; and if the stable is warm, I believe I had rather do it than sit in the house by the fire. My mother used to say, "I don't really believe you would care to do it, if you didn't think it paid you in dollars and cents." Possibly not; but then, I do know that whatever adds to the comfort of our stock adds to our pocket book. Haven't you, my reader, been in the horse-stable before now and seen a horse step back, and say almost as plainly as if in words, "Come, now, take me out and give me a little exercise; I am so tired of staying tied up here!" Did you listen to him? Then both you and the noble animal slept and felt better.

There are those calves shut up in that close shed for a month back, of cold, stormy weather. The sun at last shines bright and warm to-day. Let them out in the orchard for a run and a sun-bath, and, oh how their heels will go up, and how supremely comfortable they will be for an hour or two! While they are gone, fill their shed with straw knee-deep, and they will do their best to grow two pounds apiece that night to pay you for your care.

Do your stock have to go out one-fourth of a mile, more or less, and drink at a hole in the ice? That won't do. They will not find much comfort in that way. Get them water not colder than 40° to 50°, either in the barn or in a sheltered yard. "So much expense will not pay!" It will pay in dollars and cents. Do it because it is the right thing to do, to make your stock comfortable.

—To have early potatoes, keep the seed potatoes in a warm room to start the eyes.

—One spoonful of coal tar to a peck of seed corn will prevent crows from pulling up the corn.

The Drawing Room.

HOUSEHOLD ADORNMENT.

THE ornamentation, most suitable for lambrequins, window curtains, table covers, and similar articles is either applied work or embroidery, done in Kensington stitch, with crewels alone or crewels and silk.

Momie cloth or felt are desirable foundations for such work. The former when ravelled out and knotted forms a handsome fringe. Felt cloth is much cheaper but will have to be finished with fringe.

Crewels cost ten cents a skein and can be had in all colors and shades. Filoselle is twenty-five cents a skein, and is sold in half skeins if desired. Silk embroidery is expensive. The work can be done in crewel and a little silk employed to heighten the effect without materially increasing the cost. Large pieces of embroidery should be done in a frame to prevent drawing and crumpling. Some workers prefer to use linen or other fine, thin goods for backing, and thus dispense with a frame, but for the inexpert a frame is best, for unless the goods lay perfectly flat after being finished, the beauty of the work is in a greater or less degree marred.

Very desirable designs can be had for doing the Kensington stitch which is really the old-fashioned crewel stitch of several generations ago, and is sometimes called stem stitch. It is always to be remembered that the direction of the stitches must follow the natural grain of the leaf or flower worked; if doubt exists, it is easily settled by a glance at a natural spray. Leaves are wrought, therefore, at a slant from the center vein, while stems should be worked up and down, as they grow. In the embroidering of the leaves, the needle should first be inserted at the point where the leaf joins the stem, and the outline of the leaf should be worked first, working up toward the point of the leaf on the right edge, and back to the stem on the left. The average length of the stitch is about a quarter of an inch on the surface, although the stitches may be varied according to the necessities of the pattern, and the discretion of the worker. Going toward the point on the right edge, the needle should come through the material on the left of the stitch, about a third of its length back, and close beside it. In going from the point to the stem, the thread should come out on the right side of the stitch. In working solid leaves another row of stem stitching must then be done through the middle of the leaf, from base to tip, and the two halves filled in with close, even rows of the same stitch. The veining is usually done after the leaf has been worked.

In working flowers the stitch generally employed is called feather stitch, or long and short stitch, and, beginning at the edge of the petal, is worked toward the

center of the blossoms. The long and short stitches alternate; their outer edge where they start, being even, and their inner edge pointing irregularly toward the center. The first row being wrought in this way, the next row fills irregularly between the short and long stitches, and so on until the surface has been covered. The object of these broken edges is to avoid sharp outlines in the meeting of the rows of stitches, especially where each row is of a different shade, and should be softly blended. The stamens are single stitches, their tips ending each in a French knot. To make this knot the needle should be brought through the cloth exactly where the knot is to be. The thread, held in the left hand, is wound once or twice around the needle, the point of which is then pushed through the cloth in the same place where it came through. The right hand then draws the thread carefully, while the left keeps it in place until the knot is complete.

Great care should always be taken to have the needles large enough to carry the thread without fretting it, and short needlefuls must always be used, as both crewels and silk wear fast in working.

There are two ways of tracing the design on the material to be embroidered; either pouncing or drawing the pattern on tracing cloth.

For the first, the pattern must be carefully pricked with a medium sized needle on two or three doubles of cloth, making the holes very close together, it is then pinned in the right position on the material, and a powder made of pipe-clay and charcoal is rubbed into it with a bit of rolled up flannel, after which the pattern is carefully lifted off and the outline gone over with a fine brush and oil-paint diluted with turpentine, or with pen and ink. The charcoal is dusted off when dry.

For the second process, pin the pattern on the material, and slip under it a piece of black carbonic paper, or, if dark material, a piece of white tracing-cloth; then go over the outlines with a hard pencil or knitting-needle, after which paint or ink the outlines as above described.

Outline work is done in the stitch just described as stem-stitch, turning the work so as always to work from you. This style or work is suitable for ornamenting towels, table-scarfs, tidies, doylies, and similar articles where light work is appropriate.

Pongee, the pretty soft, India silk, which makes such cool, summer dresses, is, from its texture and its delicate buff shade, a charming body to make all sorts of odd fancy coverings of, and colored embroidery on it is especially attractive. It endures the laundry as well as most linen goods; it comes of a very convenient width—about ordinary silk width—fringes delicately, and costs about sixty cents a yard.

Two shades of blue silk, two shades of rich red, and two shades of brown are all extremely effective on pongee and a well harmonized conglomeration of colors is handsome, if the colors are rightly managed. To harmonize a number of colors and a number of shades of different colors is a very difficult task, and it can hardly be taught to a person who has not a quick eye for color. This work may be done in embroidery cotton of two different colors. The usual red and blue and red and black are good, the main outlines being done in one shade and the shorter and finer lines in the other. In employing silk on washable articles, it is, of course, of much importance that the colors should be fast. The same is true of crewels. It is best to put each separate shade of both silk and crewel into boiling salt and water before using so that any unpermanent dye may loosen itself, and not subsequently injure the embroidery.

The crewels to be used are the best English make, for no others rank with these. Crewel cannot be split, but it comes in fine and coarse qualities. Filoselle comes in skeins, each strand of which is composed of twelve threads that can be used separately, or, where heavy outline is desired, two threads can be used. Where two threads are used, however, they must always be cut of the same length, and never doubled.

SOME CHURCH CLOCKS.

We have, however, some masterpieces upon which we may, nevertheless, plume ourselves. Those who have heard Great Peter of York announce that midnight has come, are not likely to forget the deep and thrilling resonance that fills the air and booms over the silent city. This bell weighs twelve tons and a half, and cost £2,000. It was second to none in this kingdom till Big Ben was set up at Westminster to stand sentinel-like over the mighty Thames. Great Tom o'Lincoln is another bell of great reputation. It was re-cast in 1835, and on its return from the Whitechapel foundry it was welcomed home by a procession of clergy, gentry, and citizens, with banners flying and bands playing, at the south entrance to the city. It is six feet high, and nearly seven feet in diameter, and weighs five tons and eight cwt. Its tone is also of an extraordinary fullness, richness, and sweetness, especially when heard in the dead of night. And in the north transept of Wells cathedral there is a clock in which there is sufficient eccentric mechanism to enable a small figure of a man to step forward periodically and proclaim the time.

It must be allowed that church clocks in country towns are very considerable additions to the general convenience of the inhabitants. Some of them set up in the seventeenth century are furnished with curious devices which have gradually got out of order as in the case of the church of St. Martin-le-Grand, York which had the figure of a naval officer on the top of it in the act of taking a solar observation, who used to move and follow the course of the sun. Most of them are attached to the bells and chime the hours.

Stamford, which we may almost look upon as a legacy from Queen Elizabeth's Lord Burleigh, is rich in the matter of church clocks, and over all the Elizabethan houses with their bay windows, and dormers, and sunny gardens full of pear trees and be s, and over the wide river and low-lying meadows by the side of it passes a wave of silvery sound every quarter of an hour that is delightful to hear. On Uffington church, in the same neighborhood, the clock face has the semblance of a hatchment. This church has a somewhat remarkable appearance otherwise, also, on account of its long lengths of embattled parapets and low roofs. The tower is capped with a very lofty crocketed octagonal spire, with flying buttresses, and on the string-course of the third stage is fixed the dial in question.

Further north, about seven miles out of Newcastle, is the pleasant village of Ponteland. Situated beyond the influence of the smoke of the numerous works along the Tyne, it is very green and leafy. The chief hostelry is an addition on an old fortified tower, with archways, mulioned windows and turrets, and is a fair specimen of ancient Border architecture. The vicarage house stands in well-wooded grounds, where there are the remains of another pele tower. The church is on a large scale, and has a tower, like many others in this contested part of the country, that could afford protection to many refugees when occasion required it

to do so. Within this valiant old tower is a clock, and on the face of a large dial, six feet across, it shows the time of day, like an admonition to all who care to look up to it. The greater number of small churches in rural districts, however, have to content themselves with mural sundials. These are generally placed on the porch, and are often enriched with a motto setting forth the fleetness of time. In old times, it may be added, sundials were more in request than they are in the present day. We learn from an inquiry made in the reign of Louis IX. that they were sometimes placed in the highways in France in the thirteenth century.—*The Quiver.*

The Conservatory.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

The meadows are brown, the hills are all bare,
And up through the valley the clear, crisp air
Is singing a Christmas song.
Like the song of the sea in the purple shell,
If we list to its notes it will sweetly tell
The secret it's kept so long.

It tells of a time so sunny and fair
When we watched the clouds of the snowy air,
For the reindeers' tiny form.
And saw in our dreams such pictures of light,
As we lay through the hours of the long, dark night,
Away from the clouds and storm.

Such pictures as glow in fairy tales
When told at the hour that daylight pales
And the crimson west grows gray,
When we list for the chime of tiny bells
That are hung in the shade of haunted dels
And are rung by goblin and fay.

It rings on the heart a tearful change
Of a darkened time, so sad, so strange,
When our dreams had lost their light.
It whispers and sings to the leafless trees
Our secret that sighs in every breeze
Till the day wears into the night.

O, Christmas chimes! Ye are merry and sad,
Ye wound the heart and ye make it glad
With the music your ringing makes;
And the weary heart that has dreamed so long
Takes up the thread of the broken song
And sings till it, quivering, breaks.

FLORICULTURAL NOTES.

Number Thirty-eight.

BY MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

CAROLINE C. LEIGHTON'S inquiry about my crocus pan, in the June issue of THE HOUSEHOLD, furnishes me with a text for this writing, as it calls to mind several things I have long wanted to tell you, dear flower-loving readers, who live where pretty pots, vases, and pans are not available, or who may not have the money to buy them if they were, for I am aware that this paper, in its circulation, must reach many remote corners of the globe, and, also, that a well-filled purse does not always go hand in hand with a taste for beautiful things, if it did, in all probability, I should not be writing this letter, because in my earlier experience, when pots were few, the same necessity for exercising my wits would not have existed, consequently I should not have known what pretty receptacles for holding our plants and bulbs may be made from many a cast-away kitchen utensil, and what I did not know myself, I could not impart to another; so, while a lack of money is sometimes very inconvenient, it is not always a misfortune.

But, about that crocus pan, I hope it will not take all the romance from my story, when I tell you it was originally a tin dish pan, six inches deep, and thirty-seven inches in circumference at the top, and thirty inches at the bottom. As the tin bottom was badly worn, I had one made of wood, and nailed securely about two inches above the original one. This left a depth of four inches for soil. Then the pan was painted a stone color, with a border of green, and when dry given a good coat of varnish. I chose this pan

because it was so much lighter to handle than large pots of stone or earthen, and I wanted my bulbs all together. I do not mind whether my pots or pans have drainage or not, if I can care for them myself. I never water until they look dry, then do it thoroughly, and wait till they call again. Of course, one would have to be a little more careful about the quantity of water given if the vase was tin and there was no outlet, as it cannot absorb moisture, but I prefer tin to unglazed earthen pots for the window, because the latter absorb too readily, and draw upon the life of the plant, if one does not keep them constantly supplied with water. This is particularly true of pots that are not hard baked, and thoroughly soaked before using. I use but few, except for plants that are sunk in soil, or in the ground in warm weather. Their porosity adapts them especially for this purpose.

But, dear reader, bring out your old tin ware from their hidden places, and let me tell you how to convert them into things of value, things that are just as pretty and useful as many that are fashioned for the purpose, and offered for sale at exorbitant prices. It is what I call making something out of nothing. The outlay in money is but a trifle, while it affords ample scope for genius.

Old pressed tin wash basins make good hanging baskets. Puncture five holes near the edge, at equal distances, for the cord or wire to suspend it by, then paint and decorate to suit your fancy. I have seen them suspended with pretty crocheted covers finished at the center beneath with tassels. Another way to utilize them is to get "John" or "Ichabod" to turn a foot-piece just the right height to compare with the size of your basin, then nail it together firmly, paint and varnish. I have several vases of the kind that I intend to plant small bulbs in, like crocus, scilla, snowdrop, etc.

Scalloped cake tins without chimneys make pretty vases if secured to a pedestal. I have one painted to resemble Parian marble. It was planted in the spring with achimenes, about fifty bulbs. They have not yet passed entirely out of bloom.

Old coffee pots and tea pots make charming vases for hyacinths. Melt off the spout and fill the aperture neatly with putty. Melt off the bottom as it is to become the top of the vase, take off the cover and put in a bottom of wood, and it is ready for painting.

There are other articles of tin ware that may be as desirable for converting into receptacles for plants as the things I have mentioned. The shape of the dish is the item for consideration. If its normal position does not give us a prettily formed vase, perhaps by turning it bottom side up we can get it.

Just how pretty these things can be made depends in a great measure upon your ingenuity in fashioning and taste in decorating. I am aware that my pen has failed of its purpose. I have hardly covered the old rusty tin from sight, and I wanted you to see them as I know they can be made to look in the hands of a skillful person, which is pretty enough to suit the most fastidious taste. I recently saw one of these vases constructed from a wash basin, on a parlor table, filled with cut flowers. The pedestal was prettily turned, and the whole vase was painted a delicate blue with gold bands and rose buds and nicely varnished. It was a charming ornament and a credit to its owner, even though she has no need to study economy in the matter of flower pots.

Now, I hope some reader will be wanting some pots or vases, and go and do likewise, for since it is in order to bring old things to the front in this our day and generation, Madam Fashion for once

may serve us a good turn in making it possible for all to follow her lead in this particular branch of industry.

Mrs. C. A. Martin writes: "Can you tell why my tuberoses have not blossomed this summer?" I presume the bulbs were stored in too cold a place last winter. They should be kept in a warm, dry place continually, if they receive but one chill, the flower bud will be destroyed. Some who do not understand this peculiarity of the plant, set the pots in the cellar through the winter. The bulbs will live and the foliage will grow luxuriantly after they are brought out in spring, but I never knew a bulb to produce a flower stalk after such usage. The bulbs should be taken from the soil, and after drying a few days, may be packed in a paper bag or box, and stored where they cannot receive even a hint of frost. The old bulb does not usually flower but once, but they will produce bulblets the second season and may be planted in the ground for that purpose. All bulblets should be removed from the parent bulb before planting in spring. If the offsets are planted out in rich, mellow soil, they will make flowering bulbs the second season.

Mary Taylor, keep your achimenes perfectly dry all winter in the soil in which they have been growing, and set the pot in a frost proof place. In April, re-pot in light, sandy soil, and keep in a warm shady place. Mine flower from June to October.

About the *hyacinth candidans*, its hardiness is vouched for by good authority. I have grown mine in pots until this present season, and the pots containing the bulbs were stored in the cellar. The flowers are finer when grown directly in the ground. I shall give mine a covering of boughs and let them lie in the bed and thereby test their hardiness to my own satisfaction. They are a beautiful plant for the center of a bed or planted with gladiolus.

Some catalogues tell you they may be taken up and stored like gladiolus until spring in a dry state. As I have never tried the experiment, I have no knowledge of my own upon this point, but I do know they will winter safely in a dark, cool cellar. They should not, however, be set away in a wet soil, nor receive water while in their winter quarters.

Louise B., I cannot give you a very definite answer as to the proper temperature of your room, to induce your plants to bloom this winter, not knowing what genus or species you cultivate. As some plants would thrive in a temperature where others would die, the best I can do, is to give you the mean or average temperature suited to plants most frequently found in window gardens, which is from 45 to 60° degrees Fah. The temperature should be ten degrees lower at night than in the day time. But the proper temperature alone will not insure success. There are other things equally important, viz: a strong light constantly, and sunshine a portion of the day, and freedom from dust.

How to arrange your table of plants effectively, I think your own good taste will readily determine. However, I submit the following:

Avoid placing rose-colored or red flowers next scarlet or orange, or orange next yellow, blue next violet, or rose next violet. The following colors harmonize better: White will relieve any color but should not be placed next to yellow. Place orange with light blue, yellow with violet, dark blue with orange yellow, white with pale pink or rose. These hints will apply to the garden outside as well as the garden inside.

Mrs. Austin, I think the reason your narcissus has not blossomed for two years past, is because they are too much crowded, or too deeply imbedded in the

soil. As nearly all of our hardy bulbs generate rapidly, and have a tendency to ascend or descend by forming the new bulb either above or beneath the old one, the fact is patent to all who have given the subject attention, that unless the bulbs are divided and re-set occasionally, they must degenerate, for a few successive generations will bring them too near the surface or too deep down. In either case they soon lose their value as a flowering bulb.

The young bulbs of narcissus are formed beneath the old one, and every successive one is a step in its downward course and in time they lose their power to throw up a flower stalk.

The crocus forms its new bulb above the old one, consequently, in a few years, it comes to the surface, and the exposure to cold and heat causes them to decay.

The tulip is a prolific bulb, producing its young at the sides, and a little beneath the old bulb. It soon becomes too crowded and too deep to produce flowers. I have best success with this genus when I reset them every August, or not later than September, planting the large bulbs where they are to flower, and the bulblets in a nursery bed.

I believe nearly all spring flowering bulbs will give us more and better flowers if divided and reset every third year of their growth. This is not my experience only, but the testimony of many bulb growers. The habits of the bulbous flora have always been an interesting study to me. In the years that have gone by, I have spent many pleasant hours in the woodlands alone, trying to become more familiar with the habits of our native bulbs. I said "alone," but to ears attuned, "earth has a thousand tongues," and there is no loneliness in nature's solitudes.

I find many of our native bulbs have the same characteristics as the narcissus. The new bulbs are formed beneath the old ones, and are thus carried step by step downward, and being undisturbed year after year, they sometimes reach a great depth. I have found bulbs of the *trillium* and *erythronium* firmly imbedded in the soil one foot below the surface, and how they managed to push up a flower stem where it is almost impossible to cut down to them with a trowel, is still a mystery to me.

A gentleman conversant with the habits of native bulbs writes as follows: "In most localities *erythronium* bulbs are best when about eight or nine inches deep. The reason of this is that they propagate from seeds which are freely produced. These germinate on or near the surface, and the bulb begins to descend progressively. The bulblet is not much larger than a pin head at first, but each year a larger bulb is formed beneath the old one, and when the depth of eight or nine inches is attained the bulb is full grown and consequently in its best condition for blooming. A few years later it decays, or comes in contact with the hard clay subsoil and loses its vitality.

We have never known this bulb to reproduce more than one bulb during the season, and as the old bulb decays as the new one is formed, it is evident that propagation in this way is limited, and that the profusion of plants that we find coming up in spring time have originated from seeds. If, however, it were not for the old bulbs dying from the unreasonable depth to which they have naturally attained, these pretty wildlings would be far more numerous than they are; and if the bulbs were taken up when they attain the depth of eight or nine inches, and transplanted to the depth of four or five inches, the bulbs would doubtless increase in size and vigor, and bloom many years longer."

If, like the *erythronium*, our hardy gar-

den bulbs produced but a single bulb while the old one decayed, there would not be the same necessity of transplanting them so often, but in some instances their progeny is numerous; each bulb produces several new bulblets every season, and to keep them from deteriorating they must have room to grow, and a rich mellow soil to produce first-class bulbs and flowers. Those that have a tendency to come to the surface, should be set deeper than those that descend progressively.

Martha, hyacinths that have blossomed once, will not give you satisfaction the second season. The flowers will be but sparingly produced on the stem. I cannot tell you of any treatment that will prevent them from deteriorating, but I wish that I could, most sincerely. I should advise new, fresh bulbs for house culture.

They are beautiful for the purpose and unnamed bulbs are not very expensive, while they are just as pretty as those with cognomen attached. Did you ever try *polyanthus narcissus* for winter flowers, or jonquils? I believe they will please you as they are both beautiful and sweet. All varieties are good. They range in color from pure white to deep orange. Double Roman and Paper White are considered among the best. The so-called Chinese Sacred Lily belongs to this section of the narcissus family. They are not quite hardy in the ground in the northern states, so to enjoy them we must cultivate them in the house, and they cannot fail to give satisfaction. Please try a few bulbs this winter. If potted in December, you can have them in flower at Easter.

HINTS ON WINDOW GARDENING.

BY F. D. THOMPSON.

At this season of the year when all is bleak and drear, how refreshing to enter a good warm room, and find a fine display of healthy flowering plants in the room window, and how pleasant when the cold winds are blowing without, to pass an hour among some of nature's most exquisite products, and wonder at the wonders of nature, such as are to be seen in the beautiful buds and blossoms, to watch them grow and expand from little buds to beautiful blossoms, and wonder at the wonders of this earth, all of which lie within the reach of all from the poor mechanician to the wealthiest in our land.

I will now give a few instructions in regard to their growth and mode of treatment, also a list of a few that I consider the best adapted for winter window gardening, as it is a most essential thing to get the proper kinds, if you wish to be successful. I give these on account of their great flowering propensities, and also on account of their successive blooming. They may be had of any florist at a small outlay.

Take of bouvardias, *Humboldtii*, a beautiful white with jessamine-like fragrance, *Leantha*, fine scarlet, Lady Hyslop, a delicate pink; *begonia rubra*, bearing beautiful red, coral-like flowers; carnations, Lydia, Mrs. Webster, and Snowdon, a beautiful white; *cyclamen Persicum*, a fine plant; *calla Ethiopica*, lily of the Nile; *Camellia Japonica*; azaleas in different colors; *primula sinensis fimbriata*; *fabiana imbricata*, a beautiful heath like plant; mahernia, a fine, sweet, yellow-flowering plant; *pirella formosa*, a beautiful, scarlet-flowering plant; *forenia*, a beautiful, gloxinia-like, flowering plant; also a few good fuchsias; geraniums and bulbs of all kinds, and a few good tea roses, such as Bon Silene, C. Cook, Safrano, Niphetos, Duchess de Brabant, Douglass, Perle des Jardins, and Adam, all of which grow well with a little care.

Give them all the sun you can.

In regard to soil, any of these will thrive in a mixture of equal parts of well decomposed turfy loam and manure, adding one-third sand; run the whole through a coarse sieve.

In potting, first be careful that your pot is quite clean, then take a piece of broken crock, place at the bottom, over the hole then add a few more, after which place in a little soil, then put in your plant, being sure that you do not get it too deep, put in a little soil, keeping your plant well in the center of your pot, press down firmly with the thumb of the right hand, and so on till within one inch of the top. Always put the plant in the shade after giving a good watering for a day or two.

If these few plain instructions are carried out, you cannot fail to be successful. Always be careful to keep the leaves free of dust. If the plants at any time look weakly, use a little ammonia or plant food in the water.

KEEPING FRESH GRAPES.

If you have a cool, dry cellar or fruit room and the best keeping varieties, the question of keeping grapes is a simple one. At the great vineyards the grapes are brought in from the vineyard in long, shallow picking boxes, holding, perhaps, forty pounds, which are stored one above another in fruit houses and left there until wanted for market or other purposes. Months after, they come out as fresh as when picked. If the room is very damp or the grapes are placed in too large or deep boxes they will mould. Thick skinned grapes like the Agawam, Isabella, Wilder, or Catawba, keep best, while such tender skinned varieties as the Concord are the poorest, yet I have kept Concords up to January, by packing in dry sawdust in market or bushel baskets. A simple method is to place grape leaves between layers of grapes as you pick them, or sheets of paper. These prevent the clusters from pressing against each other too closely, thus preventing mould and decay. Handsome clusters are preserved by cutting a piece of the vine with it, and placing one end in a bottle of water, also by covering the stem of the cluster at the point where cut, with wax. Remember to avoid too dry, too damp, and too warm rooms. Grapes should be kept as near the freezing point as possible, and not freeze.

E. P. Roe keeps Catawba, Isabella, Diana, and Iona, by picking on a clear day, using grape scissors so as not to handle much, removing all imperfect berries and placing in clean, dry, earthen jars, in layers a bunch deep, and filling the jar in this way. Place a double sheet of paper over the top layer and put on the lid. Strong, unbleached muslin is pasted entirely over the lid, or cover of the jar, covering the opening so that no air may enter. When this covering has fully dried and hardened the jars are buried on a dry knoll beyond the action of the frost, a stake being placed over each jar to locate it accurately.—*Green's Fruit Grower*.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please tell Emma that probably the reason her night blooming cereus buds blasted, was because she did not keep the plant moist enough. Keep rather dry only when it is time for it to bud, then commence to water it more, and when the buds appear, keep very wet and where the sun is not too hot for it.

A SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister please tell me what to do for my canary? I let a friend take him for two months and he came back with lice on him. What shall I do to get rid of them? I put sulphur in his cage, and also wrapped a white cloth around his cage at night. I have caught some, but he still picks at himself continually.

ANNE B.

The Nursery.

SANTA CLAUS AND THE MOUSE.

One Christmas eve, when Santa Claus
Came to a certain house,
To fill the children's stockings there,
He found a little mouse.

"A merry Christmas, little friend,"
Said Santa, good and kind,
"The same to you, sir," said the mouse;
I thought you wouldn't mind.

If I should stay awake to-night
And watch you for a while."
"You're very welcome, little mouse,"
Said Santa, with a smile.

And then he filled the stockings up
Before the mouse could wink—
From toe to top, from top to toe,
There wasn't left a chink.

"Now, they won't hold another thing,"
Said Santa Claus with pride,
A twinkle came in mouse's eyes,
But humbly he replied:
"It's not polite to contradict—
Your pardon I implore—
But in the fullest stocking there
I could put one thing more.

"Oh, ho!" laughed Santa, "silly mouse!"
Don't I know how to pack?
By filling stockings all these years,
I should have learned the knack."

And then he took the stocking down
From where it hung so high,
And said: "Now put in one thing more;
I give you leave to try."
The mouse chuckled to himself,
And then he softly stole
Right to the stocking's crowded toe
And gnawed a little hole!

"Now, if you please, good Santa Claus,
I've put in one thing more;
For you will own that little hole
Was not in there before."

How Santa Claus did laugh and laugh!
And then he gaily spoke:
"Well! you shall have a Christmas cheese
For that nice little joke."

—St. Nicholas.

ALICE'S CHRISTMAS WORK.

Part I.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

LITTLE Alice Gardner was in despair. With a big, generous heart, and a host of dear, dear friends to claim its affection and loving remembrance; with Thanksgiving past, and Christmas hurrying on fast—fast enough, it would seem, to satisfy even the impatient, irresponsible, Santa Claus credulous, little ones, she found herself with just five dollars in her purse.

What to do about it she did not know. Not one of those dear friends could by any possibility be left off her Christmas list—unless, indeed, necessity compelled. It was the fear of such necessity, and the wild reaching after impossible remedies, that had brought the little girl into such a dreadful state of mind. She had actually scolded Mab, snubbed Teddy, tipped over her grandmother's work-basket, and stepped on the kitten's tail; and without waiting to apologize to either, or bring order out of the confusion she had wrought, she had slammed the door behind her, and rushed off to her own room, where she now lay on the bed, her fingers in her ears, trying to shut out the sound of angry, childish voices calling after her.

Now all this was unprecedented. A sweeter, sunnier, gentler creature than Alice Gardner had been through all her seventeen short, happy years, one might search long to find. She was her grandmother's darling, her mother's pride, her father's pet, an oracle and second mother to her little brothers and sisters, the favorite of favorites in the wide circle of uncles and aunts and cousins, as well as in school. It was, perhaps, partly owing to this wide popularity that Christmas and a shrunken purse coming in conjunction made up such an appalling prospect for the girl. For Alice did not like to re-

ceive holiday favors without returning them in kind, so far as she was able. And it seemed to her this year that she was in debt to every one. It was a very sweet and blessed sort of debt, one that it was a pleasure to repay—the more so that payment would never be asked. The only trouble was in not being able to pay.

Then she had had many a loving thought toward teachers, school friends, and others outside of the usual Christmas circle, to which she had hoped to give expression by some daintily devised and thoughtfully chosen gift at Christmas time. Must she give it all up? The five dollars in her purse would hardly buy a toy or book for each of the children. She was almost tempted to wish there were not so many of them, or at least that they were not quite so discriminating in their tastes and criticism. But they would think the world was coming to an end if Christmas did not bring to each a special and specially delightful gift from Alice. And papa and mamma and grandmother must be remembered, whoever else was not.

So Alice lay on her little, white bed, her fingers in her ears and her spirit in a tumult of rebellion against the hard limitations of fate. But at last the voice of conscience began to call louder than the children, and Alice sat up, half laughing, half vexed at herself.

"If I can't give Christmas presents, it won't help the matter any to be cross about it," she said, "I don't think grandmother will think an upset work basket a good exchange for the dainty lace cap I meant to give her. She won't know what I meant to do," with a sigh, "nor mother either. Lace caps, tortoise-shell combs, plush handkerchief cases, etc., are out of the question. But I am not going to give it all up so. There must be something I can do with five dollars."

She went to the window, and after a look at the gray sky and softly falling snow outside, she seated herself in her little rocker, put her elbow on the table, and rested her chin on her palm. This was her favorite place and position when she was perplexed or thoughtful.

But as she sat there studying the situation and trying to recall the various things she had seen or read which might apply to it, and offer aid in her difficulty, the perplexity began to fade out of her face. It grew brighter and brighter, until, at last, she looked like her own sunny self again.

She left her seat with a quick, light step, and went to rummaging drawers, boxes and closets, now and then giving a little nod of approval at something thus brought to light.

The next morning she visited certain shops down town, and invested a part of the five dollars in various small and seemingly heterogenous articles. She took them home and spread them out on her bed. There were a number of tiny slates at five cents each, a few a little larger, at ten, several yards of fine, brass chain at five cents a yard, two or three papers of diamond, bronze paint, a number of slate pencils, some thick, gray, water-color paper, some diamond dust powder, several palm-leaf fans, two or three empty cigar boxes, and some other trifles which I need not mention here.

She then brought out the box into which she had put the pieces of ribbon, satin, lace, and embroidery silk, etc., which she had selected the day before. She put them on the bed with the rest, and then stood off and viewed the collection with a somewhat amused and incredulous air.

"If I get any thing worth while out of these, I shall believe I am endowed with some of the power of Santa Claus, as the for the girl. For Alice did not like to re-

ought to be. It's rather an unpromising spread," dubiously.

Yet Alice was not altogether disconsolate. Her courage was up, and she was growing almost to like the prospect of the conflict to come. It was, in fact, her first, real, unaided attack upon the hard problem of making the proverbial short ends stretch and meet securely around a circle apparently much too extended for them; and considering the spirit with which she had gone to work, she was likely to learn more than one lesson from her efforts, whether they were or were not, altogether successful.

Alice lost no time in setting to work. She brought out her easel, and prepared to paint one of the small slates. Alice was by no means an adept in the art of painting. She had taken only a few lessons, and had attempted nothing difficult or ambitious. But she had some natural taste, a quiet and not over-bold confidence in herself, and she felt, and undoubtedly was, equal to the simple work she had now set herself.

On the small slate she painted a design copied from a Christmas card—a small, sketchy, snowy landscape—just a wintry sky, an old, snow-covered house, some bare, snow-touched trees, etc., all very simple, the details left without any elaborate working up. Before the paint dried, she sifted into it some diamond dust, which gave it a very pretty and Christmas-like glitter.

Before painting the slate she had bored two holes with a gimlet into the top of the frame and near the ends. Through these holes she fastened a piece of the brass chain to hang it by. Along the lower edge of the frame she screwed four or five of the gilt hooks. Then with the bronze paint mixed in varnish and turpentine, she bronzed the whole frame, hooks, chain, and all—and behold? she not only had a dainty little picture in a gilt frame to hang on the wall, but also a useful bangle board, or key rack, an ornament and convenience in any room, which no one could despise.

The work on one of these was not great and took very little time; and the cost was so slight for the convenience and pretty effect that she made several. She could paint one while the paint was drying on another, and so lost no time in waiting. And as these were designed for different persons in different places, it did not matter if the same design was repeated.

THE LITTLE GIRL OF THE MOUNTAINS.

One beautiful September morning the stage coach was toiling slowly over the hills of New Hampshire on its way to the Flume House. A lady dressed in deep mourning was leaning back in her seat in the coach, looking sad and weary, while her husband watched her anxiously, and tried to make her more comfortable. Her little boy begged his mother to let him ride on top of the coach.

"Mamma, please let me sit with the driver now, we are stopping at this house and I can climb up."

"No, no, Charlie, darling, I cannot allow it, you would certainly fall, it would make me ill to have you up there."

The boy was again beginning to tease about it, when his father sternly told him not to say another word to disturb his mother. There was silence for a time, when as they stopped before a farm house, the lady gave a sudden start forward, saying:

"Oh, Frank, look at that little girl, her curls are like our Mabel's."

Her husband, Mr. Hale, looked out, and saw a little girl standing behind a small table, covered with apples, maple sugar, and baskets of birch bark filled with cracked walnuts. She was a pretty child

of nine years old, with rosy cheeks, large blue eyes, and beautiful golden curls, which peeped out from under a little blue hood, while a small red shawl was wrapped around her. She looked at the coach eagerly, and ran out with her waiter covered with apples to offer to the passengers, who stretched their arms down from the top of the coach for the apples, then threw down cents to her. Mr. Hale called her to the window and asked her for some apples, and threw down a quarter of a dollar to her. She said, "I have no change, sir." He told her to keep it all, and the little face beamed with delight, as she cried out. "Oh, thank you, sir."

Mrs. Hale said:

"I must see you again, little girl."

The child said, "I will be here to-morrow, ma'am."

The coach rolled off, but Mrs. Hale looked back, saying, with tears in her eyes.

"Her curls are like Mabel's. I must look at her again."

Mr. Hale, who was glad to see his wife show interest in any one, as she never had since the death of their only daughter two months before, said:

"We will stop at the Flume House, and return here to-morrow."

After a dinner, which Charlie pronounced "tip top," he and his father started to walk to the Flume, leaving Mrs. Hale to rest at the hotel. They walked through the winding road, with dark woods on either side, to a little house where they sold Indian baskets, wooden toys and other little articles. Mr. Hale bought several toys for Charlie, then they began their ascent through the Flume, a broad walk going part way up, little rustic bridges being thrown over the brook in many places. The beautiful brook goes rushing over the flat, white rocks, the wild desolation of uprooted trees, and large stones and rocks, heaped up one upon another, on each side, show the havoc made by a great freshet. They climbed higher and higher, over slippery wet paths, round great rocks, with only narrow footpaths at one side. At last they came to a cascade rushing down from the heights above.

Charlie was bewildered by the rush of the water, and slipped and fell on the sharp rocks. His father turned to pull him up, when he tried to stand, he gave a sharp cry of pain as his ankle gave way under him. His father caught him, saying, "Dear boy, are you hurt?"

Charlie sobbed out. "My ankle, I cannot stand, papa."

Mr. Hale lifted him in his arms, and turned to go down. It was a difficult thing to walk down with the boy in his arms, but Charlie was very small and slight. Mr. Hale thought of his wife's terror at seeing Charlie so badly hurt, and of the suffering his boy must endure. His heart sank, but as he looked at the glorious scene before him, the roaring torrent, the rocks, the tall pines on either side reaching up to the dark blue sky, and the mountains with their unbroken forests, the words came into his mind. "I lift mine eyes up unto the hills from whence cometh my help." And peace came to him, as he felt that strength was always given for every trial.

Mrs. Hale was much alarmed, as she saw her husband bringing Charlie in his arms. Fortunately there was a physician in the house, who examined Charlie's ankle at once, and found it badly sprained; he bound it up, and said the boy must be kept perfectly still for a week. Mrs. Hale sent word by the driver of the stage to her sister at the Profile House that Charlie was hurt, and they should be detained a week, and asked her to come with her children, and join them at the Flume House.

Mr. Hale was obliged to return to Boston, to a younger boy left at home, while Mrs. Hale and Charlie made themselves as contented as they could at the hotel, which they found comfortable and home-like, while every one there tried to cheer the little boy. When Mrs. Hale's sister came she insisted upon Mrs. Hale driving out, leaving her with the care of Charlie. Mrs. Hale, remembering the little girl, asked her driver to take her down to the red farm house where the coach stopped.

When she reached there she found the child, out selling her apples as before, looking prettier than ever, in a broad hat with red berries and leaves twined round it. Mrs. Hale called the little girl to her, and talked to her, asking her if she would like to drive to the hotel with her. The child was delighted at the plan, and ran to ask her mother if she might go. A tired looking woman with a baby in her arms, and her two boys running by her side, came out of the house; she said that Mrs. Hale might take her little girl to the hotel, if she would send her back by the coach in the afternoon. As they drove to the hotel Mrs. Hale asked the child her name, she said.

"Mary Jane Eliza Smith."

"That is a long name," said Mrs. Hale. "I will call you Mary."

All the way the child talked and laughed, perfectly at her ease, telling Mrs. Hale how many apples she had sold that day, and how full the coach was that morning. Mrs. Hale looked at the golden curls and thought of her little Mabel.

Charlie was delighted to see his mother returning with the little girl, and showed her all his treasures of books and toys, and was so much amused with her, that he begged his mother would allow her to come over again. So through the weeks they were delayed there, Mary came to see them many times, and both Mrs. Hale and Charlie became very fond of her, she was so sunny and sweet tempered. One of the last days of their stay Mrs. Hale drove over to see Mrs. Smith, and had a long talk with her. She found they were poor, with many children to provide for, and they found the long, cold winters hard to bear. Mrs. Smith said:

"The children have so far to go to school, and the roads are so blocked with snow in winter that they cannot go."

Mrs. Hale proposed to her to take Mary home with her to pass the winter, and she would send her to school. Mrs. Smith was much surprised, but after consulting her husband agreed to let her go.

In a few days Mary went off in the coach with Mrs. Hale and Charlie. Mary was greatly delighted to go in the cars, in which she had never been, but when she got into them, she said nothing, and showed no surprise.

When they arrived in Boston they drove up to a large, fine house on Beacon street, where little Frank was delighted to welcome them home. He had been longing for their return.

Frank was much surprised and pleased when he saw the little girl come in with them.

"Who is that little girl, mamma?"

His mother told him it was Mary, who had come from the mountains to pass the winter with them, and that he could take her up into his nursery. Mary had maintained complete silence, as they drove through the crowded streets, when she saw for the first time lighted shops, horse cars, and many sights utterly new to her, but nothing would have induced her to say they were new, or show any astonishment; that would have been far beneath the dignity of the young mountaineer.

When Frank took Mary and Charlie to the warm, bright nursery, she once again

began to chatter and laugh, as they took their supper.

Nurse soon took her to a pretty little room next the nursery, and told her it was for her. She was much pleased with the little white bed, the pictures, and pretty things. Mary, with difficulty prevented herself from screaming with surprise when nurse lighted the gas by pulling a little cord. Nurse put her to bed, extinguished the gas and left her.

As soon as she had gone, Mary popped out of bed, and saying, "Now for it," pulled the cord so hard that the gas blazed up very high and frightened her; as she did not know how to turn it out, she jumped into bed hiding her face. Fortunately Mrs. Hale came to bid her good night, and hastened to turn off the gas, saying:

"How could nurse leave you with the gas so high."

Mary said:

"She did not, I pulled it myself. Wanted to make it go."

"You must never light the gas, dear child, or put it out. Remember that it is dangerous."

The next morning was bright and sunny, and Mary rose at dawn, dressed herself very rapidly, put on her hat, and long before any of the family were up, ran down stairs, out of the front door, and was going off to see the wonders of the city alone; when the maid saw her and ran after her, and told her she must come back. Mary looked at her quietly, and asked her when they had breakfast.

"Half-past eight," said the maid.

"And now it is just seven. I shall have time for a good run before breakfast," said Mary, and off she ran, leaving the maid dumb with astonishment. After a time, she recovered herself enough to go and tell the nurse, who was filling the children's baths, who said crossly, "That girl will be the plague of my life." She told the maid to ask Thomas, the indoor man, to follow Mary at once, and bring her home. She did not like to disturb Mrs. Hale, who was very tired, and not awake.

Thomas did not hurry, and Mary had wholly disappeared before he came out. He went up the hill to the Common. Meeting a policeman, he asked him if he had seen a little girl running along, the policeman with great dignity said, "Several," and walked off. Thomas hastened along. He disliked walking, and thought racing after lost children not his business. At last down at the West street gate of the Common, he found Mary sociably conversing with an apple woman, in a deep cape bonnet, and buying some peanuts with some cents her father had given her as a parting present. Thomas came up, saying in an angry tone:

"You are to come home, miss. Mr. Hale will be awful angry. Come along with me."

Mary gave him a quick look, and as he held out his hand, she said: "I came alone, and can go back alone." And was off like the wind, across the Common and down the hill, leaving Thomas to come panting after her. The apple woman chuckled, and said, "Well, that child is kind of cute, anyway. Had not you better hurry up a little?" which made Thomas more angry than ever.

As Mary danced along, her little feet hardly seeming to touch the ground, she met Mr. Hale coming to look for her. He looked very grave and shook his head, but Mary merely shouted. "Morning. Have a pea-nut?" and dashed past him up the steps into the house.

Mrs. Hale came down in her wrapper, saying: "How you have frightened me, dear. How could you run away?"

"Well, now," said Mary, "I was only taking a walk. I never got lost up to the mountains, guess I shan't in this little town!"

Mary loved Mrs. Hale, and finding she was really troubled, promised not to run off without leave again.

The little boys were much excited by all this, and after breakfast Mrs. Hale sent them all out with the nurse on to the Public Garden, to have a good play.

Mr. Hale said to his wife, "This will not do, my dear. You must send the child to school at once."

In a few days Mary was sent to a private school near their house, where several children of Mrs. Hale's friends went. Mary disliked going to school extremely. She could not sit still so long, and the studies seemed very hard. She thought the children were stupid, as they did not care to run and jump as she did.

The quiet, little city maidens looked upon her as a kind of wild Indian who had come among them; though Mrs. Hale had dressed her with the greatest care in precisely the same style that the other children were dressed, and Mary was so dispirited and homesick, that she was very quiet. Sometimes during recess she would ask some of the girls to run and play with her, but they refused, she was so different from them.

Mrs. Hale was anxious about Mary, who seemed to grow thin and pale every day, so she took her long drives with her into the country, which Mary enjoyed, so all went well while the bright October days lasted, though Mary often said, "I want to go home, and go apling and nutting."

When the short, foggy days of November came, Mary grew more listless and unhappy.

One afternoon Mrs. Hale drove out of town with her husband, leaving Mary at home with the children. Charlie soon went out to play with some of the boys. Little Frank, who was shut up with a cold, went to sleep, and the nurse turned Mary out of the nursery, as she did not choose to have Frank disturbed. Mary had the afternoon for herself, and she felt this was her opportunity for carrying out a long cherished plan; quickly she rushed up to her little room, and dragged out from her closet a box and bag concealed there, then taking a pretty fringed towel, she ran down stairs into the empty reception room, by the front door, she took from there a very small table, opened the front door, took it down the steps, and placed it on the little grass plat at one side of the steps, then she brought out the towel which she spread over it, she took from the box and bag, apples and pears, and nuts, which had been given her to take to school for her lunch. She had stored them away, till she had enough to cover the little table. Mary then tied on her old blue hood and the old sack that she wore on her journey, and took her stand behind the table. Very soon children collected around her and she offered her fruit for sale, and they were delighted to buy it. The novel sight of a fruit stand in front of a Beacon street house, soon attracted a crowd.

When Mr. and Mrs. Hale returned from driving, their astonishment was great, to find the sidewalk before their house so crowded that they could with difficulty alight from the carriage. Mr. Hale pushed his way through, and to his dismay saw Mary, with her little hood thrown back, her curls flying, a brilliant color in her face, in great excitement, selling off the last of her fruit. It did not take him many minutes to sweep Mary, table and all into the house. Calling the nurse, he ordered her to take Mary up into the nursery and keep her there; then turning to his wife he said:

"Don't you think we have tried this experiment long enough? I cannot stand this sort of thing."

Mrs. Hale called Mary into her room and told her it was very wrong in her to behave in this way, but Mary said: "It was all my own fruit that you gave me. My mother is poor, and I wanted to sell it for her, she always lets me." And then she began to cry. Mrs. Hale, who was very tender-hearted, tried to comfort her by saying she would give her presents to send to her mother, but that she must never try to sell any thing again, while she remained with them. Mary sobbed out that she wanted to go home for Thanksgiving, and refused to be comforted, till Charlie came to play with her.

After dinner as Mr. and Mrs. Hale, and the children, were sitting in front of the fire in the parlor, there came a loud ring at the door bell, and presently an immensely tall man, in rough overcoat and heavy boots, appeared at the parlor door. Little Frank, convinced that one of the giants of the fairy tales had come at last, hid under the table, but Mary, shouting, "Why, it is my father," ran to meet him. The giant taking her by the hand, said:

"Good evening. I came down along o' my turkeys for Thanksgiving. Called round to see how you all be."

Mr. Hale welcomed him cordially and gave him a seat by the fire. Mrs. Hale told him of Mary's school, and how well she was studying and asked about his family. When suddenly Mary burst out crying, saying:

"Father, take me home. I want to see mother and baby. I want to be there Thanksgiving."

Mr. Smith patted his child's head, saying:

"Why, little gal, that ain't perlite."

Mrs. Hale saw a look of great satisfaction come over his rough face. She told him how sorry she was to have Mary feel homesick, but thought perhaps after a little visit home, she might be more contented. Mr. Smith said:

"Well, mother's kind of lonesome without Mary. She was handy about the baby, and she'd better go home long o' me, and stay there."

Mrs. Hale looked much disappointed, but Mr. Hale said:

"Mr. Smith must do what he thinks best. We should be very glad to have Mary pass the winter with us, but if she is not happy, she had better go home."

Mr. Smith took from his pocket a bag of chestnuts which he gave to Mary, then telling her she must be ready to start at seven o'clock the next morning, he bid them good evening, and marched off, silent and stiff as he came in.

Mary ran up to her room and began packing her things into her bag, saying: "I must hurry up." Mrs. Hale came to her and helped her fold up her dresses, telling her how sorry she was to have her go, and that little Frank was crying about it. But all that Mary would say was, "I must be going home. My mother wants me."

There was not much sleep for Mrs. Hale that night, as Mary came to her every hour to ask what time it was, and if it was time to go, and at five o'clock, insisted upon dressing herself. Nurse gave her some breakfast, and soon little Frank was wakened by Mary's kissing him good by. He rubbed his sleepy eyes, and looking out of the window, saw the "giant" taking Mary away, and Charlie waving his hand to her. The little boy began to cry and said: "Mamma, I wanted Mary for my little sister."

Mrs. Hale cried with him, but Charlie said: "I should think Mary would wish to go home, it is much better fun up there."

Mr. Hale came into the nursery, kissed his wife, saying: "No child can ever fill the place of our little Mabel."

ETHEL WAINWRIGHT.

The Library.

THE VARYING SEASONS.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

Like them my friends, to whom I turn
With gladness, when my heart needs cheer,
And glean from all the gift so dear,
While ways of each I seek to learn.

Sweet, tender spring, with witching grace,
Twines dainty arms to show how fond
She would with me fulfill the bond
Of friendship, and I scan her face,

So full of smiles and touching thought,
With thanks that she is sent to me,
Thus to impart her timely glee
When heart and brain are overwrought.

Then comes bright summer, ah, how fair
Affections of the purest, too,
And naught withheld that she can do
To help me all my trials bear.

To her, I owe a lifelong debt
Of gratitude for pleasures past,
Since she has o'er my pathway cast
The most enduring love-light yet.

But autumn holds a harvest-store
Of kindly feeling to my gain;
None of my friends their loving feign,
Though from dear summer I own more.

E'en winter, colder seeming, gives
Some helps that can but be received
As tests of truth to be believed;
And so my heart, enfolded, lives

For those it loves, and knows its wealth,
While in its depths lie untold hoards
Of tenderness, whose might accords
With what it finds by honest stealth.

Like varying seasons are my friends,
And, as my needs, so turns my heart
To them, for what they may impart,
Till heaven be gained, and earth-strife ends.

THE ART OF QUOTING.

BY WILLIAM SAWYER.

TO QUOTE effectively is an art. He who ventures to quote should have a delicate perception of fitness, bordering on the fastidious. Not only should his passages be chosen daintily, but he should discriminate between kinds and have an instinct in application. For example, the quotation which is simply used to give force to an expression or to help the turn of a sentence, must not be hackneyed. A certain amount of familiarity in its sound is well; that arrests the attention, and helps to give zest. But it should be more rare than that which is to be changed in the alembic of wit into something brighter than itself. Where a quotation is to be used in epigrammatic fashion, no matter for its age, or how commonplace it may be, the manner of its use will give it a momentary freshness and brilliance of which it appeared incapable.

As illustrating the quotation in its simplest form, that is, as a help to the rounding of a period, I may cite what was said of Louis Philippe by an antagonist, in 1834: "He endeavors to steer between the two antagonistic principles of monarchy and revolution; he is, therefore, obliged to appear alternately to the one and to the other; his language is that of the bat—

"Je suis oiseau—voyez mes ailes;
Je suis souris—vivent les rats!"

As an instance in which force and intensity were the result of quotation, I may recall to the reader's mind Mr. Gladstone's application of a famous passage in Tennyson to Mr. Lowe's conduct in respect of reform. Admitting that Mr. Lowe was faithful to his principles, after a fashion, he said that—

"His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

The effect of the passage was immense; but it will be seen that its sole merit lay in stating concisely and forcibly what it would have taken the speaker a very long time to have put into his own words.

In the course of conversation at a literary club, allusion was made to a member more remarkable for brilliance than prin-

ciple; given to borrowing money, but above the weakness of returning it. "And yet," said a miserly old member, "I once lent him ten pounds, and he returned it." "Never!" exclaimed one of the listeners, "you—once—lent a man—ten pounds? Why this is history!" "Not the 'history' that 'repeats itself,' at all events," was the old member's quiet rejoinder.

There is a capital story told of a popular author, whose name I withhold, and respecting whom it will be sufficient to state here that he was educated as an artist, but afterward devoted himself to letters. At a friend's house he one evening met a young painter, and the next day was any thing but charmed to receive a picture by parcels delivery, accompanied by a note requesting a written criticism on it. The painting was execrable, and our friend at once returned it with an intimation that he was too busy to attend to the young man's request. But the painter was not to be put down so easily. Next day back came the picture, and another note, saying he was in no hurry, and would be content to wait any time for the coveted criticism. A postscript intimated that it would be conferring an additional favor if the author would also furnish a motto for the work. Enraged at the fellow's audacity, our friend packed off the picture once more, and posted a letter somewhat to this effect: "I return your painting, neither having at present nor being at all likely to have time to give you an article upon it; but, as I write, a line from Tennyson occurs to me which you may take both as a criticism and motto. It is from 'The May Queen,'

"And if it comes three times, I take it for a sign!"

The temptation to scriptural quotation is to be avoided, though even the Puritans were not very scrupulous in this respect. I will venture to give two examples only. At the time of the Duke of Wellington's death, it will be remembered, Disraeli ventured to adapt from the French, as applicable to the occasion, an oration which had been spoken at the funeral of General St. Cyr. The discovery of the source of the oration raised a storm, which was all the more unfortunate as the conservative party had sustained a series of mishaps just about that time. Who, then, could repress a smile, when there appeared in a liberal paper an article on the subject with the motto "But Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs!" The other quotation to which I have alluded was used in the course of a discussion on the irreligious tone of the newspapers of the day. "They not only do not help us," said a young clergyman, but from their worldly tone, they actually stand in the way of those who seek to Christianize the nation." "Exactly so," retorted a clever young barrister present, "but it must have been always so, you know; you will see it recorded, 'They could not come nigh unto Him for the press.'"

At least half our popular quotations are from Shakespeare, and perhaps it would not be an exaggeration to say that of the Shakespearean popular lines half are from Hamlet. Experience shows that there is hardly any phase of life, any modern invention even, to which the great poet's words are not applicable. This has been very aptly illustrated by an anecdote. A stranger at a club demurred to the assertion of an enthusiast that Shakespeare had anticipated the resources of our age so far as poetical description went. "How about the treadmill?" he asked, triumphantly. "In what words would you describe the feelings of a man sentenced to a turn upon that?" "Nothing easier," was the rejoinder. "Lear might have had it in mind when he said:

"Down, down, thou climbing sorrow!"

A good instance of epigrammatic quo-

tation is recorded of Hamilton Reynolds, well-known as possessing, among other acquirements, an exceptionally great acquaintance with Shakespeare's works. He was present at Gore House one evening among a number of distinguished men, and as the countess of Blessington saw him to the door on his departure, she said, I understand, Mr. Reynolds, that you enjoy the reputation of being able to give a Shakespearean *mot* suitable to every occasion? Come; what have you to say now!" "Madame," replied Reynolds, without a moment's hesitation, "I take my leave

"Under the shade of melancholy boughs."

He bowed profoundly as he spoke, and went.

The very happiest quotation on record is recalled to mind by the death of Lord Brougham. In the trial of Queen Caroline it was a curious and significant fact that no prosecutor appeared, and it became most important to show that the king was the real plaintiff. Questions to witnesses bearing on that point were objected to, and Brougham, in a memorable outburst, indignantly protested against this, urging that, for all he could tell, the prosecution might suddenly vanish into thin air, since he knew not under what shape it existed—

"If shape it might be called, that shape had none,
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb—
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed;
For each seem'd either—what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

The effect of this quotation, apparently so spontaneously conjured up in the memory of the speaker, yet so singularly apposite, was electrical.

Quotation reaches its perfection in capping. To cite a passage in such a manner that, by reason of the way in which it is used, it shall attain the point of an epigram or the severity of a sarcasm, is comparatively easy. But instances are few in comparison where the force of one applied quotation is destroyed by another, the adversary being overcome by a superior master of his own weapon. There occurs to me an illustration of what may be termed practical capping, that is, where an effect was destroyed, or sought to be destroyed, by an adroit attempt to "cap" it on the part of an antagonist. Every one recollects Burke's famous dagger-speech; that oration in which he gained so great an effect by working himself up to a fury, and then flinging a dagger at his feet on the floor of the house. That effect, they tell us, was almost destroyed by the happy audacity of an opponent, who, starting up at the moment, inquired, "Could the honorable gentleman oblige us with the fork also?" The romance attaching to the dagger was gone; the wit had reduced it to a mere dinner-knife.

A great point in regard to quotation is that it should be accurate. Nothing offends the scholarly mind more than looseness in this respect. Yet there are some familiar lines scarcely ever quoted correctly. Take as an example, that from Milton's "Lycidas"—

"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

Almost invariably it will be found that "fields" is substituted for "woods." Yet this is done at the expense of the poet, who is virtually made to repeat himself, seeing that "fresh fields" is almost identical with "pastures new." Milton was the very last writer to fall into an error of this sort.

The most amusing instance of misquotation which has come under my notice of late is this rendering of the famous line in Keats:

"The owl with all his feathers had a cold."

The substitution of "had" for "was" is very simple, but how utterly it drives out the poetry!

While felicitous quotation is always attractive, there is nothing so offensive to

good taste as the habit of quoting for mere quoting's sake; the abuse of the principle as exemplified in feeble authors and writers of newspaper paragraphs. There is no justification for a style which is a mere mosaic of popular phrases. It is neither clever nor smart, and is probably merely adopted from poverty of idea and language. Or it may result from an indolent falling back on convenient forms of expression, since it is always so much easier to use the old worn coinage, than to strike out phrases fire-new from the mint of one's own brain. Whatever the cause, the effect is detestable. The reader finds himself in the position of a man crossing a turbid stream on stepping-stones, his anxious care being to hop from one quotation to another without endangering himself or his author.—*Exchange.*

IN ARMOR.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

Defensive arms are needed by every individual in contact with the world, and none who value life at its best should go forth without the safe protection to shield him in the way. The thrusts of a calumnious band, or even of a single-handed combatant, may then hit their mark, but cannot lodge the piercing arrows in the breast of an unsuspecting mortal. They may, indeed, wound, but the panoply of virtue can both heal and sustain.

Face to face with the foes of peace, too many meet resistance weakly. Forgetting their arms of defence, they strive with merely human weapons, and fall exhausted in the affray; else, stand back, from fear, helplessly receiving blow after blow, aimed maliciously, and having no courage to either depart as worsted, or to assume the armor of strength before the scornful enemy.

An unselfish soldier will undertake the burden of attack upon another, whether the latter be either powerless or faint-hearted, or whether his absence demand a faithful armor-bearer in his stead. He will not quail, but would rather suffer a fiery charge upon himself than to endure in ignominious silence.

In a personal affair, it is often better to "suffer, and be quiet." When an absent one is attacked, it is the true part of valor to take up the defence, while it is cowardly to leave the vantage-ground to the assaulter.

Slander, back-biting, or venomous onslaught, deserve keenest resistance. A look, a tone, an honorable unwillingness to listen to these, may any of them intercede valiantly for the courageous spirit.

Only in confidence, and that the purest, with trusted friends, should ever words of unpleasant nature be exchanged, such as shall tend to injure the reputation of the person mentioned; and then only, when some faithful purpose be the motive for speaking. Reports are quickly spread and enlarged upon, even though true in the beginning. And no one can foretell the consequences of an indiscreet rumor.

As we have it from good authority, character, if firm, will remain unspoiled, whatever tongues may claim for it, but reputation is an uncertain thing, and depends more or less upon one's standing with the outer world. Well is it, that we gain our real worth *virtute, non riris.*

A better looking inward, to learn one's own's self, will facilitate happiness more surely, and give opportunity for too much home business, to allow the thinker to be much occupied with "other men's matters," except as it teach one to look into other lives for the object of benevolence.

Consult the words of wisdom: "Behold, how great a matter a little firekin-

dleth." "The tongue is a little member, but it boasteth great things." "A tale-bearer revealeth secrets." "A whisperer separateth very friends."

On the other hand, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, against such there is no law." "A wise heart withholdeth a matter." "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor."

Who can envy the slanderer? Who, indeed, could covet the happiness (?) of the heart in whose depth strife and poisonous sarcasms lurk! What peace has the soul at enmity with its God-given self? If the pulpit-preachers discoursed from applicable texts every week in the year for a decade, they could not exterminate the growing evil from out the land.

"Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh." Every true mortal should ponder these words, and—"keep (his) heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

To come to finer points, what heart-breakings, and what variances, have resulted between lovers and between friends, by the liberty, which, when once allowed the tongue, set it on fire to the destruction of mutual peace! Conscience may have gently spoken, but temper, or jealousy, perhaps, became master, and the hard speeches finding first voice aloud, gave rise to uncontrollable ill-nature, until, lo! a barrier stands erected, and neither person attempts to destroy it, selfish pride creeping in to prevent, or, else, it stands so fast, that one alone cannot cause its downfall, while the other refuses assistance.

Unhappy consequences too frequently follow kind words in honor spoken. But duty bids to fearless deeds of tongue no less than of hand. How to say a word or words, is a fine accomplishment, gained only by habitual companionship with virtuous, kindly thought. For, however natural the gift of gentleness, or of courtesy, only a sure foundation for the practice of these can avail in more than ordinary event. The nature of humanity is prone to weakness, cowardice, and to error.

Charity is, by no means, the whole of the universal law, although much depends upon the spirit which it begets. Neither can a brave speaking tongue, nor one which is fast withholding, make up the life of a good spiritual soldier, whose multitudinous requirements are intended to keep his heart, his mind, and his whole being, from evil, and his eyes steadfast towards the entire victory demanded of himself—not another.

A complex life is that of the enlister in the army of the faithful. No light, off-hand strife will suffice. He has no earthly commands, but a heavenly. Still, he must be united, by earnest fellowship, to his unnumbered comrades, else, fall from their ranks as a deserter.

A glorious panoply is that which brightly shields the voluntary wearer, and he would not barter it for any worldly possession which he has known. It strengthens, uplifts, and ensures his spirit, as no might of lesser kind can do; while naught can wrest it from him, if it be but firmly girded; hourly worn. How secure the path of every one who walks thus in armor!

SOME LONG WORDS.

Says the Rochester Post-Express: "A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican asked for the longest word in the English language. There have been a large number of answers, some of them quite amusing. Here is a list of words, with the number of letters in each:

Letters.

Philoprogenitiveness..... 20
Incomprehensibleness..... 20

Disproportionableness	21
Suticonstitutionalist	21
Honorificabilitudinitate	22
Velocipedestrianistical	23
Transubstantionableness	23
Proantitiansubstantiationist	28

Only the first three words are to be found in the last edition of Webster's dictionary, and disproportionableness is undoubtedly the longest word in that volume. The correspondent who originated honorificabilitudinitate defines it as honorableness, but it certainly has not honorableness enough to entitle it to a nest in the unabridged. Velocipedestrianistical likewise lacks age and respectability, but it may find its way into Webster in time; it certainly has good locomotive powers. Suticonstitutionalist is doubtful, but we do not believe even a mandamus would get it into the dictionary. Transubstantionableness might get there if Webster wasn't looking. The man who invented proantitiansubstantiationist says it is a good English word, 'derived from a short and simple Latin root, and means one who dissents from the doctrine or dogma of the so-called Real Presence.' That may all be, but he ought to be condemned to pronounce the word twice a day as long as he lives if he tries to introduce it into the speech of honest men. But, speaking of long words, what is the matter with Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgertrobwylgerchwyrmuyllogerbwllzantosiliogog-lgoch, the name of a village in Wales?"

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me the words of the song entitled "Paul Jones" and also "James Bird?" I will return a like favor in any way I can.

MRS. MARCIA FLANDERS.

Ticeville, Dakota.

Will some of the Band be kind enough to send me the words of the song, "When You and I Were Young, Maggie?" I will gladly return postage, or in way I can return the favor.

MRS. W. D. H.
Box 23, West Willington, Conn.

Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me where I can find, or who is the author of the poem containing, as near as I can recall them, these words:

"Twas late in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year,
'Twas hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the ghouli-haunted woodland of Weir."
I will return the favor in any way I can.

MABEL M. WOOD.
148 W. 129th St., New York city.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to ask through your paper if any one has a poem of which the following is the first verse:

"Yes, little nest, I hold you fast;
And little birds, one, two, three, four.
I've watched you long, you're mine at last,
Poor little things, you'll escape no more."

They were in a spelling book years ago. I would send any verses I have in return if wished.

MRS. H. HUBBARD.
North Limington, Maine.

THE REVIEWER.

THE FULL STATURE OF A MAN. By Julian Warth. The Round World Series. This story—which forms the initial volume in The Round World Series—shows a good deal of skill in construction and in the handling of its characters. The author has decided opinions upon certain of the social questions of the day—labor, socialism, church-going, and other topics—and he discusses them in the story with a good deal of sharpness and ability, without, however, making them obtrusive. He deals with the labor question, not in the way of argument, but by showing the results of long hours and low wages upon laborers and industrial workers and tracing their reflex action upon the community at large. He asserts that the present system of charity breeds paupers. "We give," he says, "con-

stantly to the poor without demanding an equivalent in labor, and then wonder they are not self-reliant and self-denying. Nothing should be free to any man in an orderly state of society—not even spiritual things. The churches have made men spiritual paupers, by teaching vicarious atonement and free salvation, instead of charging them to work out their own salvation." These ideas are worked out in the course of the book, not, as we have said, obtrusively, but incidentally, and through the conversation of the characters. The story as a story is bright and full of incident. \$1.25. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

THE INTERSTATE READERS, for October, begin a regular monthly issue of a series of supplementary readers, graded to meet the needs of the different classes in our public schools. There are three readers in the series: Primary, for the youngest pupils; Intermediate, for the next higher class, containing bright stories for boys and girls of from eight to twelve years old and Grammar School, a large and handsome quarto of forty-eight pages, made up of a higher class of matter, including, besides stories by favorite authors, sketches of history, biography and travel, and general literature. The three magazines are published monthly during the school year of ten months. Each number is complete in itself, and the issues of the entire series are beautifully illustrated. The Primary and Intermediate are only thirty cents a year, and the Grammar School one dollar. Boston: The Interstate Pub. Co., 30 Franklin St.

We have received an attractive little pamphlet with a most attractive title: PERFECT BREAD, in the pages of which all sorts of bread, muffins, etc., are treated, over fifty recipes for preparing them being given. The author, Catherine Owen, seems to know just what people need, and her little book will help many a young housekeeper. Price 25 cts. Holyoke Mass.: Clark W. Bryan & Co.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for October brings to its readers a host of good things, entitling it to be placed among the brilliant numbers of the year. A most interesting article "The Story of Tanis," by Miss A. B. Edwards, gives a sketch of the latest Egyptian explorations, the profuse illustrations lending greatly to the value of the article. Mrs. Lucy C. Little contributes a paper on "Autumn in England," pleasing to those interested in hunting. It is illustrated by Alfred Parsons and A. C. Corbould. "Their Pilgrimage," Mr. Warner's out-door serial brings some of the pilgrims to an unpleasant crisis, and there are two able articles of naval and military interest, both amply illustrated. Mr. Blackmore's "Springhaven" is continued and there are two excellent short stories, "Old 'Stracted," by Thomas Nelson Page, and "The River Flows On," by Helen Gray Cone. Several fine poems are given. Mr. Roe continues his helpful series, "The Home Acre," and the editorial departments are full of interest and entertainment. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

With its November number the MAGAZINE OF ART ends the tenth year of its valuable existence and closes the volume for 1886. The frontispiece is a reproduction in brown of Sir Joshua's famous portrait of the Hon. Miss Ann Bingham, after Batolozzi's engraving. The magazine opens with a spirited paper on "The American Salon," that is, the American painters who exhibit in the Paris salon, by Paul Leroy, which is illustrated by engravings from some of the more recent contributions. An account of some historic gloves, which is illustrated among others by a fac-simile of Shakespeare's gloves now owned by Dr. H. H. Furness, of Philadelphia, and St. James' Palace is described with pen and pencil by W. J. Loftie. This is followed by a poem called "Wasted," by Wilfrid Meynell. "The Forgerie of Bastianini," from the chapter in the series on the Romance of Art. "Apple Tree Corner," a favorite resort of artists, is so graphically pictured by the pen of Katharine de Mattos, and the pencil of H. R. Bloomer, that the reader quite envies the painters this beautiful retreat. Canada is said to have no literature, but no one can deny from the evidence in this magazine, her claims to a national school of painting. "Art in Canada," occupies several pages of illustrated letter-press. The poem and picture of the month are by J. Arthur Blakie and Alice Havers. An interesting paper is devoted to "Van Dyck in Antwerp," and is fol-

lowed by a paper on "Medals of the Stage," by W. E. Henley. The art notes are excellent. 35 cents a copy, \$3.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

THE DECORATOR AND FURNISHER for October gives a number of designs for small pieces of furniture, such as brackets, sconces, book-racks, and the like. There is likewise a full page of Arabic borders and panels that will be of great value to artists and wood carvers. The latest importations in vases are illustrated and described in an appropriate article. Some new English patterns in wall papers are shown, together with sensible directions for the selection of papers. A comprehensive article on graining gives instructions how best to do that work, and will be of service to the trade and the amateur. A continuation of the series on "Church Decoration," is given, an article telling prices and styles of new carpets, and some excellent furniture sketched from the South Kensington Museum. An interior of a Colonial house at New London is pleasing. There is a colored plate of the famous America Cup, worth preservation. The department devoted to showing the new things in the trade, the furniture, stoves, etc., is especially complete and valuable. 35 cents a copy. New York: The Decorator & Furnisher Co. 30 East 14th St.

The October WIDE AWAKE is as cheery and breezy as an October day. It opens with a fine frontispiece by Garrett entitled "Comrades." Sophie May has the opening story, "The Gypsy Monkey," and a few pages farther on there is another monkey story, "The Odd Switch-Tender of the M. & C." Between these comes a delightful prose-poem by Mrs. Celia Thaxter, "A Tiny Tale of Travel." Farther along, in grave contrast, we come upon Mrs. Foote's tale of the burning of Royalton, entitled "The Heroism of Mrs. Hendee," and also upon an amusing though startling Tennessee story by Mr. Hays of the U. S. Geologic Survey, "The Big Varmint on the Height-ho." Mr. Brooks has a Spanish Hallow E'en story in his "Cycle" series. In "Royal Girls and Royal Courts," Mrs. Sherwood describes the German court and some of its princesses; and in the line of "papers" Miss Harris writes about "H. H., and Others," Miss Cheeseboro of a "Scarabaeus Club," and Rossiter Johnson has a long and interesting article upon "Bridges." The serials are all good, and the poems of the number are "Little Alix," a seven-page ballad of the Children's Crusade, by Susan Coolidge; "Autumn Fashions," by Edith M. Thomas; "Tongues in Trees," by May Riley Smith; and "The Clocks of Kenilworth," a spirited and melodious historical ballad by Hezekiah Butterworth, specially suited to declamation and recitation. Boston: \$3.00 a year. D. Lothrop & Co.

We have received a copy of GREEN'S FRUIT GROWER for October, giving special attention to the culture of grapes. Published quarterly. 50 cents a year. Rochester, N. Y.: Green's Fruit Grower.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY for October is charming as it is possible for a magazine to be, from the child gathering the golden-rod to the twelve little playmates who are enjoying a romp together as only a group of happy little folks can enjoy it. The remainder of the book is filled as usual, with stories and poems and pictures which must delight the children. \$1.50 a year. Boston: The Russell Pub. Co.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

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

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

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for November. \$2.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE QUIVER for November. \$1.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

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

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

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE for November. \$2.00 a year. New York: The Brooklyn Magazine Co.

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

THE BOOK BUYER for November. \$1.00 a year. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

BABYHOOD for November. \$1.50 a year. New York: Babyhoob Pub. Co., 5 Beekman St.

THE PANSY for November. \$1.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

QUERIES for November. \$1.00 a year. Buffalo, N. Y.: C. L. Sherrill & Co.

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

THE FOLIO for November. \$1.60 a year. Boston: White, Smith & Co.

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

The Dressing Room.

FASHION NOTES.

BY GOSSIP.

CHANGE is the immutable law of nature. Even the everlasting hills are not always the same in appearance. At one time they are clothed in spotless white, at another they are fresh and youthful in a robe of emerald green, again we see them shimmering in the vari-colored tints of autumn, or later, standing dull, bare and brown. So Dame Fashion, fickle though she be, has good precedent for her behavior, and so changeable is our climate that we are hardly equipped for one season ere we have to give thought to another.

The shops are full of new goods, and rich materials and colors blend in delightful confusion. Among the desirable colors are shown seal brown, Russian green, dark blue, prune, and wood brown, with various combinations of green and ruby, navy blue and crushed strawberry, brown and silver, while white, red and green are shown in the shape of hair lines, spots and dashes on nearly all the plain colors.

Basques are slightly shorter at the sides and postilions narrower. Nearly all have *revers*, vests or waistcoats, or there are jetted or velvet plastrons to put on at pleasure. The surplice waists are very pretty. The fullness comes from the shoulders, and is carried from right to left giving a diagonal effect. This terminates at the waist line with a few gathers in case of a round waist, or is carried in plaits to the bottom of the basque, where the overlapping part is finished with a velvet bow.

The polonaise still continues in fashion, being often seen on tailor-made suits. They are not much draped, but the back is very full, and hangs gracefully over a large *tournure*. With tailor costumes the high linen collar and narrow tie are used.

Skirts are cut so as to clear the ground, and many are perfectly plain, except for the over draperies. In camel's hair and serge, the skirts are kilt plaited, but are not as heavy as formerly, as the plaits are larger and not so deep.

On cloth costumes, sleeves are cut close, plain and of medium length, though there is a tendency to more amplitude above the elbow with some *modistes*. They are often without trimming, but a corner of velvet or a few rows of braid may be applied, where these are used on other parts of the gown. We have no dresses, costumes nor toilets now, you know; they are all "gowns" and "frocks;" so English!

The panel is a favorite skirt decoration and appears in various forms. Sometimes of velvet, of plaits or gathers, of embroidery, of rows of braid or passementerie, or a velvet panel is decorated with a succession of passementerie ornaments of graduated sizes. If you want something simple and at the same time stylish, arrange an overskirt as follows: The under skirt must be entirely plain, and the overskirt cut much the same, with a wider front, not quite as long and much fuller. This is plaited in very full at the back, and at the sides it is caught up in graceful plaits forming a rather deep apron. Passementerie ornaments, ribbons or buttons are used on the sides to fasten the plaits.

I will describe one of the newest designs for a cloth or flannel tailor-made suit. Front and side breadths of skirt plain, not even a dust ruffle. At the top a plain, folded, slightly sagging drapery, covering one-third the length of the skirt. Back drapery full, plain and as long as

the under skirt, which it completely covers, being plaited in full at the back, and brought round on each side plain to form a panel, which is fastened to the front by a succession of large buttons. Basque plain, slightly pointed in front, postilion back, jacket fronts with flat collar. This jacket does not meet, and is slightly shorter than the basque, and square at the bottom. Small buttons close the front, while larger ones are used on each side of the jacket and on the sleeves which have no other trimming.

Beads of all shapes and colors are more used than ever, pendant tassels and sequin drops being the newest features in this line. In braids there are many new conceits, as diamond, open work, mohair Astrakhan, ribbed and basket.

The jersey again comes to the front in such a multitude of forms that one hardly recognizes it. Many have elegantly beaded vests, cuffs, collars, and postilions. Others are furnished with vests of plaited silk in contrasting colors, or have an ornamentation of braid or embroidery. A jersey must be worn over a perfect-fitting corset and under-waist in order to give satisfaction, a fact some overlook. There is a new jersey made of *boucle* cloth in desirable dark colors and black, with coat back and no trimming except the buttons. This is used either as a waist or an outside garment on warm days.

In regard to wraps, extremes seem to be the order of the day, if we except the lovely seal plush sacks which come in medium lengths. A new cloaking cloth is called bison. It has a hairy surface and heavy diagonal twill. These diagonal lines are sometimes of two shades of the same color, or even of two colors. Many heavy cloths are made in Newmarket style, with cuffs, collars, shoulder capes, and front panels of Astrakhan, plush or fur. There are elegant short wraps of seal skin, frieze, or silk *matelaise*, or brocaded velvet, many being cut with the new sling sleeves. These are lined with quilted silk or satin, and edged with bands of feathers, plush or fur. In fur the tall and double ball trimmings are especially desirable. With tailor costumes, jackets are the only proper wear.

Bonnets are high, hats are higher, trimmings are highest! Some coarse straws are shown but the favorite materials are velvet, felt and plush, or a frame covered with beads, those of jet and copper being the prettier. Velvets and plashes are first in favor as trimmings and ribbons are used in profusion. The enormously long loops used on hats must have a lining of some stiff material to keep them in place. The most popular style of hat has a wide straight rim closely rolled on one side, and a high tapering crown. Bonnets fit the head comfortably, and are close on the sides, but the trimming is so disposed as to add several inches to the height of the wearer. Feathers are used in profusion, preference being given to those of the ostrich, next come bird-of-paradise plumes, parti-colored feathers and pommoms. A novelty in millinery is the use of plashes which simulate the skins of wild beasts. These are put plainly over the crown to further carry out the idea. Round hats of the "cavalier" order are worn by the select few.

In buttons there are many new and rich designs, and they will be used in profusion on the most stylish garments. For use with jet trimmings there are choice buttons of cut jet, small, round, and with perfect facets. Elegant hand-made crochet buttons are shown, and there are lovely buttons of carved wood to match all the new cloths. Half-globe buttons are used as well as the ball. The better grades of buttons come in three sizes—the large ones for skirts, the next size for jackets and backs of basques, and the smallest for closing the bodice.

Bodices are still cut long-waisted, with high biases, and are fitted well in and down at the back. This with the short shoulder seams, gives an erect, slender effect and shows the *tournure* to advantage.

Two braids are used on the bottoms of skirts, one put on as a binding, the other laid flat on the inside and falling slightly below the binding. This is easily removed, and saves the binding which is so much trouble to put on.

The seams of waists must be opened and pressed out flat, and all boned except the rounded ones in the back. For this purpose, the new material "feather-bone," is much better than whalebone, being thinner, more elastic, and more easily worked. It comes in all colors and is laid flat on the opened seam, being held in place by cross stitches of colored embroidery silk. Two yards will be enough for a basque. The price is fifteen cents per yard, but twelve yards can be bought for a dollar and a quarter.

In these days of tailor made gowns, the underclothing must fit as closely and perfectly as the outer garments.

ALL SORTS.

Some sister, not long since, wanted to know what to give a gentleman Christmas, other than slippers or a smoking set. Below is a list of appropriate gifts. Handkerchiefs, linen or silk, plain or embroidered. A whisk broom in any of the pretty holders described by THE HOUSEHOLD sisters. Hat bands and linings have about had their day, but are still used. A thermometer, decorated as described in a recent number, is very useful and pretty. A letter rack or holder. A pretty paper weight. A decorated shaving mug and case of shaving paper. The latter is made by taking a number of sheets of fancy colored tissue paper and cutting them about six by eight inches. A piece of pasteboard six and one-half inches by four inches is covered with satin or other material on both sides. The front is decorated with painting or embroidery. Another piece the same size is covered for the back. They are then placed together, first tying the paper together at the top, and placing it between, fastening at each end. The covered pieces are tied together half way down the sides with narrow ribbon, and the same is fastened at the top to hang up by. They can be made any size or shape desired, and a Christmas card with fringe is handsome for the front. Besides the above, a napkin ring, gold pen, cigar case, decorated calendar, pocket toilet case, or a silver or Russia leather match case would be appropriate.

Not long since I saw a very handsome pair of toilet bottles and puff box. They were an old set of china ones originally, but had been covered over with glue and then sprinkled with coarse oat meal. When perfectly dry the whole was gilded with liquid gold, and narrow blue ribbon tied about the necks of the bottles. Their beauty had to be seen to be appreciated. Old vases and jars could be decorated in the same way, and be made quite ornamental.

Mary A. H., spatter-work has been described so many times that it seems as if every one ought to know how it is done, but, doubtless, you are a new member. Leaves, ferns, or any design or motto you wish, are fastened to a sheet of drawing paper by means of pins stuck upright. When all is arranged, pour some ink into a shallow dish, and take a piece of an old sieve or wire window screen, hold it over the paper, about four or six inches above it, dip a toothbrush into the ink, strike it against the side of the dish to shake off the most of it, and then rub quickly over the wire netting. If too much ink is used it will be in blots instead of fine spatters;

Some use a fine tooth comb or a stick instead of the wire netting.

Before going further, I want to tell you how to do wet stamping so as not to ruin your patterns. Put a little white paint, (the best tube paints, oil colors,) into a small dish, and thin it to the consistency of cream with benzine or gasoline. Put your design rough side up upon the goods and fasten in place with thumb tacks or pins. With a medium sized bristle brush dipped into the paint, go over the pattern, being careful to touch all the parts perforated. Take up the pattern and go over both sides with a small sponge dipped in the benzine or gasoline. Any mistake can be taken from the goods in the same way. This method of stamping is superior to any of the many ways I have tried. Do not do your stamping near a fire or light, as the benzine and gasoline are highly explosive.

Baby Socks. I have just finished crocheting a pair of little silk socks which are very easily made, and I have never seen any directions just like them. One ball of knitting silk will make two pairs, I think. Use a rather fine rubber needle. Make a chain of forty-six stitches and join.

1. Work one single crochet into each stitch.

2. Work one treble into each stitch. (I think it is called treble. I put the thread over the hook once. At the beginning of each row I make three chain for the first treble, and join each row when finished, instead of going around in one continuous row.)

3, 4, and 5. Same as second row.

6. Same as before, but narrow once on each side of the joining, which leaves forty-four stitches.

7. Same as sixth row, leaving forty-two stitches.

8. Same as seventh row, leaving forty stitches.

9. Same as eighth row, leaving thirty-eight stitches.

10. Same as ninth row, leaving thirty-six stitches.

11. Same as tenth row, leaving thirty-four stitches.

Break the thread and join it eight stitches to the right of the joining place. Knit sixteen treble, turn, knit back the same until you have four rows. This is the heel. Double up on the wrong side and sew or crochet together.

Begin where the joining was made, and crochet nine treble each side of the heel, and one treble into each of the eighteen on the instep. This gives thirty-six treble. Knit two more rows of trebles like this last.

4. Narrow one at the joining, six treble, narrow, one treble, narrow, twelve treble, narrow, one treble, narrow, six treble. This leaves thirty-one treble when the row is joined.

5. Six treble, narrow, one treble, narrow, thirteen treble, narrow, one treble, narrow, six treble. This leaves twenty-seven treble when the row is joined.

6. Six treble, narrow, thirteen treble, narrow, six treble. This leaves twenty-five treble.

7. Six trebles, narrow, twelve trebles, narrow, six trebles, narrow. This leaves twenty-three trebles.

8. Five trebles, narrow, eleven trebles, narrow, five trebles. This leaves twenty-one trebles.

9. Narrow, four trebles, narrow, nine trebles, narrow, five trebles. This leaves eighteen trebles. Draw the silk through and break off leaving four or five inches.

Turn the sock, flatten the top and bottom of the toe together, and sew or crochet them together; turn.

For the border, crochet one single into each chain.

2. Crochet four single, skip one chain, treble into the next, one chain, treble,

and so on, skipping one chain each time. The row of holes should be twenty-two, so in two places skip two stitches instead of one.

3. Two treble, two chain, two treble into one of the large holes, one single into the next hole, two treble, two chain, two treble into the next, and so on.

Run narrow ribbon into the holes and tie in a bow. This may not be very plain upon paper, but after once making one, it is very simple. The shape is not so pretty as some I have made, but when on the little foot it fits perfectly. A pair can be made in two hours easily. They come up quite high as I do not like the very short ones.

If the sisters who send directions for crocheting or knitting mittens, gloves, and slippers, would state the size the directions are for, it would be better. It is rather provoking to crochet a pair of slippers for a number thirteen and one-half foot and find they were intended for a three or four.

"Popular Shell Lace," in the July number is very pretty, and I have just finished three yards of it for a skirt. I do wish the sisters would be careful in their directions. I tried six different laces before I got to that one, and none were correct.

In making toilet sets, etc., for bed rooms, no one seems to mention night-dress cases, and bags for soiled collars and handkerchiefs. The former can be made of a strip of fine crash a yard long by eighteen inches wide. Hem both ends very narrowly. Turn up one end sixteen inches to form a pocket, first having embroidered it with blue or scarlet in a design of poppies. Button-hole it clear around with single zephyr of either color, and turn down the piece at the top for a flap, and embroider the words, "good night," or "rest well." Now crochet one treble into each stitch all around the edge.

Add two curtain rings covered with zephyr at the top to hang it up by, and some fancy balls add to the looks of the bottom corners. One nearly like it is useful for hosiery.

Bags are pretty made of the same crash. Cut five strips four inches wide by sixteen long. Point the lower ends and line with red or blue. Button-hole and crochet all around each piece as around the nightdress case. Work each piece with a vine, butterflies, birds or other designs, and sew all together. Put a loop at the top and one where the pieces begin to slope. Finish with three cords to hang it up by, and cord and balls at the bottom. They are very useful as well as quite ornamental.

If Eva Warren Collier will varnish her table mats with shellac and alcohol they will be very much prettier. Flower pot covers can be made the same way from scraps of twine, and then varnished. I once saw a lovely hanging basket made of an old tin wash pan painted green, and a crocheted cover of twine was drawn over it, and then varnished. The varnish makes the articles a golden brown. Wall pockets and hand bags are made of the same material, but I would advise for the latter, to get a ball of twine, and so avoid knots.

Mrs. Collier is an old acquaintance, but I guess she does not remember me.

Margarett, in the April number, wanted to know how to make rugs out of odds and ends of worsteds and Java canvas. Burlap is the best for rugs. Cut it the size you wish your rug, and fringe out about four inches deep. Now you can use your worsteds to work a deep border in cross stitch, and also for a center piece. Knot bright colored worsted into the fringe. The canvas can be dyed black or a dark brown and will be much handsomer than the natural color. The rugs are very handsome.

Susie can make crocheted bands for a baby by simply crocheting strips the length and width of the flannel ones, using afghan stitch or treble crochet, worked in rows across. WESTERN SISTER.

CHIT-CHATS ON FASHION.

Number Twenty.

BY MARJORIE MARCH.

Winter is upon us, and with the bleak winds comes the necessity for thinking of ways and means to cheat Jack Frost of his nippers and pinchers; we may admire his tracery of birds, flowers and fruit upon the window panes, and the glimpses into fairy land which he gives to us, if seated comfortably by a roaring, blazing fire, when the logs of wood crackle and burn upon the hearth, shedding comfort and glow upon all within its radius.

But if the breath of the ice-king blow upon us, and if we are not prepared to meet him in his sternness, we shiver and suffer with our benumbed fingers and frozen feet, while we sigh for the land of eternal summers. But to those of us who were born to endure and are not fortunate enough to have the means to turn our backs upon the northern winters, winter may be a season of enjoyment if we are suitably and warmly clad. In the first place then, the care is for the feet. Those who can endure to sponge them rapidly with cold water each morning, following by brisk rubbing will not suffer from cold feet, for this method will keep them in a healthy condition by producing circulation of the blood.

In-soles of lamb's wool are a great consolation to those whose business or occupation requires them to spend much time in the open air.

Cold water thrown over the chest, lungs and throat prevents the taking of cold, and the consequent sore throat, bronchitis, etc., in short, a cold sponge bath each morning is the best preservative of health, and a warm bath each evening, just before retiring, refreshes and relaxes the system, and brings with it such a sense of comfort and rest that the sleep which is sure to follow is most refreshing.

The fashion this season in jackets does not change much from that of last winter. Short, tight-fitting jackets for young ladies, are worn either to match the costumes, or of little checks different from, yet worn with all colors.

Wraps of *boucle* trimmed with fur or diagonal cloth trimmed with astrakhan are very much in vogue, as also are astrakhan coats. Fur with tails, and astrakhan with balls are as fashionable as ever. These wraps are shorter in front and have the Maria Louisa sleeves coming from the back.

Seal plush dolmans of fine quality sell for \$35.00, trimmed with raccoon hair and ball trimming. Seal plush, half tight-fitting coats, range in price from \$28 to \$50.00. These are lined throughout with quilted satin and in-pockets, and the ornaments and buttons are of sealskin, and resemble so closely the real sealskin that many persons cannot distinguish between them, especially at a distance.

The fashion of sewing machines has been improving with the progress of the age, and now we find the Acme taking its rank among the first. I was attracted by the advertisement this morning, and while reading it wondered how many of THE HOUSEHOLD Band had tried it. Rosamond E., whose Herculean labors in order to clothe her numerous family of eleven children, entitle her to a voice of authority on all matters pertaining to sewing, writes to me:

"I have a new Acme sewing machine, and am more than satisfied with it. I like

it better than any other machine, for it is absolutely the simplest and can be operated on by a child of ordinary intelligence. One point particularly pleases me, and that is, by the turning of the screw for throwing out of gear for bobbin winding will allow me to drop the work leaving it under the needle, safe from the little busybodies who may do serious mischief, if not break needles, if they should get the chance."

One thing I like about it, it has none of that deafening noise that accompanies the working of most sewing machines, the noise being very slight, and it is, I think, from all I hear, the best machine of our time.

STRAWBERRY LACE.

Cast on nineteen stitches and knit across plain.

1. Knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit four, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit five, thread over twice, knit two.

2. Knit three, purl one, knit seven, purl one, knit five, thread over twice, purl two together.

3. Knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two, narrow, thread over twice, narrow twice, thread over twice, narrow, knit seven.

4. Knit nine, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

5. Knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit four, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit five, thread over twice, narrow, knit two.

6. Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit seven, purl one, knit five, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

7. Knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two, narrow, thread over twice, narrow twice, thread over twice, narrow, knit ten.

8. Bind off five, knit seven, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

9. Knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit four, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit five, thread over twice, knit two.

10. Knit three, purl one, knit seven, purl one, knit five, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

11. Knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit seventeen.

12. Knit seventeen, thread over twice, purl two together.

13. Knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit thirteen, over twice, narrow, over twice, knit two.

14. Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit thirteen, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

15. Knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit twenty.

16. Bind off five, knit fifteen, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Barre, Mass. LUCY E. MASON.

CHILD'S LEGGINS AND DRAWERS.

Use fourfold Germantown yarn and No. 6 bone needles.

Cast on sixty-six stitches.

Knit first and second rows plain.

3. Slip one, knit one, * throw thread over and narrow; repeat from * to the end of the row.

Knit fifty-two rows plain.

Narrow at beginning and end of each row for ten rows.

Narrow at beginning of each row for ten rows. There are now thirty-six stitches.

Knit two rows plain.

On next row, knit * two plain, two purl; repeat from * to the end of the row. Knit in this manner twelve rows.

In the next seventeen rows narrow ten stitches, as follows: Narrow at beginning and end of the first, fourth, seventh, eleventh, fourteenth and seventeenth rows. Knit all intermediate rows plain. There are now twenty-six stitches.

Knit three rows plain.

On next row, with the right side of the work towards you, knit eighteen stitches, leaving eight on the left hand needle unknit. Turn the work and knit ten stitches, leaving eight stitches unknit. Knit these ten stitches that form the instep until there are sixteen rows.

Narrow at the beginning and end of next row. Take up eight stitches, one for every two rows, down the left hand side of the instep, and knit the eight stitches that were left at the left hand side of the ankle.

Turn the work and knit the stitches at the left of the ankle, those at the left of the instep, and the eight stitches across the toe. Take up eight stitches down the right hand side of the instep, and knit the eight stitches that were left at the right hand side of the ankle.

Knit three rows plain and bind off loosely on the wrong side. Sew in a strap to pass under the foot and finish at the top with a worsted cord and tassels or an elastic cord.

FLORENCE BROOKS.

NARROW CROCHET EDGING.

Chain ten, double crochet once in sixth and seventh stitches from needle, chain three, single crochet in last stitch of chain, * turn; one chain, double crochet six times over the three chain, chain two, two double crochet in top loop, turn; chain four, two double crochet over chain two, three chain, single crochet in last stitch of scallop; repeat from *.

Will the ladies please send more patterns for crocheting? R. E. GOULD.

Heath, Mass.

CROCHETED WATCH CHAIN.

Mrs. E. A. STAPLE can make a nice watch chain of button hole twist, by making nine chain and joining in a ring. Put the needle through the first chain, and draw the thread through both the chain and the loop on the needle, and work the remaining chain stitches the same way, round and round, until you have the desired length. Always take the half of the chain next to you. MRS. J. J. B.

Tipton, Iowa.

THE WORK TABLE.

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

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please ask some of the sisters to give directions for knitted watch pocket? I have seen them, but never knew how to make them.

L. E. V. W.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask some of the sisters for directions for knitting the yoke for an infant's dress.

SUBSCRIBER.

Connecticut.

Will Ida Bell Van Auken please give me, in THE HOUSEHOLD, instructions in full, for making the Tunisian lace, with twenty-two stitches? I am not mathematician enough to divide it from the directions given in THE HOUSEHOLD with thirty-five stitches.

MRS. C. P. NASH.

Peru, Ohio.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the kind sisters please tell how to make a plain, homely, pine writing desk, with ungainly looking legs, look pretty? and oblige A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Will Annie, who sent directions for antique insertion in October HOUSEHOLD, please correct the same? There seems to be a mistake in or near the beginning. SEVERAL SUBSCRIBERS.

The Dispensary.

HEALTH HINT.

BY ERNESTINE IRVING.

IT IS said the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher once remarked, "the day may come when a person in calling for food will state what he is most in need of." For instance, if his brain be weary he will call for a dish adapted especially to its up-building. If muscle or nerve, his fare will minister to that, and this line followed must bring near the climax of eating on purely scientific principles. But before that day arrives much must be learned, more practiced.

There is no doubt that this "harp of a thousand strings," this body so fearfully and wonderfully made, will respond very quickly in various and many directions, but the keys must be in sweet accord, else there will be jangling.

The nutritive power is but one means to the grand whole. Plain, wholesome food in reasonable quantities at regular intervals, other conditions being favorable, will, as a rule, satisfy the demand of the system, without special regard to brain, nerve or muscle. "What is one's meat is another's poison," is a trite saying, and would imply each must choose for himself. Although this may in some measure be true, I believe there are certain general rules nearly all may follow, not alone in regard to the food question, but rest, dress, bathing, sleep, etc., and in order that digestion accomplish its full purpose, these must be in a healthful state.

The great principle of life is action, but its balance wheel is rest. Many housekeepers in average health find an hour's rest each day, absolutely abstaining from work and worry if possible sixty minutes, greatly to their advantage. This, however, to a busy mother with a family, takes time, but as a rule it "takes time" to be sick.

In all business transactions good managers count the cost, and in this account with nature, unless careful and wise adjustments are made, one reckons without his host, and an interest exceeding that of simple or compound will be required and exacted to the uttermost.

Dress also trammels the health by cramping the body, impeding free movement, and in many cases not sufficiently clothing the extremities. In the good time coming, when the climax of all good things is reached, surely there will be a reform in this much-mooted question of dress, especially the dress of woman. And when we notice the many improvements that have been made, and the many intelligent minds awakened to this subject, surely we may believe the cause is marching on.

The remark was once made concerning a president of the United States, that he looked like a man who knew the luxury of a daily bath. If this were true, not alone of the president but of every man and woman in the nation, the personal property of many in the Bank of Good Health would be greatly increased. Nothing, it is said, aside from sleep, strengthens and invigorates the nervous system faster than systematic bathing. I am sure one will be surprised how his interest will awaken when once this matter is made a subject of investigation, and indeed all health matters will assume a different form if viewed from the stand-point of intelligent thought. The good physician is a grand man, but the circle of his science does not excuse one from a knowledge of nature's laws and wise and vigilant practice thereof.

And again, an important factor in the human economy is sleep. "Early to bed and early to rise" has been sung in song and told in story, and without question he who acts on this principle is the gainer. Yet, when we consider the recommended bedtime is but the beginning of the evening at nearly all entertainments, and, by many people, we would naturally consider the old adage at fault.

We are sometimes reminded of a story of Martha Washington, who at evening receptions would say, "Ladies, General Washington retires at ten. I usually precede him. I bid you a pleasant good night." We predict there were fewer headaches and less irritability when she was "first lady in the land" than in later times. And late hours are often productive of more than slight consequences, for, inasmuch as they rob the system of needed rest and recuperation, are they "shadows from the grave."

I believe Mr. Beecher would agree with me in saying, if all the functions of the body were in normal condition, and man understood and practiced the laws whereby they are governed, the good time coming would be now, and that no special dish would be needed, for perfect parts create a perfect whole. Many exclaim, "I never knew!" but ignorance does not excuse the penalty of broken law, and "Whatever a man sows that shall he reap," is certainly true in the physical world.

One fruitful cause of growing disease is the rapid, artificial life we, as a people, live. For instance, dyspepsia is a disease of civilization. It is unknown to savages. Primitive ways, primitive life, knew nothing of the belching and groaning of the present disordered stomach. Viewed in the light of reason and good sense, it would seem we ought to enjoy the arts of civilized life and good health also. That one should detract from the other is by no means a logical conclusion, yet the proof is in the statement that for our fine ways we often pay dear. We remember a noted health teacher saying that food from bolted flour, and a register to heat one's feet for exercise, would not build a strong body nor create a strong mind. Without doubt this is overdrawn, extreme, but many times how many cases are similar.

When disease appears it is oftentimes not the severity of the attack, or the manner of treatment that determines the result, but constitutional vigor. Doctors well know how much is embodied here. "There is little medicine can do, but I think his constitution will take him through," is about the best verdict the man of science can give, and in order that this be true, the good constitution ours, we must begin early and practice long.

It is too true many inherit a slender vitality, a poor stock of health, and many are unfortunate in early surroundings, care in childhood, nutritious food, etc. Such come to mature life weakened and sometimes sickly. To such, though the vigorous life and robust health of the naturally strong be denied, they may, many times, by acquainting themselves with the laws of their being, and abiding thereby, secure a fair degree of health, indeed, call themselves well if not strong.

I remember a case, a lady who decided to study medicine. She was so much of an invalid she was taken to the lecture room on a lounge. But she persevered, putting in practice what she learned, and behold! at a recent commencement of her college the president could in no way reconcile the fine lady physician from one of our leading cities with the slender girl on the lounge, yet they were the same.

Nature is true to her course; holds her own through civilized and uncivilized life. He that would reap a good result must

work according to and in harmony with nature's laws. He must also be very vigilant and persevering. Not a little while the right way and then back to the old indulgencies. People oftentimes do this, and then declare hygiene and the whole range of health teachers a fraud. Perversity is still a law of mankind!

A sound mind in a strong body is nature's best gift to man, but the way many abuse this best gift would oftentimes contradict the statement. Still it is true. He who would build a lasting structure must lay a strong foundation. Never was this truer than in matters pertaining to health.

Think a moment of the time and thought given to the outward adornment. If one half were given to proper care of the body, the proper food to be eaten, amount of rest and sleep needful, exercise, bathing and other health agents, we should surely be many leagues farther on the road to universal good health than at present, with our multitude of elegant gowns and high-top hats.

Much of the strength for reform lies with the mothers and sisters of our land. Unto them is the temperance movement looking for its strongest allies. Unto them, also, is good health making its strongest plea. The destinies of millions are in their hands, and their position is indeed responsible, but the American woman must prevail, and consequently hasten on the millennium.

TO PREVENT THE SKIN FROM DIS-COLORING AFTER A BLOW.

Take a little dry starch or arrowroot, and merely moisten it with cold water, and lay it on the injured part. This must be done immediately, so as to prevent the action of the air upon the skin. However, it may be applied some hours afterwards with good effects.

I learned this when a resident in France. It may already be known here, but I have met with none among my acquaintances who seem to have heard of it. The old remedy, raw meat, is not always at hand, and some children have an insurmountable repugnance to let it be applied. I always make use of the above remedy when my children meet with an accident; there is nothing unpleasant in its use, and it keeps down swelling, and cleanses and facilitates the healing of scratches when the little ones fall on the gravel in the garden.—*Journal of Chemistry*.

MODERATE HASTE.

A good driver, when he is setting out for a long journey, makes haste slowly. The impatient horse is held in check, and not allowed to use up all his strength during the first hour on the road.

Strangely enough there are men who take better care of their horses than they do of themselves.

Good old Dobbin who has been "out to pasture" all summer, is not expected to run a race the first time the harness is put on after the summer vacation. "Easy with Dobbin, remember he hasn't been working," says the master as John drives up to take the family for a morning airing. Having given this humane direction, away flies the master of the house, down the gravel walk, through the side gate, to the railway station, while the nearing rumble of a train quickens his steps. He is just back from a month in the mountains, where he has been "done brown" by the sun and the winds. He wisely chose a restful place not far from a mountain pasture. Eight, nine, even ten hours of sleep have been dealt out to him nightly by nature's unstinting hand. The little ruts and signs of wear that eleven months of constant business application have worn in his agile brain have been smoothed out by the tender fingers of

rest, that best of nurses. The high-strung nerves have dropped from the exciting tension, as the strings of the violin relax when the master's hand is still.

The swiftly flying four weeks have given change and recreation, but have not been sufficient to tone up the whole man for a violent spring into the activities of life.

Yet here he is, the very morning after his return, allowing barely time to catch the train after a breathless run.

In an hour he will be as completely immersed in business and care as though he had never left his desk.

The mountains are as far beyond his thoughts and ken as last year's ledger. Nature's lesson of moderation is forgotten. In his haste to be rich, he is oblivious of the rule to make haste slowly. Not an hour in the bustling day is left for recalling the pictures that the month has drawn upon his retina.

Night comes; and he says, "I'm as tired as a dog. I don't believe much in vacations, after all." He has tuned up his violin with too sudden a turn of the keys. Let him look out that no strings snap.—*Christian Register*.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

MRS. E. C. *Darting Pains.* Allow me to say that you have given me so few of your real symptoms, beyond those pains in "the region of the heart and in the breasts," that I have not all that I would like, to be accurate in my advice. I know nothing of your habits of living, and cannot know positively the causes, which should be removed as the first step toward the cure. The pains about the heart, probably, are connected with the condition of the stomach, the heart being in sympathy with it, more or less. I think that you will be much improved by sending for my "Health Rules," sent with "Good Bread," etc. To follow these carefully can do no harm, but may be of very great service to you. They will teach you how to live, how to regulate your food, "eating to live." It is probable that your pains are neuralgic, and that they are caused, or much aggravated, by the use of strong tea, or coffee, the spices, pepper, mustard, etc., in excess, with such irritants, and, quite likely, the excessive use of salt, vinegar and the sweets. You will do well to have this case examined more minutely, by giving more of the details of habits, etc. I advise sprinkling mustard on a wet cloth, with three thicknesses of wet behind it, wearing at night over the parts, well covered by dry flannels, acting as a counter-irritant, living more plainly, using less of the stimulating meats. Take a very light and plain supper, sleeping as much as you can.

M. S. *Goitre—or Swelling of the Thyroid Gland.* This "swelled neck," as it is often called, is not very usual in this country, but is very prevalent in the valleys of Switzerland, the Tyrol, Savoy, Derbyshire, etc., the more direct cause being the absence of the vivifying influence of the light of the sun. When it prevails in this country, it is more usual in malarious districts, in low lands, marshes, etc., where there is much moisture in the air, with less than usual of sunlight. It is manifestly aggravated by improper or gross habits of living. Are you sure that this is not an ordinary enlargement, or swelling of some one of the glands of the neck, a scrofulous affection, naturally resulting from the too free use of pork, lard, rich pastry, or too much oily food in some form? I do not know any thing about the daughter's habits of living—as you did not give me your true name, always desirable, not to be made public—so that I cannot judge very accurately of the real difficulty. If it is a scrofulous affection, I should recommend the removal of the cause, by adopting a very abstemious system of living, the use of plain, nourishing, simple food, the grains and fruits being prominent, with proper means for the purification of the blood, the whole system. If really a goitre, the same style of living will be appropriate, with the application of wet mustard cloths to the spine, with such a friction to the surface as will improve the circulation of the blood. I should also think very well of a cloth filled with small magnets, such as are in the market, worn all along the spine, with a pad prepared in the same way, worn over the swelling to stimulate action, that the swelling may be absorbed. I do not think that "the change of life" will produce any favorable effect. I should recommend rather a dry diet, no drinking at the meals—afterwards, when really thirsty. This will not be removed by a few "faint wishes," but by perseverance in the proper course of treatment, renovating the whole system. I should not expect a cure without a rigid or reasonable dieting.

The Dining Room.

HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

BY MAXFIELD.

THE long days and intense heats of summer are things of the past so far as this year is concerned. Field, shrub and vine have yielded their burden; the brown skinned potatoes lie in generous heaps in bin and cellar, while piles of red and yellow apples lend their spicy fragrance to the frosty air. Abundance is the key-note of the season, and suggests to householders, especially those who are fortunate enough to daily commune with nature clasped close to her teeming bosom, the delight of sharing with friends these toil-won treasures.

Those who living on the old farm, keep to the habits of their fathers, feel the heart going out towards those of the family who, less fortunate than themselves, have found homes on the brick pavements and in the close walls of a city, and are prompted to send to brother and sister, uncle, aunt and cousins, an invitation to once more gather at the old home on these pleasant days, and live over in retrospect the joyous, care-free days of youth.

The ever busy housewife, more hurried now than at any other season, though she cordially invites these dear friends to her hearth-stone, has got a thousand and one things to do before the arrival of her guests—enough to distract any one but a loving woman, a wife and a mother. The calm, contemplative pleasure of the invited is not for her, for however much one may be hurried in preparing to pay a visit one is always much more hurried in preparing to receive visitors.

Despite the most consummate planning there are so many unavoidable things to hinder or make extra work.

Grandmother, anxious to do all she can to help, slips on the back step, sprains her hip, and requires much care and innumerable extra steps. Bertie is doubled up with whooping cough, while baby is cutting teeth and some one must tend her day and night. All through the fall the busy mother has been drying, salting, pickling, preserving, cleaning, scrubbing and putting to rights generally, but so much has she been hindered that even now the carpet in the east front room is to be darned and put down; the dining room curtains and windows are to be washed; the silver is to be polished; Willie's new suit must be finished; grandma must have a cap laundered; the plum preserve is fermenting and must at once be scalded; the stove is to be set up in the front room, and a mattress got from town for Cousin Aurilla who "never sleeps on a feather bed;" the girls have each some article of clothing that must be put in wearable shape, and there are a multitude of cakes, pies, puddings, sauces, creams, jellies, etc., to prepare.

While the poor woman on whom all this care devolves is so hurried, so wrought up to the highest pitch of exertion that she feels as I imagine a perpetual motion machine would after nine hundred and ninety-nine years of constant work at the greatest possible rate of speed, and day and night the beating of her heart keeps time to the rushing of the busy brain in a kind of monody which resolves itself into these words: "Hurry, hurry; rush, rush. So much to do! Keep at work—work, work, work."

All housekeepers who have with one pair of hands to do the work four ought to accomplish, know I have not drawn on my imagination for this picture, and that a majority of country women who are expecting company during the holidays will go through just such experiences.

Now, pleasure-seekers, to whom the holiday season promises rest and unalloyed delight, can you not, while at the old homestead, manage to somewhat lighten the cares of this overworked woman and hostess? You know it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, for, willing and hospitable though she may be, there is a limit to the strength and endurance of even a woman. You can at least be in season for breakfast and not keep that meal waiting; you can take care of your own rooms, dress the children, sweep, dust, prepare vegetables, clear and set the tables, with many other little chores that will easily suggest themselves if you are willing to take them up. "Many hands make light work," and where there are a number of visitors, if each takes upon herself certain duties, they will be only sufficient to serve as ballast to the all play plan, and you will find your visit much more enjoyable. Do this work in a quiet, unobtrusive manner as though it belonged to you. Not rush into the kitchen like a miniature whirlwind and jumping about, give a few flourishes to dish towel and duster, snatching at this and that and saying, "Can't I do something?" "Here, let me do that." "Do let me do something!" "What's the use of doing that? I don't do it that way." And then frisk off, feeling that you have done the heavier work of the day and put on an aggrieved expression and surprised air if an hour later you find your hostess still in that department.

At these festive gatherings the cooking is an important part of the work, for no matter how intellectual the guests, how Emersonian the conversation, nothing will make up for the lack of a good, substantial, well served dinner. And no matter how learnedly the hostess may discourse of politics, poetry or ethics her erudition sinks in oblivion if the soup be burned, the coffee muddy or the bread sour. The "feast of reason and the flow of soul" requires a substantial gustatory preparation. Indeed, those sparkling post-dinner speeches owe more to the cook than the orators are willing to admit. At a recent dinner party Tennyson's sole remark to his neighbor, a young lady who scarce dared eat in the presence of that gifted mind, was, "I like my mutton cut in wedges," which showed that he, like more ordinary mortals, has due regard for the inner man. Had the dinner been served to suit his lordship the company might have been charmed by the silvery accents of his ready muse.

In a gastronomical point of view no gallinaceous bird commands more respect than the turkey, and at the holiday season it holds in undisputed possession the post of honor. Unlike the eagle, which in the Roman ceremony of apotheosis ascended from the burning catafalque and was supposed to bear with it to Olympus the soul of the deceased—our more prosaic, if not less important bird is itself subjected to the fiery furnace, and delicately browned and deliciously juicy, is devoured in quantities by a people supposed to feel particularly thankful on the occasion, though for what reason few could tell except it be for a good dinner.

Like many other good things, the turkey is, by some, supposed to have been brought over in the Mayflower. Many others have thought from the name that it was a native of Turkey, but in fact, it is indigenous to this continent and was confined to it till after the landing of Columbus. It was carried to England in the ships of the great Turkey Company which traded to the East and West Indies and adjoining continent, where, as I said before, this bird was found. Hence it was called the "Turkey Company bird," "Turkey bird," and finally the "Turkey."

Deprive an Italian of his macaroni, a Turk of his pilau, a German of his sauer-

kraut, an Englishman of his beefsteak and plum pudding, but take away a Yankee's Christmas or Thanksgiving turkey, and such a roar goes up as shakes the ground from Bunker's Hill to the furthest limits of the land won by our stout Puritan ancestors, and reverberating, raises the long soaked tea in Boston harbor.

The figure of an eagle adorns some of our coins, appears in several of the state coats of arms, and the bird itself has in time of battle been carried at the head of battalions, but after all, the post of honor belongs to the turkey, which is indisputably the national bird.

To prepare and serve this royal fowl, which appears not only on Thanksgiving and Christmas, but other high fete days, is a performance worthy an Aristoxenus, a Vatel, or a Soyer, and the housewife who can accomplish this solemn duty in an acceptable manner, will rank high in the culinary department.

In order to do honor to your skill, select a fine, fat cock weighing not less than fifteen pounds, and if heavier, all the better. It should be dry picked and drawn from a single incision, after which remove pin feathers and singe. Have the fowl thoroughly cleaned inside, being extremely careful not to break the gall, and dig out the lights which adhere somewhat to the ribs. As a final precaution pour several pails of cold water through the carcass. Cut off the legs at the first joint, and pull out the neck bone as far as possible and cut off. The skin will then slip down over the end, making a nice fat neck. Wash the outside thoroughly, and scrape with a dull knife.

For the dressing take three dozen crackers, pounded. Add to this one large teaspoonful of black pepper, one-half teaspoonful of ground cloves, two tablespoonfuls of pulverized sage, one half cup of butter, and salt to taste, usually about two teaspoonfuls. Mix these ingredients in a pan and pour on sufficient boiling water to moisten, but not make too soft. When cold, stir in four well beaten eggs. Put this dressing in the fowl tying a string about the skin of the neck and sewing up the incision made when the intestines were drawn. The sage should be home cured, and before using set for a while in a warm, not hot, place that it may crumble easily; crush with the hands and then pass through a coarse sieve. This dressing is excellent, gives a most toothsome flavor and has quite a reputation in our family circle. I hope some of THE HOUSEHOLD readers will give it a trial.

Properly truss the turkey and lay on its back in the dripping pan, which should have a grate or rack to keep it up from the bottom. Have the fire slow at first, increasing gradually till towards the last, when it must not be so strong. Rub the turkey with salt; baste often, first with butter, then with the drippings, and dredge on flour. Fifteen minutes before dishing, baste with butter and dredge on flour; this will give it a handsome appearance. If any part browns too fast, cover with brown paper.

It requires four hours to roast a turkey weighing fifteen pounds, and if there is the least fear it may not be tender, it is well to steam the first two hours. This must be done in such a manner that no water can touch it, only the steam. Then place in the oven, basting as directed. The neck, heart, liver and gizzard must be boiled. When they are done there should be about a pint of liquid. Chop all but the neck, from which you must pick the meat; thicken with a large spoonful of browned flour, using pepper and salt as desired. When you dish the turkey, turn the drippings into this gravy, boil up once and serve in a boat. If the drippings are very fat, skim off a portion of it. If there is any stuffing left after

filling the turkey, make in small balls and place in the dripping pan three-fourths of an hour before dinner. These make the gravy delicious.

In serving roast fowls, some people remove the dressing to a separate platter. This entirely spoils the looks of the bird and should never be done. In this course you will want Irish potatoes mashed, sweet potatoes baked, boiled onions, squash, cauliflower, cranberry sauce, celery and one or more kinds of pickle.

I had intended giving a bill of fare, but as each hostess will suit her resources to the tastes of her family and guests, will only give a few good recipes which can be relied on, and which may help some perplexed housekeeper at this critical time.

Cranberries should be stewed in earthen. To each quart of berries add half a pint of water, and one large coffee cup of white sugar; cook about half an hour, stirring often, and mash thoroughly just before taking from the fire. If liked very juicy, add more water.

A nice holiday pudding is made as follows: Three cups of sifted flour, one cup of raisins, seeded and cut in halves, one cup of English currants, one-half cup of sliced citron, one-half cup equal parts of brown sugar and molasses, one large cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, one-half nutmeg, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, two eggs. Save out a little of the flour to mix with the fruit, which must be added the last thing. Boil three hours in a tin boiler set in a kettle of water. This is a very convenient pudding to make when company is expected, as it will keep a week, or even longer in cold weather, and can then be heated by putting the boiler in water as in cooking. It will take an hour to heat through. Serve with the following sauce, Six tablespoonfuls of white sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one heaping tablespoonful of flour. Mix these and pour over a scant pint of boiling water; cook one minute, and just before serving, add the white of one egg beaten stiff and a teaspoonful of extract of lemon.

Of course each one of you has her favorite recipe for the Christmas plum cake I will give instead a recipe for a nut cake that I assure you will not go begging.

One cup of sweet milk, three-fourths of a cup of butter, two cups of powdered sugar, three cups of flour, three even teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three eggs, one cup of English walnut meats broken in small pieces.

Beat butter and sugar together, next beat the milk in slowly. Beat the eggs, whites and yolks separately. Sift the baking powder with the flour three times and add to the milk, butter and yolks of eggs. When well mixed, cut in the whites and the nut meats. Bake in two square tins. When the cakes are cold put frosting on top of one cake and lay the other cake on that. Frost top and sides and before drying, mark the top off in inch and a half squares and in the middle of each one lay half a nut meat.

If you have no pickles suitable for these state dinners or wish another kind, try my sweet apple pickle which is delicious either with meats or bread and butter and easily prepared. Three bowls of strong cider vinegar, three bowls of coffee-crush sugar. Put this in an earthen kettle and add one ounce of cinnamon bark, two dozen whole cloves, and as many small, whole, sweet apples as the liquor will cover. Cook slowly for a long time, or until a broom straw will easily penetrate the fruit. Put up hot in glass cans. This will keep a long time. If the apples are large or unfit to use whole they should be quartered and cored, but not peeled. Sour apples can be used but do not keep the shape and are not so nice.

The Kitchen.

A GENERAL INFORMATION CLUB.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

WE MET at Kitty Sanderson's. She was making a web of rag carpet, and we all turned in and cut and sewed rags, except two or three of the women who sewed on some work for grandma and Kitty's babies. We elected Mrs. Barton moderator in the absence of Auntie Taft. When she called the house to order, she said she hoped there would be no delinquents, and that every woman would respond cheerfully, even though her contribution was trifling in her own opinion. These littles which we so lightly esteemed, were helpful to somebody and did good, although we were not aware of it.

Mrs. Porter, the wife of the blacksmith out at the "Corners," when called on, said that an item of intelligence had impressed itself on her mind that morning. She was sending a washing to a poor woman to do for her and she put a block of hard soap in the center of the bundle of clothes, because it was easier carried than soft soap. The woman objected to hard soap saying that she could get along so much speedier with soft soap. The answer was, "I expected you to make soft soap out of it." Again the poor, untaught woman objected, saying she had not time to do it. She had never thought, or never known, that the cleanliest, handiest way of keeping soap, was to make it into hard soap, and as one needed soft soap, make it, by shaving down a block in shreds, put it in the soap crock, and pour over boiling water enough to almost cover it. In a few minutes it will have become a very fine quality of good, soft soap.

Eunice Williams took from her pocket an extract called "Infirmities of Temper," to which, as her contribution, we all listened with respectful attention. It began: "I think more downright unhappiness and misery are caused by ill temper in the home than by all the embezzlements, infidelities and crimes put together, into which poor human nature falls. One individual man, woman or child, is possessed of an arbitrary, overbearing, or furious temper. You never know at what unfortunate moment this temper will explode. A chance word, an unlucky allusion, or a mistimed jest will set it off, for the fuse is always laid, and it needs but one touch of the match. Five or six or ten people shall be made temporarily wretched, because one person, unconsciously perhaps, yet supremely egotistic and selfish, has never learned to control his disposition and bridle his tongue. It may be the head of the house who is apt to be cross at breakfast time, and he goes away to business leaving a weight of depression behind him which he is wholly unable to estimate or measure.

It may be the mother who gives the reins to fretfulness, or who looks like a martyr when everybody is trying to please her. Her husband carries the thought of her face to the counting-room, and the poor children miss their lessons and receive discredit marks, because they did not get well started for the day.

Even a child who is willful, capricious and stormy in mood, can overshadow a family and lessen the sum of its daily delight.

A great many bad-tempered people are very good in some other regards. They are truthful, generous and kind. They will go all lengths to do you a service. They will divide the last dollar with you, and sit up with you when you are ill and

suffering. Yet they will not scruple to trample on your ordinary comfort, to wound your feelings constantly, and to mortify you by outbreaks of passion, when they ought to be most patient and courteous.

What is to be done about it? For one thing, society is to blame. We must cease to look upon an infirm temper as a venial offence. We must let the person who habitually indulges it, understand that he cannot be at once a bear and a saint. We must not talk nor think of a bad—by which we mean an irascible, vindictive, or malicious—temper, as a misfortune to be pitied merely. It is rather a trait to be condemned, and a sin to be ashamed of.

The ill-tempered person should be met by reproof, and by good-humored but constant resistance. Too often he carries all before him. For the sake of peace everybody keeps quiet. It is an old lion, and who shall stir him up? The abject submission of friends and kindred to the ill temper of some one they both love and fear, intensifies and augments the evil.

The ill-tempered man or woman was once a child. The dreadful fault was once manageable. On parents and preceptors then a heavy responsibility lies, since theirs is the duty of right training."

The women thanked the reader for her very timely essay.

Aunt Betsey Slater said, "When my children were little, this question used to bother me a good deal: How to manage 'the stiffs?' That was what I always called babies who would stiffen and fall and kick and scream. Nothing in the world makes me madder, and 'riles' me up quicker'n to see a young one who is a 'stiff.' Now my mother and I used to argue this point a good deal. I said in a case of that kind, a body should break the child's temper, whip it, whip it until you had found out which was the master, even if it took all day. But mother said keep temptation to anger out of the way; spare all you can until the child is old enough to know right from wrong, until you can tell stories with proper morals, and reason with it, and after a while convince it that the bad habit is wrong and it must overcome it. But I don't know to this day which is the better way."

Mrs. Edgerton spoke: "That was the way our minister's wife did with her boys. She spared them all she could. When angry she would hold their hands, and talk soft words, and reason with them, and tell stories that would attract their attention, poor, patient soul she was, and now those boys are nine and eleven years of age, and they will fight one another like young catamounts. If one wants any thing out of the hands of the other, he will walk up and take it, in the most selfish, arbitrary manner possible, and if Leander don't let go when Alsander wants him to, he will take it by main force."

We discussed good children and bad, "stiffs," nervous, quick, and all sorts until the subject was nearly worn out. Then one of the women, I forget her name now, told of a good recipe for cement to mend broken dishes. It seems good. Make a thick mucilage of gum arabic, and stir into it plaster of Paris enough to form a paste. Apply with a brush, and press the pieces firmly together. It must be used as soon as made.

Another gave a recipe for graham crackers. Into a pint of water stir graham flour, sifting it slowly through the fingers, until the dough is too stiff to handle with a spoon, then mould it on the bread board until it is about as stiff as common biscuit. Roll out to half an inch in thickness, cut into shapes and lay in a baking pan dusted with flour to keep the crackers from sticking. Bake in a pretty hot oven, and when done lay in a bowl

and cover with a napkin to let them steam a while, then they are ready to serve.

We had often observed the beautiful water lilies and the flowering rushes in the pond below the pretty home of Mrs. Dennison, who lives out on the state road. She was present and we asked her how she grew such plants and flowers so successfully. We have a pond in our own meadow that could be made into something even prettier than it is with the reeds and willows embroidering its edges, and this was the opportunity we had been wishing for.

She said her daughters had beautified the Green Pond in an experimental way, not daring to hope they would succeed. They took coarse old baskets, so old they would hardly hold together, filled them with soil well saturated, and placed the roots carefully therein, weighted it with stones to prevent its being overturned or shifted, and placed them where they wanted them. A sediment was quickly formed about them, and the plants grew and found themselves right at home in their new quarters. As short a time as possible must elapse after the roots are lifted until they are placed in the pond.

If they are brought from a distance, they must be well wrapped in wet moss. The interstices of the basket must be small, lest the water wash away the soil. They took old woven willow baskets. Stones should be placed round the outside of the basket likewise as a protection. A sediment quickly deposits itself, thus helping the plant to take kindly to its new home. All the trouble is forgotten in the subsequent pleasure of seeing the leaves tilting on the surface, and the flowers of the white water lily undulating on the glassy face of the pond as though "to the man or born."

A CHAPTER ON GINGERBREAD.

BY MARY MARTIN.

Gingerbread is becoming slightly old-fashioned in the minds of some young housekeepers. I have heard of those who ate so much in childhood they never cared to make it when installed in a home of their own. I cannot imagine how one could tire of the right kind—that is a moderate amount. Perhaps such have

not tested recipes such as THE HOUSEHOLD gives to rely on. At any rate, I propose to air the gingerbread doctrine awhile, and those who consider it too antiquated can easily pass it by.

Squares of warm gingerbread, gingerbread fingers, whole sheets of gingerbread, what a delight to boyish hearts, nor are the girls to be excluded! Yes, give us gingerbread. Let your cream cakes and meringues pass, but give us the honest, homespun article.

There are many ways of preparing this, almost as many as those who prepare, yet the principal ingredients and methods must be somewhat similar. Many people depend entirely upon "guess," and attribute every thing in the cooking line to "luck," whereas "chance," which covers

both "guess" and "luck" is by no means an exact science and cannot be made such. It is just as necessary to insure success in gingerbread, to be careful and correct in its compounding as in the concocting of election or wedding cake—that perfection of baker's skill. Who would ever think of a little of this and a little of that in the bridal loaf? It is by exact measurement and well-tested rule that the elaborate compound goes on. Just so must we have our gingerbread.

I remember once stopping at a place where the plate of gingerbread was put upon the table time after time with but little diminishing. Finally one exclaimed "How this gingerbread lasts!"

"Yes, but the next lot will go off quick-

er, though," replied the lady of the house, and it did.

I do not know the precise rule she followed in that second batch, as it was in the days when I thought more about the eating than the making, but the following is a good rule, and although not laid down in any cook book as such. I have heard it called "Nantucket gingerbread." One cup each of sugar and molasses, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-half cup of water, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful of ginger. Stir into the flour and knead as little as possible. Roll in thin sheets and bake in a hot oven. This may be somewhat abridged, omitting sugar and one egg, or using all molasses. It is, however, very nice, and we like it. The following is another:

Two cups of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little milk, and a heaping teaspoonful of ginger, and we have known a little allspice to be added. This gives a slightly different flavor, and sometimes leads one astray as to just the kind used. Stir as before to the consistency of dough, knead, roll thin, and bake. If more is made than is wanted for sheets, it can be moulded a little firmer in flour, rolled thinner, and cut into cookies. The children will like them.

I shall never forget the delight with which I hailed the advent of sugar gingerbread on my mother's table in the days of my childhood. I specially recollect one occasion when returning from school I found the table spread with a goodly supply, I emphatically remarked to a little friend that I thought sugar gingerbread the best thing in the world. I do not now. I know of many things that take decided precedence, but it is still good, and here is the rule:

Two cups of sugar, one egg, one cup of butter-milk, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with lemon extract. Have the flour well sifted, stir considerably and mould as little as possible. Roll in sheets rather thicker than the molasses. Sometimes a little ground cassia or cinnamon is used as spice but we prefer the lemon.

A little of this dough may be used for ladies' fingers for the children, if one possesses a cooky cutter of that form. If not, can you not flour your own hand a trifle, and shape out the dough? It will be such a delight to the little folks when nicely baked. How their eyes will sparkle and glisten! And the child's confidence in his mother, always large, will at once increase. "I am sure mother can make a jureau," said one little tot. "I am sure she can. She can do almost every thing, mother can, when she tries." This was said in reference to some pasteboard furniture she was trying to make for her little ones. The bureau, however, they thought must be omitted, but the youngest child's faith was good, and I believe after some study the bureau was brought forth.

There is still another sort known by many as soft "gingerbread." This is not so great a favorite with us as the kinds I have given, still we like it for a change and often make it. Two cups of molasses, one cup of milk and one egg. For shortening use three-fourths of a cup of lard and butter in equal quantities. Add one teaspoonful of soda and a pinch of fine salt. No cream of tartar is needed as the molasses counteracts the soda. Stir in sifted flour to the consistency of ordinary stirred cake. This is improved by a few raisins, unchopped, and does not, as a rule, grow better with age.

I have been told some people do not like cake and never eat it. That some housekeepers think it unhealthful an

never make it. That some mothers will not allow their children to eat it, and never give it to them. To such this article will not apply, and they will not be interested, but still good cake is good, and by cake I mean a very general term which, of course, includes gingerbread.

Hold on to the gingerbread, sisters. Do not let the wheel of fashion roll it away. Gingerbread is said to be one of the first articles of food craved when recovering from fever or prostrating illness. Florence Nightingale in her "Notes on Nursing" alludes to this fact and cites herself as an example. It is with some their favorite in cake line, indeed they will eat no other.

I remember hearing one old lady visiting at our house declare with much emphasis, "There is nutrition in gingerbread! Now, hear what I say, there is nutrition in gingerbread."

Doubtless, she was right. Beyond question there is nutritive power, but how much or how little remains to be proved, meanwhile, we know it is good when made right, and cling to it in bonds of fellowship. Not that I should recommend it before all other articles of food. Such would be a wrong assumption. "Bread is the staff of life," and I should not think of setting aside the "staff" to substitute a cane. But each in its place and all in good time, gingerbread not forgotten.

We remember reading of some queen so literal as to say when told her subjects were starving for bread, "Why not then eat cake?"

I hope if it ever came to this, all cake and no bread, some gingerbread was thrown in.

As to the ginger used, I think African rather best, though the ginger root from the West Indies, or it may be South America, ground to a powder is very good.

ODDS AND ENDS.

For a mattress cover make a very large sheet of unbleached muslin, and tuck it in closely when making the bed. It is lighter to wash than a case made to enclose the mattress in the ordinary way.

I had neither wall paper nor oil cloth to cover the wood box, so I blacked it over with stove polish, and it looks very well.

If any one has table cloths, towels or napkins spoiled by stains or spots that cannot be removed, just color them scarlet, blue, or what you choose with dyes prepared for cotton or linen.

Boil enough scarlet beets to make about a quart when grated on a coarse grater, then add a small teacup of grated horseradish and some vinegar. To be eaten with meats.

A lady says she has prevented her children from being troubled by croup for ten years past by making them wear a black silk band around the neck in winter. It can be pinned down inside the clothing out of sight.

Can any one give directions for making a perfume resembling the odor of the tuberose?

Can any of our good brothers tell me how to make a washing machine?

Can any one tell us how to make a sauce or dressing for meats similar to Worcestershire?

If any one has dried beef too hard to be sliced, put it on a clean board and take a sharp hatchet and chip it up. It is good for stews.

For Hubbard or hard-shelled squashes we saw them in pieces with an old saw.

If knives are scoured crosswise and then polished with dry brick dust, also rubbed on crosswise, they will have the fresh, new look of new knives. When rusted, scour with emery powder.

When doing up lace curtains, pillow shams, etc., I pin sheets down smooth on

a carpeted floor, and then spread on the starched articles and pull out all scallops, etc., and pin every two inches or so. Leave them till thoroughly dry, and they will look as nicely as those done at a laundry.

Use glycerine for removing coffee or other spots, from white or bright colored materials.

South Carolina Biscuits.—One quart of sweet cream or milk, one and one-half cups of butter or fresh lard, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, and one teaspoonful of salt. Add flour enough to make a stiff dough, and mould well. Mould into small biscuit with your hands, bake well, and you will have good sweet biscuits that will keep for weeks in a dry place. They are very nice for traveling lunches.

For the "little sisters" amusement, let me suggest that when the big sisters give their residences, the little ones hunt them up, on the map or in the atlas. Another amusement for winter evenings is word building. One begins a word with "b," for instance. Another says "r," another one says "o," another may say, perhaps "t" or "k" or some letter that will completely change the word from the one number one had mentally started with, for she or he may have thought of "brother" while "k" would turn it to "broke" or "brokerage," while "u" instead of "t" would carry it to "brought" or some such word. So it can be varied and made very amusing.

Will some sister please tell some of us mothers in the country how we can instruct and amuse our little children on the kindergarten plan, and what books to use, or methods to pursue? DOT.

OUR CHRISTMAS BIRD.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

"On Christmas night the goose hung high."

Old Song.

From time immemorial the goose, order, *anseres*, family, *anatidae*, has been proverbial for its stupidity. Goosey means a stupid fellow. This is really a libel on the bird, for it is, in fact, remarkably intelligent. Awkward and disagreeable as a goose looks, it is one of the most valued of fowls, and has a history that goes back almost to the deluge. It was the sacred geese of the Capitol that saved Rome from the Gauls, and long before that time they were considered delicacies fit for kings' and emperors' tables.

In some parts of Egypt the goose was sacred—an object to be worshipped rather than eaten—but in Hectampolis and Thebes the people had the good sense to eat it. The ancient Greeks had goose yards in which they fattened the fowls for market. This work usually fell upon the housewife, and Xenophon in his "Economics," tells us how the wife of Ischma-chus managed hers so as to obtain the most profit. We read that the mother of Socrates bred geese, and we can imagine the barefoot embryo philosopher, ugly as a Silenus, trudging along the street of the violet city, like the boy in the story book, trying to sell his fatted broilers, and crying, "Gents, a goose to sell; ladies, a fine goose for your dinner!"

The bird passed into the literature of Greece, as well it might. Aristophanes refers to it in his comedy of "The Clouds," and Euripides more than once makes mention of the goose. In his "Cyclops" he speaks of the geese flying southward, and how their flight was a sign to the husbandmen that the time to plow his land had arrived. The goose is a character in two of the fables of Aesop. There was the goose that laid the golden egg, whose master killed it, hoping to find still greater treasure within; and there were the geese that fed with the cranes, and fell a prey to the sportsmen because they were

too fat and heavy to fly away. In both stories the fowl would seem to have a special value attached to it. The ancient gossip Athenaeus enumerates the goose among the delicacies of the table, and relates several ways of cooking it that were in vogue among the Greeks.

The breeding of tame geese was largely practiced in Europe during the Middle Ages. It was no uncommon thing for a man to keep a stock of a thousand, each of which might be reckoned to rear on an average seven goslings. The flocks were regularly taken to pasture and water, just as sheep are, and the man who tended them was called the gooseherd, corrupted into gozzerd. The name is of frequent occurrence in the old stories, but both the employment and the usage have gone out of fashion in modern times. The birds were plucked five times in the year, and in autumn the flocks were driven to the large markets to be sold. They traveled at the rate of about a mile an hour, and would get over nearly ten miles in the day.

From the times of the Romans white geese have been held in high estimation, and hence doubtless they have been preferred as breeding stock: but the practice of plucking geese alive, continued for so many centuries, has not improbably also helped to perpetuate this variety, for it is well known to bird keepers that a white feather is often produced in place of one of natural color that has been plucked out.

The usual weight of a fine goose is fifteen or sixteen pounds, and by cramming with nourishing food this weight may be doubled. By confining the bird to prevent motion, and employing fattening diet and stupefying substances, the body becomes loaded with fat, and the liver becomes enlarged and fatty with disease, forming the principal ingredient in the *pates de foie gras* so much esteemed by epicures. Before the days of metallic pens goose quills formed a considerable article of trade, the living bird being usually stripped twice a year for this purpose. The value of the feathers for beds and pillows is well known. When well fed and cared for a goose will yield about a pound of feathers in a season; this quantity of course from four or five pluckings.

Geese are in the best condition for the tables about Christmas time, and accordingly have become the proverbially favorite fowls for that season. In England the feast of St. Michael, and on the continent that of St. Martin, are almost universally celebrated by roast goose. During the Middle Ages, when falconry was in fashion, in every meadow and stubble field in England and France, on a fair day, one would have seen the hawking trains, the flash of scarf and jewel, the sweep of plume and riding skirt, and falcons flying from snowy wrists to strike down the gray lag goose. Then the halloo sounded joyously over mead and river, and as the plump and fat geese were dropped by the trained hawks, there was a flow of falcon talk from laughing lips that would be unintelligible in these latter days of dog and gun. And as we sit and eat our Christmas goose this year, we can think of those medieval feasts when this savory bird was the royal dish at the table, and knights and ladies listened to the brave vows that were pledged over the goose.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

BY THERESA.

Number Twenty-five.

Penelope Pepper, in the July number, has a wonderful gift at description, her assertion to the contrary notwithstanding. The reading is enjoyed almost as much as the excursion would be, and I

am not sure but more by some, in consequence of fatigue attending it. Give us more enjoyment, Penelope.

After reading that button rings are useful to sew on kitchen holders to hang them by, I thought I had found use for a small box full, and sewed some on the next ones made. But after a while they bent or otherwise straightened and came off, so loops of cloth were made and sewed on as heretofore. If rings are plenty, the holders can be replenished by new ones as often as needed, if patience holds out.

To make hanging baskets of *Wandering Jew* grow stocky, instead of long, spindling runners, break off the ends occasionally. This plant will brighten up some dark corner or niche, as it flourishes without sunlight, in either water or soil. I use the latter and after many years of experience with it I have never found an insect of any description on it. The leaves are never even sprinkled, and there it sets week after week on its bracket, thrifty and green. Of course, it must have plenty of water, but otherwise it seems to bear any amount of neglect.

We make efforts to kill every miller that is constantly flitting around the lamps every summer evening, thus, doubtless, disposing of many repulsive insects in embryo. This was suggested by some one, but has been our practice more or less always.

For rests to plants in pots, select straight, smooth "sticks" from trees, with several branches at the ends, and trim in shape with a knife. Measure before cutting so as not to destroy branches needed. These often show less than manufactured rests, and no time has to be spent in making. All shapes can be found for the plants needing them. Bits of worn out veils are nice to tie to the rests with, being so soft they will not injure the tenderest shoot. I have seen hard twine used for this purpose when it seemed that it must cut them in two. One lady invariably tied them with nice, white tape. The glaring white being too conspicuous, was the greatest objection without it was wastefulness, as some thought.

"How lovely the trees look," is the usual expression, and so they do, with their various shades of red, yellow and green; but this state of things also foretells that winter with its raw, chilling blasts is close at hand, and dampens our ardor somewhat, though this season has its pleasures the same as every other, if we will but appreciate them.

Our "Arbor Day" tree lost its leaves after the summer drought, but instead of dying, as we feared, plentiful rain brought out the second crop, and to-day they are as green and bright as in spring. The one set out last year did about the same, then recuperated.

The short article on sweet peas in the October number, is just to the point and correct. With us, they are never combined with other flowers in vases, but used alone. We had several varieties this year, and by keeping them picked off have not been without one or more bouquets, even to this day. I cut every one, buds and all, which have blossomed in water, and will keep a week. One variety is pure white, and another all red, and these seem to be the most prolific. More buds are forming for another cutting. Slight frosts do not injure them, and, as will be seen, they last until late in autumn. Sisters, do not fail to cultivate a few of the most delicate and sweetest of all flowers, bearing in mind that "the more you pick, the more you can." Mixed seed were sown in a trench of rich soil, and trained over a trellis of strong twine, fastened to posts driven into the ground. By no means is this all that needs to be done, but give water and plenty of it in a drought. Ours were al-

most daily remembered with slops from the kitchen. Two or three days' unwilling neglect, however, caused a "set back" to the vines and of course to the flowers, but after a time, they rallied, though they have not been as nice as before the neglect.

We are so glad to meet Mrs. Carney, Sunnyside, Rosamond E., and "A Martyr of the Period," after so long an absence. The latter has one of her most sensible articles in the September number, and I observe with pleasure that she is getting to be less of a "martyr" than heretofore and insists upon having her dresses fashioned to suit herself in a measure.

What man, Leo, would not need, "canes and crutches" to help along with such heavy skirts as are made nowadays? I agree with you fully, and now that the ball has been set rolling, let us hear from others on the subject, hoping the heavy skirts and cloaks will go out of style before womankind is extinct, or what may be worse, reduced to invalidism for life. A rich silk, heavy with plaiting and drapery, and in the height of fashion, was all I wanted to lift, and I felt thankful I was not obliged to wear it.

GOOD BREAD.

First, let me say what I consider good bread, for there is much diversity of opinion on the subject, promising that, having once attained to the making of a perfect loaf, if your particular family like it closer or more porous, it is easy to indulge them and yet have "good bread."

My ideal loaf, then, is light, white and tender, of an even, porous character, the holes all very small, yet not really close—a sort of dense lightness, like good sponge cake—the crust thin and crisp, and something the color of pitch pine.

To any one making bread for the first time I would say, "Make very little—two loaves; if by chance you spoil it, though I don't think you will, the loss is not great and the work has been light."

How to produce these two perfect loaves in the easiest and best way:

Take a scant quart of water as warm as milk from the cow, dissolve in it half a cake of compressed yeast, and a teaspoonful of salt. Have ready warmed two quarts of flour, full measure. Make a hole in the center of the flour, see that the yeast is thoroughly dissolved in the water, pour it into the hole, working the flour gradually into it with the right hand. When mixed, this will be a soft dough; if too soft to work, sprinkle a little flour from a dredger, and knead it, but always use as little as possible to knead with. At first, to a novice, it may seem sticky and rather unmanageable, but by degrees, always working from the sides towards the center, the rough mass will become smooth, and no longer stick to the hands or bowl.

The movement in kneading is difficult to describe, yet I will make the attempt, because, in the course of a great many lessons in bread making, I find such varied understanding of the word. Some take the tips of their fingers, and believe they are thoroughly mixing the bread, while an hour of such handling will not produce the smooth, plastic mass that ten minutes' proper work would do; others simply pound and punch it, which does not change the position of the dough at all.

In kneading the small quantity of dough I have given, one hand is enough, with the other steady the bowl; double your fist and plunge it on to the side of the dough farthest from you, bringing it over, with pressure and a turn of the wrist, towards the middle; keep on doing this until the dough is smooth; it will take about ten minutes. Set it to rise in a warm place, covered with a cloth; if in

summer for two hours, or less, in winter it will take about four hours. It is light enough to work over when there is a sign of cracking and the whole, when pulled, looks full of very small holes. If the holes are allowed to become large like froth or a coarse sponge, it will be too light, and the bread, though it may not be sour, will be dry and taste husky the second day. "Let it rise till double its bulk" is perhaps the best rule for a beginner. When it is double the bulk knead it again as thoroughly as you did the first time. Now, if you are pressed for time after this kneading, divide the dough, put it into two well greased pans and set it again to rise. This bread will be excellent, but if, instead of putting into the pans after this second kneading, you let it rise again, then work it thoroughly and put it in the pans, it will repay the extra trouble by being whiter and of a finer texture. After the bread is in the pans, each loaf should be allowed to rise to twice the size it was when put in, but by no means allow it to get beyond this: after this, all depends on the oven.

Many bake bread slowly, leaving it in the oven a long time. This causes a thick, hard crust. In modern iron ovens quick baking is necessary. Let the oven be quite hot; hold your hand in it, if you can bear to keep it there longer than it takes you to count twenty-five deliberately, it is not hot enough, yet if you have to withdraw it before twenty, it is too hot and your bread will be spoilt. It is better to manage so that your oven waits for the bread, rather than the bread for the oven, but if by any chance the bread is light enough to bake before your oven is ready, and thus in danger of getting too porous, work it down thoroughly with your hand, and let it rise again.

A small loaf, and by all means make them small until you have gained experience, will not take more than three-quarters of an hour to bake, if your oven is a good one. When of a nice yellow brown take it out, turn it out of the tin on to a cloth or sieve, tap the bottom, if that is brown and crisp and smells cooked it need remain no longer. If from fault of your oven it is not brown, but whitish and soft, set it back in the oven, bottom upwards. An oven, however, that does not bake well at the bottom, will be likely to spoil your bread. This is usually caused by a careless servant leaving a collection of ashes underneath it. Satisfy yourself that all the flues are clean before beginning to bake; if then it refuses to do its duty, have it examined by a blacksmith or change it, for you cannot cook any thing properly in a bad range, of which, however, there are very few if rightly managed.

I think you will find the bread you have made, white, evenly porous (not with small holes here and caverns there; if this is the case, you have made your dough too stiff and it is not sufficiently kneaded), and with a thin, crisp crust.—*Catherine Owen in Good Housekeeping.*

FUSSINESS.

There is no foe to domestic peace and comfort like that of fussiness. It arises largely from a lack of system or plan and from too great attention to minor details. Some housekeepers have the habit of stirring up every thing at once. They begin their day's work anywhere without any relation to what is most urgent or necessary to be accomplished. They lose sight of the always excellent rule—one thing at a time, and that first which is most important. It is a good plan to sit quietly down at the beginning of each day and take a survey of the domestic field. Decide what must be done, and what in case of lack of time, or the intervention of other duties, may be put off, and then

set to work without undue haste to perform necessary duties. Learn to do it quietly, without noise. Be careful to take no useless steps. There is a vast amount of strength expended in this way, and nervous energy wasted.

I know a young housekeeper who accomplishes more in one day than the majority of women do in two. She never seems to be in a hurry, never gets into a "stew" but she works as noiselessly and steadily as the sunlight. What she has to do she accomplishes without any indirection. She has no cross purposes to contend with. She aims right at the mark through every movement of her hand and by every footstep. If she has house cleaning to attend to she doesn't commence by tearing up every room in the house, and putting the entire establishment in a chaos of confusion. But she takes one room at a time, has it cleansed and purified and put to rights again before there is any farther upheaval. The usual spring cleaning comes and goes in that family without producing any discomfort, or any great amount of inconvenience.

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System is an essential in the government of the household as in that of the state. Order, promptness, punctuality, industry, and good judgment are the necessary and efficient forces in the home. To these add cheerfulness, patience and a thoughtful care for the general comfort and happiness of its members, and you will avoid all unpleasant friction, and make the home what it should be, the center of all that is best and dearest to the human heart.

SWEEPING DAY.

Almost every housekeeper has a regular sweeping day once a week, going over the whole house, having a regular battle with the dirt, and then is content with skirmishing the rest of the week. Where one has a large house, nice carpets, handsome pictures and furniture, it certainly is a great care to see that it is properly done and nothing injured, if we have servants to do it for us. I know of ladies who keep servants who always sweep and dust the parlor and library, not daring to trust the help among the choice books and bric-a-brac. Probably they do not make one-half the dust that the servant would. Some servants have mistaken ideas in regard to sweeping a carpet. They do not consider it is the dust on the carpet, not that in the carpet that is to be got rid of. At least one would imagine that to see them sometimes.

Look at the average Bridget when she sweeps. She enters the room, sleeves rolled up, an apron tied over her head. She opens the windows wide (especially if it is a windy day) and goes at it. No skirmishing for her. She storms the fort at once. Nothing is covered to keep it from dust. Nothing is moved unless it comes in her way, and very likely the

broom goes bang against the article, then, before it is moved. She sweeps with a will, as if she meant to go to the foundation of things. The dust flies in clouds and gets out of the way as fast as possible, settling on curtains, tops of pictures, furniture—anywhere to get out of the way, for she is like a conquering army, sweeping all before her. And the dusting is a sight to see. As soon as the sweeping is done, the long-handled feather duster comes to the front. A whack here, and a bang there. The dust waltzes around and flies here and there, but never gets out of the room—only changes its place, and an hour afterwards you would never guess the room had been touched. I remonstrated with one of these strong-armed sweepers about sweeping without moving or covering any thing. "Sure, haven't I got to dust all the same after I get through?" She emerges from the conflict with red face and tumbled hair, and declares, "she is glad it is done."—*Good Housekeeping.*

OILED FLOORS.

Have your floor clean. If a medium dark color is desired, stain the floor with burnt umber. Dissolve the umber in cold water and apply with a cloth or brush. A quarter of a pound of the umber will probably be more than you will need. I have forgotten the quantity I used. Get two quarts of boiled linseed oil. Stain a few boards the entire length of your room and then apply the oil with a cloth or brush. Continue staining and oiling a few boards at a time until all is finished. After drying a short time, your floor should have another coat of oil.

I put on both coats the same day. My floor is hard pine. Your floor can be used immediately, but will be a little nicer if not used for a few days. If you prefer a light floor omit the stain. A very pretty way is to stain alternate boards. Your floor can be made prettier by chalking or penciling a border a foot and a half or more from the base boards, and staining either border or center and space between the scroll and base boards. A coat of varnish would add much to the beauty of your floor, but at this place is quite expensive.

There are a number of stains to choose from, but I recommended umber, because I had used it and liked it. My floor is easily kept clean. Another floor I oiled without staining but I do not like it so well.

If Mrs. E. J. Elder tries my way of oiling a floor, I hope she will report, but not for a few weeks, please, as you will probably think at first you are not going to like the floor. I think, however, you will find from the first it is more easily kept clean than a painted floor, and will not look shabby so soon. I write this hoping to help you, Mrs. Elder, and thereby partially repay the great debt I owe our HOUSEHOLD for the many helps I have received from it. MRS. W. E. WHITE.

Longton, Kan.

BREAD AGAIN.

One quart of milk and water, as much milk as can be spared, one even tablespoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls each of lard and sugar. Heat the milk to scalding with the lard and sugar. When the milk is warm, stir in two and one-half quarts of flour after it is sifted. The flour must always be well dried to make good bread. In the winter, sift early in the day so it will get warmed through. Use three-fourths of a compressed yeast cake soaked in two-thirds of a cup of water or one teacup of home-made light yeast. In the morning stir down the light sponge. After breakfast it will be light to make into small rolls for the

Dec.

bread tins. The wooden spoon does all the kneading and it must be handled dexterously, so that no more flour be added. If this is once tried there will be no more poor bread. When it's ready for the oven bake three-fourths of an hour. The oven should lightly brown it in ten or fifteen minutes, then slower. This bread will keep good a week, only for a family of four you will want three pints of wetting to last that time. Will some one report and ask for more information if needed. ONE OF THE GRANDMOTHERS.

A HOME-MADE STEAMER.

I have been but a silent listener so far, but since one of our number wrote about her valuable steamer kettle, I am moved to tell the sisters how they can have one as good in every way except convenience. Any common kettle, large or small, is to be the foundation. Take a pie tin that turned bottom upward will fit into it nicely, leaving sufficient space beneath it for the boiling water. Get a tinman to cut a sufficient number of holes in the plate, or make them yourself, as I did, by laying the plate on a piece of soft wood, and driving a large nail through it until full of holes. I used a broken nail, as it would cut the tin out, or nearly so, instead of leaving it rough like a grater. After breaking off any small bits of tin that may stick, turn it over, and pound it smooth. Make two little holes on one side and tie a string in them to lift it out by. Now select a cover that will fit closely, and you will have a steamer that will cook quicker than one on the top of the kettle, as it is near the steam as it rises, hence hotter. The cost is that of a tin plate. If any of the sisters make one, please report success.

TWIG.

Michigan.

GRAHAM BREAD.

As one or two have asked how to make graham bread without sour milk, soda, molasses, etc., I would like to say that I have made good bread for nearly six years just as I would make white bread, only I sift one-third of white flour and two-thirds of graham into my bread pan, and then proceed as if it was all white flour, only remembering that graham flour does not need to be stirred or kneaded as stiff or as much as white flour. If one cannot get graham flour that is free from bran, it should certainly be sifted, as bran is not fit to enter the human stomach; at least few can stand it. We never use any bread but graham, and no one ever told me that they did not like it as I make it. Very many dislike the mixture generally put together for graham bread, and I do not wonder at it. For gems I use only the flour, salt, baking powder and water, and I never find any one refusing them. I have eaten them made without the baking powder but that is beyond my skill.

HAL GLEN.

USEFUL HINTS.

To prevent mice, take spearmint or peppermint and lay it around on shelves and clothes-press, renewing once in two or three weeks.

Camphor gum and sulphur are good to prevent the red or black ants.

A home-made soap-shaker is made as follows: Take a fruit can and cut holes with knife, or drive nails in the bottom, say a dozen or more, withdrawing the nails, of course. Cut the soap in pieces, place inside the can, and you have a shaker at no expense. Place the can in the water, and you do not waste the soap as much as by putting the soap in water.

ALBERTA.

—A butter maker, writing to the Iowa Homestead, says the best butter color is a handful of corn meal mush, fed warm once

a day, the corn to be of the yellow variety; adding that it will increase the milk and butter as well as give a good color.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Please do not refuse me entrance, for I wish so much to thank the sisters for their helpful contributions, and also to add a mite which may prove helpful to them. I wish I could see all the sisters and shake hands with them, although my hand might be in a pitiful condition afterward.

Some time ago I sent a recipe for cream puffs, which, as Aralc tells us, are splendid. I have another recipe which I would like to have her try and report whether she considers them better than the first recipe.

Cream Puffs.—Put together one cup of hot water and one-half cup of butter, and place on the stove to boil. While boiling stir in one cup of sifted flour. Stir until smooth, then set aside to cool. When cool, add three eggs, not beaten, and stir until thoroughly mixed. Drop by spoonfuls in a buttered tin, and bake in a quick oven for twenty-five minutes. This makes two pies.

Cream for Puffs.—Beat together one egg, one-half cup of sugar, and three tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir into a cup of boiling milk. Stir until thick enough. When cool add flavoring.

I have just finished a shelf lambrequin which I consider very handsome. The shelf is about one foot wide and five feet long.

I covered the top with double-faced cotton flannel, dark red, and also a strip around the front about fourteen inches deep. I made pine apple lace of zephyr, the color of the flannel, and sewed it around the bottom. You can have no idea how rich it appears until you have seen it. Here the flannel costs twenty-five cents per yard, and the zephyr ten cents per ounce. I used eight ounces of the zephyr.

Eva Warren Collier, in the October number, gave her method of utilizing the bits of twine which accumulate from store bundles. Hers is a good idea, and I shall try it. I have another method which I think is also good. I make rugs from them by knitting the twine on spools. Of course, you all know how to knit on spools. It is a favorite amusement with children. I cannot describe just how it is done, but there are four pins placed in a square around the hole in the middle of the spool. When the cord is knit, the knitted part is perfectly round, and it passes through the middle of the spool. After it is knit it can be sewed in any shape desirable.

Sterling, Ill. MATTIE POWELL.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I turn the leaves of THE HOUSEHOLD so often that the papers are getting badly soiled and torn. Have you patent binders for them, Mr Crowell?

Will Emily Hayes please give directions for salt-rising bread? My yeast failed to come up a few days ago, and I turned to THE HOUSEHOLD for help, but could not find salt-rising bread in the numbers I have, until I had turned to August, 1875, and that was such a long formula that I did not dare undertake it.

Viola, I am using Jamaica rum and bitter apples (colocynth) in the proportion of one ounce of bitter apples to one pint of rum, applied with a little mop to the roots of the hair every few days to hasten growth and slightly darken.

How many have glass salts that hesitate to use them on account of getting some one's else each time? This is how I distinguish mine: Slightly paint on the bottom of each, or as many as there are members of the family, a different color, each one can keep their own then, and if you use home made napkin rings, the salts and rings can be the same color.

I have become the possessor of some

tobacco pails and wish to use one for a scrap holder to place near the sewing machine, and another for waste paper. Will some of the Band tell me how to decorate them?

ROSE GERANIUM.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have only been a member of the Band two years, but I have obtained a great deal of information and pleasure from our paper and the letters. I have thought of writing before, but have never done so till now, and hope my mite may be of help to some, so I send the following recipes:

Lemon Pie.—One lemon, one cup of water, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cup of brown sugar, and three eggs. Squeeze out the juice from the lemon, and grate the rind, add to it the water, sugar and flour, mixing the flour in a little of the water, and the beaten yolks. Keep out the whites of the eggs, and add two spoonfuls of white sugar for frosting. This makes two pies.

Ribbon Cake.—Two and one-half cups of sugar, one cup each of butter and sweet milk, four cups of flour, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Fill two long, shallow tins with the above, for the two light cakes, and to the remainder of the batter add one cup each of raisins, currants and citron, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and nutmeg. Bake in one tin. Put the dark cake in the middle with frosting between the cakes and on top.

Apple Dumplings.—To one quart of flour, use one-half cup of lard or butter, scant measure, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a little salt. Mix the same as for biscuits. Roll out and put an apple in each piece, lay in a floured steamer and set on a pot of boiling water. Cover the steamer with a cloth and lid, and steam from three-quarters of an hour to an hour. Forty-five minutes is long enough if the apples are good cooking apples. I hope you will all find them good, who try them, for mine are always a success.

I send many thanks to all the sisters who send crochet patterns, for I try all of them, and have some very pretty trimmings. Can some of the sisters please send me directions for a crocheted skirt and mittens, plain stitch, for a child three years old, also patterns for laces, wide and narrow?

Will some one please tell me how to make a pretty inexpensive toilet set for a bureau, also how to make a pretty pin-cushion and hairpin holder for the same? Also how to make some rugs of odd scraps and pieces of rags? My knowledge of rug making is limited and I want to use up my pieces, so I hope those who know more than I, will tell me. I cannot knit, so that kind will not do.

Thanking one and all for their many kind helps and hints, I will not intrude any longer now.

S. E. M.

Oregon.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been thinking lately about the praises of farm life, and of the tiller of the soil, that one so often reads. And I cannot help comparing them somewhat unfavorably to the actual country life and people that I see around me. Certainly the ideal must always exceed the real. But in this case, the difference, it seems to me, is far wider than it should be. Why is it that the farmer is frequently mentally sluggish? And why is he so justly condemned for the uncouthness of his manners?

I do not in these strictures refer to those farmers' sons who are sent to college, and afterwards enter a profession, (though they might do well to heed some of them,) but to those who do not have such advantages.

With his long winters of leisure, should not every farmer who knows how to read be well informed? In good breeding, he might easily excel half of the residents of towns and cities. There is, to be sure, a certain assurance and composure of bearing that, to people in general, is attainable only by constantly meeting friends and strangers in the drawing room, on the sidewalk, in public assemblies, and in marts of

trade. But that is a grace which, though desirable, implies neither good breeding on the one hand, nor the lack of it on the other.

We are told that Lord Tenny, owing to a life of seclusion, is awkward and embarrassed in the presence of company. But we know, without hearing it said, that the table manners, for instance, of one so cultured and refined, could not be disgusting.

Farming boys and girls, I appeal to you to start home refinement clubs. Boys, why cannot you agree that you never will sit down in the house, untidily dressed, to spend a half hour of an evening or to partake of a meal? Slip off those dirty over-alls, and nasty, ill-smelling boots, and put on a clean blouse at least, and fresh stockings and slippers if you have them. You know very well that if your "best girl" were in the house, you would willingly change your apparel a dozen times a day, so far as the trouble of doing so is concerned.

Have a plentiful supply of clean clothes, especially stockings and handkerchiefs; and then help mother and sister wash them when they are soiled. Let them be as rough and coarse as necessity compels, unironed, too, if need be; but do have an abundance of them, sweet smelling as the dew and grass. You can work the washing machine and pounding barrel, and have them so, if you will. Of course you bathe often, particularly the extremities, even in winter.

During five years of farming, we have hired a number of young men, honest country boys, all of whom we were under the necessity of teaching some of the decencies of life; though none were ignorant of them all, and every one seemed anxious to improve. I think people are often ashamed to try to do better than they have been accustomed to do; that they feel it to be silly and affected to drop old habits that are not the best, and to adopt others that are better.

Why is it that country lads so seldom carry themselves well? Why should they not hold themselves erect and manly, instead of slouching along like culprits? Surely they need not, in walking, step on one side of the foot, or raise one shoulder higher than the other, or protrude the chin. Many a clumsy, but well built boy could walk like a king, if he would.

I fear many of you wear your hats in the house. They should be doffed the very moment that you enter the door. Tilting back in your chair is not only an awkward attitude, but an expensive luxury. It punches holes in the carpet, and is liable to break down the chair, besides exposing wall paper to the danger of grease spots; for the "tilter" usually seeks a rest for his head.

Allow me, please, to say a few words on table manners. You do not help yourselves from the general dishes with your own knife, fork or spoon, do you, boys? I will assume that mother always places carving knife and fork, butter knife, and large spoons on the table, and that they are always used in serving food. Keep your arms off the table, and elbows at your sides—not poking them into your next neighbor; and don't bend over, with eyes fixed intently on your plate. I suppose it is of no use to say, eat slowly. Never sniff or snuff (to say nothing of doing worse) within hearing of any, especially those who are eating.

Many people ridicule the custom of eating with the fork. Though why they do 'tis hard to see; for the laugh is on the other side, if one could laugh at such a thing. The knife is the proper implement for spreading butter on bread, but if it is put into the mouth, then into the butter, into the mouth again, and then cuts the meat or vegetables on the diner's plate, and the careful housewife saves the bits that are left, could you bear to eat cake shortened with that butter, or hash made from those scraps of meat and vegetables?

Some one says, "But if I put my fork into the meat on my plate after the fork has been in my mouth, is not that as bad as eating with my knife?" No, my son, it is not. Your fork touches only the piece that goes into your mouth. The knife separates it cleanly from the part that is left for hash.

Do not sip tea or soup with any sound whatever. Eat quietly with the mouth closed. Many who suppose they heed the last rule, take too large a mouthful, and so are obliged to open the mouth two or three times before the forkful can be adjusted, and the mouth closed.

Now, boys, drill yourselves on the good you have learned of me, or of anybody else. The knowing how will not make gentlemen of you, unless you practice what you know. Without continual practice, you will forget what to do just when you most desire to do yourselves credit. I hope you will not fail to beautify your lives for want of courage or perseverance. Supposing some one does laugh at you. Are you so weak as to mind that? And why should you wish a greater incentive to well-doing, than your own sense of propriety?

One peculiarity of under-bred persons, especially those of a pompous disposition, is that they are more inclined to copy elaborate ceremonies than they are to accept the essential refinements of life, which, perhaps, they are too coarse to perceive.

I have not said much on behavior to the girls.

I trust they will require no other instruction, at present, than the good example set them by their brothers.

I have one request to make of the older members of THE HOUSEHOLD: that they do not hinder by jest or derision, the efforts of the young people towards self-improvement. Consider that the world is rapidly advancing, and may leave them behind; that uncultivated manners will be a greater disadvantage to them than they have been to you.

Young fathers and mothers, you who are holding your first babies in your arms, I do wish you could be induced to fit yourselves as teachers of your little ones, in matters that I have touched upon. How beautiful your family circles would soon grow to be! (I cannot be far wrong in taking it for granted that you will carefully watch over their minds and morals.) Train them assiduously and you will train yourselves.

I have written but the rudiments of what you ought to know. Still, they are all important, and should be insisted upon before the finer graces are added to them. The latter you will discover for yourselves, if you have the disposition to do so.

Above all, never be discouraged. Constant effort will bring success, however slowly you may seem to be gaining ground. If by sickness or any other unavoidable cause you should be interrupted and lose all that you have been striving for, why, begin again, and much that you thought lost will come back again.

Iowa.

HATTIE MURPHY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Please may I come in? I am small so shall not take up much room; and I'll just "cuddle down" by the side of some friendly sister and keep very quiet. I have been "away down south in the land of cotton" for three years, and I am just homesick for a sight of the dear old granite hills. And while I am so eagerly longing for a return to the dear New England home doubtless some of my northern sisters are sighing for a home in this sunny land. Heigh ho! Such is life! one-half the world sighing for what the other half possesses, and cares nothing about.

Shall I tell you something about my home and its surroundings? Perhaps when you read how pleasantly we are situated, you will say I am very ungrateful to murmur at all. Well, perhaps I am. The house, small and unpretentious, is neat and cosy, and pleasantly shaded by several fine large oaks, a broad walk, bordered on either side by shrubs and flowers, leads to the gate, while young mulberry, umbrella China, and magnolia trees promise an abundance of shade when the oaks shall have grown old and unsafe. On the opposite side of the road is a ten-acre tract of land yet uncleared, and as the eye rests upon the lofty pines wreathed and festooned with long, gray moss, one feels like exclaiming with Longfellow,

"This is the forest primeval.
The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in
the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar with the beards that rest on
their bosoms."

There is but little unimproved land in this vicinity. In almost every direction as far as the eye can see are the homes and young orange groves of northern people. Loraine is my next door neighbor. Our groves join, and as yet are undivided except by young mulberry trees and grape vines planted on the line. Many are the pleasant hours we have spent chatting of THE HOUSEHOLD, and the sisters whose names have grown so familiar to us.

East of the house there is a charming little lake—Marguerite, we call it—and although extending over only five or six acres it contains an abundance of fish with which our table is well supplied. A boat moored on the shore affords us many a pleasant row. Sometimes when tired, I step into the little boat and with a few strokes of the oars send it out into the lake then rest on my oars and idly dream and watch the sunset clouds, every shade and tint of which is mirrored in the still water around me.

Leslie Raynor, I wish you were here to name some of the strange wild flowers for me. I do so want to know something more than that they are simply flowers.

Frank E., I know I should like you "a heap," as my old colored washerwoman says. Our tastes are very similar and I envy you some of your "don't do's."

LITTLE WOMAN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I, like many of my sisters, received this valuable paper as a wedding present and I feel that I cannot say too much in praise of it. Several months ago while sitting in my pretty home in far away Connecticut, I picked up one of THE HOUSEHOLD and my eye fell upon a letter from one of the sisters in California. She spoke of her surroundings and privileges not being as desirable as the home which she left, but the dear one for whose health she had made the change was much better and she was happy. That letter was a comfort to me, for my husband's health had been failing for a year and I felt that the New England winters were much

too severe for him, and we had been thinking of removing to California. We arrived here June ninth of this year, and his health is already improved. He started yesterday for a trip up the Sierra Madre mountains to be gone a week or ten days, "camping out," which means hunting and fishing days and rolling up in a blanket to sleep at night. One of my friends persists in saying he will come back entirely well because she has heard such wonderful stories of camp life.

Although at this season of the year it is very dry and dusty, there is still much beauty to be seen. As I sit here I can look out and see a vast stretch of orange groves as far as the eye can reach. The fruit and flowers are abundant in variety and quantity. We have been boarding since we came, but a cottage is building which we hope soon to occupy. Every thing was new and strange to us when we first came here, but we soon found kind Christian friends.

I was surprised in reading the letter of Aliee L. from Syria to note the similarity of that country to southern California in climate, fruit and flowers. Let us hear from her again.

Pasadena, Cal.

MRS. G. W. TUTTLE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I think you would like to hear of the earthquake which we have experienced, and I will tell you how we got on during that terrible night. The thirty-first of August can never be forgotten. The early morning was beautiful, a fine west breeze blowing, but about mid-day it became oppressively warm. I experienced a nervous, restless feeling, such as I had never known before, accompanied with difficulty of breathing. At ten P. M., when we were all assembled in the piazza, there was a sound heard as of a number of heavy cars rolling into a depot, or distant thunder, slowly approaching. Just then the house began to heave and rock, the motion was up and down, and from side to side, the timbers cracked, and glasses rattled.

Some one called out "What is this?" then another said "Earthquake." Then you could scarcely keep your footing. My daughter screamed, "Run for the children." They were taken from their beds and carried into the yard. We then remembered the lamps, and the young men flew into the house and took out five. They did not even flicker. Oh! the awful stillness, and the fright depicted on every face! We looked at each other, panic-stricken, and then came the second fearful shock, but not quite as severe as the first, and about twenty minutes after it. We had eight in all, ending about ten minutes after eleven P. M.

All kept perfectly quiet. It seemed as if it was the voice of God, and we knew not what the next moment would bring forth. The poor little children (nine of them collected in our yard) kept perfectly still, but after a while, one little fellow said, "Me alnt got any home." After a while we put them on beds on the floor of a cottage in the yard, and they fell asleep. But no sleep visited our eyes all night. We were listening to the roaring of the waves all night, which seemed to our terror-stricken hearts, to have a weird sound, and we thought of tidal waves.

At thirty minutes past two, A. M., two gentlemen from Georgetown came for their wives, who were with us, and told us a tidal wave would probably be on us in twenty-eight hours, and that decided us to leave the island for a few days, which we did, and returned here, and found less damage done than anywhere else.

We are still having slight shocks, or tremors, which are very demoralizing. For three weeks most persons slept in their clothes, ready to leave their houses at a moment's warning. We slept in tents in the yard for about ten days.

If any of the sisters on the Pacific coast have any experience about earthquakes, I should be glad to have them write me on the subject, also mention how long the tremors last.

MRS. E. C. LA BRUCE.
Waverley Mills, via Georgetown, S. C.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

CUSTARD PIE.—Two eggs, one heaping tablespoonful of flour, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one tablespoonful of cream; beat well, while on the stove you have one and one-half pints of milk, let it boil, pour on to the eggs, and beat well.

E. A. GALE.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Some one has asked for a recipe for graham bread without soda. One quart of graham flour, three quarts of flour, one cup of sugar, one large spoonful of salt, one cup of yeast or one yeast cake. Mix soft with warm water using a spoon, raise over night, pour in the pans, deep pans are best, and bake slowly two hours. Do not sift the graham. You will find this very nice bread.

SUBSCRIBER.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.—Four eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one and one-half cups of milk, four cups of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder. This makes two loaves.

VANDERBILT CAKE.—Extravagant, but very delicious. One cup of butter, two cups of

sugar, one cup of sweet milk, two and one-half cups of flour, whites of seven eggs, two even teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one pound each of raisins, figs, dates, and blanched almonds, and one-fourth pound of citron. Cut all the fruit fine. Beat all well together before adding the fruit. Stir in the fruit last, with a light sifting of flour over it to keep the fruit from sinking to the bottom of the pan. Bake slowly.

SARAH A. LEONARD.

HOP YEAST BREAD.—I want to tell Blanche M., how to make light, soft, spongy bread. To begin at the beginning, you must have good yeast. Boil one handful of hops in a quart of water half an hour. Then take six good sized potatoes, pare and grate them up raw, add one-half cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of salt and one tablespoonful of ginger. Then strain the hop water on to this, and add one quart of hot water, set it on the stove and boil one-half hour, stirring frequently as it will thicken as it boils.

When cool add one yeast cake dissolved in warm water, or half a cup of good yeast. This will keep good for weeks in the hottest weather, and never fails to make good bread. And now for the bread. At night take a quart of boiling water, and pour it on enough flour to make a stiff batter. When cool, add half a cup of yeast and a teaspoonful of salt. Cover over close and let it stand till morning. Then knead up stiff and let it rise again till light, then mould it well and put in deep tins to rise again. Let the loaf fill the tin about half full. Let it rise till the tin is full and bake in a quick oven. If you rub butter over the top of the loaves just before putting them in to bake they will be a beautiful brown. Scalding the flour makes the bread soft and spongy. And now will some one tell me how to make good salt-rising bread?

RUTHIE.

TO STARCH LINEN.—I wish to send one recipe that will gladden the hearts of many young housekeepers, and some of the old ones. If shirts are to be done up, try my way. Take two tablespoonfuls of starch and one teaspoonful even full of powdered borax, and dissolve in one and one-half cups of cold water. The shirts must not be previously starched, and they must be perfectly dry. Dip the cuffs, collars, bosoms and neck bands in the starch, then roll up tight in a dry cloth, and let them lie two hours. Then rub off and iron. They will be like pasteboard and have a nice gloss. Please try and report.

MRS. E. B. E.

BAKER'S JELLY ROLL.—One pint of eggs, one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, and about forty pounds of "elbow grease." Spread on sheets of brown paper, bake, brush paper side with water, take off paper, and spread on jelly and roll. Then roll in paper till cold.

IMITATION PUMPKIN PIES.—These can be made of carrots by adding a pinch of soda when boiling. Then proceed in the usual way for pumpkin pies.

HASH ROLLS.—For this use any kind of well seasoned hash. Make a pie crust, roll out in a thin, narrow long strip, place the hash on it, moisten the edges of the crust, overlap, wash with milk, cut in two-inch pieces and bake a nice brown. Serve with sauce of a tablespoonful of butter, flour and milk, seasoned.

A little soda in boiling cabbage will make it tender and shorten the time of cooking.

SANTA CRUZ.

FLOUR STARCH.—Although comparatively a new subscriber, I should like to thank Mrs. S. M. E., Washington Territory, for directions for doing up shirts, and I wish to say to her that I also use flour starch for their colored clothes, but I do not have to strain it, and if she will stir the flour with a little cold water, as usual, and then instead of pouring boiling water on to it, will pour the boiling water into a pan, and then stir in the thickening as she would for gravy, she will find that the starch will not lump.

Washington Ter.

A. A. D.

DUMPLINGS.—One cup of sweet milk, one egg, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, salt, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; rub the butter with a little flour to a cream, then add the remaining ingredients with enough flour to make it very stiff. Drop the batter by tablespoonfuls on a greased pie tin, and steam about thirty minutes. This will make seven good-sized ones, which can be divided, and they cannot fail to be light.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD.—Two cups of sour milk, one cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, salt, and one-half cup each of molasses and brown sugar. Thicken not very stiff with flours in this proportion: two-thirds cup of white flour, level cup of graham, and a heaping cup of meal. Steam three hours. Bake from fifteen to twenty minutes.

GINGERBREAD.—One heaping tablespoonful of lard rubbed into some flour, add a little salt; one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful

of soda dissolved in one-third cup of hot water, stir in flour enough to make it very stiff, knead well and roll out. Mark with cooky roller, and bake in two square tins, or in one large sheet iron pan. A tin of water placed in the oven will keep it from burning. This is unlike any rule I have seen for old-fashioned gingerbread, and is always nice.

MAMIOLA.

Western Texas.

APPLE JOHNNYCAKE.—One teacup of sour milk, two-thirds cup of cream filled up with sour milk, (or if you have no cream, butter can be used,) two level teaspoonfuls of soda, salt, one-half cup of brown sugar, and one level cup of flour. Thicken with meal, not very stiff. Pare and cut in small pieces (not slices) about two small apples and stir in.

Fisher, Minn.

MRS. TEAEHOUT.

MOCK MINCE PIES.—One teacup of bread crumbed fine, one cup each of vinegar, water, raisins, sugar and molasses, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful each of cloves, nutmeg, and cinnamon. Boil all together before using. This quantity is sufficient for four pies. They are equally as good as those made in the usual way.

A. V. L.

FRENCH CANDY.—Take the white of one egg, and as much water as egg, add powdered sugar till you can work with the hands. Work it into shape like the walnut candy we buy, and on each side stick half an English walnut. It will take one pound of nuts.

Please send more crochet edgings.

PANSY.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please tell California to sprinkle cooking soda on her oil cloth, as she would sand to scrub the floor, and rub it well in with a soft cloth and clear water, then rinse well. If badly soiled, renew the application, until she has secured the desired effect. If not sparing of the soda, I think she will find it efficacious.

JAEV VEE.

I would be very glad if some lady would give me full directions for making a *pot-pourri*.

H. C. D.

I would like to say to Sister Gracious that I have tried her vanilla extract and it is the best I ever used and such a saving in price.

MRS. E. LAWRENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If M. R. Richardson, Wakefield, Mass., will put a generous supply of cream of tartar on the ink spots of her white bed spread and tie it up with a strong twine, and place in a boiler of cold water by itself, and boil, I think the ink will soon disappear. I tried it upon a white apron and no trace of the ink showed after.

MANUELA.

Western Texas.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to have Dr. Hanaford explain the cause of canker sore mouth and give a remedy through the columns of our paper. I have been troubled with it for a number of years. I know of remedies that will heal the sores, burnt alum to eat out the canker, and yellow root to allay the inflammation, will give relief for a time, but will soon return. What I want is to get at the cause of it, and if Dr. Hanaford, or any one who has had experience with this complaint, will enlighten me on the subject, I shall be very grateful.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Mrs. F. O. Williams, most of my fish scales were obtained from a market stand in New Orleans, where they had been thrown away as refuse. Now, I am living in a country village and having no access to a market, would be glad if some of the sisters would tell us the name of a dealer in fish scales, fine wire, and flower centers.

To Mrs. E. J. Elder who complains of her pickles softening, I would give our method, which has been before given in THE HOUSEHOLD, and is excellent. In a tight vessel place a layer of salt, then a layer of cucumbers, then salt again, and so on. After each gathering, lay on top a cloth wrung out of cold water, and keep weight over all (same cloth each time.) Sufficient brine will form to cover them. When wanted for use, pour boiling water over the cucumbers (which will plump them out.) Repeat this process for several days until fresh enough. Place in a stone jar and cover with boiling vinegar seasoned with red pepper, spices and sugar. It may be necessary to scald again; horse radish roots are said to prevent mould, if the vinegar is good. I have just made a jar of nice pickles, put up last year with the dry salt.

M. P. K.

West Virginia.

To A Subscriber. The ammonia is used in the proportion of an ounce to four pounds of flour in your cooky recipe.

SANTA CRUZ.

The Parlor.

CHRISTMAS.

Breaking on the twilight stillness,
Listen to the Christmas chimes;
They have brought the same glad tidings
More than eighteen hundred times—
Peace on earth!

Let the bells ring out the joy of the nations,
Jesus, the babe of the manger, is King;
He is the highest who once was the lowest,
Let all the children be joyful and sing,
"Peace and good-will, strife shall be still,
The babe of the manger is King."

Ring, ye bells! 'tis sweet to listen;
Sing, ye friends, outside the door,
Echoes of that wondrous music
That was heard in days of yore.
Dress the house with holly,
Let the bright red berries shine,
While we celebrate the birth-night
Of our gracious Lord divine.

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
"God is not dead! nor doth he sleep!"
The Wrong shall fall, the Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"
—Longfellow.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY H. MARIA GEORGE.

THE yearly onslaught upon turkey has as usual resulted in the victory of the attacking party. But the fallen is not without his revenge, as witness sundry twinges of gout and rheumatism, colds, pains in the head and stomach, and a variety of other ailments known to those who were most valiant in the fray.

The wind sweeps chillly around corners and saucily nips the cheeks and ears of those exposed to his fury; the snow flakes have for days been gathering in the air, forming huge leaden banks which have deprived us of the genial sunlight, and now gently falling, form a lace-like adornment for the mossy twigs and brunches from which autumn has stripped the foliage, or sinking to earth, are swallowed up in the foul mud that coats the streets. But now they are coming, thicker and thicker, faster and faster, and mountain and valley, roadside, street, fence, hedge and house top are wrapped in a shroud of fleecy white. And as this shroud wraps in its cold embrace the beautiful earth in which we have so much gloried, and silences the tender ripple of brook and river, we are admonished that another year is about to close on us forever. To many of us at this season comes a train of sad and serious thoughts. Thoughts of our vanished, perhaps wasted youth; of our nearness to that stream which all must sometime cross, and from the farther shore of which no return is possible; of dear friends who started with us in life's morning but who, though stout and valiant, were unable to bear up under the accumulated burdens thrust upon them, and like some of the first snow flakes fell gently to earth and you saw them no more; of ambitions followed with all the vigor and persistency of youth and maturer years, but just as you were about to cry Eureka, you found that you grasped but a handful of dust and ashes.

Thus the sad thoughts crowd on us as the snow gathers and obscures the familiar landscape, and we feel that drear December is closing around us like a funeral pall.

But hark! What is that joyous sound, that ringing, ringing, ringing, ever louder, and yet more loud, and reverberating from steeple to steeple, falls like a benediction on the ear? It is the blessed Christmas chimes, as peal on peal the merry ringers pull the ropes, and in one full, joyous swell of glory, Christmas with its old, yet ever new and wonderful meaning bursts once more on the land.

Away sad thoughts! Begone dull fears and repining! Rejoice my heart and throw thy burdens on the Lord!

"Hark, throughout Christendom joy bells are ringing;
From mountain and valley, o'er land and o'er sea,
Sweet choral melodies pealing and thrilling.
Echoes of ages from far Galilee."

Christmas is here,
Merry old Christmas,
Gift-bearing, heart-touching, joy-bringing Christmas,
Day of grand memories, king of the year.

Day of the poor, bringing Jesus the lowly,
Bearer of burdens and giver of rest
Comforter, Saviour, Redeemer most holy,
Christianity's birth-time, eternally blest;
Christmas is here,

Merciful Christmas,
Faith-raising, love-bearing, all-blessing Christmas,
Sweetest and holiest day of the year."

Christmas is the time of all others when our hearts and hands should be open to the poor and unfortunate. Contemplation on the pricelessness of the gift which on this day was given to save a sinful and degenerate world, should fill us with a desire to impart to others these "tidings of great joy;" and while it is well in meditation to listen to the singing of the angels we should remember that

"Life is real, life is earnest,"

and that action alone will carry us to the goal.

There are an abundance of superstitions regarding Christmas, many of them relating to irrational animals and inanimate nature. Shakespeare tells how

"Some say that ever 'gainst the season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long."

Another fancy that long survived in Europe and even had quite a hold in our own Puritan land was that at one o'clock on Christmas morning the cattle turned their heads to the east, and going down upon their knees, worshipped that King who was born in a stable and cradled in a manger. While many also believed that during the Christmas season chanticleer was wont to give voice with more than wonted vigor and frequency both by day and by night.

Among the many beautiful customs of this season, there is none more pleasing than that so universal in Norway and Sweden of providing a Christmas feast for the birds. A few days before, huge, lumbering wains laden with sheaves are driven into town where they are sold to the people in small bunches who fasten them in every available place, and no one is so poor but that he has saved a few pence or even a farthing to help give a dinner to his feathered friends. Neither are the animals forgotten, and the staid family horse, the frisky colt, the patient cattle, the sheep, goats, and even the pig get larger and better rations on that day. In Norway the last sheaf from the harvest field is never threshed, but carefully preserved till Christmas eve, when the sturdy peasant fastens it to the roof for the hungry birds.

The weather on Christmas day is peculiarly the subject of remark and superstition, as—"a green Christmas, a full graveyard." Or the next which alludes to Christmas night:

"When Christmas night is bright and clear,
An omen 'tis of a prosperous year;
But on that night the wind and rain
Much unhealth bring in their sad train."

Or this which relates more particularly to the temperature:

"When Christmas does no winter bring,
Look for a winter in the spring."

An old English weather proverb says:

"If ducks do slide at Hallowtide,
At Christmas day they'll swim;
If ducks do swim at Hallowtide,
At Christmas day they'll slide."

And snow on Christmas night was considered as indicating a good hop season.

Christmas in England was formerly ushered in by the carol singers who sang from house to house and were in turn treated to cakes and home brewed ale. True to their Saxon origin, our English ancestors saw in every holiday an occasion for feasting. The week before Christmas, the larder was supplied with capons, hens, turkeys, geese, ducks, venison, mutton, beef, pork pies, mince pies,

puddings, nuts, honey, sugar and plums. Wine, cider and ale were on top, and I doubt not that some of the compounds wherein these were mixed with roasted apples, spices, sweet herbs, etc., would be the despair of even an accomplished New York bar tender.

The boar's head, dressed with mustard, and garlanded with rosemary and bay, the jaws propped open with an apple or an orange, and resting on a salver of silver or gold, was borne into the banquet room at the head of a procession of knights and ladies who marched to the sounding flourish of the trumpet or the softer cadence of the song. At these banquets roasted peacocks were often served with plumage intact, and the effect was enhanced by placing in the gilded beak a bit of cotton saturated with alcohol which was lighted before the carver plied his knife and fork.

The English plum pudding, now known wherever civilization has set its seal, was at first a "plum porridge made of mutton broth thickened with brown bread, in which were mixed half boiled raisins, currants, prunes, cloves, mace and ginger." This compound was served with the meats, and from it has been evolved that triumph of culinary art, an English plum pudding.

Mince pies have long been a popular dish at this season and were formerly made of "chickens, neat's tongues, eggs, sugar, currants, lemon and orange peel, with various spices." This mixture was put between two crusts and baked in an oblong dish in remembrance of the manger in which the infant Jesus was cradled. Both Puritans and Quakers eschewed this dish on account of its connection with the observance of Christmas.

"England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again,
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year."

The houses were decked with holly, ivy and mistletoe; the yule log burned brightly, while a variety of games and rude sports together with wassail bowls and bowls of punch furnished enjoyment for all. Ceremony was laid aside at this season and lord, tenant, vassal and serf, made merry together under the direction of "a lord of misrule."

Sad as are the memories of slave times to the negroes, the Christmas festivals must ever be held in pleasant and kindly remembrance. Presents from master and mistress were in order, and every one was remembered, from the snowy haired aunties and uncles to the smallest pickaninny. Long before daylight the slaves gathered under the windows of the big house and their wild, though melodious voices woke the echoes of the night with such songs as:

"It's Christmass day, it's Christmass day, it's Christmass
in de mornin'.
And you and me will tuk around afore de early dawnin'.
De dawnin', de dawnin',
De star shine in de mornin'.
My Christ was borned, and dat you know, dis blessed
Christmass mornin'."

When the master appeared at the door in acknowledgement of their music he was seized by the men who mounted him on their shoulders, and shouting and laughing, carried him about till he could endure it no longer.

And the children! What would Christmas be without them? and what would Christmas be to the children without its patron, old Santa Claus? Firmly do they believe in the visits of this benevolent old gentleman, and more than one bright-eyed cherub will lie awake this year listening for the patter of his tiny steeds on the roof; and many a white-robed darling will steal slyly down the stairs to try if mayhap she can catch a glimpse as St. Nick hurriedly stuffs each stocking in the row with toys and sweetmeats.

Presents have been in order at this season ever since the strange kings brought offerings of myrrh, gold and frankincense and laid them at the feet of the new-born King of Bethlehem. Then don't forget the little ones; not only your own, but those less fortunate who scarcely know the meaning of the blessed Christmas time, and to whom a present is a thing almost unknown.

A merry Christmas to all, and in the words of Tiny Tim, "God bless us every one."

HOW HE WAS SAVED.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

On a bright Christmas day, as long ago as the year 1460, there was a great bustle and intense excitement at Thurland castle, in Yorkshire, England.

The castle was one of those great, gloomy structures, with a moat around it, and high towers, which the nobles of the Middle Ages loved to dwell in—a building that partook more of the character of a prison and a fortress than of a dwelling house according to modern ideas. It was built principally of stone, and the walls were cold and damp, like those of a dungeon. The great hall was large and low, the roof arched, and supported on short thick columns which made the room resemble the crypt of a cathedral. The windows were set high up in the walls, and were small and without glass.

At each end of this great, dark apartment, there was a fire burning. In one of the large fire-places a whole ox was roasting. Over the fire at the lower end, hung great black caldrons, and servants—both men and women—with red faces, bare and grimed arms, and long iron hooks, pots, and kettles, were bustled around it. Two rosy-cheeked maidens were strewing fresh straw on the floor, and in the middle of the hall, several men were setting up a long table of rough boards, supported on trestles, and ranging upon it wooden trenchers, drinking horns and silver cups.

Seemingly taking an interested part in the activity that prevailed in this room, was a little girl, not more than nine or ten years of age. This was Lady Catherine Tunstall, the only child of Sir Richard, the lord of the castle. Despite her quaint dress, for she wore a collar of fur, and a long kirtle of some dark cloth, cut just as grown-up people were; and a queer head dress, horned and very high—she was a very pretty child. The little lady was taking upon herself the oversight of the preparations for the Christmas supper. She directed servants, inspected the various dishes and the arrangements of the table, held counsel with the old steward, and now and then ran to the door as though expecting some one.

"Surely, it is time my father should be here," she said, in something of a disappointed tone, after she had returned from the portal several times.

"Said he not, when he rode away, that he should be here to sup with us this night? Good Hubert, have you not heard his bugle?"

The aged servitor shook his head.

"Worry not, my lady, our master will be here anon," observed a stately old lady, whose white hair was bound round her head under a tall white cap. "He may bring his Grace of York with him. So dom thy richest kirtle, lest the great Duke find thee in thy worn and rumpled robes, and you be made ashamed."

"Yea, I remember, Dame Cathy that when my father rode away he spoke of battle, and all the men at arms went with him. If they beat the foreign woman, my father will come back with noble company. I will to my chamber as thou wishest."

"Ah, Lady Kate, there is trampling now in the courtyard," said the ancient dame. "Perchance 'tis thy father; run thee forth and see."

There was, indeed, a sound of hoofs in the castle yard, and the servitors were rushing out of the hall to welcome their master home again. Three days previous Sir Richard Tunstall had rode away with a gallant troop, each man at arms wearing the white rose of York on his bascinet. The bugles had sounded merrily, and in the bright sunshine the gay banners, the armor, and the lance heads had made a splendid show, as the feudal array marched across the drawbridge. Kate had watched their departure with no small degree of pride, keeping her eyes on the white horse of her father as long as it was in sight. There were tears in the bright eyes, however, as she turned away from the narrow casement; for she thought of her father's last words, as he bent to kiss her: "Be a good child and mind Dame Cathy; and if I do not return alive, have me buried beside your mother in the chapel."

But he had returned alive, and the little lady very careless just then how she looked, rushed out into the courtyard. There was White Percy, the war steed, his snowy flanks stained with sweat and dust, and his strong frame trembling from the effects of his long and furious flight. Was that travel-stained, haggard warrior, with battered armor, and bloody mantelline, the brilliant knight who had ridden from the castle three days since? Could it be her father?

The child sprang into his arms, with a low cry. "My papa! are you hurt?"

"Aye, sorely wounded," replied the knight, "and of my forty men-at-arms, not one is alive. I have fled from a stricken field. The great Duke is dead, and Salisbury and Rutland are stretched beside him. The foreign woman is still queen of England. Give thy best care, Bernard, to my poor steed," he continued, addressing a groom, "and in an hour bring him to me. I must on to the Midland counties, to warn Lord Warwick, and March, York's son."

Sir Richard Tunstall, leading his daughter by the hand, walked slowly through the lofty portal, into his great hall. The fragrance of the roasting ox, and of many a viand on the long tables, filled his nostrils.

"Ha! thou hast prepared goodly cheer," he said; "but 'twill be a sorry Christmas, the gloomiest the old castle has known since thy lady mother died. Poor child! thy father is about to leave thee. What will you do when I am gone?"

Kate looked bravely up into her father's face. "I will pin a white rose to my kirtle, and hold the castle for its liege master, York's heir."

"Nobly said, my bonny Kate. There is no Lancastrian blood in thy veins, for that I rejoice, and the knight bent and kissed the young face. Then he led her to the highest seat at the table and sat down beside her, under a canopy of blue, on which was emblazoned a golden falcon, the crest of the Tunstalls since stout Sir Hugh led his steel clad men-at-arms to the Holy Land, with Richard of the lion heart.

There was grave talk around the tables that day, and Catherine noticed, when the mead was passed by the old butler, that her father only touched the cup to his lips, tasting not of the liquor. But he ate heartily of the roast chine and of the fumerty pudding, and the capons and the pastry, much to the little lady's delight.

"Papa, I thought you would be hungry, so I made Dame Cathy let me oversee the dinner, for I knew what you liked. Isn't it nice?"

Sir Richard smiled very tenderly upon

the childish face raised so earnestly to his.

"Ay, thou takest thy skill from thy mother; she was a wondrous cook," he said. "I'll warrant thou thoughtest I should return with noble company."

"Marry, I did, the great Duke and young Rutland, his son. I am so sorry he is dead. He gave me a marvellously pretty present when he was here at midsummer. Do you remember it?"

"'Twas that golden hilted dagger you wear at your girdle. Poor young Rutland! I saw them cut him down with their swords—a defenceless boy who had never harmed them."

"Oh, papa, it was cruel and wicked, I wish—"

At that moment the old chatelaine rushed into the hall with a pale face.

"Fly, my lord, fly; a Lancastrian troop is near. We can see the red rose on their bascinets, and they ride swiftly. Shall your steed be brought?"

"How far distant is the foe?"

"A furlong, my lord; nay, scarce that," answered the servitor.

"There is no time then for flight. My steed is all but spent. Let the drawbridge up; we will defy them in our stronghold."

"My lord," said the chatelaine, scarcely able to speak in his fear, "I forgot to tell you that the draw-bridge will not work. The chain is broken, and the portcullis will not fall."

It was Sir Richard's turn to look dismayed.

"Flight and defence alike are helpless, then. I can but die on my own hearthstone." And he drew his sword and seemed ready to rush forth 'o the courtyard.

The sound of galloping hoofs upon the draw-bridge, and the fierce shouts of the Lancastrians, echoed through the hall. Little Lady Kate sprang wildly to her father's side.

"Oh, papa, go not there. Those angry men will slay you as they slew young Rutland. Can you not hide somewhere until they are gone?"

"Where could I secure concealment, child? Those are Clifford's men. I know them by the lion's crest on the helmet of their leader. They will search the castle from turret to foundation stone but they will find me."

"I can hide you, papa," said the girl. "Come with me. Oh, do come."

The knight very slowly and half reluctantly followed her up the stone stairway. They were scarcely at the top when they heard the voices of the Lancastrians in the hall below.

"Where is that traitor lord who fought for York and his false brood on to-day's field of battle?" asked he who wore the lion's crest.

The stately old dame answered with much dignity.

"He was here anon, but he has now gone away. Doubtless your trumpet frightened him. He was sorely wounded and his steed was nearly spent."

"A murrain on him. He cannot have escaped. Search the castle, men; and if ye find him, hang him from the highest battlement."

Catherine Tunstall trembled in her little shoes. The voices of those rude men were so fierce, and she had so little time. Still her heart did not fail her.

"Hurry, papa, or they will find you before I can hide you. They are coming now. Oh, we shall be too late!"

She almost pulled him along the corridor and into her own little room, where she had slept ever since her mother died. Her bed stood in one corner of the high apartment. It was a sufficiently rude affair, being nothing less than an old chest; but the bed covering was of the richest Flemish fabrics, and there was a gorgeous

canopy over it ornamented with the same golden insignia that blazed on the canopy above the dais in the great banquet hall.

Now in that chest there was a peculiarity that it was almost impossible for a stranger to detect. In the time of a former Tunstall, a part of the boarding of the floor had been broken, and in repairing it, space had been left just enough to admit the chest, which really rested on the rafters a foot below the boards. Consequently it was full two feet deep, though it looked scarce one, and of sufficient size to admit beneath the lid a full grown man.

Kate had many times, in her games with the children about the castle, used the chest for a hiding place. And in the inspiration of the moment, she now thought of it as a place of concealment for her father. She tore off the rich Flanders coverlet and the sheets of snowy whiteness with impetuous haste, and put the lid, bed clothes, and all against the wall.

"Get within quickly, father," she cried. "They will not look for you here. Do hasten, papa."

"I will do as you say, child," said the knight, coming back from the door. "Clifford's men will not harm you. It is only me they are after. Do not be frightened at their rude voices."

With these words, Sir Richard crawled inside the chest and lay down with all his armor on, "like a warrior taking his rest." Kate replaced the lid and threw the bed clothes in their proper place upon the chest. Just as she finished, she heard the steps of the soldiers at the door. The next instant the room was filled with Lancastrian warriors.

"There's nothing here," muttered Lord Clifford, whose dark, grim visage, and fierce expression had gained for him the designation of the "Black-faced lord." "It is the room of the traitor's brat. We want nothing of her."

"Be not so sure of that, my lord," said a tall, spare Northumbrian, whose foxy face and crafty eyes foreboded no good to our heroine. "Perhaps she can tell where the white rose miscreant has hidden."

Little Kate's heart gave a great leap under her violet colored bodice, and she could not help glancing at the bed beneath which her father lay concealed. No one noticed the look, however, and when Black Clifford directed his fierce eyes to her, despite his harsh voice, she somewhat recovered her courage.

"Art thou Sir Richard Tunstall's child?" asked Clifford.

"I am Catherine Tunstall, and Sir Richard is my father," answered the little lady promptly.

"Knowest thou aught where the traitor lies concealed?"

"My papa is no traitor," cried Kate, with flashing eyes. "And I would not tell you of his hiding place if you should kill me. Was it not you who killed young Rutland?"

Clifford laughed a cruel, scornful laugh.

"The traitor's brat hath teeth already. How the poison spreads! S'death! She has had good instruction."

"You wish to murder my papa," continued Kate, "but you will have to find him first," and the brave young mistress of the castle walked carelessly to a chair and sat down, with the golden falcon looking directly at her.

The soldier with the foxy face thrust his halberd into the bed clothes, and several others beat the walls with their swords, to sound for any hiding place that might be there; but they discovered nothing.

With surly mutterings the troops at last went from the room, and Kate presently heard their tread in another part of the castle. Their search was fruitless, however; and after a long time, having

searched the whole castle through, Clifford and his northern prickers rode away.

Kate did not move for some time, fearing lest the fierce-looking soldiers might return and still find her father. But when Dame Cathy came up stairs and inquired for Sir Richard, the girl bade her lift up the lid of the chest and see what was underneath.

"God be praised that thou art alive and unharmed, my master," cried the ancient dame, as the knight stepped out from his narrow hiding place, somewhat pale, indeed, but safe and in excellent spirits.

"I owe my life to our young lady here," said Sir Richard, pressing Kate to his bosom. "But for her I should now be a dead man. She shaines all of the old Tunstall dames. In the days to come may you win one who is worthy of you."

"Why, papa, I did nothing but that any girl could do. Glad am I, though, that you are safe from that black faced lord who slew the duke's son. Shall we not finish dinner now?"

"There is scarce time for that," answered the knight. "It is getting well toward night, and when the darkness falls I must be in Derbyshire."

Richard Tunstall rode away on his mission, but he returned safely, after many days, to his old castle in the north. And there little Lady Kate grew up "the bonniest, the most graceful damsel in the northern counties," as the old chronicler takes the pains to tell us—for this story of a girl's heroism in the olden time is a true one, standing out like a rose on a thorn stem, amid the battles and carnage of a rude and bloody age.

A TIMELY PROPOSITION.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

John Heywood sat down to his evening paper, a shade of perplexity on his fine face. Opposite, at the same table his wife was already absorbed with the pages of a new magazine. It would soon have been easily apparent to one observing him, that Mr. Heywood's mind was distracted, and his thoughts by no means fixed on the columns before him. Once in a while he would glance at the fair face opposite as if about to make some remark, then his eyes would again rest with an absent expression on the evening paper.

For fully five minutes the gentleman regarded one particular line without actually seeing a single word, then he said in a quiet, distinct voice:

"Isabel, I received a letter from Aunt Amy this morning, and the old house is sold at last."

A perceptible shade stole over his wife's face, but she only said in a questioning tone, "Well?"

It evidently was with some effort Mr. Heywood continued.

"You know, Bell, Aunt Amy actually mothered me with all the tenderness and patience imaginable at a time when I sorely needed both love and consideration."

"Well, what do you think best to do?"

If only Mrs. Heywood would have helped her kind husband by a hint of willingness to fall in with his wishes whatever they might be, it would have been worth much to him, as it was, however, any proposition he had to make must come entirely unaided from his own lips.

But do not judge her hastily. She surmised readily enough what was passing in her husband's mind, but they had been only a year married, and not only did she dread having a third person share their cosy home, but on more than one occasion of late, Mr. Heywood had hinted good naturally that they must exercise

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caution lest their expenses exceed their income. So why should he burden himself still farther in that direction, for every one must count.

Mr. Heywood ventured a considerate inquiry:

"I suppose, Bell, you would dread having her come to us?"

"Why, I hardly see how she can, John. You feel our expenses now are greater than they should be. We have to pay four dollars a week to keep a decent cook in the kitchen, and I've dreaded to tell you, but Ann is threatening to leave unless I'll give her four and a half. She declares other ladies are eagerly waiting to secure her services the moment we let her go. Then we've but one spare room."

"Oh, Aunt Amy would occupy one of the upper rooms and furnish it herself," said Mr. Heywood. "She always wants her fine old mahogany set wherever she is. As to Ann, let her leave if she wants to, there are always good servants to be found—"

"Oh, John," his wife burst in impetuously, "don't for pity's sake say 'let her leave,' so unconcernedly! If you only knew the trial and vexation of finding a girl who really understands cooking! You surely haven't forgotten the abominable bread, the wretched coffee, and the half cooked meat we've been obliged to make the best of several times."

Then she added more patiently, "I'm sorry I know so little about cooking myself, but I could not teach school and learn to cook at the same time, and I'm not so very old yet."

The sweet face had an appealing look not lost upon the loving listener and he hastened to assure her she was the best and dearest little wife in the world, and so the conversation took on a pleasanter tone until finally Isabel consented cheerfully to have Aunt Amy sent for, to make a good long visit, and bring her chamber set if she liked.

Such a wise, judicious creature as she was, this Aunt Amy! Of course she saw the shameful waste going on in her nephew's kitchen, saw what a slave the pretty and really accomplished young wife was, to the strong-willed, hot-tempered Ann, who not content with having had her wages fixed at four dollars and a half a week, threatened to leave on every pretended provocation. But not a word escaped the lips of Aunt Amy Heywood. She only watched the opportunity she knew was marching on, and pretty soon it came.

One morning Mrs. Heywood went into the kitchen, and putting on a winning smile, said coaxingly:

"Come, Ann, now here's a chance to do your prettiest! Mr. Heywood expects four gentlemen to dine with him to-night. I should have spoken of it yesterday," she added with nervous haste, "only I did not know it until last night myself, but we won't have any lunch to speak of,

womanly spirit was roused within her as she said deliberately, but with flashing eyes:

"Go then! Go at once! You'll have not one cent of extra pay for doing as I bid you; and if you can get four dollars and a half a week elsewhere in a family of only three persons, and one a lady who will not allow you to do a piece of her washing or even to make her bed, you are free to do so, now go, immediately!"

With the last words she left the kitchen, and going to the sitting room she paused appalled. Aunt Amy looked with soft, quiet eyes at the flushed face, but forbore asking any questions. In a moment Isabel spoke, her voice trembling and worried.

"Oh, auntie, what do you think I've done?"

"What, dear?"

"Why I've actually told Ann to go, and four gentlemen coming to dine to-night! What shall I do?"

An amused little laugh broke from Aunt Amy. "Why, let her go." She said.

"But those gentlemen, Aunt Amy, and that dinner! John expects every thing will be in apple pie order, I know."

"Why, bless your heart, child, I'll get the dinner."

"But, auntie, there'll be soup to make and fowls to dress, and vegetables to prepare, and dessert to plan, dear, dear!"

But Aunt Amy in her even, reassuring tones replied:

"My little dear, I've made more soups and dressed more fowls and cooked more vegetables and stirred up more puddings and arranged more dishes of fruit than you could count in—oh, ever so long a time. Now don't distress yourself a moment. Wouldn't that pretty colored woman you gave the dress to yesterday come in and help, and wait on table? I remember she said if she could ever serve you in any way she would be very thankful to."

"Oh, yes, auntie, that's the very thing!" exclaimed Isabel, her face radiant with relief, "but it's too bad," she added thoughtfully, "to let you cook and stew over the fire all day."

"Nonsense, child, to tell the truth I've perfectly longed to do something of the kind, now we'll go about preparing for to-night, and to-morrow I've something nice to propose to you."

Just at that moment the rubicund face of Ann, the cook, appeared at the door as she said blandly:

"Faith, thin! it's the nice temptin' lot o' things as has jis come from the market; an' will yerself plase to come down an' see is everythin' right afore I begins me pripirations."

"Yes, I'll come down," said Mrs. Heywood coolly, and not appearing to notice the broad smile on cook's coarse features.

As the heavy footfalls receded over the stairs Isabel said:

"Now you see, she's thought better of it, would you let her stay, auntie?"

"No, my dear, by no means. It is high time you were mistress in your own house; tell her calmly, but decidedly you want her services no longer, I'll see you nicely through with John's company, see if I don't."

There was a stormy scene in the kitchen, but Mrs. Heywood maintained a pretty dignity throughout. Ann made unheard of concessions, but all of no avail, and finally the baffled woman who in reality knew not where to go, went sullenly to her room to pack her trunk, cursing her own stupid folly in putting herself out of the best place she ever had.

The dinner was splendid. And it was a day of real enjoyment to kind-hearted Isabel, watching the deft, skillful movements of Aunt Amy, who, without seeming anxious or hurried in the least, was

engaged in preparing so many different dishes at the same time. Once while she was sitting down to beat up a meringue under Aunt Amy's direction, Isabel said laughingly:

"I'm terribly curious to know what you're going to propose to me, to-morrow, that will be so nice."

"Want me to tell you now?" asked Aunt Amy.

"Oh, dreadfully!"

"Well, I want terribly," began Aunt Amy, imitating Isabel's eager manner, "to make a 'dreadfully' nice little cook of you. If I was such a nice little wife," she went on more soberly, "as you are in other respects, I wouldn't allow myself to be at the mercy of such a person as the one who has just flounced off. Your housekeeping apart from the requirements of the table is neatness itself, and it would take but a comparatively little while for you to learn to make raised bread, light and tender, delicious biscuit, delicate cake, tempting soups, the best of coffee, salads, and all such things, as well as how to cook meats, vegetables, and to prepare a variety of desserts, pies, puddings and all. You see, child," she added affectionately, "I've lived long enough to realize how dependent sooner or later we must become at many times upon ourselves alone, for practical knowledge of these useful duties, upon the proper performance of which depends so much of real comfort and enjoyment in the home.

Now it's troubled me not a little to think of being a burden on you and my boy, John." Isabel would have spoken, but Aunt Amy put up her hand and went on. "But I see, dear child, just where you can save hundreds of dollars a year by superintending matters yourself in the kitchen and knowing how to assist in preparing the meals, especially when company is expected and nice cooking is wanted. Now suppose you and I get along for six months without any regular servant at all.

This is my proposition. I suppose it seems almost dreadful to you; but that pretty colored woman would be glad to do your washing, ironing and scrubbing, and our lessons and instructions could go on much more uniformly and thoroughly if we were by ourselves most of the time.

I really like to wash dishes, so you needn't do that at all, unless you prefer, but it would be useful, perhaps, for you to notice what an old housekeeper has learned is the best way to perform even that homely duty. I am afraid Ann's silver and glasses were quite as likely to come last on the list as her kettles and pans."

"And I'm sure mine would be likely to for all I'd know any better," giggled Isabel, "but I think," she added soberly, "your proposition is beautiful—do you know," she said, quickly interrupting herself as she was seized with a sudden confiding spirit towards her kindly companion—"John has quite worried over his expenses lately, and I shall be only too glad to dispense with such extravagant girls as I have felt obliged to keep."

"I think," said Aunt Amy, "that at the end of our six months' trial you would find it the most agreeable and economical plan to hire a girl at moderate wages to do the housework and plain cooking, and attend to the nice cooking yourself. You little know how much enjoyment it will prove, having confidence in your own ability to prepare easily your own and John's favorite dishes. But I must stir the soup again, and peep at the chickens, that egg and sugar is beaten sufficiently, and the vegetables are about ready to set back. Yes, and here comes the colored woman; every thing is fast approaching apple pie order."

Six months from that time John Heywood had been complimenting his wife upon the excellent dinner she had prepared almost entirely herself, when the minister and his wife and a few other friends had been their guests. A sudden attack of rheumatism had confined dear Aunt Amy to her room, but her bright pupil had been equal to the emergency.

In reply to her husband's gratified expressions of praise, she replied:

"I can't begin to tell you how I enjoy feeling myself mistress of the situation in my own house; it seems quite like another life to be entirely independent of 'first class cooks,' such as are hired for wages. Dear Aunt Amy, to think I dreaded her coming to us, and what a comfort and blessing she has been, I only hope she will long be spared to aid and cheer us."

And she was. In after years as the bright faces of little children increased around the hearthstone, kind, efficient Aunt Amy was always ready to direct or act, as she was needed, and John Heywood and his wife, Isabel, were only too glad to retain in their prosperous home the kind old lady to whom they always felt themselves deeply indebted for more than one timely proposition.

THE LONG LOOKED-FOR BADGE.

A while ago there was a great stir about THE HOUSEHOLD Badge. Our paper coming into our homes each month and being such a welcome visitor, and also being a medium for exchange of thought amongst so many of its contributors, the need of a Badge was felt, that would be a sign and means of recognition wherever we met, for the members of our sisterhood are scattered far and wide over nearly all of the states and territories of our vast country, besides not a few in Canada, across the Atlantic, and some far-away islands of the Pacific ocean.

The discussion was earnest, amusing, and rich in fertile imaginative designs, but all so varied and differing from each other, that one suggestion could hardly be chosen from among so many. Then the babel died away and nothing but a few faint whisperings were heard, which were the only signs by which we could tell the desire and need of the Badge remained as strong as ever, only the sisters grew discouraged and weary of talking with no effect.

Now the Badge has been designed, Mr. Crowell, Emily Hayes and Rosamond E. think nothing could be simpler, or more appropriate than a fac-simile of our own dear HOUSEHOLD itself. There can be no mistake in a recognition where it is worn. Many badges are so similar in design they require scrutiny to distinguish one from another. While our design is unique, original and comprises all that we could desire in a Badge, for it comprises THE HOUSEHOLD itself.

The Badge made of white metal plated with silver, oxidized, making a very pretty dart or lace pin for the throat, or worn on the shoulder as a Badge simply, will cost one dollar, and two cents extra for postage. Those who desire them of solid gold can have them made to order at three dollars and a half each. As the orders for the Badges cannot be turned out until fifty are ordered of the oxidized silver ones, and ten of the solid gold, those who apply first, will be first served.

MARJORIE MARCH.

Lock box 76, Philadelphia, Pa.

—If you wish to preserve your secret, wrap it up in frankness.—Montaigne.

—Sorrow is not selfish, but many persons are in sorrow entirely selfish. It makes them so important in their own eyes, that they seem to have a claim on all that people can do for them.—George Macdonald.

All Isabel Heywood's Independent,

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—I would like to add my mite to the undoubtedly, large number of testimonials you already have, in regard to that best of soaps, Dobbins' Electric, and to tell you of some of its merits that possibly you may not happen to know of yourselves. I have been boarding through the summer with my little year and a half old daughter in Sharon. The lady with whom I am staying, kindly gave me the privilege of doing my own washing. I could not get any of my favorite soap, Dobbins', in town, so sent to Boston for it. The front steps to the house had been newly painted and in less than an hour after they were done, my little girl sat down on them. Not satisfied with getting the back of her dress covered, she turned round and climbed (not the golden) but the painted stairs. You can imagine the condition of her white embroidered dress. Of course the verdict was, "ruined." I put it away with the soiled clothes, thinking, of course, it was indeed ruined. I was called away after that, and it was ten days after that I did my washing. It never occurred to me that I could do any thing with the dress, but thought I would wash it. So put it in soak over night, and put plenty of soap on it. What was my surprise on washing it next day to find the paint all came out leaving it as clear and white as though it had never been painted. Believe me, I shall never cease to recommend Dobbins' Soap. I do not mean for you to publish this, but thought you might like to know from one who has had experience, that the soap will do even more than you claim for it. Respectfully,

MRS. L. E. WELD.

Sharon, Mass.

I received a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and am very much pleased with it and find that it does all. Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, say it will, and I have been using it ever since I tried the sample. I have sent to them for the Shakespeare cards.

MRS. M. M. MCCLINTOCK.
Millville, Cumberland Co., N. J.

MR. CROWELL,—Dear Sir:—I have given Dobbins' Electric Soap a thorough trial, find it all it is claimed to be. Used to think a certain other brand the best—would use no other—but, through the letters in THE HOUSEHOLD, I was induced to try Dobbins' Electric Soap. Shall use it hereafter. I enclose seven wrappers for the Shakespeare cards, "The Seven Ages of Man."

MRS. A. C.
Box 931, Meadville, Crawford Co., Pa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I like Dobbins' Electric the best of any soap that I ever used. I send seven wrappers to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, and will be pleased if they will send me the cards that are promised. Yours truly.

MRS. JOHN R. BUTLER.
Springvale, Me.

MR. CROWELL:—I have used that most excellent soap, Dobbins', for years. There is no better made. At one time I had three boxes of it. Years ago I used it. I use it for toilet in preference to white castile; think it almost too good for kitchen use. There is no better soap made. Gives best satisfaction, and if I can urge others to use it I will gladly do so. Yours truly.

MARY HUDDLESTON.
124 Dare St., Cleveland, Ohio.

PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—ED.

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are *prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 70,000 cards!* We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from *actual subscribers* giving their *full name and address*, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some member of the Band please inform me if they can send me the February number of Arthur's Magazine for 1884? Will pay all costs. MANDA MEREDITH.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to obtain one hundred of the colored pictures found in Leslie's and Ogilvie's monthlies. Any previous to those of 1885. Would pay for them, or have a very few pampas plumes which I would exchange. Will any of the Band having such pictures please write me?

MRS. E. HALE.

No. 702 Neb. St., Sioux City, Iowa.

THE BONDAGE OF MORPHINE.

When the medical world was first startled with the discovery of morphia as an anæsthetic it was heralded as the greatest boon to a suffering world. Soon it became an important theme in the lecture course of the various medical colleges of the world. Now a graduate, starting into practice, considers himself unequipped without the hypodermic syringe (which is more important than the lancet) and a vial of morphia. But, oh! what a sad picture is the agony, the fearful wreck and utter ruin, is the habit thus formed, making among all classes of society.

The deplorable habit of using morphine, not to relieve pain, but for the pleasurable sensations the narcotic produces, seems to be spreading in France in spite of the warning note uttered by medical men, and the terrible consequence that must follow upon the use, or rather abuse, of the drug. During the hearing of a case at Macon recently, the facts that transpired corroborated the assertion made by doctors as to the alarming tendency which prevails. In the course of the trial several physicians came forward to attest that the pernicious habit of morphine injections was spreading greatly especially among women, to the destruction of their moral and physical health. One of these witnesses—attached to a large hospital at Macon—affirmed that more than a dozen of the day nurses were regularly addicted to the use of morphine in one shape or another. It is, however, in Paris—and especially in the fashionable world of Paris—that morphine causes the most serious havoc to mind and body.

One can scarcely realize the sufferings of an opium victim. DeQuincey has vividly portrayed it. But who can fitly describe the joy of the rescued victim? Several cases have come under our notice in which the patients have contracted the habit of using morphine while suffering from some painful disease. The following is from an old gentleman, whose name, for an obvious reason is withheld, and shows what effect Compound Oxygen has in such cases:

April, 1886.

"I have taken the Treatment for about five months, and it has done nobly, in respect to the difficulties for which I ordered it; but it has done better, perhaps, in respect to a matter for which I did not order it.

I have been a victim of morphine for

over thirty years, and with all the efforts I could make to avoid increasing the amount, I had come to taking enormous doses, using on an average one ounce in twenty days, enough to kill probably two hundred men not accustomed to it. Every time I attempted to decrease it I suffered such intolerable pain in my back, and other indescribable misery, as to put a stop to all efforts of this kind. But since taking your Compound Oxygen I have diminished my dose one-half, without the slightest pain or other bad feeling. And I would advise all similar unfortunate to 'go and do likewise.' I would advise this if only on the ground of economy. In the course of a few months you will save more than the cost, besides the other good it will do you. To those much younger than I am (approaching the venerable age of eighty years), the effect will be much greater and more rapid.

Thankfully yours, A. B. C."

Full and interesting accounts of the wonderful effects of Compound Oxygen are given in a book of two hundred pages, published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, containing a history of this remarkable remedy and its application to all chronic diseases, especially asthma, catarrh, consumption, bronchitis, dyspepsia, neuralgia, rheumatism, etc., which will be sent free by addressing them at 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WHAT MARJORIE MARCH SAYS ABOUT THE PILLOW-INHALER.

A number of THE HOUSEHOLD Band have been writing to me to know if the Pillow-Inhaler which is advertised in THE HOUSEHOLD is indeed a cure for catarrh, consumption, bronchitis, asthma, &c., and if, after two years' practical knowledge of the Inhaler, I am still able to recommend it.

Unlike the generality of these wonderful cures outside of the pale of the medical profession, the Pillow-Inhaler stands upon its own basis of merit and that explains the fact of its *increasing* success and great cures it effects wherever it is tried.

To every one suffering from catarrh or incipient consumption or any throat or lung disease whatever, I most strongly urge the use of a Pillow-Inhaler for a cure.

MARJORIE MARCH.

—Why is there nothing like leather? Because it is the sole support of man.

"My love, what magic spell is thrown
Upon your face? Its charm I own.
Whence came thy pure and pearly teeth?
Thy rosy lips? Thy perfumed breath?"
She said, in accents sweet and clear.
"Tis only SOZODONT, my dear."

The Atmosphere of Love

Is a pure, sweet breath. This desideratum is one of the results of using SOZODONT, which not only invigorates and preserves the teeth, but renders the mouth as fragrant as a rose.

—For a young woman to begin to brush the dust off a young man's coat, is said to be the first symptom that the young man is in peril.

Thousands of ladies have found relief by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the only remedy for diseases peculiar to females.

Halford Sauce makes your food more nutritious.

FOR HOUSE CLEANING, there is nothing to compare with JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE. It does the work in half the usual time without soap or anything else. Sold by all grocers, but beware of counterfeits.

No household which is blessed with children, should be without Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. In the treatment of croup and whooping cough, the Pectoral has an almost magical effect. It allays inflammation, frees the obstructed air passages, and controls the desire to cough.

CLAREMONT COLONY

Offers great inducements. Send for free illustrated circulars and maps. J. F. Mancha, Claremont, Va.

"THE MIKADO."

In addition to our premiums, a list of which will be sent on application, we wish to call *special* notice to our Cabinet Portraits of D'Oyley Carte's English Mikado Company, Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York. No light opera has ever been produced in the United States that has equalled in popularity "The Mikado." The original company to produce it in this country was D'Oyley Carte's English Company, selected there by Gilbert and Sullivan and sent to this country. We have issued, for distribution to our patrons who will send us wrappers as below a series of seven cabinet portraits of these artists, in character and costume, the finest photographic gelatine work ever produced. They comprise:

Geraldine Ulmar, as - - "Yum-Yum."
Misses Ulmar, Foster and St. Maur, as
"Three Little Maids from School."
Kate Foster, as - - - - "Pitti-Sing."
George Thorne, as - - - - "Ko-Ko."
Courtice Pounds, as - - - - "Nanki-Poo."
Frederici, as - - - - "The Mikado."
Fred Billington, as - - - - "Pooh-Bah."

Our price for these portraits is twenty-five cents each but to any one who uses our soap, and sending us 15 wrappers of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and full post-office address, we will send the whole series, postage paid, and *free of charge*.

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,
No. 119 South Fourth St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

—What is a literary critic?" asks a contemporary. A literary critic, inquisitive sir, is generally a man who tells another man how to do something he can't accomplish himself.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great medicine for the cure of all female complaints, is pleasant to take and efficacious.

Not every woman, who arrives at middle age, retains the color and beauty of her hair, but every woman may do so by the occasional application of Ayer's Hair Vigor. It prevents baldness, removes dandruff, and cures all scalp diseases.

Halford Sauce makes cold meats a luxury.

The Youth's Companion has added to its contributors for next year the Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorne, Prof. Huxley, H. A. Taine, Francis Parkman, W. D. Howells, the Duke of Argyle, Admiral David Porter, Edward Everett Hale, and Prof. William Mathews.

When very young children are deprived of their natural nourishment, it is difficult to procure a proper substitute therefor; hence the alarming mortality among infants. Mellin's Food, which is recommended by the highest medical authorities, has been prepared to meet this very want.

Everybody knows that the conditions for health are not favorable when the stomach, liver, and bowels are disordered. In such cases, headache, indigestion, and constipation are the result; for all which ailments the proper remedy is Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

I have found nothing like Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer to take on retiring when I was harassed with a cough and wanted an undisturbed, refreshing sleep. — Robert Cushman, Pawtucket, R. I.

Physic is necessary at times for biliousness, constiveness, &c. Use Dr. Arnold's Bilious Pills. 25c.

Halford Sauce for chops, steaks, soups, fish, etc.

—Pa, is it right to call a man born in Poland a Pole?" "Of course, my child." "Well, then, if a man is born in Holland, is he a Hole?" "Tut, tut! I'll answer no more of your silly questions."

A Most Remarkable Record.

Two years ago, Lieut. Moxie discovered a common fodder plant that would cure the tobacco and liquor appetite; and later that it would cure nervous exhaustion, relieve overworked people of the terrible tired, weak feeling without stopping work, and leave no reaction like a stimulant. The doctors were nonplussed over it as it did not seem to be either a medicine, stimulant, or tonic, and produced a permanent effect like food. It was at last called Moxie Nerve Food. The women went after it like mad, and it is said the sales have aggregated over 5,000,000 quart bottles in 16 months. It set the whole country in excitement. The liquor dealers thought it was going to ruin their business, but now they are selling it at as good a profit as is made on liquors. It is said to have saved drunkards by the hundred thousand, and cured nervous wrecks, not amenable to medicine, in a much larger proportion. Apothecaries sell it.

The Youth's Companion

HAS SECURED FOR 1887

Articles by Many Famous Authors

INCLUDING

Prof. T. H. Huxley and The Duke of Argyll.

The features for 1887 include

Tales of Adventure,
Letters of Travel,
Health and Hygiene,
Biographical Sketches,
Religious Articles,
Farm and Garden,

200 Short Stories,
1000 Anecdotes,
Games and Puzzles,
Outdoor Sports,
Humorous Sketches,
Articles on Etiquette,

Home Arts,
Practical Advice,
Education and Science,
Music and Art,
Natural History,
Wit and Pathos.

New Subscriptions sent at once, with \$1.75, will include the Companion free from the time the subscription is received to Jan. 1, 1887, and a full year from that date.

Sample Copies and Full Announcement Free.

Please mention this paper.

Address PERRY MASON & CO., Publishers, 41 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

Mothers

DON'T neglect the
1st symptoms of a
Cold but use
Perry Davis'
Pain-Killer
and prevent serious
consequences.

Delay is Dangerous

Pain Killer cures
Coughs, Colds,
Sore Throat,
Diphtheria,
Frost Bite and
Neuralgia.
Buy a bottle Now
All druggists sell it

INFANT'S WARDROBE

Latest Styles. We will send 10 pat. of all garments necessary for an infant's first wardrobe for 50 cts. Also 10 pat. of first short clothes for 50 cts.; full directions and amount required for each pat. Will send until further notice, garment cut from cloth ready to make. Health garments if desired. Unsolicited testimonials constantly received.

COMBINATION PATTERN CO., Poultney, Vt.

BABY'S WARDROBE

Latest styles. The most complete outfit of garments ever offered. Infant's Outfit, 12 patterns, 50c. First short clothes, 12 patterns, 50c. with directions. One garment free with each set.

New England Pattern Co., Rutland, Vt.

Unitarian Publications SENT FREE.

Address M. C., Arlington Street Church, BOSTON, MASS.

TYPE PRINTING PRESSES.

NATIONAL TYPE CO., PHILA. PA. 180-page Book 10c.

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an advertising column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

We are in receipt of so many exchanges of much greater length than we can insert and taking more time to condense than we can often give, that we ask those ladies sending exchanges to write them within the required limits. Four lines, averaging 28 words, being all we can allow to each item. We wish to caution ladies sending packages, against carelessness in sending full address with each. Many complaints are received by us which would be unnecessary if the address of the sender were given on the package even when accompanied by a letter.

Miss Jennie Jones, Enoch, Taylor Co., Ky., will exchange choice flower seeds, for worsted, silk, or velvet scraps for crazy work.

Mrs. C. N. Eveleigh, box 187, Junction City, Kan., wishes fern roots, moss, or pine cones from Michigan. Will exchange something useful for some. Write first.

Mrs. S. W. Straw, East Weare, Hillsboro Co., N. H., will exchange pink or scarlet gladioli, for crocus, Chinese yam, bitter sweet, or choice seeds. Write first.

M. G. Ryder, Carmel, N. Y., will exchange Chautauqua books, for works of equal value. Also minerals and sheet music for the same. Write first.

Mrs. Geo. W. Briggs, Thurber, Mich., will exchange five kinds of lilies, other hardy plants, and point lace patterns, for crazy work scraps, or cabinet specimens. Write first.

Nellie Knight, East Troy, Me., will exchange rooted slips of cactus, japonica, fuschia, amaryllis and oxalis, one for a stereoscopic view, or three for gloxinia bulb. Write first.

Mary Shearer, box 565, Homer, N. Y., will exchange peacock feathers, for stereoscopic views, emb. silk, scraps of satin, velvet, plush or silk, crocheted toilet mats, or laces.

Mrs. D. N. Ware, Winnebago City, Minn., would like to hear from any one in Idaho, Nevada, Arizona, Mexico, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and Utah, having specimens to exchange.

Mrs. A. C. Wroe, 51 Bolton St., Baltimore, Md., will exchange new woolen goods for crazy work square, 12x12, for each one made for her. Write first.

Mrs. Hattie Brown, Balsa, Los Angeles Co., Cal., will exchange shells, moss, and pampas plumes, for crazy block 14x15 inches, silk and satin. Write first.

Mrs. Ella Alexander, Middletown, Tenn., will exchange seeds, and choice emb. designs, for Goodrich's Hist. of France, Song Folio, Folio of Music, music binder, zephyr, Saxony and others.

Lizzie J. Earl, Elmira, Grant Co., Dak., will exchange HOUSEHOLDS for 1885-86 and American Agriculturist for 1885 for silk, satin and velvet scraps, suitable for crazy quilt.

Cora Hastings, Ingraham, Clay Co., Ill., will exchange sweet gum burs, for pieces of silk, velvet, plush or satin, also painted pieces for sea shells.

An Awful Doom

of any nature is usually avoided by those who have foresight. Those who read this who have foresight will lose no time in writing to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, to learn about work which they can do at a profit of from \$6 to \$25 and upwards per day and live at home, wherever they are located. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. You are started free. Both sexes. All ages. Particulars free. A great reward awaits every worker.

For every variety and phase of the many diseases which attack the air passages of the head, throat and lungs, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will be found a specific. This preparation allays inflammation, controls the disposition to cough, and prevents consumption.

CHRISTMAS CARDS BY MAIL!

OUR CARD PACKAGES for 1886 and 1887 are now ready. We assure customers that the high standard of our Cards is more than maintained this year. We advise early orders, as many will certainly desire to re-order.

No. 1.—FOR 50 CENTS and 4 Cents for Postage, 17 PRANG'S, HILDE-SHEIMER & FAULKNER, and other fine Christmas and New Year Cards, together with a HANDSOME DOUBLE-FRINGED CARD.

No. 2.—FOR 50 CENTS and 4 Cents for Postage, 10 large and finer Cards from the above publishers, with one FINE FROSTED CARD.

No. 3. FOR \$1.00 and 6 Cents for Postage, a choice selection of 25 BEAUTIFUL CARDS of PRANG'S, HILDE-SHEIMER & FAULKNER, etc., including a HANDSOME ILLUMINATED FOLDING SOUVENIR containing Bells Across the Snow, Miss Havergal or Ring Out, Wild Bells, Tennyson or Xmas Bell, Longfellow, and a HAND-PAINTED CARD.

No. 4.—FOR \$1.00 and 8 Cents for Postage, a selection of 10 LARGER AND FINER CARDS together with an ILLUMINATED CALENDAR for 1887.

No. 5.—FOR \$1.00 and 10 Cents for Postage, 10 Double-Fringed Cards (not folded), each in a separate envelope, together with a Fine Satin Card.

No. 6.—FOR 25 CENTS and 2 Cents for Postage, 8 PRANG'S, TUCK'S, WARD'S, and other beautiful Cards.

No. 7.—FOR \$1.00 and 4 Cents for Postage, 6 large and beautiful SATIN CARDS, with gilt edge, together with a Chromo Card of PRANG'S or TUCK'S.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL PACKET. For 50 Cents, 20 Cards of Marcus Ward's, Prang's Part Christmas Cards.

Hand Painted Cards, Pearl Cards, Cards Carved in Cork, and other Novelties, at 10, 15, 25, 50, 75 Cents, and \$1.00 each, for Christmas, Birthday, or Anniversary, which will be selected with care for different tastes and ages as specified.

Chromo Cards by Prang & Co. of above Cut and Verse (with Comp.) per doz. postpaid, \$1.00.

TO TEACHERS ONLY. 50 MARCUS WARD'S, PRANG'S, and other beautiful Cards, no two alike, \$1 and 8 Cents for Postage. Better Assortment, \$2 and 10 Cents for Postage.

Very Choice Selection, no two alike, \$3 and 20 Cents for Postage and Registering.

EVERY PACKET WILL BE SENT IN PASTERBOARD PROTECTORS, AND HEAVY ENVELOPE WRAPPERS, FOR SAFE TRANSMISSION. The above offers include our EASTER CARDS PACKETS for 1887. These will be ready about March 1st. HEAVY ENVELOPES FOR MAILING 12 CENTS FOR EACH PACKET.

LOWEST PRICES IN THE UNITED STATES. STAMPS OR POSTAL NOTES RECEIVED.

PAPER BY THE POUND.—We are the New England Agents for the HURLBUT PAPER CO. (established in 1822), and manufacturers of the Beacon Hill Linen Paper (no better or more elegant paper can be made); selling direct from mills to the consumer, we are able always to give lowest possible prices. Sample sheets of paper and envelopes, with prices and number of sheets to a pound sent on receipt of 15 cts., and special prices to those taking orders for these papers with our card packets.

H. H. CARTER & KARRICK, 3 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

We clip the following interesting item concerning the good work of one of our long-time advertisers from the New York Weekly Witness of July 3d, 1884:

FOOD FOR INVALIDS.

EDITOR HOME DEPARTMENT:—I have read, with true sympathy, the request of "One in Need," and, though I have never become one of the Home family by contributing my mite toward sustaining the Home circle, I wait—not as a stranger waiting—but as one who has long shared the good things, in hopes to find a welcome.

To "One in Need" I would say: I am a constant sufferer, and have made the question of food my study for years. A grain of wheat is said to contain all the qualities for nutriment that the body requires; but to select only the starch or fine flour so generally used for food is to deprive our bodies of all sustenance. It is said two years would be the limit of life under such a regimen. But select other parts of the kernel and you have the real germ of health and strength. Do not use ordinary Graham flour. It has produced more dyspeptics than it has cured. The outer husk or burr of the grain is not removed, and irritates the digestive organs. I live upon the gluten of wheat combined with barley, and find it very nutritious; seldom eat any meat.

It is a remedy for sleeplessness, if taken when retiring for the night. If I am permitted to inform you where to obtain the "Health Food,"

with full instructions how and what to use, I

would like to direct you to send a description of your disease, inquiring what you need, to the

"Health Food Co." No. 74 Fourth Avenue, New York. You will receive advice and circulars free. Hoping and praying that the blessing of

God may attend you, bringing peace to your

household, and joy to your home, I write in the

cause of

No other remedy is so reliable, in cases of sudden colds, or coughs, or for any and all derangements of the throat and lungs, as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This wonderful medicine affords great relief in consumption, even in the advanced stages of that disease.

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Taste, efficacious,
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Lozenge form, (6
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Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and it does all it claims to do. It will cure entirely all ovarian or vaginal troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Failing and Displacements; and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

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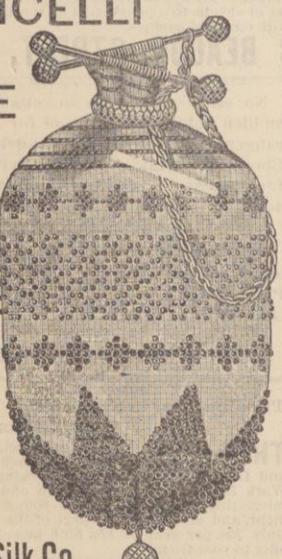
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This cut is reduced in size nearly one-half from the original, which is one of many new engravings which illustrate the 1886 edition of

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98 pages, just published.

Special prominence given to Crocheted Silk Read Work, introducing a rare and choice alphabet engraved for this work. The book mailed to any address for six cents.

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TURKEY DRESSING WITH
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Sample Box to flavor Eight-Pound Turkey sent for 2-cent stamp.

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\$-nd 25 cts. to Mrs. F. E. Callier, Hyde Park, Mass., Box 395, and receive sealed, a pamphlet giving full directions for making all articles belonging to an infant's wardrobe, with an appendix by Dr. Hanford on feeding.

SEVERE PUNISHMENT.

In the primitive jurisprudence of Russia, ordeal by boiling water was enjoined in cases of minor importance, and in the eleventh century we find burning iron ordered "where the matter at stake amounted to more than half a grivna of gold." A curious survival of ordeal superstition still prevails to a very large extent in southern Russia. When a theft is committed in a household the servants are summoned together, and a sorceress is sent for. Should no confession be made by the guilty party, the sorceress rolls up as many little balls of bread as there are suspected persons present. She then takes one of these balls and, addressing the nearest servant, uses this formula: "If you have committed the theft, the ball will sink to the bottom of the vase; but if you are innocent, it will float on the water." The accuracy of this trial, however, is seldom tested, as the guilty person invariably confesses before his turn arrives to undergo the ordeal.

The patient men are almost always fat. They are the people of wait, you know.

A little Montgomery miss wanted some ice-cream the other evening. She wouldn't accept her mother's refusal, and as the last resort she sent her to her father. The question was put to him, who answered, "Not much." She went back to her mother and told her that her papa said "she could have a little."

—Tramp (at door)—"Madam, could you give me a little help? I'm one of the sufferers by the St. Cloud cyclone." Lady—"Why, how can that be? The cyclone occurred only yesterday. You couldn't have got here by this time." "Oh, yes, I could, ma'am. You see, I was blown about three-quarters of the way by the cyclone."

—A young boy who recently left his St. Paul home to attend a preparatory school, is not much taken with the change. He is suffering his first case of homesickness, and naturally desires to return home. In making known his desires to his father in a recent letter, he said: "Dear Father. Life is very short; let us spend it together. Your affectionate son."

"What's this newspaper article about the late John Smith?" inquired old Mr. Badger. "Is he our John?" "Guess he is." "Well, well! He allers was slower'n molasses in January. He was never on time in all his life, and they used to say he wasn't to his own weddin' till the day after the ceremony, and now the day after he's dead they call him 'the late John Smith.' It beats all how those newspapers do learn so much about a person."

—A chimney-sweeper's boy went into a baker's shop for a two-penny loaf, and conceiving it to be diminutive in size, remarked to the baker that he did not believe it was weight. "Never mind that," said the man, "you will have the less to carry." "True," replied the lad, and throwing down three half-pence on the counter, left the shop. The baker called after him that he had not left money enough. "Never mind that," said the boy; "you will have the less to count."

—Yes, my daughter graduates next week," said Mrs. Richladie. "I understand she is at the head of her class." "No," said Mrs. R. with some sadness, "she will not be the valetudinarian, but she will take the salutary, and that's nearly as high." "The commencement exercises are not to be very interesting are they?" "Oh, yes. Rev. Dr. Grace will preach the bacchanalian sermon, Rev. Mr. Mortimer will deliver the dilemmas, and there will be other detractions too numerous to mention."

CATARRH

Thousands are Dying

In early life with consumption, who can look back a few years—perhaps only months—when it was catarrh. Neglected when a cure is possible, very soon it will transform the features of health and youth into the dark pallid appearance; while the hacking cough, the excess of blood gushing from the lungs, or night-sweats, all significantly proclaim it is too late; and thus neglected Catarrh ends in the consumptive's grave.

Nasal Catarrh.

Sometimes the disease only affects the membranes lining the nasal passages, and they may be easily reached and cured by simple means. But when it is located in the "frontal sinus," or in the "posterior nares," or if it has entered the "Eustachian tubes," as all well-read physicians will readily attest, nothing can be relied on to effect a permanent cure but the inhalation of properly medicated vapor. In the same manner that we breathe a common air we can inhale and breathe a medical air; and it is perfectly simple, any one can see, thus to treat a disease of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs. How much better this method, by which remedies are conveyed directly to the seat of the disease, than to resort to the uncertain and too frequently mischievous action of medicines taken into the stomach.

Bronchitis, or Inflammation of the Bronchial Tubes.

This disease is so closely connected with CATARRH that it may be truly described as a branch of that disease, only modified and changed by the nature and organization of the parts affected; CATARRH being confined to the interior of the Nose while BRONCHITIS affects the small pipes entering the lungs, known as the Bronchial Tubes. Where the disease obtains its worst character, tumors grow up like mushrooms, creating inflammatory adhesion and discharge of offensive matter from the throat, extending through the Eustachian Tube to the ear which becomes affected. The absorption of the tuberculous matter is very dangerous and frequently results in PULMONARY CONSUMPTION and death.



My Experience.

Nineteen Years of terrible headache, disgusting nasal discharges, dryness of the throat, acute bronchitis, coughing, soreness of the lungs, raising bloody mucus, and even night-sweats, incapacitating me from my professional duties, and bringing me to the verge of the grave—all were caused by, and the result of, nasal catarrh. After spending hundreds of dollars and obtaining no relief, I compounded my catarrh Specific and Cold Air Inhalating Balm, and wrought upon myself a wonderful cure. Now I can speak for hours without difficulty, and can breathe freely in any atmosphere. At the calls of numerous friends I have given my cure to the public, and have now thousands of patients in all parts of the country, and thousands of happy fellow beings whose sufferings I have relieved. My cure is certain, thorough and perfect, and is indorsed by every physician who has examined it. If I can relieve my fellow-beings as I have been relieved of this loathsome disease which makes the possessor at once disgusting to himself and others, I shall be satisfied and feel that I have done my little toward removing the ills of mankind.

The Experience of Others.

On account of so many patients having been swindled by unprincipled quacks and pretenders, who flood the country with their advertisements, we deem it only fair that every one that wishes should have the opportunity to ascertain whether we are able to accomplish all that we claim; and for this purpose we add a few of the many hundreds of unsolicited certificates that have been sent to us by grateful patients; almost any of whom will doubtless respond to any inquiry by letter, if accompanied by a stamp to pay postage. Having been cured themselves, they will doubtless be willing to let the afflicted know where they may find certain relief.

We have hundreds of certificates from all classes—physicians, clergymen, lawyers, judges, merchants, bankers, and business men: but many dislike the notoriety of having their names in print, or, disliking the task of answering letters of inquiry, have requested us not to publish their names; and this injunction is always most sacredly respected. Correspondence of all kinds is strictly confidential.

HE KNOWS IT CURES.

BOSTON, Mass., July 6, 1885.

REV. T. P. CHILDS:

Dear Sir: It is now about five years since I put myself under your treatment. I was then a great sufferer from Catarrh and its effects upon my system.

I had dyspepsia, a constant headache, ulcers in the posterior nasal passages, affection of the left tear duct, ringing in the ears—in fact, nasal and bronchial catarrh affecting all the passages of the head and throat. The above was accompanied with a great deal of physical disability—sometimes unfitting me for my regular duties.

Such was my condition when I commenced your treatment. I experienced immediate relief: the terrible pressure in my head relaxed, the bronchial tubes and nasal passages were soothed by the medicines. I continued to use the remedies until the ulcers subsided and healed, the bronchial tubes recovered their wonted vigor, dyspepsia gave place to appetite, and the ringing in the ears ceased.

I could now endure fatigue and exposure better than for many years. The value of your medicines in the family, in the case of colds, etc., is incalculable.

I firmly believe that no other treatment would have been so successful in my case; indeed, nothing I tried before did me any good. I humbly thank God that He has blessed your remedy in my case, and so restored my health.

I am yours most gratefully,

CHAS. E. BAKER,
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Mrs. M. S. BENNETT, North Cambridge, Mass.

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"Relations-in-Law"
BY
MARION HARLAND,
In The Philadelphia
Ladies' Home Journal
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Practical Housekeeper.



"Madam stood on a venerable and precious rug; the twins supported her on the right, Wilhelmina on the left."

"As My Son's wife you are welcome to his mother's house," said the chest voice, rumbling more deeply than usual by reason of the bronchial affection. "My daughters! kiss your sister."

"Nellie, like the educated children of most 'new people,' had a profound veneration for old blood and thorough breeding. Her ideals of the perfect ease and fine courtesy that obtains in 'our best circles' broke and fell under the experiences of the next few hours."

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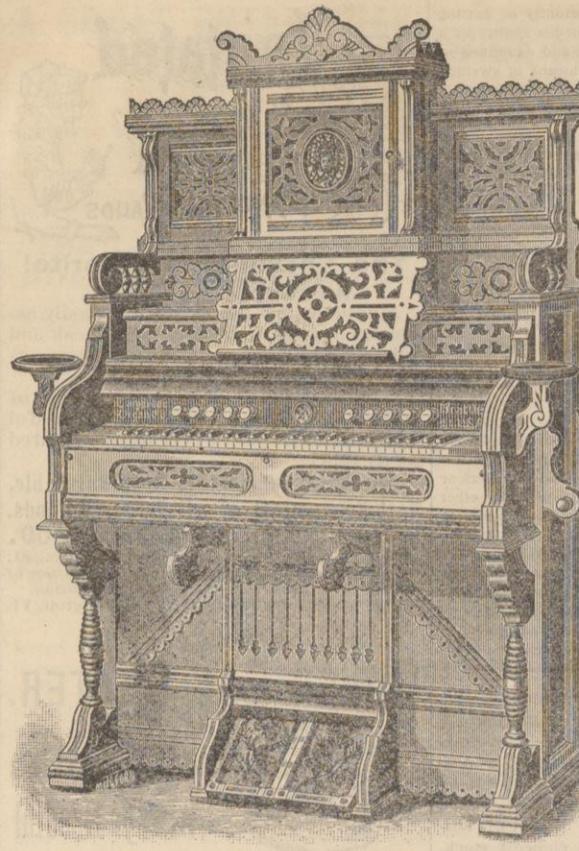
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They are pure in tone, perfect in construction, in exact accord with the voice, and full of patented improvements.

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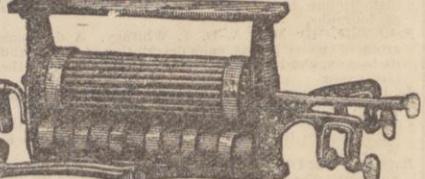


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Analyst for the Chemical Trade of New York; Chemist of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society; Analytical Chemist to the New York Produce Exchange.

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There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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25 SKEINS Imported Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, for 15 cts. 25 skeins Imported Floss, assorted colors, for 17 cts. 25 skeins Shaded Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, for 20 cts. A package of Florence Waste Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, for 25 cts. Silk Shade Cards, showing 300 shades to select colors from, price 15 cts. A package of Plush and Velvet Pieces for Crazy Patchwork for 20 cts. A package of Ribbon Remnants for 20 cts.

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