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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 5.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., MAY 1872.

No. 5.

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The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

Editor and Proprietor,

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BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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WINTER WILL NOT LAST FOREVER.

Winter will not last forever;
Spring will soon come forth again,
And with flowers of every color
Deck the hillside and the plain;
Lambs again in fields be sporting,
Birds re-echo from each tree,
"Winter's gone! its days are ended!
We are happy—we are free!"
Hedge and tree again be budding,
Again with leaves be covered o'er.
Winter will not last forever;
Brighter days are yet in store!

Sorrow will not last forever;
Brighter times will come again,
Joy our every grief succeeding,
As the sunshine after rain;
As the snow and ice in winter
Melt at the approach of spring,
So will all our cares and trials
Joy and peace and comfort bring,
When the heart is sad and drooping,
Think, though you be vexed and sore,
Sorrow cannot last forever;
Brighter days are yet in store!

ARRANGEMENT FOR FARM BUILDINGS.

CONVENIENCE and simplicity should be more studied in the arrangement of farm buildings than symmetry.

Neatness, compactness and warmth are the great points always to be kept in view by the farmer in laying out or adding to his cattle houses or barns.

Homesteads vary with farms, and it would be as inconsistent to dictate the plan of the farm buildings as of the farms. There are, however, certain points or general rules which the farmer will do well to bear in mind ere he commences either building new accommodations or adding to former barns or out-houses.

Convenience and economy of space are almost synonymous terms, and these are the great points to be kept in view. Good ventilation is as essential to the well-being of stock as of man.

It is a great mistake to stable working horses under a bank barn, for such stables are always very warm and usually

dark. When horses thus stabled are taken out, they feel the change of temperature most keenly and, unless treated with far more caution than is usually accorded to teams upon the road, are sure to take cold. The rapid transit also from comparative darkness to the glaring light of a bright winter's day is most injurious to the eye, and very frequently produces weakness in that organ, and in many cases lays the foundation for periodical blindness or ophthalmia, too often the forerunner of total loss of the eye-sight.

A thorough ventilation of all stock houses is necessary to carry off the ammonia and other noxious odors which emanate from animal excrements.

To return to the main barn. Such should be built strongly and capacious, for a large barn is put up comparatively more cheaply than one in which the farmer may be pinched for room. Barns should not be battened, to allow of the grain and hay receiving as much air as possible upon all sides. No barn should be built without one or more shuttered ventilators upon the roof, to allow of the passing of a thorough draft from sill to rafter.

The position of the granary is, I think, too little thought of. The granary is usually built in under a swing beam, "cabined, cribbed, confined," very hot in the warm weather, ill ventilated, ill lighted, and with no circulation of air.

Not only are all these conditions very injurious to large bodies of grain, but much valuable space in the barn is wasted during the harvest, when we require all our barn room for the unthreshed grain, and usually have our granaries almost empty.

I should advise the grain room being built in the shape of a lean-to to the barn, or better still, as a detached building, allowing the access of air between it and the barn, if it be only the space of a few inches.

Every granary should be thoroughly lighted and have a ventilator in the roof. It should be divided into suitable bins, leaving a good gangway between, with sliding boards to take out in the side bordering this gangway. Each bin should be raised an inch or two above the main floor, to allow of a thorough ventilation of air; and it is well worth the expense to build the bottom of our bins by laying fine wire netting upon narrow and deep joists about two inches apart, running from the gangway to the opposite wall, thus promoting a draught between each joist through the netting and up into the heap of grain.

This will help to keep out the rats and keep grain which may have a tendency to heat quite cool.

These figures will no doubt be set down by many farmers as creating "too much bother," but the saving of a very few bushels of grain will well repay both the time and money expended in their arrangement.

I went into a farmer's granary the other day, and found that he had the walls and the floor covered with tin to prevent, he said, the access of rats. I was almost stifled, and yet he was surprised to find a lot of barley which he had cleaned and put away, heating and discoloring rapidly. Which would do the more harm? The rats (who, by the way, might be kept down by other means) eating and carrying away their small quantum of grain, or the heat which will destroy in a few days hundreds of bushels?

The detached granary may easily be kept free of rats. Raise it upon cast iron stands; or easier still, upon posts encircled by large glazed tiles cut in two. There will then be only the door from the barn to watch.

This question of providing constant access of air to grain in heaps, good ventilation and plenty of light, is one of very great importance to the farmer, and unless he attend to and provide for these conditions, he will assuredly lose as much produce as would, if converted into cash, build him a dozen granaries.—*Canada Farmer.*

SHALL WE PAINT SHINGLES?

Lysander W. Babbitt, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, writes as follows to the *Editor of the New Yorker*:

Seventeen years ago I built a good-sized farm house. Three years afterward I added to it a kitchen, wood house, milk room, smoke house, and tool room. I painted the roof of the first when built. When I came to make the addition, my master builder, whom I considered as "architectural authority," advised me not to have the roof painted, and I took his advice. The shingles on the roof of the first part built are as sound to-day as they were the day they were put on. The shingles on the last part built, which were not painted, are more than half rotten, and the roof leaks badly. The roof not painted, is covered with dirt and something like moss.

The painted roof is smooth and has no lint upon it. The lint on the unpainted roof holds the water and causes it to back up under the shingles and rot them, while on the painted roof the water runs off freely. Both roofs are of the same pitch, yet the conductor from the painted roof commences discharging water, in moderate showers, nearly a minute before the one from the roof not painted.

From the foregoing facts I conclude that it is best to paint shingle, as well as all other roofs.

It is proper to remark that I have had the roof of the first named building painted twice, at a cost of \$30 each time—\$60. It will cost me \$120 to put on a new roof. Hence I conclude that two paintings, costing \$60, is worth as much as a new roof costing \$120.



HOMEKEEPERS AND HOUSEKEEPERS.

IT is a well known fact that many persons have very fine and orderly houses, but have, after all, no home, for

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart has builded.

A homemaker is one who makes all the ways and conveniences of the house conducive to the comforts of the inmates. She will allow the members of her household to build each a shrine, and will treat it as sacred, because it is a shrine to the one who has builded it. The daughter is not called an idle thing because she wishes to know her tune, and gazes wistfully toward the horizon; nor is the son reproved if he slams around, and wish he was anywhere but idling at home. Gradually the housekeeper will quietly aid the first to search for beauty this side of the horizon, and that boy will find a vent for activity without seeing he was gently led to it by an overseeing love.

A house that is blessed by a housekeeper, has an influence that even strangers feel. They receive that rest which comes from the "fitting of self to its sphere." The order of the house may be mechanical like that of a loom, or a harp; but, like these mechanical things, it conduces to results, and justifies itself by tissues of more than silken fineness, and music sweeter than that of the spheres. If there is a homekeeper the housework is not in utter confusion, if perchance one rises an hour too late. Servants are not expected to perform miracles, and keep the coffee and toast fresh for an hour. Breakfast, such as late risers should expect, is eaten in peace, and not in a flurry of excuses for not having a meal that it was impossible to furnish without inconvenience and discord in the kitchen for the whole day. It is foolish to attempt to keep a restaurant with only arrangements suited to a small family.

The peace of many a family is destroyed by attempting impossibilities. The breakfast of the late riser need not have an added tirade against servants. Realizing that the guest regrets his tardiness, she lets the cold breakfast suffice, but does what she can by word look, and act, to make the best of what cannot be helped, and really so calls out the gratitude of the late riser, that ever after, that breakfast is a pleasant memory; for he feared he was a nuisance, yet without direct word he felt that his act did not discommode the arrangement.

ment of the house. His best thought was called out, and that house will stand to him in after life as a home, for "there is where the heart can bloom." House-keeping can be well done by any energetic woman. Homekeeping requires that the woman's heart and wisdom be greater than her house, and that she keeps the house, only that in it life can be lived with love and truthfulness.—*Ex.*

WOMEN AND INTRODUCTIONS.

We can very readily understand why women should be shy of holding converse with men without the ceremony of an introduction, but the stiffness and formality which mark the meeting of two women who do not know each other is something almost inexplicable. Gentlemen speak to each other in the street or in the cars, when there is occasion, ask necessary questions, give courteous answers, and think nothing of it. But let a lady want to know the points of the compass or the locality of a street, and she will puzzle her haughty head to any conceivable extent rather than approach one of her sister-shoppers with a query. Failing finally to work out the problem, she is certain to select a man as the person to whom to apply.

The same shyness of each other marks all the meetings of women un-introduced. The calmness and serenity with which they ignore each other's existence has something almost sublime about it, and the *hauteur* with which they receive a volunteered hint of a loose breastpin or a falling shawl from one of their own sex contrasts strangely with the gracious smile that greets similar attentions when offered by gentlemen.

Of course there are exceptions. Nor do we think the fact cited, the result of affection of any kind. On the contrary, most women seem utterly unconscious of any such peculiarity in themselves or others around them. And yet even highly sensible women do things of the kind every day.

We once knew two ladies, both of them women of sense, who sat for weeks at desks not ten feet apart, engaged in the same work, without once exchanging a word, while each of them came to know every gentleman in the office. A formal introduction came at last, and the two women workers became bosom friends almost immediately. During all this time each wanted to know the other, each knew who the other was, each was predisposed to like her neighbor, but the want of the formal introduction was an impassable barrier which neither was sufficiently aggressive to overstep. Two men under similar circumstances would have been acquainted within less than an hour, while a man and a woman would have bowed at the first meeting, and have known each other on the first day.—*Hearth and Home.*

CHINESE VISITING CARDS.

Visiting is made a most serious business in China, and every individual of respectability must have a servant to carry and present his cards. A Chinese card is not a white, glazed little bit of pastboard, but a huge sheet of scarlet paper, with the name inscribed in large characters; the more mammoth-like the character the more grand and respectable it is.

Cards are of several kinds. There is the plain card, a single sheet of scarlet paper, with the name written or stamped

nearest the right hand and topmost sides. This is employed on common occasions. Then there is the official card, mostly used by Mandarins on visits of ceremony. This is also a single sheet, and it contains the name preceded by the entire title written down the center from top to bottom.

Then, again, there is the full card, which is only produced on very grand occasions, such as New Year visits, visits of congratulation or condolence. The card is folded and must contain ten folds. It does not give titles, but simply contains the name of the individual written in the right hand and bottom corner of the first fold prefixed by the words, "Your stupid younger brother," and followed by the words, "bows his head and pays his respects."

Where the person visited belongs to a generation senior to the visitor, the latter styles himself, "Your stupid nephew." If two generations senior, the visitor writes, "Your more than stupid nephew." Should the individual visited belong to a younger generation, the visitor takes to himself the name of "uncle" instead of "nephew" retaining, however the depreciatory appellative of "stupid."

There are still further self-designation according to the particular gradations of relationship; but those we have quoted will suffice to give an idea of the punctilious rules peculiar to Chinese visiting. We may add that the card last described is a matter of etiquette, always understood to be returned to the visitor, it being presumably expensive, to leave such voluminous proofs of regards with a number of friends.

A CHEERFUL HOME.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One sultry glance casts a gloom over the household; while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, so the kind words and gentle acts, and sweet dispositions, make glad the home where peace and blessing dwell. No matter how humble the abode, if it be thus garnished with grace, and sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn longingly toward it from all the tumults of the world, and home, be it ever so homely, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

And the influences of home perpetuate themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in her daughters long after her head is pillow'd in the dust of death; and fatherly kindness finds its echo in the nobility and courtesy of sons who come to wear his mantle and to fill his place; while, on the other hand, from an unhappy, misgoverned and disordered home go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions, and strife, and railings, which have made their own early lives so wretched and distorted.

Towards the cheerful home the children gather "as clouds, and as doves to their windows;" while from the home which is the abode of discontent and strife and trouble, they fly forth as vultures to rend their prey.

The class of men that disturb and disorder and distress the world are not those born and nurtured amid the hallowed influences of Christian homes; but rather those whose early life has

been a scene of trouble and vexation, who have started wrong in the pilgrimage, and whose course is one of disaster to themselves and of trouble to those around them.—*The Christian.*

—Scorn to live in society as if tumbled into the world for no other purpose than just to stay there awhile, eat, drink, loaf, sleep, yawn, smoke, grow sick and die. No man can be well employed who does not take a part in some of the useful occupations or studies of the world.



THE FLOWERS.

There's beauty in the flowers;
The morning's blush, the tranquil skies
Of evening, with their thousand dyes:
The iris arch the ocean crowns
Beneath the storm-king's dripping powers;
Or that deep blue stretching away
Where secret stars in secret play
Behind the silvery sheen of day
Are not more beautiful than they.

There's beauty in the flowers.

There's language in the flowers;
Bend o'er them when the sunbeams warm
Their bosoms pulsing to the charm
That wakes to life their budding youth;
They speak of love, and hope, and truth:
And on the air their breath-tones quiver
Like star-rays on the placid river,
Reflecting heaven's own poesy
Amid the dripping minstrels.

There's language in the flowers.

There's sadness in the flowers;
For we do strew them on the bier
Where sleep our dead, so cold yet dear;
And plant them on the grave—the germ
Of the sorrow in the heart's deep urn.
They graced the bridal once, and fell
And rose with the young bosom's swell;
But when the light was gone, the gloom
Beheld them weeping o'er the tomb.
There's sadness in the flowers.

PARLOR PLANTS.

AMONG the hundreds of plants which crowd the greenhouse, there are comparatively few which can be grown to advantage in the parlor.

A plant which will grow, flourish and bloom in the window, which will thrive with little care, and repay that care by healthy foliage and cheerful bloom, is of far greater value than one which will only do well under greenhouse treatment.

Plants in rooms generally suffer from dust, by which the leaves become clogged, and the vital functions of the plant impaired. To remedy this, it is only necessary to sponge or syringe the plant as often at least as once a week. The syringing or showering can easily be done in the kitchen sink, the pot being laid on its side, and both sides of the leaves thoroughly wet; a common small water-pot with a fine nose will answer every purpose. Sponging, which is better for plants with hard, glossy foliage, should be done with a soft sponge or a bit of flannel.

In every case where water is applied to a plant, either at roots or at branches, it should be of the temperature of the room where the plant grows. Rain-water is preferable to any other; and, where hard water only can be obtained, it should be allowed to stand some hours before being applied to the plants. In sponging, where plants are very dirty, lukewarm water may be used to advan-

tage; but, after the operation, a good showering with colder water should be given. The soil used may be much the same for all window-plants, and may be described as "good garden-loam;" in this most plants will grow well.

An excellent compost may be made of leaf-mould, well-rotted manure, or old hot-bed and peat,—each one part, with enough sharp sand to keep the soil open.

Drainage is of the first importance; for if the soil becomes wet, sour, and sodden, the plant will not flourish. Broken potshreds are the best materials; though pebbles, charcoal, and many other articles, may be used. As a general rule, every pot should have at least an inch of drainage at the bottom. We make no unguarded statement in saying that very few people know how to water plants. The secret is, however, very simple. When you water your plants, do it thoroughly, not administering little driblets by which only the surface is wet, but thoroughly saturate all the earth in the pot. Water thus again when necessary, according to the nature of the plant, and as often as required; but do not allow water to stand in saucers or plates under the pots. Calla-lilies like it; Dutch bulbs will bear it; but to most plants it is a lingering death; therefore allow all water which the earth in pots will not retain to run off. How are we to do this in the parlor? Simply by growing plants in hollow tables lined with zinc, which is the neatest, cleanest and prettiest way of growing parlor plants. If we cannot do this, empty all water out of the saucers.

Air is of vital importance. Many plants are roasted to death. On every fine day, or whenever air above freezing can be admitted, thoroughly ventilate the room; but be careful no cold draught blows over the plants. Vegetable as well as animal organizations breathe; and the air of many "living-rooms" and parlors is rank poison. Plants are delicate, and soon show the effects. On man the poison acts more slowly, but not less surely.

Gas is always injurious to plants, and from all burners more or less passes un-consumed into the atmosphere; therefore, if possible, grow your plants in rooms which are not gas-lighted. The plants which are not injured by gas are very few in number.

Furnace-heat is injurious only because it is very dry, and almost always impregnated with escaped gasses. Evaporate plenty of water, and see that the furnace is tight, and your plants will not suffer.

Plenty of light should be given; and plants in windows should be frequently turned lest they become drawn and one-sided. The morning sun is better than the afternoon; and the more sun the better.

The surface of the soil in pots should be frequently stirred, as the aeration thus produced contributes to the health of the plant.

Worms should not be allowed in pots. They may be removed by turning the pot upside down, and giving the edge a sharp stroke, when the ball may be removed from the pot, and the worms, which will usually be found on the outside of the ball, may be picked out. Watering with weak lime-water will make the worms come to the surface, and is not injurious to the plants.

Insects seldom trouble plants that are washed or syringed once a week. All are easily removed—the green-fly, or

aphis, by smoking with tobacco; mealy bug, and the various kinds of scale, by washing; and red spider by syringing.

—*Journal of Horticulture.*

THE GARDEN.

SPRING.

"Now the earth prolific swells,
With leafy buds and flowery bells
Geming shoots the olive twine;
Clusters bright festoon the vine;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see
Nursing into luxury."

Now is the seed time! All nature quickened with spring's "ethereal mildness" beseechingly invites the lovers of the beautiful to sally forth and mark the crimson buds of every shrub and tree, the starry chickweed with its dainty blossom, (the earliest garden flower,) the snow-drop, the crocus, the tender spring-time violet with its azure eye and

"Faint, delicious odor,"

the woodland with its spicy breath, the soft, green, downy moss, the old gray lichen beaded with scarlet tips, the May flower creeping everywhere to parade its rosy gems, and all the myriad flowers that, uncultured, spring from nature's exhaustless store; and see what a floral harvest may be had by any who will make the effort to possess. And here, where there is no price, no monopoly, can any one hesitate to secure hours of the purest pleasure by dint of a little timely toil?

Women are prone to love flowers, but with men it is a rare thing. Unfortunately, alas! for from their own insensibility they deny their families one of the most elevating and instructive, as well as healthful, indulgences. The good writer of Star Papers says: "Blessed be the man that loves flowers! loves them for their own sakes, for their beauty, for their associations, for the joy they have given and always will give." "It is the end of art to inculcate men with the love of nature," he adds, "but those men who have a passion for nature in the natural way, need no picture nor galleries. Spring is their designer and the whole year their artist." A man may begin to grow flowers to please others, but it will not be long before he grows them for himself, for the taste for floriculture, like that for other pursuits, will increase and improve rapidly under the stimulus of exertion and success.

Were we to saunter along the great thoroughfare of any of our chief cities, amid the hurry-scurry and jostle through which men pass in the daily strife of life, we should single from that motley throng for the model husband, father or friend, the elderly man with a flower in his button-hole.

Feeling assured that we have set forth sufficient pleas to convert the most bigoted unbeliever, we proceed to the practical part of our theory. We write for amateurs, and our suggestions apply to the simple flower-garden. For advice on landscape gardening on an extended scale, we recommend the works of Downing, Copeland, McIntosh, Breck, or Loudon, with any of the comprehensive class books on botany.

In small grounds avoid intricate slopes or formal patches; narrow borders, round, oval or diamond shaped center beds are in good taste. The ribbon border, now so much in favor, is beautiful on a large scale, but cannot be introduced with fine effect in the designs for a contracted garden and allow liberal

paths. Let order and neatness reign supreme.

Preparing ground for flowers is much nicer work than that for vegetables, inasmuch as the soil must be spaded thoroughly, say at least eighteen inches, properly enriched with good compost, or what is better leaf mold, well pulverized, and evened carefully on the surface. If the soil is heavy, add a little sandy loam; if too sandy, rich loam. Do not elevate the bed much above the surrounding ground, as the benefit of dew and rain will be lost thereby. In an ordinary flower bed there is more danger from dryness than too much wet.

A lady may prepare a small garden with ease by providing herself with a good set of light garden tools, and working a little on the principle which make gymnastics beneficial. Hold the spade at a comfortable angle, and do not attempt to dig too deep, or take too much earth on the spade at one time. Mrs. Loudon advises dipping the spade frequently in water to free it from clogs. The rake should be held rather high. Bear in mind that rusty tools retard and increase the labor of gardening.

If you cannot have a permanent border of stone or slate, you will find an abundance of material for this purpose in the ground pink, phlox subulata, stone-crop, (sedum,) periwinkle, Japan pink, thrift, and almost any of the low annuals. Portulacca is particularly pretty. We have seen a border of English ivy kept carefully trimmed and trained which was uncommonly attractive.

All seeds which will not bear putting in the open ground until the first of June, should be started in a hot bed by the last of April or the first of May. There are also many seeds so difficult of germination, or plants hard to propagate, that it is better to buy them of the florist when pretty well grown; among which are ageratum, feverfew, carnations, choice roses, heliotropes, fuchsias, salvia, German asters, double petunias, veronica, clintonia, lobelia, and early mignonette. Before planting seeds the surface soil should be finely pulverized, slightly watered with luke-warm water, from a fine rose watering pot. You may make the top level by laying down a light board and pressing gently. Large seeds must be sown in depth to the extent of their diameter, while smaller ones are covered in proportion. Minute seeds are merely scattered on the surface. They should not be sown when there is a strong wind. Sometimes it is well to cover them over night with a shingle. We have heard of starting very small seeds in a pot covered with a bit of flannel or blotting paper, and kept slightly moistened with warm water for two or three days. Large seeds will often germinate more quickly if soaked over night in a weak solution of salt petre, and kept tepid by being placed near a stove or over a register for twenty-four hours.

Sweet peas may be planted as soon as you can break ground. Frost does not hurt them. They are a delightful flower, both for cutting and the garden—the varieties so much improved of late. They should be planted in masses by themselves. Drive four or five stakes in a circle and intertwine a stout string in and out, and the plant true to the beautiful poetic fancy will creep up, up, ever

"On tip-toe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush, o'er delicate white
And taper fingers, catching at all things,
To bind them round about their tiny rings."

In regard to transplanting, select the most robust specimens, choose a cloudy day or a warm twilight, cut off injured roots or broken leaves, keep as much of the earth about them as you can, pour a little water into the excavation made for them, and keep them protected from extreme heat or cold with a little paper cone for a few days, until they have recovered from the change by removal.

One of the prettiest designs for a flower bed we remember to have seen, suitable for even a small garden, consisted of a bottomless oblong wire basket, some four or five feet in length, and of proportionate width. This was sunk sufficiently deep in the border of the bed to keep it in place. Over the edge of the basket drooped a variegated fringe of verbenas, creeping lantana, blue lobelia, sweet alyssum, mignonette, with now and then a cluster of graceful rich green moneywort. Over the handle twined maura dyo and canary bird flower, with a vine of feathery cypress. In the center of the basket were grouped low-growing fuchsias, heliotropes, Tom Thumb geraniums, and freely interspersed with green.

An imitation of such a model might be presented by adopting a very pretty design given in the Country Gentleman. It is called the rustic flower basket, being made of long stems cut from the wild grape vine. Outline the flower bed and drive around the boundary stakes cut from the larger branches of the vine, or small tree boughs, about the size of one's wrist, set them nearly a foot apart and weave the grape vines in and out to the required height for the sides of the basket, then fill in with fine rich earth. The handle is made of three or four small stems twisted together like the strands of a rope. We should suggest laying the vines in luke-warm water a few hours before using, to render them more pliable. The new hybrid petunias would be very showy in a basket of this style. A small lawn dotted with miniature baskets filled with masses of one color would be showy and novel.

We present a list of choice summer climbers: Maderia vine, start in March; cobra scandens, start early from cuttings; balloon vine, *cordia spermum*, soak over night, plant in May; solanum jasminoides, abobra vidi flora, (a beautiful leaf, crimson berries or pods,) passion vine, buy ready started; parlor ivy, start in house from cutting; hyacinth bean, morning glory, thunbergia, star spomea, canary bird flower, scarlet runner, plant last of May or first of June.

A REMARKABLE CANARY.

The Chicago Tribune says: One of the most remarkable instances of endurance and sagacity in the ornithological line is at present to be seen at South Halstead street, in the shape of an elderly canary that has now reached the age of twelve years, and is still as spritely a songster as he was ten years ago. What is more surprising in regard to this wee bit of melody is the fact that it has been stone blind for two years past, and "looks" down with contempt on its younger mates at their dearth of music, and still warbles his delicious music from his own "song-book" with volume enough to compensate for their short-comings.

When darkness first came upon the little fellow he experienced much difficulty in locomotion, and was constantly coming in contact with the wires of the

cage, or with the perches thereof. By degrees his birdship was taught caution, and now he is perfectly sure-footed. He moves about with a method wonderful to observe. On going from perch to perch, he climbs along the wires, at each step putting out the foot as carefully as the blind man his cane, and when he reaches the desired position he tunes up with volubility as if in self-congratulation of his superior accomplishment.

In walking on the floor of his cage he uses the same precautions, and in his daily ablutions observes all the forms and customs in vogue among his more fortunate companions. In this performance it is noticeable, however, that he never forgets his infirmity, for he washes his head with the utmost care, always avoiding contact between his claws and any portion of the feathers in the vicinity of his sightless eyes. Such sagacity in a bird so fragile is really astonishing, and this little blind musician is the pride of his owner, the wonder of the neighborhood, and, we suppose, the envy of his feathered brethren.

FUMIGATING THE GREEN-HOUSE.

Fumigation is one of the most important things to be attended to at this time in the greenhouse. Many leave it too long, in part because of the unpleasantness of the operation, and partly, perhaps, because thinking there is less injury going on than there really is.

All houses that have young, thrifty plants, especially if their plants are of a miscellaneous character, should be regularly smoked once a week, whether there are signs of green fly or not.

Prevention is better than cure, and if the application is made thus often, it does not require to be nearly as strong to keep the houses perfectly clean.

We find the best way of doing this is to get tobacco stems and use them dry.

To burn them in we have an old cast iron charcoal burner as a base, on which we have riveted a stout piece of stove pipe iron, the size of the burner and about fifteen inches in height. On the top is a handle of heavy wire, by which it is carried from point to point when burning.

To ignite, take a bunch of shavings, light and throw in the bottom; on this place the stems. It will quickly give off a great volume of smoke. If the house is long, about three moves will fill it pretty full in five or ten minutes.

A few plants are very sensitive to smoke if too severe; of these heliotropes and Cinerarias are the worst; hence care should be used near where these stand.

This practice will keep the house entirely free of the miserable plant louse, which sucks the life blood of the plant, and causes the foliage to become dirty with excrementitious matter if allowed headway.—*Prairie Farmer.*

In propagating pinks, the young shoots of the season's growth should be cut off at the third or fourth joint, and at the same time remove the lower leaves, and shorten those at the top of the shoots. The soil should be made as fine as possible, and then covered with a layer of fine sand, and watered before the cuttings are set in. The cuttings should be shaded from the sun, and watered regularly until they have taken root, which will be in about five weeks.



THE WEAVER.

Ceaselessly the weaver, Time,
Sitting at his mystic loom,
Keeps his arrowy shuttle flying—
Every thread aneans our dying;
And with melancholy chime,
Very low and sad withal,
Sings his solemn madrigal
As he weaves our thread of doom.

"Mortals I!" thus his weaving sings,
"Bright or dark the web shall be
As ye will it: all the tissues,
Blending in harmonious issues,
Or discordant colorings.
Time the shuttle drives, but you
Give to every shuttle its hue,
And elect your destiny.

God bestowed the shining warp;
Fill it with as bright a wool,
And the whole shall grow divinely,
As if wrought by angels finely
To the music of the harp;
And the blended colors be
Like perfected harmony,
Keeping evil things aloof.

Envy, Malice, Pride, and Hate,
Foulest progeny of Sin,
Let not these the weft entangle
With their blind and furious wrangle,
Marring your diviner fate;
But with love and deeds of good
Be the web throughout enewed,
And the perfect shall ye win."

Thus he singeth very low,
Sitting at his mystic loom,
And his shuttle still is flying—
Thread by thread aneans our dying
Grows our shroud with every throw:
And the hues of Hell or Heaven
To each thread by us are given
As he weaves our thread of doom.

HAIR AND ITS FASHIONS.

In all ages of the world a fine head of hair has been thought an ornament and a sign of health. The scriptures record the esteem which the early Hebrews had for beautiful hair, while baldness was considered a misfortune and deformity. Long flowing tresses have been the poets favorite theme from earliest times as descriptive of female loveliness.

Hair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.—*Pope.*
All the busts and statues of Grecian art which have descended to us represent the heroes' and heroines' luxuriant locks.

Severe afflictions, mourning and funereal rites, were symbolized by the ancients by the neglect of the hair, or by cutting or pulling it out; Homer alludes to this custom in his description of the funeral of Patroclus:

There lay the hero's corse with curls o'erspread,
Late shorn from every mourning prince's head.

Shaving the head has been a badge of degradation imposed upon criminals, and a mark of servitude for slaves. It was formerly the practice to remove the hair of the condemned before execution; Louis XVI begged and implored his executioners to spare him this disgrace when upon the guillotine, and his request was so far acceded to that only his back hair was cut. Soldiers sentenced to be drummed out of the army are so treated.

Since the Christian era, the manner of wearing the hair has been a frequent subject of discussion of religious contention. Isidorus declared that "the clerical tonsure is of apostolic institution," and in 155 the Pope prohibited the clergy

from wearing long hair. Monks and priests early adopted the shaven crown as emblematical of mortifying the pride. During the mediaeval ages, excommunications were fulminated by the popes against such as persisted in wearing long hair in opposition to the commands of the church, and England was convulsed by the fierce feuds of the roundheads and cavaliers, whose respective badges of distinction were the styles of their hair.

Of all the various shades of color, light yellow, golden, or blond hair has been the most esteemed; "fair-haired" is a household word with all Greek writers, while with the Latins (as in our own times) it was the fashionable color. Chestnut is another popular shade; Christ is always so represented, and many of the madonnas of the old masters. Brown was thought by the Romans to distinguish amiability and intelligence. Castor and Pollux had hair of this shade. Auburn is the shade given by Byron to his famous Haidee:

"Her hair's long auburn waves."

Black is by far the most predominating color, and is always used on the stage with such characters as pirates, robbers, desperate villains, etc., although it is probable that many of the worst criminals have had their hair of other shades. Red hair is commonly regarded as a deformity.

As the hair is a very conspicuous feature, that alters the appearance of the face with every change of arrangement, it constitutes the most important part of the toilet. All fashions in hair are but imitations of antiquity. Gold and silver ornaments were used in their hair by Hebrew women, who also braided their tresses and secured them with gold and silver pins. The Roman ladies dressed their hair with pearls and gems, crowns and garlands of flowers and ribbons. Embroidered nets are said by Duvenal to have been employed by the ladies for enclosing their back hair, and the same author relates that their hair was often arranged in rows to a great height by stories of curls. False curls were worn, and Virgil, Cicero, and other classical writers mention the use of hot irons for crimping and curling hair.

Even the much-abused false hair, for which our modern belles are so often denounced in terms of unmeasured severity, was worn by the Greeks, Carthaginians, Assyrians, Persians, and Romans. Wigs were resorted to by the Egyptians in preference to their natural hair. About the time of Ovid, blonde hair was obtained from the Germans, and made into wigs by the Romans. The use of artificial hair was particularly obnoxious to the early fathers of the church. Tertullian said to the Christians, "the false hair you wear may have come not only from a criminal, but perhaps from the head of one already damned;" and Clement of Alexandria proclaimed that when they received the blessing upon their heads the benediction remained with the wigs (if worn.)

Wigs became fashionable in France through the example of Henry III, who, having lost his hair by sickness, was obliged to substitute false. The pliant courtiers speedily adopted the innovation, but it was not until the extravagant reign of Louis XIV that this fashion was carried to excess. Wigs of enormous size, extending half way down the back, with a profusion of curls, became the rage, and it was a breach of etiquette

to appear in one's own hair. In England, wigs were much worn during Queen Anne's time; dark curly ones were the fashion of Charles II's reign; these were followed by the frosted wigs, nicknamed "silver fleece."

The different styles in the length of the hair has always been as capricious and variable as the changes in dress. Long hair was at first a sign of royalty in Europe; but the nobles soon imitated their sovereigns, and the custom was continued by them until Francis I changed the fashion so as to allow a scar on his head to be seen, of which he was vain. Long hair was revived by Louis XII, and lasted until the revolution obliterated all distinctions of rank.

Some of the fashions of the seventeenth century would puzzle the business men of the present day, who are so much occupied with their time that they would find it difficult to make an elaborate toilet. An English beau in 1646 is represented with locks of hair falling on his breast, and knotted at the ends with ribbons; and in 1772 a fop is described as "dressed in an enormous toupee with curls at the sides, while behind, it was gathered and tied up into an enormous club or knot." These pig-tails did not consist entirely of hair, but were wholly or in part composed of thread or silk; they continued until toward the close of the eighteenth century, when the hair was brushed back in a roll.

Chignons and waterfalls, braids and curls, are not modern devices to enhance the comeliness of the fair sex, but are inherited from our ancestors. Many of the absurdities of the hair toilet we have abolished, particularly hair powder. This custom dates from King Solomon, whose body guard (according to Josephus) had their heads sprinkled with gold dust. Louis XV was the especial patron of powder in France, although it had been introduced into that country as early as 1590. Hair-dyeing is of early origin, but its use was more confined to staining the hair some favorite shade than to removing the marks of age by coloring gray hair.—*Home Journal.*

RESTORING HAT FEATHERS,
RIBBONS, VELVETS, ETC.

Kate was trying to trim up her spring hat. She had good taste, and could do it nicely when she knew how it ought to be done, and had something to do with—two most essential things to begin with. As for the knowing how, she felt quite confident of success this time, for when she was in town last week, her cousin Gertie had showed her her new hat and Katie had taken in the new style at a glance, and then carefully noted how the trimming was arranged, with reference to future action. As for the trimmings, she did not wish to purchase new for spring, and so had her boxes of second hand ribbons, velvets, feathers etc., to see what she could select that would answer her purpose.

"There," said she, holding up a quantity of rich black ribbon, and also some of brown, "here is ribbon enough, only the twists and bows have wrinkled it, and that just spoils the looks of the whole."

"Lay a damp cloth upon it and iron it out," said her mother, looking up from her sewing.

"But I don't like the looks of ironed out ribbons," said Kate. "The iron flats the edges, and if it touches the ribbon makes it shine and look like some old fixed up stuff," concluded she with a

toss of her head, as though she disdained the idea.

"Then it will look like what it is," said her mother smiling.

"And I want it to look like new," replied Kate. "Ah! here comes Fan Davis, just the one I know to tell me what to do."

So the matter was explained, and Fannie volunteered to make the ribbon as good as new. "Let us have a little alcohol—it will not make ribbon drunk," said she "or ammonia, just which you have at hand, and then a sponge or some old black silk, and we will go to work."

Kate brought the alcohol from the china closet, when Fan dropped a few drops into a cup with a little water—enough to dampen the ribbons thoroughly, which was done by laying them on a cloth and sponging them briskly, the alcohol helping to cleanse them as well as impart a luster to the fabric. After one side was well sponged the other was treated in the same manner, then Fan said, "Now for a good, smooth, round bottle and we will finish it up."

Kate found a bottle in a moment, and brushing off the dust, Fan took it and commenced winding the ribbon snugly around it, one layer over another, precisely as it comes on blocks from the store. One long piece was wound around, then the ends pinned to hold it firmly, and other pieces, longer or shorter, put on the same bottle below the first row, till all was done.

"There," said Fan, "set that in a good place to dry, and it will come off from your bottle looking like new ribbon, or else I am mistaken"—and so it did, and even Kate's mother acknowledged it better than her way.

"Well," says Kate, "if your magic does not end with the ribbon, let us see what you can do with these feathers, which are sadly disorganized, to say the least. Cousin Gertie had a new plume on her hat if it is spring, so I will put these on mine, if we can brighten them up a little."

"Nothing easier," said Fan, "if we can get up a little smoke for the occasion. Most anything will answer—some chips, bark, or corn cobs, if you have some, are best, as they make a good smoke, without danger of a blaze."

Kate forthwith brought a handful of corn cobs, which Fan broke up and laid on a shovel of hot coals, and then, when smoking nicely, held the feathers over the shovel, taking care not to get them too near the heat, and keeping them in motion till the flattened mass began to quiver and liven up, and the plumes when finished looking almost like new.

"These fancy feathers," said Fan, "you might have dyed black sometime if you choose. They can be dipped carefully in a good dye, and after being dried, can be smoked as we have now treated these, which will restore their liveliness as it has done this time."

"And here are these fancy ribbons," said Kate, "I wonder what I can do with them, for they will not color nicely."

"Some of them can be cleansed however," said Fan; "if not good enough for hat trimmings, they will do for linings or a thousand things that one wants scraps of silk or ribbon for. Ammonia will cleanse some of the pieces that are not badly soiled, and benzine is still more cleansing, and these also can be sponged and wound on bottles like the black. Then for the more soiled pieces, make a paste of equal parts of soft

soap, molasses, and corn-meal, and that rubbed on greasy ribbon or on breadths of silk that is soiled, will in most cases, remove the grease without changing the color of the fabric. The meal acts as a scourer, so to speak, the soap to cleanse, while the molasses neutralizes the ley properties of the soap, though if that article is very strong a little less must be used in proportion, or a little water added to the mixture. I have known," said she, "a sorry grease-spot on a carpet removed by this means, without hurting the color in the least."

"And while we are about it, here are these velvets and velvet-ribbons—I know enough" said Katie "to rub them, or the back of them on a hot flat iron, and thus smooth them perfectly."

"But a better way," said Fan, "at least, one that raises the plush on the face of the velvet more surely, is to dampen your velvet or velvet-ribbon on the back, have your hot flat iron fixed face upward in a good firm position, then lay the back side of your velvet upon the iron, and with a clean clothes-brush, brush the face of the velvet. The steam, as it passes through the fabric raises the velvet, while the brush act as a stimulus for it to liven up and look new, instead of presenting the flattened surface that velvet will by use."

"Well really," said Kate, "you have helped me very much. Why, I am not sure but my hat trimmings will look about as well as cousin Gertie's new ribbon and feathers, and quite an item saved into the bargain. But I do dislike the looks of ribbon ironed so it shines, or all wrinkles, showing just where the last year's bows were made, as well as feathers which look as if they were plucked from the birds during the deluge; indeed I would rather see none at all than such tumbled up ones as some wear, which is finery run mad."

"But only think," continued Kate, "What immense quantities of such articles are thrown aside and wasted, which would do, at least to trim up things for a little time as I want this spring hat, and just because people do not know how to repair them, and cannot get the knack of doing it, even when plain directions are given them."

"That is just so," said Fan, "it takes gumption and common sense to do such trifling things, and not spoil the whole, but we have had pretty good luck this time, which is encouraging, to say the least."

"Well" said Kate, "when you have done it all! Never mind however, I have used my eyes and shall be experimenting on these other old duds tomorrow by myself."

And now before I forget all about it, I am going to write it out for the Household taking it for granted there are hundreds of girls no wiser in such matters than Kate was, but who need to economize quite as much.

CALICO AGAINST VELVET.

The majority of American women every day wear calico, and are content with it. But velvet, soft, lustrous, luxurious, excites admiration in every female heart; and she who cannot afford to buy it is noble if she does not envy her sister who can. There is no natural antagonism between velvet and calico. In a modest department, plainly curtained and carpeted, with rush-bottom chairs, and pleasing though not costly pictures, how out of place would a vel-

vet robe appear. But make the room spacious, spread the floor with tapestry, shade the windows with damask, illuminate the walls with the paintings of Corregio and Titian, of Rembrandt and Landseer, and would not calico feel itself out of place in so much splendor?

Yet beneath shilling prints what warm womanly hearts are beating, what lovely traits of character are developed, what sterling virtues are illustrated, what exquisite sensibilities respond to the touch of nature! There are thousands who hold this paper with hands that are not very soft, and that if they could don a hundred-dollar velvet cloak, and the empress cloth or gross-grain below it was the every day dress; and the hat and plume, the furs and gems were all of a piece; if the carpets on which they tread were as soft as the lamps are bright, and the coach as luxurious as the rooms are spacious—such a life would be all music.

"I was ever a lover of happy human faces," says gentle Oliver Goldsmith. If that child of genius and poverty were to walk Broadway would be seen under the ostrich plumes and the point-lace veils the faces that had power to make him glad? There are instances in the world, thank God, there are lives in this great metropolis where the finest natural ability, the highest culture, and evidences of the free indulgence of exquisite taste blend in a unison as rare as it is delightful.

There are Maintenons who love satins and laces, yet the heart below the gloss is warm with love of virtue and pity for orphans. There are Sevignes who scan the gay world from the loop-holes of literary leisure, and well-worn copies of Browning and Tennyson lie beside the casket and glove-box on their dressing-tables.

But these are the rare and bright exceptions. A thousand hearts are stung with envy because their Thibet is not a satin, because the muff of Siberian fox that protects their hands is not an ermine or a seal. In short, those who spend five hundred dollars a year in dress look up with admiration to those who spend one thousand, and down with disdain on those who are tastefully clad on less than one hundred. Now the young woman who earns the one hundred dollars on which she dresses well for a year is a more valuable member of society than she who spends five hundred in silks, grenadines, lawns, laces and furs, when that five hundred comes from the fat banking account of an indulgent father. The enterprise that an industrious girl discovers, the self-reliance, the patience of labor, the submission to fortune are jewels that out-sparkle garnets, sapphires, or the onyx stone.

As a rule, the velvet cloaks do nothing for the advancement of the human race; they may feebly push out one or two little white pawns on the chess-board of life, but the dark knight who plays against them pounces down, and oblivion closes over mother and child. The girls who are to be the mothers of the able men of 1900, are to-day earning their calicoes and poplins by wading through snow-drifts to school-houses, and explaining fractions to wooden-headed boys; they dip their pens into ink that is icy; they chun when the butter is long a-coming; they sweep when their fingers are numb and red around the broom-handle. They have the inspiring consciousness of being strong and competent; in the labors of life they can

carry one end of the log; in society they would bless and cheer rather than shine, for

"'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

—N. Y. Tribune.

CROCHETED HOUSE SLIPPERS.

The slipper is commenced at the toe. Make three chain stitches, then knit back with a single crochet, commencing in the very last chain made. Into the center of one of the three chains put three single crochet for widening. This row contains five single crochet stitches and the entire front of the slipper consists of successive rows of single crochet, knit from right to left, each row commenced in the last stitch of the preceding, always knitting three single crochet in the center to continue the widening.

The size of the front must be ascertained by measurement upon the foot, or cork insole which it is designed to use. When large enough, commence another row, knitting ten stitches; turn and knit back upon these ten. (This is the beginning of the back part of the slipper.) Narrow one stitch at the top of the next row and after a plain row, narrow again at the top. You now have eight stitches. Continue knitting from right to left, eight or ten rows according to the size desired. Then from this point, until the middle of the back of the heel is reached, widen—by putting two stitches into one—every other row at the top. This completes one-half of the back. Break the worsted, take up ten stitches on the opposite side of the front and proceed with this half as with the first, joining the two at the center of the heel with a row of single crochet.

The slipper thus far presents a ribbed appearance caused by knitting each stitch into the outer side of those of the preceding row. Be careful to do this. Make the upper enough smaller than the sole to require stretching when it is sewed on. Finish the top edge of the crocheted part with a scallop, first making a row of double crochet (long stitches) with two chains between each two stitches. Sew this upper in button-hole stitch with strong silk, to a cork insole of the required size. A more durable way, however, is to stitch around the sole a piece of fine alpaca braid of the exact shade of the zephyr used; then sew on the upper and finish by neatly binding to it the free edge of the braid.

The finishing touches to the entire slipper consist in inserting a rubber cord just below the scallop for the purpose of holding it close around the foot; also in the same part insert a worsted cord furnished with small balls at the ends tied in a bow knot on the front of the slipper.

To invalids and for tender feet these slippers are a special comfort; being warm and easy as a stocking. Material required is three ounces of double zephyr.—Cor. Ohio Farmer.

HOW PAPER CLOTHES ARE MADE.

Wearers of paper collars may be interested in the reports on the manufacture of paper in Japan, which have lately been printed for the British Parliament. There seems to be no reason why they should not wear not only paper collars but also paper shirts, and washable pa-

per coats and trousers, by taking advantage of the process described as follows:

"Mode of making paper cloth, warranted to wash ('Shifu.') Take some of the paper called 'hosho,' or some of the best 'senka,' and dye it of the color required. Boil some of the roots called 'Konniasu-no-dame,' with the skin on; try them with the inner portion of a rice stalk; when it penetrates easily they are sufficiently boiled. Peel them and let the water run off, and then pound them in a paste. Spread this paste on either side of the paper, and let it dry in the sun till quite stiff. Then sprinkle water on it until it is thoroughly damped, and leave it in that state for a night. The next morning roll it upon a bamboo of the thickness of the shaft of an arrow, and force it with the hands from either end into a center; unroll it and repeat this process two or three times, rolling it from each side and corner of the paper. Then crumple it well in the hands by rubbing it together until it becomes quite soft, and then sprinkle water on it again to damp it. Pull it out straight and smooth, fold it up, and pound it with a wooden mallet. It may then be put into water as much and as often as is liked without sustaining injury, having become a strong and lasting material."

This cloth is made principally in the Damiate of Sendai. Boxes, trays, and even saucepans thus manufactured sustain no injury over a strong charcoal heat. Bags may be made of it, in which wine may be put and heated by insertion in boiling water.

IRISH POPLINS.

The history of the manufacture of Irish poplin is full of interest. We can imagine a group of desolate men, exiled by cruel injustice from the sunny shores of France, landing in 1693 on the rugged coast of the Emerald Isle. Few but industrious, persecuted but persevering, this little band of intelligent men established the silk trade, which has since been modified into the manufacture of poplin.

These Huguenots were driven from their country by the blind policy of Louis XIV., and established themselves at Dublin, in the Coombe, where the woollen trade of Ireland formerly flourished. Here the silk-weavers were impeded by every possible restriction, and by a variety of legal enactments, but the present prosperity of the trade is owing to what was at that time considered their greatest misfortune—the inadequate supply of silk; necessity compelled the unhappy silk-weavers to employ another material to eke out the scanty supply of silk; naturally they took wool or worsted webs, and thus poplin or tabinet was introduced.

Of the beauty of Irish poplin there is no reason to speak, but the enduring qualities of this lovely fabric are not so well-known; being made of pure silk and pure wool, poplin yields to the slightest pressure, and this quality ensures an absence of permanent folds, which spoil the effect of any dress however rich in texture. As the wearer of Irish poplin moves, a wave of colors seems to run through the fabric; while the colors of poplin appear more beautiful than those of any other material.—*Englishwoman's Magazine*.

—With patience and time the mulberry leaf becomes a silk gown.



THE WIND AND THE MOON.

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out,
You stare,
In the air,
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always watching what I am about,
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep
On a heap,
Of cloudless sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon—
Murmuring low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed: she was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind: "I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard and the Moon grew dim.
"With my sledge
And my wedge
I have knocked off her edge.
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glum will go the thread."

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the sky stars shone;
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind, he took to his revels once more:
On down
In town,
Like a merry-mad clown
He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar.
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more.

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still broader the moon scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I?
With my breath,
Good faith,
I blew her to death—
Then blew her in; what strength am I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair:
For high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

A WORD FOR THE BOYS.

HERE they go out of the house, a joyous troop as free and almost as wild as the winds that blow after them. A series of bangs preceded their exit, from the sitting room to the outer door, and the gate slams after them its salvo of relief as the house settles into blessed quiet.

Before they left it was one series of experiments on nerve and temper from the time the second boy showed his head down stairs. To be sure the first one who was reading Oliver Optic's last immorality, in the shape of a novel for boys, answered the good-morning of the grandmother with one so curt that it sounded

more like "Hush up and don't bother me."

His mother and I were just recalling some old time frolics, which harmonize so well with muffins and coffee, when Francis broke in, "Ma, it's composition day, and, oh dear! how I do hate to have to read mine. I hope nobody will visit the school to-day. Say, will you? Oh, don't! I don't want you to," and so on in that silly tone which children, eaten up with self-consciousness, take to bring the conversation near themselves. His tone took the lead of everything which could be said, and by similar remarks he contrived, as he generally does, to break up all interest for the older people at the table. His brother began sneering at him in an undertone, leaning across the corner of the table to whisper some comment on a young lady's words.

Their manners were not choice in the matter of eating. Albert, the oldest, took a piece of bread and industriously wiped the gravy from his plate, using his elbow for a fulcrum. Ethelfred drank from his cup without lifting it, bending his head to the level of the table-cloth to do so, and Francis ended by a stretch and a yawn, with arms over his head, which told that his capacity was well taxed.

His mother, on this, did see the propriety of interfering, but her lecture was so long and sharp, ending in a captious argument with Francis, who cannot bear to be in the wrong, that the listeners were the worst punished. Having her hand in she made it convenient to scold Albert for leaving the marks of his gluey fingers on the door knob, after pasting a cover on his book, which, as Albert vigorously contested the point, and the boys never think it necessary to lower their voices in the house, finished off breakfast with a pleasant imitation of a bear-garden. "There," was the last injunction, "do go along out of the house, and stay there. Do anything—go anywhere, but don't come in-doors. You're not fit to be here."

The young lady visitor leaned back in her easy chair as the mother disappeared pantry-ward. "I don't like boys," she said, "they are such plagues about the house. Do you?"

How could I say yes after such a scene from the domestic Comedy of Terrors which is acted in homes all over the country. Reverend Mrs. Aldine's boys do just so; and Mrs. Percy's, who "writes," as everybody in town says as they point out her gate posts to strangers; and Professor Rawdon's, and the miller's, and Mrs. Samuel Smith's, the merchant's, and my cousin Gabriel's, whose wife is a model to society, and so many more boys whose mothers never so much as take a book out of the circulating library. As a rule, the more particular and exacting the mothers, the worse the boys seem to be.

Yet, I couldn't say no, for there is a whole portfolio of deeds of boyish chivalry and self-denial laid up in my memory. I must stand up for boys. They have been my knights from the brother in pinafores, who drove away the great Shanghai from my window when I was in brain fever, lest his crowing should startle me, and the baby who brought his hat full of aster and golden-rod to please my taste for flowers, to the clever lad up to my shoulder who used to escort me to concerts and lectures when escort was only needed for the look of the thing.

I've known boys to come into a parlor

and behave not only endurably, but make themselves positively acceptable company, when at home the mother's greeting was: "Now take yourself off unless you can be perfectly still, for the sight of you worries me so I can hardly stand it." This last case explains itself. No boy could do very well after such a damper of welcome. But there are other boys, and not a few, thank heaven! whose manners at home as well as abroad are as refined as the most exacting ought to look for. Their presence is as much a pleasure in its way as that of bright people of any age. Wasn't it Goethe who said "Children are the only originals?" It is the mother's fault, and not the child's, if boys are unlovely.

"How is that?" some mother will say, "I'm sure I talk to my boys enough, and I can't be following them up all the time."

Beg pardon for an unwelcome assertion, but that is the very thing it is your duty to do. That's what you are their mother for, and your homes are for, so that your foresight, and care, and correction, may be round them every hour of their lives. If you put this aside, your children might as well be brought up by the state in an asylum, as the Communists proposed, and better, too. There they would gain the benefit of discipline, which your training lacks.

The reason boys are not polished in manners is because mothers do not persevere in their systems of education. There is no inheritance so valuable to a man as that of a refined address. There is nothing your son will so thank you for—not college course, or the command of money—as for what is meant by good breeding, that attention to personal habits and the self-sacrifice which fits a man to mingle with his fellow men on agreeable terms. It is the lack of this polish which mars the value often of great gifts and Christian principles. You cannot be willing to neglect this in your children, least of all in your sons who will soon pass from your control. You

cannot impart it without steady labor. Scolding will do very little for your purpose. It is a whip suited only for the meanest spirits that cannot be goaded by anything else. The same words in a different tone will have thrice the effect. There is a method for breaking up bad habits which never fails. Every time an error is committed make your boy repair it as quickly as may be. If he leaves a door open twenty times a day, twenty times must he come back and shut it. Call him back each time, without any sharpness of tone, but make him feel that it is no use forgetting, the thing left undone will have to be done. Be inexorable as Fate on all bad habits, and three week's work will cure what you may dawdle and scold over three years in vain.

If a boy brings snow or mud into the house on fresh carpet or clean floor, make him clear it away as neatly as you would yourself. It will punish you more than it will him, but you must do it. It saves a hundred scoldings for the same offence. A whipping would be a quicker way of settling the matter, but not half so enduring. And every time the fault is repeated, every time let the consequences be felt. Don't punish twice and skip once. That is the ruin of all order. If a book is lost, tell the boy where it is likely to be found, but let him do the hunting for it.

As for noise in the house, which is the prime indictment against the boys, give

them ample play-time out of doors, and insist on quiet at other times. Let them know that boots must be changed for slippers when they come in, or their society must be dispensed with in the family circle. A temporary deafness when they talk loud will soon teach them to moderate their tones. Keep extreme measures for extreme cases. Tact goes farther than force in government.

Fix your authority over them by being their good providence as well as their punisher. Don't wait for them to ask for treats. Study to have them to offer. When the juggler comes to town, meet the boys on their return from school at noon with a demand to know if they want to see him. Saturday morning offer them a hunting excursion, or sail, or visit that hasn't been dreamed of by the admiring little crew. Tell your boys confidentially that you must smarten them up with new jackets, and occasionally consult them about what pudding to have for dinner. Occasionally only, for the way some parents have of taking children into counsel on everything, upsets order and fairly makes them bilious with conceit. But don't be afraid of letting your children know you are fond and proud of them. Praise them liberally when they deserve it, but don't let them often talk about themselves. Kill conceit wherever you find it.

The table manners of boys stand in conspicuous need of reformation. A capital disciplinarian who brought up a large family of children very creditably, had but one rule on this subject. He never rebuked a child for bad manners at table, but signed it to leave the room till the meal was over. It was hard, but it fixed the laws of decorum in young minds as nothing else would. On this point I urge a special plea for boys, that their mothers will not, from neglect, suffer them to become the annoyance and disgust of older persons with whom they sit. Boys are nuisances because they are allowed to be, and every rude son is a reflection on his parents' capability or faithfulness, or both. The greatest strictness of manner taught them is the greatest kindness.

SHIRLEY DARE.

TOMMY'S ADVENTURE.

Tommy was standing on a cricket, by the west window, flattening his nose against the pane, and making small tracks all over the glass with his tongue, when grandma drove up with Dolly and the red wagon. Dolly was the horse, and she and grandma had come to take Tommy out to the farm in Pearfield, you know, where his grandparents lived, to stay two whole days. And he wasn't going as a baby with somebody to care of him, but as a young gentleman, who could look out for himself.

"Nobody ain't goin' wiv me," said he to Ellen, triumphantly. "I'm jes goin' all myself, alone, me'n gamma."

It was the grandest thing that ever was heard of, to go off as his father did kissing them all good by, and perhaps seeing his mother cry a little.

If she felt ever so much like crying, she could only cry with laughter when Tommy came down from the garret, covered with cobwebs and dust, and presented himself in the parlor, dragging an old blue umbrella and a carpet-bag bigger than himself.

"There, now, my fings are all ready," said he.

Grandma laughed heartily, too; yet she made no objection to the outfit of

the young traveler, but stowed the bag and umbrella into the wagon, while Tommy was lifted into the seat, and Dolly's head was turned toward Pearfield.

The journey was not a long one, and only one thing worth mentioning happened on the way. They were passing a great clover field, just at the edge of the pine woods, when Tommy cried out:

"Oh! gamma, gamma, I see a bear, a-sittin' right up on the end of his tail."

Grandma looked where Tommy had pointed; and Dolly stopped to look, too.

"Don't you see him?" cried Tommy.

"No."

"Put on your spectacles, then."

The spectacles were put on, and after a long while, she saw what the sharp young eyes had espied so quickly, an old woodchuck sitting at his hole. Just as Tommy was proposing to capture him in the carpet bag, he whisked out of sight; and Dolly started off at a brisk pace, which she kept up without stopping, till she reached her own hitching-post at grandpa's gate.

Grandpa himself was there to meet them, and lifted the funny little boy and his funny baggage out of the red wagon. When he heard about the bear, he told Tommy that there were plenty of such bears in his fields, and that perhaps they would go and catch one after dinner.

"In the carpet bag?" asked Tommy.

"Yes."

"We must have the 'breller to spear him wiv."

"Of course."

Long before grandpa was ready to go, Tommy was parading the yard, spearing imaginary bears with his umbrella, and putting them into his bag. He had just caught a fine large one, when he heard a loud rumble, and looking up saw a man run a great yellow stage out of the barn, on the other side of the street. Tommy ran to the fence, and squeezing his chubby face as far as possible through the pickets, watched the man while he washed the coach, greased the wheels one at a time, then lit his pipe and went away. When he was quite out of sight,

Tommy unlatched the gate and went over to the coach. Finding one of the doors open, he climbed up the iron steps, tugging the bag and umbrella after him, to try a short ride by stage—a stand-still ride, of course. He played that he was papa, going to New York; then that the great hole under the seat was a den full of bears; and then he was a bear himself. He crawled into the den. It

was a funny place, with nice straw on the floor, and a long curtain of leather in front. He lay very still in there, and softly growled to make-believe cubs to look out for that terrible hunter, Tommy.

Now, you know that bears are very sleepy fellows, and it is not strange that this little wild animal by and by fell asleep in his little den.

Meantime grandma had looked out of the front door, and not seeing Tommy anywhere, thought he had gone with grandpa to the field; while grandpa himself had forgotten the young bear hunter altogether, and had gone to the field alone.

After a while the stage driver came, harnessed his four horses to the coach and drove away. He stopped at the store to get the mail-bag and take in several passengers. There was a fat woman with a baby, an Irish servant girl, a one-legged little French pedler, and a stiff old gentleman with a gold-headed cane. With this load the yellow stage started for Ryetown, twelve miles

away, and Tommy still asleep under the seat.

When he awoke he couldn't tell where he was, and wondered what made his bed rock and bounce about so. Then he heard the people talking right over his head. He peeped under the curtain and saw several pairs of shoes. Too frightened to know what he did, he lifted the curtain and gave one desperate spring, thrusting his curly head, all covered with straw, right between the old gentleman's legs.

If a real bear had jumped out, he could not have made more confusion. The old gentleman sprang to his feet, smashing his hat over his eyes by striking against the top of the coach; the Irish girl screamed "Murther!" and tried to leap out of the window; the fat woman fainted and dropped her baby; the little Frenchman jumped up and down on his one leg till he lost his balance and tumbled over; and poor Tommy clung with both hands to the old gentleman's pantaloons, and screamed with all his might.

I cannot begin to describe what followed, or record the questions with which Tommy was assailed, in English, Irish and French, to all of which he could only say that his grandpa owned

Dolly and kept bears, and that he was a bear himself when he went to sleep. Of course there was nothing to do but take the little bear to Ryetown hotel, and send him back by Friday's coach. So he cried himself to sleep that night in the Ryetown hotel, and early the next morning was lifted into the yellow stage again. All the way back the driver wondered what he should do with the boy when he got to Pearfield; but there was no need worrying about that, for everybody in town knew that he was lost, and dozens of people were looking in every direction. You can guess whether anybody was glad when the little runaway was set down at grandpa's gate, umbrella, carpet-bag and all.

Grandma's eyes looked very red and her voice trembled when she said:

"Why Tommy, Tommy, you poor, dear child, where have you been?"

"Oh, ever so far!" said the young adventurer with a sigh; "way, way over most to the 'lutionary war. Has grandpa caught my bear?"—*Little Corporal.*

DISCIPLINE.

Now, there are two courses, either of which you can take. One is to say: "I am not living nor dressing so well as my companions, and I must have fine clothes and better fare." The other is to say: "I have come down here to make my way; and honesty and simplicity require that I should not live any higher than I myself can earn the means of living. I will be no man's pauper or beneficiary. I will make what I take; and what I make and take shall support me."

The discipline which you get from this latter course of self-denial is better than going to college. Many a man cradled in learning gets no discipline; but a young man who, having been reared and trained in self-indulgence, leaves his father's house, and comes to the city and says, "I will be beholden to no man; I can afford to live as plain as any man, both in regard to diet and clothes, if it is necessary to my manhood, and I will not have anything which I cannot fairly earn; I will be independent and establish myself"—such a young man gets a discipline which

is worth a university education. By forming that purpose and adhering to it, he is educating himself in the very elements of manhood. He is making a man of himself.—*Plymouth Pulpit.*

A BIT OF ADVICE FOR BOYS.

"You are made to be kind," says Horace Mann, "generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is than to have a great fist."

THE PUZZLER.

We will send a copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to the one who first sends full and correct answers to The Puzzler for any month. Answers should be sent with all contributions to this column.

ANSWERS:—1. Ethelberga was a Christian queen causing the downfall of the Saxon gods. 2. Every little frog is great in his own bog. 3. Stare. 4. Ann-tie-money. 5. A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men. 6. If the world seems cold to you, Kindle fires to warm it; Let their comfort hide from view Winters that deform it. 7. Madam. 8. Poplar. 9. Palm. 10. Elm. 11. Plum. 12. Maple. 13. Q U E S T 14. S O P H U N D U E O N L Y E D W I N P L U M S U I T S H Y M N T E N S E 15. St. Louis. 16. Athens. 17. Rome. 18. Lisbon. 19. Paris. 20. Elon, lone. 21. Mead, dame. 22. Veal, vale. 23. Liar, rail. 24. Stop, pots, spot. 25. Mates, steam. 26. Glean, angle. 27. Boll, bowl, bole. 28. Cain, cane. 29. Pair, pear, pare. 30. Prophet, profit. 31. Mien, mean. 32. Assent, ascent. 33. You, ewe, yew. 34. Been, bin. 35. Cite, site, sight. 36. Wright, write, right, rite. 37. Be good. 38. Never fear. 39. Now sit still. 40. Yazoo. 41. Neuse. 42. Nicolet. 43. Coosa. 44. Achigan. 45. Tombigbee. 46. Grand. 47. Kana-wha.

ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of nineteen letters. My 10, 17, 7, 14 is found in a dress. My 8, 3, 9, 13 is part of the body. My 18, 16, 2, 19, 6 is an important personage at a wedding.

My 11, 12, 5, 1, 4 is a vegetable. My 7, 11 is a preposition. My whole is a popular saying.

2. I am composed of seventeen letters. My 14, 4, 11, 1, 13 is an article of a lady's dress.

My 8, 2, 5, 12 is generally behind. My 2, 10, 16, 17 means soon. My 7, 4, 9, 3, 15 occasions superstitious fears.

My 1, 11, 5, 6 is a wagon. My whole is the name of a celebrated painter.

3. I am composed of nineteen letters. My 4, 2, 18, 5, 6 is a flower. My 17, 10, 3, 7 is a place of amusement. My 16, 12, 1 is an intention. My 9, 10, 17 is a vehicle. My 14, 13, 15, 19 is used by business men.

My 17, 8, 4, is a piece of money. My whole is the name of what is said to be the most ancient piece of furniture.

J. H. W.

CHARADES.

4. My first explains what it is
To break into my second at night.
Third to dinner pray show not your phiz.

My whole is to sparkle with light.

5. My first is an article small,
My second a notice to all.
Third your thinking cap, and scratch
your poll,

Or much I fear you'll this my whole.

6. In my first I like to go,
My second I am using too.
Third to guess me, I'm sure you'll do.
My whole is the trade I pursue.

SIA.

SQUARE WORDS.

7. To resound; a piece of money; an elevation; singly.

8. Ability to do; a vegetable; we live on; to finish, in the present tense.

U. A. G.

DIAGONAL ACROSTIC.

9. The first of a Greek mathematician.
The second of a Greek lawgiver.
The third of an island.
The fourth of a Grecian statesman.
The fifth of the goddess of heaven, earth and sea.

The sixth of a Greek philosopher.
The seventh of a faithful wife.
The eighth of the Muse of the Choral dance.

The ninth of an unfortunate prophetess.

The tenth of one of the "Seven against Thebes."

The eleventh of an Athenian general.
The twelfth of a part of Greece.
The whole is a Greek poet.

J. H. W.

PUZZLES.

10. Divide 9 into two equal parts so that each part will be equal to 4.

11. Divide 13 into two equal parts so that each part will be equal to 8.

ANAGRAM.

12. Ew trdepni eclsnie—ew departr ta gthin,
No eth kbsna fo htta lynole vrier,
Reweh hte gtrrfana neps, rhtie hgubos
einut,

Ew etm nda ew teprad vofrre!
Eth hitng-sbdr agsn, dan eht atsrs vbeoa
Dolt yann a nwsdoour tyosr,
Fo nsdierf glon engo ot eht gkmnid
voabe,

Tweeh eth lsuo rseaw tsi lmneta fo
ylrog! ANNIE W. S.

DECAPITATIONS.

13. Behead a grain, and leave warmth.

14. Behead a metal, and leave not new.

15. Behead a useful article, and leave to speak.

16. Behead a fruit, and leave a part of the body. CALLIE G. Q.

FIGURE WORDS.

A letter is represented by the same figure.

Poets.—17.—1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 1. 18.—5, 6, 7, 2, 6. 19.—8, 2, 2, 6, 4. 20.—5, 2, 5, 4. 21.—5, 2, 4. J. H. W.

22. Good Advice.—Aaaadeeeeconhkk-lmnopprrssstttuuwy. ANNIE W. S.



TAKE CARE OF YOUR LUNGS.

THE lungs perform a mission in the general economy of the human system, but little understood by the common reader. They answer a two-fold purpose: first, to oxydize the blood, and second, to assist in circulating it. If atmosphere was not required to purify the blood, there would be no use for the lungs; but as life itself is dependent upon pure atmosphere, it is important that the lungs are unimpaired. The oxydization of the blood is synonymous to vitalization. The old idea, however, that the lungs have no other work than simply to supply the blood with oxygen and exhale carbonic gas, is no longer recognized; for the circulation of the blood could not be conducted one moment of time, without the lungs and oxygen. Shut off the atmosphere and the body dies about as soon as the locomotive stops its motion on shutting off the steam.

Atmosphere is the same to the human system as steam to the engine, or fuel to the furnace. It is life; without it all circulation ceases, and we die. Hence, those who have a large capacity of lungs, possess one of the essential elements of longevity. The blood is here changed from a dark venous to a bright red arterial color. The red blood is said to be electro-magnetically positive, and the venous negative. Oxygen being positive, removes from the blood by being inspired, the poisonous or negative principle which unfitts it for life, in the form of carbonic acid gas, which renders the blood positive. The lungs being electrically positive, immediately repels the blood on the principle that "likes repel" and "unlikes attract." This causes the blood to flow from the positive to the negative: the heart acting the same as the vibrating armature of an electrical battery. Upon this principle we can easily account for how the blood is carried back from the extremities, or forced through the capillary system.

When we consider that the heart contracts seventy times in one minute, four thousand two hundred times in one hour, and one million eight hundred times in twenty-four; forcing four hundred and twenty pounds of blood in one hour, and over ten thousand pounds in twenty-four hours, we are led to conclude that some other force more powerful than the contraction of those delicate muscles of the heart must be instrumental in circulating the blood.

If you would feel exhilarated breathe the atmosphere freely. If you would purify the blood, stop taking quack nostrums and breathe "everlasting life," and if the case is complicated and more is required, consult an intelligent and well-informed physician. If you would have rosy cheeks do not resort to the cosmetics of the shops, but exercise your lungs. If you find the capacity of your lungs below the natural standard, give your lungs an extra amount of exercise each day, and on the principle that the gymnast develops a certain muscle, so the lungs may be developed. The best mode is by standing upright where the atmosphere is pure, throwing your arms back,

then inhale the atmosphere slowly, giving your lungs time to expand;—the most minute air cell may in this way fill out—then exhale as slowly until all the little air cells have contracted.

As soon as the lungs become stronger, the exercise may be more violent, and conducted longer at a time. These exercises should be continued from fifteen minutes to half an hour, and repeated three or four times a day. This will soon enlarge your vital capacity, and in every way improve your health. All the clothing about the chest should be loose so that the chest can expand with the lungs. This will promote digestion, give you a good appetite, and make you feel happy and cheerful.

Just see that individual with a narrow, contracted chest, half-bent form, fallen cheeks, pointed nose and sunken eyes. Do you not recognize a narrow, contracted soul within, forever finding fault with all the world, and pronouncing life a failure? Not much beauty or goodness there. Art must be pressed into use to make up the deficiency. The remedy is, expand your lungs.

Avoid breathing a very dry or too damp an atmosphere, also sudden changes from a high to a low temperature. Always keep an extra garment on hand during the winter to wear around the chest and neck, when you go out into the open air. Avoid breathing the cold atmosphere too rapidly for ten or fifteen minutes, or leaving your room until the lungs become prepared to receive it, then breathe freely. It is the furnace of the body. The oxygen of the air, in the act of separating the carbon from the blood, creates motion, and motion produces heat, keeping the temperature of the body at about 98° Fahrenheit. This temperature is regularly maintained summer and winter, only we breathe more frequent during the winter than in the summer. In the winter we need more action, more combustible material, and hence we eat more fatty food in the fall and winter than in the summer.

Do not fear to breathe, it will save you money and much suffering, prolong life, and render you hopeful and happy.—*Ex.*

TREATMENT OF THE SMALL POX.

The great prevalence of this loathsome disease in several of the larger cities of the country presumably makes everybody in the country, in or out of the cities, anxious to know all they can about the malady; about how it spreads and why, and when and how it is to stop. New York and Philadelphia have been thoroughly frightened within a few months, and although the disease has not by any means ceased with them, they have settled down to their steady ways again as though their people were no longer in danger of being pitted.

In the management of small-pox, great progress has been made within a century toward rendering it comparatively harmless. Vaccination is now quite generally regarded as essential to any immunity from the disease. Were it not for this measure in our cities today, the havoc by the disorder and the dread of it would probably be a hundred fold greater.

But we do not hesitate to say that the most deplorable fact in regard to it is that worst of errors that one vaccination in a lifetime is sufficient for protection. Did all the people of this country know exactly how much—how

little—protection vaccination affords, this epidemic would be stamped out in one half the time it will now require to kill it.

For thorough protection against small-pox one must be vaccinated as often as every three or four years. Cases by the dozen are occurring which show that it is unsafe to go longer than this without, and by the hundred the proofs are gathering that within this period vaccination affords nearly perfect protection.

There is a popular notion that once in seven years this protective influence runs out, but it is astonishing to see how few people in this great community undergo this operation as often as every seven years; while those who re-vaccinate as often as they ought to hardly amount to half of one in a hundred.

In regard to the matter of vaccinating, two facts should be borne in mind: In the hands of a careful medical practitioner there is very little danger of the operation carrying into your body any stray "bad humors." Be sure the man who vaccinates you is not only careful, but acquainted with the whole subject, and then don't fear to have your arm scratched every six months, if need be.

Then the operation should be made and the process watched in its course by some one competent to tell a vaccination pustule from an ordinary sore. Many people suppose themselves to be thoroughly protected against small-pox when they have only a sore on their arms, not true vaccination.

It is possible to make the vaccination "work" on everybody—or next to it. Popularly it is supposed large numbers of persons are unsusceptible to it; ninety-nine in every hundred of these can be successfully vaccinated if the trial is persisted in, and the fact that two or three attempts fail is very little proof that the person is small-pox invulnerable.—*Prairie Farmer.*

PITTING FROM SMALL-POX.

The terrible seaming and pitting of the face, neck, and other exposed parts of the body, consequent upon the severe attacks of the small-pox, are well known. It is noticeable, however, that the scalp is always exempted from marks, even after the severest form of the disease, the covering afforded by the hair preserving it from pitting. Remembering this fact, it recently occurred to an English physician, while watching a photographer using cotton wool to shut out light in the process of "vignetting" photographs, that the material, if applied to the face and neck of small-pox patients, might give a protecting influence somewhat similar to that afforded to the scalp by the hair, and thereby prevent or modify the subsequent pitting.

Having under treatment a couple of cases of convalescent small-pox, he therefore applied cotton wool to protect the face. The disease in each case was of the distinct form. One of the two, a girl aged fifteen years, had an abundant eruption, which in the unprotected parts of the body, went through the usual consecutive changes. In both cases the parts covered by the wool were left without a vestige of marks.

The mode of application was as follows: On the first appearance of the eruption, patches of skin, about an inch square were washed over with collodion, and immediately covered with a thin, uniform layer of fine wool; the wool readily adheres if applied before the col-

lodin evaporates. When the whole of the face, etc., was thus covered, the wool was brushed over with a solution of starch or gum.

The starch or gum was occasionally re-applied to the edges of the wool to prevent any shifting by the movement of the face. This covering was kept on until the dry crust fell off the other part of the body. In view of the results of the experiment, the mode of treatment would seem worthy of further trial.

CARBOLIC ACID AS A DISINFECTANT.

A correspondent writes to the Philadelphia Ledger that the use of carbolic acid as a disinfectant and curative agent in small-pox and other contagious diseases should be universally known. Dr. Burgess, of San Francisco, says, in the Boston Journal of Chemistry, "In the late fearful epidemic of small-pox I have tested the disinfectant and prophylactic power of carbolic acid in a way that leaves no doubt in my mind of its superior merit. Indeed, during the latter part of the course of the epidemic, I trusted to it exclusively. In thirty-six instances of its exclusive use, the disease spread in but one, and that was in a family of very filthy habits, where cleanliness and proper nursing were untenable."

Carbolic acid in a fluid form is a cheap article. To disinfect an apartment two or three teaspoonfuls may be put in a small bucket of water, and scattered about with a whisk broom. Or the same, or even smaller quantity, may be placed in a dish and mixed with sand. The evaporation from this will disinfect the air. If the air should become too strongly charged, the evaporation may be checked by covering the dish more or less, as required. This atmosphere, containing carbolic acid, is healthy, and soon becomes quite agreeable, especially when associated with its power as a destroyer of infection.

The bed clothes, blankets, etc., and clothes worn by persons having the disease, or coming in contact with such, may be washed with soap now manufactured containing carbolic acid. Or common soap may be used, with two or three teaspoonfuls of carbolic acid added to the suds. Thus may complete disinfection be produced in bed clothes or body clothes of patients subjected to small-pox or any other infectious disease.

SLEEPLESSNESS IN INFANTS.

By far the most common cause of restlessness at night is injudicious feeding, the child being stuffed with food, although not necessarily in itself injurious, is yet ill-adapted to the nourishment of the particular infant to whom it is given. It is a common practice amongst mothers—especially those of the poorer classes—to make up for any deficiency in the amount of breast-milk by farinaceous food, long before the digestive power of the child is suited to such a diet. The stomach of an infant of about two months old is often filled with a mass of starchy matters, which the absence of saliva will not permit him to digest. This mass, fermenting in his bowels, is a source of continual discomfort until it is evacuated. Even when cows' milk is used as an addition to the breast-milk, it is very frequently ill-digested, although diluted with water.—*Health Reformer.*



DINNER ORNAMENTATION.

WHAT a pleasant contrast a dinner table of the present day offers to those of our grandfathers, when the eyes and nose were alike annoyed by the ponderous courses set before them! Now, we have bright, sweet flowers and cool-looking ferns before us, with perhaps a tiny fountain in the center of the table, or one of those loose blocks of ice that have become so general and fashionable an ornament. Not only our eyes are rested and gratified by the sights and scents of some of nature's most charming productions, but our personal comfort is decidedly increased, the temperature being kept much lower by the hot dishes being away from the table, and by the evaporation from the flowers, fountain, or ice blocks.

Perhaps a few hints on dinner-table decorations may be found useful and acceptable by those who take pleasure (and who does not?) in seeing their tables prettily arranged, and, therefore, I place my experiences at their service. Every one has heard of and many have seen, those lovely "looking-glass" tables, in which a sheet of glass extended the whole length and width of the table, only leaving sufficient room for the plates, glasses, etc. The edges of this sheet of glass were hidden by moss, with flowers placed in it, or, still prettier, by long wreaths of flowers and drooping leaves, placed in narrow green tin trays; these were about an inch wide, and, being filled with damp sand, the flowers remained in their natural brilliancy for the whole evening.

This table, of course, was a costly thing; but a short time past I saw a modification of it, which is within the reach of all. This was a round (or oval, if it suits the table better) piece of looking-glass, about two feet in diameter, and encircled by a ring of brilliant flowers and leaves; the flowers were placed in one of the green trays I have alluded to, which was about two inches deep, and rather more in width. These trays can be made at a very trifling cost by any worker in tin, and should be painted green before being used. A pretty center for the table might be arranged by placing the piece of looking-glass on a stand, and placing ring after ring of flowers, resting one on the inside edge of the other, until a pyramid was formed, concealing the wooden stand, and having for its apex the lake of looking-glass.

Many are familiar with those clear glass vases generally known as "exhibition" vases. These favorites have but one fault, their fragileness. The least careless touch or violent shake, and the slender stem snaps. There are now made similar vases in basketwork, which, while retaining all the prettiness of their relatives, the glass ones, possess nothing of their aptitude to break. They are lined with tin, to hold the water. A white painted wicker one, with gold lines, would look very pretty in the middle of a luncheon table; or, for common use, plain white or brown wicker. Any basket shop, too, will furnish prettily-made baskets with han-

dles, lined with tin. In these you can place a small pot of flowers or ferns, hiding all with plenty of moss; and they would look very pretty on either end of a sideboard.

There are all kinds of devices for hiding the pots in which flowers are growing when placed on a table. One of the most useful things is certainly the expanding cover, made of cross pieces of wood, and which will fit any flower-pot. They can be bought almost everywhere, and for a trifling sum, so that they are within the reach of all. However, many people prefer to see the work of their own hands before them, and for their benefit I will mention one or two other things for hiding the flower-pots: One is very much like the expanding cover I have just mentioned, but is made of folded slips of letter paper, fastened where they cross by tufts of scarlet wool; the letter paper is folded much as if it were going to be made into "lighters," only in four folds instead of three.

Another very easily made one is done by cutting a sheet of card-board or rough drawing paper into a little larger shape than the flower-pot it is destined to cover; close at the side, paint it dark green, and then sew closely all over it bunches of that pretty, bright, dark green moss, that can be bought very cheaply at any florist's. Care must be taken that the moss is thickly sewn on, and does not show the card-board. The effect is excellent, and the cost trifling. Wire flower-stands might have the sides lined in a similar way.

At some tables (though the fashion, I am sorry to say, prevails not extensively out of France,) charming little bouquets are laid on each guest's plate, or placed in the glass. Every one seems pleased to receive such a sweet welcome, and they are speedily transferred to the dresses of their fair recipients, or to the button-holes of the sterner sex. As a gentleman now hardly considers himself dressed *point device* without his button-hole bouquet, perhaps a few words on making them up may be acceptable to my fair readers. Provide yourself with plenty of fine wire, and with this fixed securely to the petals of any rose, rose-bud or camellia that you may be going to use, drive the wire across the bottom of the rose, straight through, and bringing the ends of it down the stalk.

For geraniums, azaleas, etc., a drop of the stiffest gulf in the center of each flower will keep their bright petals from falling. Always back the bouquet with some leaves of the fancy-edged geranium, then the rose, or buds, or camellia, or whatever you are going to use; then a tiny spray of maidenhair fern, and some heliotrope or Parma violets, or any little flowers that the season may give you, and with another bit of fern your bouquet is complete. Round each flower, as you add it, put a twist of wire to keep all firm.—*Home Journal.*

THE LOBSTER.

When a lobster shakes hands with you, you always know when it takes hold, and are exceedingly pleased when it gets done. They have small features, and lay no claim to good looks. When they locomote, they resemble a small boy shuffling off in his father's boots. They are backward, very. They even go ahead backward. They occasionally have a row like other people, and in the melee sometimes lose a member, but have a

faculty of growing out another. The process is patented both in this country and in Europe, which accounts for its not coming into more general use with the human lobster, so to speak.

A lobster never comes on shore unless he is carried there by force. They are afflicted with but one disease, and that is boils. There is more real excitement in harpooning a whale, or in having the measles, than there is in catching lobsters. The fisherman provides himself with a small hencoop, and has therein, as enticers, several dead fish. He then rows his boat to the lobster ground (which is water) and sinks his coop to the bottom, anchors it to a small buoy (one from eight to ten years old will do) and then goes home. When he feels like it again, say in the course of a week or two, he goes back and pulls up his poultry-house, and if he has good success he will find the game inside the coop.

As an article of food, the real goodness of the lobster is in the pith. Very few persons relish the skin, and physicians say it is hard to digest. We therefore take the lobster and boil it until it is red-y to eat. Nothing is better for colic than boiled lobster. It will bring on a case when cucumbers have failed. For a sudden case, we advise them crumbled in milk. Eaten at the right time, and in proper quantities, lobsters stand second to no fruit known.

FORKS.

Forks were not used in England until the reign of James I. They were first used in Italy, and we have a very amusing account of an Englishman's first impressions in regard to the custom:

"I observed," he says, "a custom in all those Italian cities and townes through which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels, neither doe I thinke that any other nation of Christendome doth use it, but only Italy. The Italian, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, doe alwaies at their meals use a little forke, when they cut their meate. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hande, they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten their forke, which they hold in the other hande, upon the same dish.

This form of feeding, I understand, they use in all places in Italy, their forke being for the most part made of yron or steele, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this, their curiositie, is because the Italian can not by any means indure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon I, myself, thought good to imitate the Italian fashion, by this forked cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home."—*Coryat.*

EATING BY THE CARD.

A man from a back county determined to spend a few weeks in New York, for the purpose of seeing all the sights; and in order to strike his acquaintances at home with a proper idea of the greatness of his visit, he took lodgings at the Astor House.

When he was ushered into dinner the first day, he was surprised at the number of people who sat down, as well as the vastness of the dining-room. He was equally surprised to see that each

man had a printed account of his dinner before him, and that each one, as he thought, ate according to the directions. He was quite hungry—as well he might be after waiting three hours over his time—so he attacked the head of the bill with vigor, and ate down as far as he could, but soon came to a stand. Just then the gentleman on his right requested the waiter to bring him some oyster pie; which he heard, and instantly referred to his list to see where it was.

"What!" exclaimed he with astonishment, turning to his neighbor, "are you all the way down there? Why, I have only got to roast beef, and I feel already as if I should burst!"

THE DESSERT.

—A western editor speaks of a contemporary who is "so dirty that every time he goes up stairs there is a rise in real estate."

—A gas company in Philadelphia charged a man eighty dollars for gas burned while he was in Europe and the house shut up. He is now using kerosene.

—A little girl not far from Schenectady, noticing for some time the glittering gold-filling in her aunt's front teeth, exclaimed "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours."

—"Bridget, I told you to have my hot water the first thing in the morning."—"Shure, sir," replied Bridget, "didn't I bring it up and lave it at the dure last night, so as to have it in time."

—A lady on being asked what was her husband's occupation said he was engaged in "finishing." It was subsequently ascertained that it was a term in the penitentiary to which she referred.

—A man in Kansas City (Mo.) hotel blew out his gas on retiring, and shortly after rushed down to the office, and inquired if there was "a glue factory next door." Indignant curiosity saved his life.

—Wasn't it rough on Clara, just as she was telling Frederic at lunch how ethereal her appetite was, to have the cook bawl out: "Say! will you have yer biled pork and beans now, or wait till yer feller's gone?"

—The following notice printed on colored card-board, with a nice border, hangs up in a place of business in Rome, N. Y.: "Mebbe you don't petter had loaf round here, ven you don't got some peesiness, ain't it?"

—A minister made an interminable call upon a lady of his acquaintance. Her little daughter, who was present, grew very weary of his conversation, and at last whispered in an audible key: "Didn't he bring his amen with him, mamma."

—A gentleman from Boston on a visit to his friends in the country, speaking of the times, observed that his wife had lately expended fifty dollars for a riding habit. His friend replied: "Here in the country we don't allow our wives to get into such habits."

—When Handel once undertook, in a crowded church, to play the dismissal on a very fine organ, the whole congregation became so entranced with delight that not an individual stirred. At length the usual organist came impatiently forward, took his seat saying in a tone of superiority, "You cannot dismiss a congregation. See how soon I can disperse them."



THE SEED AND THE SOWERS.

Ever so little the seed may be,
Ever so little the hand,
But when it is sown it must grow, you see,
And develop its nature, weed, flower or tree;
The sunshine, the air and the dew are free
At its command.

If the seed be good, we rejoice in hope
Of the harvest it will yield.
We wait and watch for its springing up,
Admire its growth, and count on the crop
That will come from the little seeds we drop
In the great wide field.

But if we heedlessly scatter wide
Seeds we may happen to find,
We care not for culture or what may betide,
We sow here and there on the highway side;
Whether they've lived or whether they've died,
We never mind.

Yet every sower must one day reap
Fruit from the seed he has sown;
How carefully then it becomes us to keep
A watchful eye on the seed, and seek
To sow what is good, that we may not weep
To receive our own.

ERRORS OF THE EDUCATED.

TO expose the mistakes of contented ignorance is hopeless. There is no cure for these but a general improvement in education. There are, however, errors which well-instructed persons sometimes fall into, from mere habit or thoughtlessness. Such errors, like the "fears of the brave and follies of the wise," have only to be brought home to the consciousness of those who commit them, to be discarded at once.

A very common mistake, even for good writers and speakers, is the substitution of *had* for *would*, before the adverbs *rather*, *sooner*, *better*, *lief*, and some others. "I had rather stay than go," instead of "I would rather." "I had as lief take one as the other," instead of "I would as lief." The origin of the error is evident enough. The two words, *had* and *would*, have the same contracted form when combined with a pronoun. "I'd rather" may be a contraction of either "I would rather," or "I had rather." This contracted form is that which we almost always use in common speech. Even when we are inclined to lengthen it, we rarely give the full pronunciation. We say "I 'ud rather," leaving the verb doubtful to the listener's ear, and perhaps to ourselves. When driven to write it, we feel naturally inclined to take the shortest word, without much regard to the strict grammatical meaning of the phrase. That the expressions "I had rather," and "I had as lief," are incorrect, will be made evident by simply converting *rather* into its synonym, *more willingly*, and *lief* into the corresponding *gladly*. Yet it must be admitted that these incorrect forms are warranted by such high authorities, from Shakespeare to some of the best writers of our day, that they are entitled to be regarded, if not as established idioms, at least as tolerated solecisms.

The confusion of *lay* with *lie*, and of *set* with *sit*, is among the most common errors of speech, though well-educated persons are usually able to avoid it in writing. Every one who is familiar with the idioms of our language knows, or ought to know, that *lay* and *set* are what are called transitive verbs, and that *lie* and *sit* are intransitive. In other words,

the two former can take a noun after them in the objective case, and the two latter cannot. We say "Lay the book down," "Set the post up." To say "Lie the book," or "Sit the post," would be ridiculous. The error usually committed is in the opposite direction—the transitive verbs being used in an intransitive sense. Many persons, not deficient in education, would say "Some of the children are laying on the grass, and the others are setting in the parlor." That the error prevails in the very highest circles of society and of scholarship cannot be doubted, when we find it allowed to mar the effect of one of the finest verses in Byron's well-known apostrophe to the ocean:

"Man's steps are not upon thy paths; thy fields
Are not a spoil for him; thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he
wields
For Earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashed him again to earth;—there let him lay."

Next, let us note the persistency with which many well-educated, as well as most uneducated, persons use the objective pronouns *me*, *her*, *him*, *them*, after the various tenses of the substantive verb *to be*, in spite of the injunctions of grammarians. The habit of saying "It is me," "It was him," instead of "It is," "It is he," is so universal and so fixed, that some modern writers on English philology have been disposed to regard it as allowable.

Possibly to the same cause we may ascribe the general disuse, in ordinary speech, of *whom* as the objective case of *who*. Instead of "The man whom I met," almost every one would say "The man that I met," or, more briefly, "The man I met." Both of these modes of expression are in accordance with grammatical rules. Not so is the equally common form of interrogation, "Who did you meet?" "Who were you speaking to?" Here *whom* would be correct, and yet would seem so stiff that many who knew the right would yet pursue the wrong way deliberately. A little alteration of the phrase, in such a case, will often make it more satisfactory in every way; as, for example, "Who was the person you were speaking to?"

WASHINGTON IRVING.

It is the fashion now to praise Irving, rather than read his works. Few authors are equally deserving of praise, and yet of those who join in it only a small proportion can explain their applause. Irving's popularity, like that of Goldsmith, was to a large degree due to his personal character. He was simple in habits, amiable and genial in disposition, and overflowing with benevolence. Add to these a beautiful form and a fascinating countenance, a rare vein of humor, and a love of the beautiful, and you have that literary philanthropist who for nearly sixty years was a favorite of both Great Britain and America.

As an author Mr. Irving made no pretensions and indeed his success was a surprise to himself. He did not enter upon a literary life because he felt any of the so-called "biddings of genius." He was driven to it by a terrible necessity, having found himself in his thirty-seventh year a bankrupt. Had it not been for that bankruptcy he might have been a third-rate business man, with a reputation and the credit of Salmagundi and Knickerbocker's New York.

Irving first drifted into authorship because of his inadaptation to anything else. He studied law, but although admitted to the bar, yet it was evident that he was unfitted for his profession. Think of setting such a man to cross examining a witness, or fight his way through an ejectment suit! He had shown himself a clever writer but having issued "Knickerbocker," his literary career seemed brought to a close, and his brothers, who were successful merchants, gave him an interest in their concern, in order to assist him to a substantial business. They sent him to England to attend to their interests, and while he was there the house failed, involving him in its ruins. He had a few essays on subjects of general interest, which he now thought to turn to account, and he forwarded them to his brother in New York, where they were published and had a favorable reception.

Such was the inception of the Sketch Book, which was issued in a serial form and reached a half dozen numbers. Irving offered these to Murray, the noted London publisher, who declined them, and he then determined to encounter the risk himself. The volume was published by Miller, but Irving guaranteed payment of all the bills. Just as the book got out of the press Miller failed, and the unlucky author found himself checkmated, but Murray was induced to take hold of the enterprise.

This was a crisis of Irving's career. His success had thus far been his portion, (with the exception of Knickerbocker) and quite remarkably, his publishers had fared no better. Inskeep & Bradford, who issued Knickerbocker's history had failed; so had Moses Thomas, who as publisher of the *Analistic*, had offered Irving profitable employment, and Miller's misfortune has just been referred to. After this, however, not only Irving but his publishers had good success, and the last house, G. P. Putnam & Co., at one time found the *Crayon* issues the chief feature of their business.

The fact that Irving was thirty-seven before he reached a foothold in literature may be of service in encouraging other writers who are battling with a hard destiny. The writer of the Sketch Book did not tread a flowery path to authorship. He was obliged to press among the literary world until he had made a reputation. In this point he differed from Scott his contemporary, whose first novel enchanted the public and ensured its writer's popularity, but, what a contrast did they afterward present? Scott died a bankrupt, and his last books are his worst, while Irving's last work is his greatest, and he left the largest fortune ever made by an American writer.—*Troy Times*.

HOW A CAMEL GOES THROUGH THE EYE OF A NEEDLE.

The passage from the New Testament, "It is easier for a camel," etc., has perplexed many good men who have read literally. In oriental cities there are in the large gates, small and very low apertures, called metaphorically, "needles' eyes," just as we talk of windows on ship board as "bulls' eyes." These entrances are to narrow for a camel to pass through them in the ordinary manner, even if unloaded. When a loaded camel has to pass through one of the entrances, it kneels down, its load is removed, and then it shuffles through on its knees. "Yesterday," writes Lady Duff Gordon, from Cairo, "I saw a

camel go through the eye of a needle—that is the low-arched door of an enclosure. He must kneel and bow his head, to creep through; and thus the rich man must humble himself."

THE REVIEWER.

LIBRARY OF POETRY AND SONG. By Wm. Cullen Bryant. To that well known New York Publishing House, Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co., we are indebted for the receipt of a copy of the above-work. The mere name of the author is a guarantee of its acceptability, as a collection of poetical gems of rare merit, while the publishers have added much to its value by the rich, elegant, and attractive style in which they have given it to the public. A work of 780 pages, carefully edited, and containing over 1,500 of the most popular songs, embracing every imaginable theme, should obtain for the book a world-wide reputation. It is seldom that we obtain so much pleasure in the reading of a book, as what we derive from the volume of which we speak. In confidence we commend this work of the gifted Bryant to our readers, as a book in every way meritorious and acceptable.

CHURCH'S MUSICAL VISITOR for March has reached our table, and is as spicy as ever. It is brim full of original and well selected musical and art news. It is one of the most able and at the same time the handsomest art magazine of which we have any knowledge. It is a marvel to us how Messrs. Church & Co. can furnish such an excellent musical journal at such a low figure—only one dollar for twelve numbers. The musical contents in this number are "A Lover's Fancy," ballad, "Black Key Mazurka," and "Calm is the Glassy Ocean." Published by John Church & Co., 66 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

WELL'S ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY for 1872 is full of interesting matter. There are eighty engravings. Man's Place in Nature; Good Heads and Bad Characters; Phrenology Defined; Practical Phrenology; Science and Religion; Physiognomy; Physiolog. : Psychology; the Nose; Rev. Dr. Milman; Hon. Charles Sumner; Hon. Jacob M. Howard; Emperor of Germany and Generals; Paul B. Du Chaillu; Mother Ann Lee, the Shaker; Several Eminent Preachers; Orang-Outang; Jon. A. Roebling, the Great Engineer; Selfishness and Liberality; Experience in Phrenology; Longevity of Man and Animals; The Teacher—Mental Culture; Outlines of Phrenology Illustrated, with Instruction, etc. Price only 25 cts. Address, Office PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 389 Broadway, New York.

THE SACRED CROWN, is the name of a new Sacred Singing Book of 384 pages, containing New Hymn Tunes, Anthems, Sentences, Motets and Chants, for public and private worship. A large variety of Four-part Songs, Glees and Choruses for Singing Schools and Musical Conventions is added. Edited by D. F. Hodges and G. W. Foster, and published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

HINTS FOR LIVING, is the title of a new book filled with common sense views of the duty of preserving the health, just such a book as the young of both sexes should have. The author discusses with ability and fairness, such subjects as Character, Aims, Culture, Hindrances, Home, Companions, Marriage, Principle, Nature and Claims of Religion etc. An exchange justly says of it: "The volume is full of value, and it has at times the charm of real freshness. It ought to be widely circulated, and put as a special gift-book into the hands of young men and young women generally. It is published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Harper & brothers, New York. \$4 a year. This old-established monthly caters admirably to the tastes of the general reader, and is always bountifully illustrated. Its moral tone is generally healthy. The March number has an instructive illustrated article on the United States Treasury, and the usual variety in the various departments.

THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC and Political Register for 1872 contains, over and above full and astronomical data for the year, an abstract of laws and resolutions passed by the 41st Congress, proclamations, Treaty of Washington, receipts and disbursements of the Government for 1871, imports and their cost, difference of time between New York and other cities, statement of public debt, census of population by counties and cities, lists of United States officials, 42d Congress committees, etc., election returns, etc., etc., and directions for the acquirement of Government lands. It is a closely printed pamphlet of 100 pages, selling for 20 cents: Tribune Association, New York.

SCRIBNER'S FOR APRIL, contains a half dozen illustrated articles, an unusual number of short stories, several bright essays and sketches, two or three papers of special interest to scholars, and

Words by MRS. J. HASBROUCK.

MAY SONG.

Music by D. A. FRENCH.

TENOR.

1. O be mer - ry to-day, for love - ly May Her bloom-wreath'd wand is wav - ing; And sweet flow'r's spring, and young streams sing

ALTO.

SOPRANO.

1. O be mer - ry to-day, for love - ly May Her bloom-wreath'd wand is wav - ing; And sweet flow'r's spring, and young streams sing

BASS.

REFRAIN.—*To be sung after each verse.*

To the green banks they are lav - ing. We will raise our song, and the strains pro - long, And heart and voice shall pro-claim All

To the green banks they are lav - ing. We will raise our song, and the strains pro - long, And heart and voice shall pro-claim All

Fine.

praise to our Fath - er, the boun - ti - ful giv - er, All praise to his glorious name. 2. She hath call'd her birds with such wel - com - ing words,

praise to our Fath - er, the boun - ti - ful giv - er, All praise to his glorious name. 2. She hath call'd her birds with such wel - com - ing words,

D.S.

They are flood - ing the groves with their glee, While the gold - en hours bring from balmier bowers New charms to their min - strel - sy.

They are flood - ing the grove with their glee, While the gold - en hours bring from balmier bowers New charms to their min - strel - sy.

D.S.

some excellent poems, making it not only popularly attractive, but really valuable. The leading article, beautifully illustrated, is descriptive of the great United States Navy Yard at Mare Island, California. "Curiosities of Plant Life" is an entertaining paper on Natural History, with a number of striking illustrations. Prof. Schele de Vere writes sketchily, and with the aid of pictures, of the Earth's "Hidden Treasures;" and Amos

G. Draper, himself an inmate of the institution, describes "The Silent College at Washington." Apropos of Easter, we find a graphic account, by Eugene Schuyler, of the Russian observance of the feast: also a thoughtful and characteristic poem by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. "Awakened Japan" is the title of a brief and timely paper by Noah Brooks, a writer unusually well informed on Japanese matters. The three short stories are

especially readable. They are "The Mullenville Mystery," by young Hawthorne: "With the False Prophet: A Mormon Wife's Story," by Mrs. Raffensperger; and the "Haunted Closet," by Mrs. Weiss. There is a suggestive and touching little paper on "The boy John." Warner's "Back-Log Studies—IV." are juicy and delicious as usual. These papers have attracted wide attention, and constitute one of the most attractive

features of the MONTHLY. "Shall we Say 'Is Being Built'" is a spirited and scholarly essay in the field of grammatical controversy, by Fitzedward Hall, of Oxford University; and in an able and eloquent paper Dr. Tayler Lewis defends the belief in "The One Human Race," in opposition to the theories of a race before Adam. Among the poems, Margaret J. Preston's "Hero of the Commune" should not be overlooked.



SWEEP BEFORE YOUR OWN DOOR.

Do we heed the homely adage handed down from days of yore,
 "Ere you sweep your neighbor's dwelling, clear the rubbish from your door?
 Let no filth, no rust there gather, leave no traces of decay,
 Pluck up every weed unsightly, brush the fallen leaves away."
 If we faithfully have labored thus to sweep without, within,
 Plucked up envy, evil-speaking, malice, each besetting sin—
 Weeds that by the sacred portal of the inner temple grow—
 Poison weeds the heart defiling, bearing bitterness and woe;
 Then, perchance, we may have leisure o'er our neighbors watch to keep—
 All the work assigned us finished, we before his door may sweep;
 Show him where the moss is clinging—token ever of decay—
 Where the thistles, thickly springing, daily must be cleared away.
 But, alas! our work neglecting, oft we mount the judgement seat,
 With his failings, his omissions, we our weary brother greet;
 In some hidden nook forgotten, searching with a careful eye,
 We the springing weeds discover—some slight blemish there descry.
 For his slothfulness, his blindness, we our brother harshly chide,
 Glorying in our strength and wisdom, we condemn him in our pride.
 Ask not why he has neglected, thus before his door to sweep;
 Why grown careless, he has slumbered, failed his garden plot to keep.
 On the judgment seat still sitting, we no helping hand extend
 To assist our weaker brother, his shortcomings to amend;
 For his weariness, his faltering, we no sweet compassion show—
 From our store no cordial bring him, no encouragement bestow,
 But, while busied with our neighbor, urging him to ceaseless care,
 Calling to the thoughtless tillers, to their labor to repair—
 Lo! unseen the dust has gathered, weeds are growing where of yore
 Flowers rare and sweet were blooming when we swept before our door.
 Ah! how easy o'er our brother faithful ward and watch to keep!
 But, alas! before our dwelling hard indeed to daily sweep;
 Harder than to share the conflict, "by the stuff" at home to stay,
 Easier far to sit in judgment than to humbly watch and pray.

—Christian Work.

ABOUT YEAST.

BY HELEN THORNTON.

No doubt those ancient dames, whose misfortune it was to flourish as housewives when bread was raised by the aid of leaven alone, which was always a long and often unsuccessful operation, would have hailed with unfeigned delight the introduction of that commodity, yeast, which we consider of so little value because so common, which makes the laborious process of bread-making a mere amusement compared with what it once was.

Ancient history informs us that we are indebted to the Romans for this very acceptable improvement upon the old method of lightening the staff of life; that they discovered the newer process of fermentation in co-operation with Greek bakers, who returned with them

to the Eternal City, after the war with king Perseus in Macedonia.

Near the close of the seventeenth century yeast was imported from Flanders to Paris for the use of the French bakers, but was not in general favor until some time after this date. Although the bread was perceptibly improved in flavor and appearance, the physicians declared it injurious to health, therefore a heavy fine was imposed by government, rendering the importation both unsafe and expensive, obliging those who were so well convinced of its value that they were determined to have it at any hazard, to resort to many a ruse to get it into the city unknown to the authorities. One means by which this was accomplished was in the guise of socks, into which the substance of the yeast was put in a dry form.

The word yeast signifies froth or bubbles. In the northern part of England, Scotland, and throughout Ireland, it is commonly called barm; in Germany it has the more attractive name of flower of beer. The substance is obtained in the process of making malt liquors. It is the result of germinating by artificial means, to supply heat and moisture, wheat, rye, or barley; this furnishes what is called malt. The grain is then coarsely ground, and then becomes mash. It is mixed with hot, soft water and frequently stirred; by this process the starch and sugar of the malt is dissolved and forms a sweet liquor called sweet wort. After boiling with hops the liquor is run into vats and left to ferment, to hasten which a little yeast from some previous brewing is added.

We are left to conjecture where the first yeast came from, and suppose from a process of fermentation which was much slower. This scum or froth which arises after fermentation has taken place, is the yeast, and contains the essential principle for making light dough by disengaging the carbonic acid gas.

In those countries where bread is chiefly made by the bakers, the demand for yeast is so great that it furnishes a large profit as a separate trade. Bakers consider that yeast when solid, or after it subsides to about one-fourth its original bulk, is in the best state. It should never be over twenty-four hours old, as the vinous then turns into the acetous. The best yeast for domestic use is thought to be that made from home-brewed ale, but good distillers' or brewers' (with the exception of that from porter, which is too bitter,) will answer every purpose when fresh and sweet.

We have found bakers' yeast much improved by the addition of a tablespoonful of light brown sugar, one small potato, grated, half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, to half a pint of yeast. Acidity in yeast may be corrected by a little carbonate of magnesia, while an excess of bitterness is often overcome by throwing a bit of charcoal into the yeast; or by another method, which is to mix with the yeast some water and set it by to rest for a while, in the course of two or three hours the thickest part will subside to the bottom, the water is poured off and that portion which has settled is to be used.

Brewers' yeast is often improved by the addition of two or three tablespoonfuls of bran to a pint of yeast, and still further by diluting with a little sweet wort instead of water, which may be had by simmering a little ground malt in water, about six tablespoonfuls to a quart of water, to this add one table-

spoonful of honey or brown sugar, keep warm three hours and strain.

The difficulty of procuring yeast at all times, makes it advisable to resort to some method of making and preserving it for home use. Prof. Townes gives the following: Make a thin batter of lukewarm water and wheat flour, cover lightly and expose it to a moderate heat for three or four days, until it emits a little gas and a slightly disagreeable odor like stale sour milk; in the course of a week a change takes place, the gas is greatly increased and the unpleasant odor becomes a pleasant vinous, or rather pungent, exhalation. Simmer gently some crushed malt with a few hops, strain, and when cool add to the fermented paste, add to this a little lukewarm water and keep the warm temperature as even as possible. In a few hours active fermentation commences. When this is complete, a clear and large quantity of excellent yeast will be found at the bottom.

Another way is to take sixteen parts of ground malt, five parts of strained honey, one ounce of powdered tartar, mix with warm water, and keep in a proper temperature until fermentation takes place. The yeast will then rise to the surface and may be skimmed off for use.

What is termed as artificial yeast may be made by boiling together two ounces of wheat flower and one quart of water for five or six minutes, to this is added tartaric acid and carbonate of soda in sufficient quantity to neutralize each other, which produces the essential carbonic acid gas. After stirring thoroughly keep in a warm place, and it will soon begin to ferment, affording a very good quality of yeast.

An excellent yeast may be made in the following manner: Put two handfuls of new hops in a bag, boil them gently with two mealy potatoes for two minutes, remove from the fire and add half a cup of clean brown sugar, one teaspoonful of ground ginger, make a thin batter by adding wheat flour, and when cool add one cup of good lively yeast. Keep in a cool place, but not too cold, for yeast is ruined if frozen or overheated. In summer a stone pitcher may be used; in winter some wooden receptacle is better.

A very popular hard yeast is now in general use for domestic purposes, sold under the title of Twin Brothers' Yeast Cakes. It is manufactured in Watertown, New York. Another compound which we hold in high favor is called soda yeast. This we have made for years with perfect satisfaction. It has one great advantage over the stronger kinds, that if by accident an excessive quantity is used, it imparts no disagreeable taste. To prepare it, take of the best bi-carbonate of soda as much as a dime will hold, (fearing some young housewives may never have seen that ancient piece of coin, we give the equivalent,) about half a teaspoonful, half a teaspoonful of salt, one large spoonful of light brown sugar, stir into a pint of boiling hot water as much wheat flour as will make a thick batter, stirring it constantly to free it from lumps, add half a teacupful of bakers' or brewers' yeast to start the fermentation, and keep it warm. In twenty-four hours it will be ready for use. A little should be reserved to start the next yeast. This makes only a moderate quantity, but it may easily be increased to suit the requirements of a large family.

We add a word on the selection of

hops. They are used in making beer for various purposes; one of which is said to be to arrest excessive fermentation which converts the pleasant flavor into the sour, or acetous. Hops are said to lack their aromatic flavor as well as the stimulating property when over a year old. If moldy they are utterly useless. When dried they should be of a bright color, between green and yellow, and when gently rubbed between the hands leave a fine light yellow powder which is their best part. They should retain their aromatic odor and essential oil even when pressed into a very small compass.

A BILL OF FARE.

It was a stormy May day without, but the coziness of Mrs. Dale's parlor does not depend on sunshine. All the blinds were open, and the curtains pinned back, to let in as much light as possible. There were hyacinths in the window and a pot of mignonette; on the table stood a glass of violets. A bright little coke fire burned in the grate. I should premise that I came uninvited. It is a way we have in our town, if a leisure morning or afternoon turns up, to pop into each other's doors, work-basket in hand, with a friendly "May I?"

Mrs. Dale had no idea I was coming until I came, and her dinner, her freshly-crimped morning-cap, and the glass of violets were arranged for her own private delectation, not mine.

The dinner consisted, first, of soup.

"How very nice!" I remarked on the first spoonful. "Has it a name? Do tell me all you can about it."

"This saucy little Jack of mine," said Mrs. Dale, laughing, "dubs it 'Squashy-washy.' The cook-book is grander; there it figures as 'Puree of Squash.'"

"Of squash?"

"Yes. I most always have—during cold weather at least—soup stock on hand, and soup every day. It is one of my economies. Ann makes the stock once or twice a week, according to circumstances, using all the beef and ham and mutton bones that have collected, the remains of chickens or turkeys, if we happen to have any, the trimmings of chops, scraps of meat, etc. She boils it slowly for twenty-four hours, adding water if needful, then sets it away to cool. Next morning the pot presents, first a layer of fat, every particle of which is taken off, and then a firm jelly, which is the stock.

A portion of this is used every day for the soup. It has, as you perceive, cost so far absolutely nothing. Sometimes Ann thickens with rice, sometimes with shredded vegetables or maccaroni; or, again, grated carrot or mashed potato. At other times she makes 'puree,' like this, or of green peas, or salsify, or artichokes, or green corn. All are made in pretty much the same way; the vegetable is stewed, strained, and seasoned, a large cup of stock is added, a little flour smoothly stirred in for thickening, and a pint of milk, more or less, added just before serving."

Ann now removed the tureen and brought the dinner, which was a leg of mutton, stuffed and roasted, and two kinds of vegetables. A pretty glass dish of currant jelly was placed before me. A vase of violets occupied the middle of the table.

"We have taken to stuffed mutton lately," Mrs. Dale remarked. "The chil-

dren consider it quite a grand dish and a novelty."

"How do you get rid of the bone?"

"Oh! the butcher sees to that. You have only to give the order."

One of the vegetables was rice. It was hot and savory, having been stewed with a little butter, pepper and salt, after boiling. The other was potato, in tempting brown cones. "Shaped in a glass after being mashed, glazed over with yolk of egg, and browned in the oven," Mrs. Dale explained.

Lastly came the dessert, at sight of which the little ones all rustled in their chairs and were visibly pleased.

"The children have a passion for this simple delicacy," said Mrs. Dale, "so I treat them to it frequently, especially on dull and rainy days, when school-going seems rather a hardship."

"But what is it?"

"Molasses toast, or, as the recipe calls it, 'Fritta-panni.' It is made of slices of bread buttered on both sides, and fried in West India molasses. Nothing could be simpler, but as you see, it is very good."

So it was, with a flavor compounded of taffy-candy and gingerbread. Dinner over we returned to the pleasant little parlor.

"By the way," I remarked, "while we are on the subject of food, I wish you would explain your plan of table management to me. How do you arrange, week by week? I have noticed that though your breakfasts and dinners are as simple as mine, they are more varied, and, so to speak, more harmonious. It would be of great use to me to hear about it, and besides I have a friend who wants to know."

"Well," replied Mrs. Dale, smiling, "I don't pretend to be wiser than my neighbors, and I dare say your ways, and your friend's too, are improvements on mine in many respects. Still, if you wish, I will try to recall our bill of fare for this week, and the whys and wherefores thereof."

"Pray do. That is just what I want."

"To begin with Sunday, then," said Mrs. Dale, after a moment's pause. "We had the regular old-fashioned New England breakfast of toasted brown bread and baked beans, the beans baked in an earthen pot, you know, for twelve hours and eaten warm. They are rather hearty, but the children are so long in church and Sunday-school that they need something substantial."

One of my mother's rules was a cold dinner on Sunday, and I like to keep it up. Our dinner was cold corned beef, apple sauce, baked sweet potatoes, and for dessert a 'poor man's rice pudding.' Everything was prepared the day before except the potatoes, and those Ann put in the oven as soon as she came from church."

"The dinner was very nice, I am sure, except—the truth is, I am discouraged about corned beef. It is so apt to be salt and stringy."

"Ah! that is because you do not soak it over night."

"Soak it? Before boiling?"

"No, afterward. Just set the pot aside, hot broth and all, until the next day. It freshens the beef a little, and makes it as tender and delicate as chicken."

"Which piece of beef do you buy?"

"A rump piece—usually about twelve pounds. I like a supply as a stand-by for Monday and Tuesday."

Monday's breakfast was an easy one,

to favor the washing. Cold beef sliced, stewed potatoes, and graham puffs. For dinner we had soup, mutton chops with mashed potato and pickled peaches. You see" (laughing) "I had the wash on my mind, so I economized vegetables, and gave the children peaches instead. The dessert was boiled rice with raisins, and sugar and milk by way of sauce.

Tuesday's breakfast was a little dish of the faithful beef minced fine with potato, and browned on top. There was also dry toast, and a large tureen of stewed rice. Beef again at dinner, cold, with soup, salad, baked potatoes, and a mince-pie. Mince-pies," continued my friend with a laugh, "are pernicious, though good. I rarely make them, but now and then they come in well to supplement a spare dinner; in fact they are almost a dinner in themselves.

Wednesday began with the ubiquitous beef, positively its last appearance. This time it figured as 'croquettes,' that is, mince-meat shaped in a glass, glazed with egg, and browned. Stewed potatoes accompanied it, and buckwheat cakes, of which the children are very fond. For dinner we had veal pigeons."

"What are those?"

"Thin cutlets, spread with stuffing, rolled, tied, and roasted. There were three cooked; so one was left untouched, for next day. The vegetables were boiled, sliced, and stewed with milk. For dessert, a baked custard."

Thursday was Carrie's birthday. She chose the dinner as a part of the birthday treat—roast chicken, clam soup, and lemon creams. The chicken was for her own benefit; the creams for Georgie's, who is particularly fond of them; and the soup for mine."

"How is that made?"

"A pint of clams are chopped fine, and boiled in a quart of milk and one of water. When tender the whole is thickened slightly with flour, seasoned, strained through a fine sieve, which leaves out all the hard pieces of clam."

"And the lemon creams?"

"Those I make myself. I squeeze a large lemon, and grate the peel, add two teacupfulls and a half of water, and heat it over the fire. While it is heating, I rub two tablespoonfulls of corn-starch smooth, and beat the yolks of three eggs. I then stir the lemon-water gradually into the corn-starch, add the egg, and set it on the fire to thicken gradually, like boiled custard. After it is done, I beat the whites of the eggs stiff and stir them in; then pour into small tumblers or lemonade glasses, and set them in the ice-box to get very cold."

"They must be delicious! I'll surely try them."

"The chickens," continued Mrs. Dale, "were large ones. The servants made their dinner of cold veal (I had that in mind you see.) So an entire fowl was left for Friday's dinner; in addition to which I had a compote of codfish, made of the fish nicely shred, stewed, and mixed with potato, shaped into a large mound, like plum-pudding, browned in the oven, and covered with egg-sauce.

This provided dinner for the servants, who eat no meat on Friday. The dessert was a Brown Betty as the children call it."

"What is that?"

"A baked pudding made of alternate layers of bread-crums and sliced apple, with sugar and cinnamon, sprinkled in, and bits of butter on top. It is eaten with a sweet sauce."

"So that finishes the week?"

"Yes. Our breakfast, this morning, was minced chicken—the remains of Thursday—potatoes, and corn-bread. Oh! and yesterday we had poached eggs, rice, and wheat puffs, made after the recipe I gave you."

"How can you remember so well?" I said admiringly.

"The dinners," she replied, "almost inevitably suggest the next day's breakfast, and are themselves suggested by the days of the week or special circumstances, like Carrie's birthday, which was easily recalled. House-keeping is a sort of mosaic—one thing supplements another. I try always to plan for two or three days together; that tends to economy and what you call harmony, in table matters. Then, too, I wish the children to have due proportions of the elements that go to make growth; for though it is a mistake to dwell overmuch on the chemical side of food, a thoughtful mind will duly regard it."

And so, ended Mrs. Dale's account of a week's fare.—*Hearth and Home.*

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

This time, concerning house-cleaning. Remember, these papers—if others ever happen to follow—are mere chats, nothing more. Just hints, which old and experienced housekeepers can skip, but in which young housewives may possibly find some word of help or cheer.

There is young Mrs. Ellis, and this is to be her first house-cleaning season in her own home. While we chat in her kitchen, for she does her own work, others of THE HOUSEHOLD's young housekeepers can, if they so choose, overhear our hints on the subject. Indeed, I find that not a few ladies, who have hired help, prefer, for the most part, to do their own house-cleaning. They are more careful to do it without injuring the walls and ceilings, and have a pride in arranging things for themselves.

You, with whom I am so unceremoniously chatting, will not I hope turn your house all topsy turvy and upside down at once. No matter if your mother did do so, for, with all due deference to her ways, you can, in this case at least, have a better way of your own. No wonder that mankind detest house-cleaning time, as it is done in many homes! It is not perfectly agreeable, make the best of it we can, but there is no need of our doing our worst to make it as thoroughly disagreeable as possible. And that often seems to be the rule among woman kind. (I do not like to say this in default of our sex, but as the men do not, of course, read our kitchen chats, they need not know of this.)

But to go back to our work. You will of course begin cleaning in the chambers, unless there be some urgent reason why rooms below need be cleaned and arranged first. This method, as you will see, takes dirt down to its proper level, and if it would only stay put, not come back into the house, it would save a vast deal of trouble. But it won't, and so year after year, since men invented houses, women have been obliged to clean them, while they, poor fellows, are always talking as though they had the hardest of it. So, if you are a wise woman, you will take one room at a time and avoid a world of confusion.

And supposing even that the room is not all cleaned in one day, what harm in leaving, say two doors and one window to clean the next day? Old housewives may tell you that it is a shiftless way, but is it half as shiftless, in appearance, as it is for you to keep on cleaning from dawn till dark, and not have time to comb up your hair, change your dress, and look tidy when Will comes in to tea? Half of the housekeepers make a practice of looking anything but inviting all through house-cleaning time, sitting down to dinner, as we have seen some do, with sleeves above the elbows, and they looking like scare-crows generally. Now one does not wish to be nicely dressed about such work, but the hair can be smooth, and at least a trifle of pains taken to come to the table somewhat tidy. .

And about dinner. A "picked up" one should be an exception, rather than a rule. You can arrange to do your cleaning on alternate days, and have your work and the next day's dinner so planned as to be gotten ready without much interfering with your house-cleaning. For example, if you have a roast meat, it can be gotten ready for the oven, and other things prepared so as to take little time on that day. You need as good dinners as usual when doing hard work, and Will will not be half as likely to wish house-cleaning at the bottom of the ocean, as he will if your dinners are "every which way," or almost none at all.

But before you commence house-cleaning, let me ask if you have some movable stairs to begin with? If not, you must coaxingly persuade Will to see that he makes some, which he can do, if he is at all handy with saw and hammer, or get some made, at a trifling expense. Tell him that there is no work more injurious to woman than climbing up on to chairs or perhaps on to a stool, or salt-box on top of chairs and if that is not high enough on to the table, and then reaching and straining, as one must do with such machinery for work, especially if the walls are high, as most modern houses are. Tell him it is dangerous also, as by mistep you might fall, while with regular steps, four or five in height, you can walk up independently, stand firmly, and move from one step to another according to the height of your work. Do not forget to tell Will about this, and if he says, "O, you can get along some way, my mother never had any"—then I am not sure but you will serve him right to condemn him to go into the pantry, and pick him up a cold dinner every cleaning day!

When ready to go to cleaning you will find hard soap far preferable to soft ley soap, both to save wearing out your hands and the paint and varnish on your ceiling. Some fine soft sand, like marble sand, or powders for cleaning, are a help for cleansing paint, and if carefully used are no injury whatever. Whiting is the best of articles for polishing door knobs, silver or most anything of the kind, while ammonia is also useful.

You will wish to see also that there is glycerine in your bottle for your hands, for of course you keep it, or ought to do so, to use after washing, or if the hands are rough or chapped at any time. Indeed, that is one of the best things to keep the hands pliable, and is inexpensive, as well as pleasant to use. Then when your work is done fold your hands if possible and read, talk, or laugh—anything but work after house-cleaning day.

U. U.

THE MAN WHO COOKS.

Every old Californian, having in '49' baked his own bread and boiled his beans, deems himself a good family cook. He maintains even a greater conceit than this; he deems himself a cook superior to any woman in the world, when he chooses to concentrate his mind on culinary affairs.

In such a man, when duly married, there breaks out once or twice a year a culinary mania. He must cook; he will cook. He watches the opportunity when his wife has prolonged her afternoon visit a little longer than usual. He invades the kitchen. He kindles a fire in the stove. Before kindling that fire he leaves open every door in the house, from cellar to garret. He turns the damper wrong. The stove smokes the wrong way. He draws water in the wrong bucket to fill the teakettle. These things are terrible to mention, but they are often done in California. He throws potato and other vegetable parings in the cleanest pail he can find. Wherever he walks, and whatever he touches, he leaves a "muss." He leaves knives, forks and spoons all over the house; also dish-rags; he puts one of these in his pocket. He ceases to be a rational or accountable being. An old male California cook, married and in his wife's kitchen, is not a wellspring of pleasure.

He brings all the frying-pans he can find into use. He sets their sooty bottoms on the clean pine table. He contemplates making tea. He reflects as to the quantity he used in the mines for a "naking." He cannot recollect exactly. He crams several fistfuls into the teapot. He will have enough anyway. No one who drinks thereof sleeps that night. Nervous. He essays to make biscuit. He wonders how much saleratus they used in the mines to get a good rise on. He uses enough. He kneads his dough, and wandering vacantly about the house, leaves traces of flour at every step. It is in the parlor, on the door knobs, on the bannisters. He can cook. He says he can cook better than any woman in the world, if he "was only a mind to give his mind to it." This conceit is never to be taken out of him. It is peculiar to all old Californians; for he made bread in the mines. It was good bread, too—good to kill. They say that two "pardners" who "cabin'd" with him died of heavy-bread indigestion. He was given twenty-four hours to leave that camp.

Now we see him ravishing his wife's kitchen. He has burned up all the choice newspapers lying about, which the folks wanted to read. He is using table-butter to cook with, and sets the cooking-butter on the table. Things fall into that dough—buttons, matches, and bits of coal.

In the midst of all this culinary riot, chaos, smoke, grease, soot, rags, and flour, the wife comes home. She opens the hall door, and is oppressed by the cloud of smoke. She knows then that the culinary fit is on her husband. She steps into the kitchen. There he stands, red, heated, flustered, caught in the act, with a big spoon in one hand, a towel in the other, a spot of black on his nose. The frying-pan is full of hot, smoking lard. It sizzles and sputters all over him as he stands there with back to the stove, and all over everything, for many feet around. There comes from the oven door a suspicious smell of smoke; his biscuit are burning. All sorts of things

in pots are boiling over. She rushes to his assistance. Both burn their fingers. He has mislaid half of the stove-covers, and cannot find them. One is discovered a fortnight afterward up stairs, under the bed. How did it get there? He says he didn't know he was carrying it up at the time. Absent-minded. He was looking for a clean towel.

His wife, in despair, goes to her room and cries, and thinks of her happy girlhood days. She does not come down to supper. No one eats much that evening. He has the whole table to himself. He hasn't much appetite, either. He gets up every half minute for some forgotten article—for the salt, for the bread, for a cup, for a saucer. When he has entirely finished, he finds the potatoes forgotten; they are still on the stove boiling—boiling piecemeal, boiling furiously, like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, who drove rapidly.

Next day his wife comes down stairs and hires a woman to clean up. Things get settled in about a week. It is his only fault. He sticks to it that he can cook better than any woman in the world, if he chooses "to give his mind to it." She says the mania never broke out in him until they had been two years married. Twice a year it rages, and the kitchen smokes. All California husbands have a touch of this disease. It was contracted in the mines in the flush days of '49.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

ABOUT BAKING.

BY MRS. ROSETTA B. HASTINGS.

The most difficult of the young housewife's duties is that of baking. Food prepared in the best manner, may be ruined by a fire which is either too hot, or too slow, during any part of the process.

There are countless recipes for the preparation of food, but very little instruction as to the manner of baking it. Each one must learn by experience, and there are more provoking failures in that direction than in any other; and some, although they learn the facts, never learn the whys and wherefores of success.

I used to think that to bake anything well, the oven must be as hot as it could be without burning the article to be baked, all the time that it was baking. This is not the case with anything except crackers and cookies.

For biscuits, the oven should be equally hot when they are put in, but should begin to cool a little before they are taken out; this makes them very light, but one has to watch to keep them from being scorched; eight minutes are enough to bake them; if baked with such a fire as that required for bread they are heavy.

For gems made of graham flour and water, or for corn bread, the oven should be very hot, but the fire should have been built sometime before they were put in, and begin to go down by the time they are light; for if the oven remains as hot as was necessary to make them rise, they will burn before they get thoroughly cooked.

Bread requires a much slower fire, but it should be even and steady from first to last.

Cake requires a still slower fire than bread, but it must not be too slow or the cake will not be thoroughly cooked through, and will fall when taken from the oven. If the fire is too hot at first, it will crust over before it is light, and

burst through the crust and rise rough and homely. If the cake is large, some nails or bits of iron should be placed under it, and a paper spread over it, else it will scorch before it is cooked through. Any kind of bread or pastry mixed with water requires a hotter fire than if mixed with milk.

Fruit pies require a hotter fire than bread, but steady from first to last; if too hot at first the crust will cook before the fruit does; if too slow, towards the last the crust will dry up before the fruit is done; if too hot, towards the last the fruit will stew out before the crust is done. Pumpkin pies require a fire as hot as can be without burning the crust.

Custard pies require a slow fire, else they will boil and whey out before they are done. But puddings require a hot fire, particularly Indian pudding, for they are all the better for being wheyed out.

In baking meat pies always leave a hole in the top crust, else a poisonous gas will collect in it.

For baking meat the fire should never be hot enough to burn the grease; pork and chickens require a hotter fire than beef.

We talk about hot, quick and slow ovens, but it takes a long experience to enable one to tell by the feeling, or in other practical manner, just how hot an oven is, until we see its effect on the articles cooked, and then it is too late; and it is impossible to communicate to any one else the precise temperature which is represented by our ideas of hot, quick, etc.

It is a matter of guess-work after all. In fact our whole system of cooking is more or less a patched up system of guess-work. We have rules and recipes for rich cakes and puddings, but bread of all varieties, pies, butter, etc., are made by guess. And even in those recipes we have, the ingredients are measured in all manner of vessels, and no two persons understand alike the terms which designate the quantities.

One of my friends has a stove with glass oven doors. Why could not a thermometer also be attached to them?

I hope to see the time when cooking shall become an exact science; when we shall not only measure the heat of our ovens with thermometers, and know the precise temperature of which they should be, for each variety baked therein, but shall also know the temperature at which our yeast and bread-sponge and cream should be kept; when we shall prepare all articles of food by correct recipes, and measure all ingredients in exact and standard measures, which shall be alike all over the country, so that mistakes can only occur when we fail to follow the rules.—*Prairie Farmer.*

IRONING CLOTHES.

When starched clothes stick to the flat-iron, it is exceedingly annoying, and the housekeeper is rather apt to get vexed and discouraged. Many think it is owing to the manner in which the starch is made; but that is not always the reason. One cause of starch sticking is owing to the adulterations in starch itself. So it is very essential to try and procure the best article. Starch gloss is used to prevent this sticking, in lieu of adding a polish.

Some laundresses shave hard soap and boil it up with the starch. An excellent way to make clothes stiff is to starch them when wringing out of the rinse

water, then dry them on the line, and when about to be ironed, dampen them in water in which raw starch has been dissolved. Spread them between dry cloths and roll them up tight for a quarter of an hour, when they will iron very smooth.

Another desideratum is to take good care of the irons. Many housekeepers who are called neat, will let them stand on the stove for days, catching all the slops of cooking. When not in use they should be kept in a dry place. Once the face is rusted, they never look as well again. But in case of their becoming rusted, rub them on emery or brown paper. Beeswax is good to use, rubbing it well over the hot face of the iron, and then rubbing the iron on a cloth or paper.

—Keep your lamps trimmed if you do not wish them to explode. The wick becoming charred far down in the tube the fire creeps down to the oil below.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

BREAKFAST ROLLS.—To one quart of boiling milk add while hot two table-spoonfuls of white sugar, the same of cold butter, and let it cool, then add half a cup of yeast and flour to make a thick sponge; when raised add half a tea-spoonful of soda, mold and set away until raised again, then mold each roll separately and rise again and bake.

PRESERVING SMALL FRUITS.—To one quart of berries put one and one-fourth pounds of white sugar and mash them fine, then put them in the jars and make air tight. They will never ferment and have to be scalded, and will retain both color and flavor, which cooked berries do not. If once tried this way you will never cook them again. *Mrs. J. L. M.*

MOLASSES GINGERBREAD.—I give two recipes for good soft molasses ginger cake. One is for the city dames who do not have the cream pail and hens' nests to go to, and one for farmers' wives. First.—Two cups of molasses, one cup of cold water, three cups of flour, a piece of butter the size of an egg, a little salt, and one tea-spoonful each of ginger and saleratus. Second.—One and one-half cups of molasses, one cup of sour cream, one-half cup of buttermilk, one or two eggs, a little salt, and one tea-spoonful each of ginger and saleratus. These are good made with maple syrup.

HARD SOAP.—I make a good hard soap by getting a box of saponifier or potash, and following directions, adding marble sand while cooling. It is excellent for cleaning, washing clothes, or hands. *L. S.*

FRUIT CAKE.—*Mr. Editor:*—I send a recipe for fruit cake perhaps some of your lady readers would like to try. One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, three cups of flour, four eggs, one-half pound of currants, one-half pound of raisins, one-fourth pound of citron, one-half tea-spoonful of saleratus, and one tea-spoonful each of all kinds of spice. This cake will keep a year.

CREAM OF TARTAR BISCUIT.—A young housekeeper wishes for a recipe for cream of tartar biscuits. I send mine. To one quart of flour add two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of saleratus, mix with new milk; mix the cream of tartar and flour well together, and dissolve the saleratus in the milk. A little piece of butter improves them. Salt to the taste. *Mrs. E. Anna B.*

BROWN BREAD.—*Dear Household:*—I have a recipe for brown bread which is superior to any I have ever seen. Take one and one-half pints of Indian meal, one and one-half pints of rye meal, one and one-half pints of flour, mix them thoroughly together, then add two-thirds of a cup of molasses, two table-spoonfuls of vinegar, heaping tea-spoonful of soda, one quart of warm water. It will be better to bake it in a covered dish like a pudding boiler with a stem in the center. *JENNIE.*

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have received so

much good from the valuable recipes in your paper I thought I would send a few that I have tried, hoping they may be found useful. I saw an inquiry a short time since for vinegar pie, and I send my recipe.

VINEGAR PIE.—One cup of molasses, one cup of vinegar, half a cup of water, with two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, mixed smooth, boil the syrup and vinegar together, then add the flour and water, let them boil up a little, then mix your crust the same as for apple pie, and when the mixture gets cool fill your pie and put on an upper crust. The above is enough for two pies. It is nice, also, with dried fruit added.

FRIED CAKES.—Three teaspoonfuls of Dr. Price's baking powder to one quart of flour, one cup of milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of salt and sugar to the taste. MRS. G. A. S.

MOCK MINCE PIE.—One cup each of chopped raisins, water, vinegar, molasses, and sugar, one-half cup of melted butter, three crackers, rolled fine, two eggs, and spice to taste. LAURA F. K.

AUNT KATIE'S PUDDING.—Two tablespoonfuls of tapioca soaked over night in water sufficient to cover. To a scant pint of milk put the yolks of two eggs, beaten with a scant half cup of sugar, mix this with the tapioca and bring to a boil. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth add a little sugar and flavoring and mix with the pudding. I have sometimes used four tablespoonfuls of tapioca, one quart of milk, three eggs, and a tablespoonful of corn starch, with the other ingredients the same. M. K.

CELERY SAUCE.—Chop two or three heads of celery, put them into three pints of cold water, add a little salt, and boil them two hours; mix a teacupful of cream and a tablespoonful of flour, and let it boil up again.

TO DYE COTTON CLOTH YELLOW.—Steep hemlock bark in soft water, strain, and while hot put in the cloth and let it stand five hours; dry and dip it into strong alum water. L. S.

NUT CAKE.—Two eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, one small cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, two-thirds of a cup of seeded raisins, one cup of meats of almonds and filberts, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda.

WHITE POUND CAKE.—One cup of white sugar, small one-half cup of butter, whites of two eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one and one-half cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one-half cup of sweet milk. Bake about one hour. H. F.

CREAM CANDY.—Three cups of white sugar, two-thirds of a cup of water, and one-half cup of vinegar. Boil without stirring until it hardens by trying in water. Butter pans, and when near cool pull it the same as molasses candy until creamy white, adding whilst pulling a few drops of essence of lemon. Try it; it is splendid.

TO REMOVE MILDEW OR RUST FROM LINEN.—Saturate the parts affected with rain water, pulverize a small piece of oxalic acid and rub on them, and when dry, or nearly so, wash immediately to prevent injuring the goods. I have never failed in the above manner of removing rust, mildew, or fruit stains from linen or muslin. ELMWOOD.

Near Milford, Ohio.

APPLE JELLY.—Mrs. L. B. wishes a recipe for making apple jelly. I find this a never failing one. Take sour apples, cut them without paring into an earthen dish and cover them with water, let them cook slowly until the apple is cooked through and looks red, then strain through a cloth, squeezing them so as to get all the juice; boil the juice half an hour, then to a pint of this liquid add half a pound of sugar (don't use dark sugar) and boil quickly fifteen minutes, then cool, and you will have nice jelly if your apples are good and you have made no mistake. MRS. M. A. V.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD.—I read your paper every month and like it very much. I am now sixteen years old, and do almost all of the baking for a family of six. I have a nice recipe for making jelly cake, one for cookies,

and also a good one for fried cakes, which I send you. I never knew these recipes to fail.

JELLY CAKE.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one and one-half cups of cream, four eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, a little lemon extract, and flour to make a thin batter. This will make a large cake.

COOKIES.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, three cups of flour.

FRIED CAKES.—A two quart basin even full of flour, two eggs, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of cream, one and one-half cups of sour milk or butter milk.

ALICE A. W.

CHAPPED HANDS.—*Dear Household:*—I send you the following recipe for chapped hands. First wash them at night before retiring in soft water with best Windsor soap, then take two teaspoonfuls of cream and one of camphor, and rub the hands with it until dry. Follow this several nights, and be sure to always wash the hands in soft water.

FROSTING FOR CAKES.—I will send a recipe for making good frosting for cake without eggs. Take one large teaspoonful of gelatin and a third of a cup of boiling water, let it stand until all dissolved, then stir powdered sugar in until thick enough to spread. When you put your loaf of cake in the oven, put the gelatin to soak at the same time, which will be ready when the cake is done; then put it on when the cake is hot, and set it in a cool place to harden. The frosting can be marked in slices before it gets hard, if you like. H. F. G.

FRIED CAKE.—*Dear Sir:*—I send you a recipe for fried cakes for THE HOUSEHOLD. I have tried them and find them very nice, and think some of your numerous readers will also like them. One quart of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, two cups of milk; roll out and fry the same as doughnuts. Have ready some dip made as for toast of milk and butter, and as soon as fried take them from the fat and put into the dip and serve while hot. They are good eating. S. P. B.

BROWN BREAD.—As I feel a deep interest in THE HOUSEHOLD, particularly in the recipe department, I venture to send my rule for making brown bread, which is the best and easiest made of any I have tried. Three cups of Indian meal, three cups of rye meal, one-half cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, one quart of cold water, and a little salt. Stir well together and put into the oven immediately. Have the oven quite hot at first. A READER.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Will some one inform me through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD what can be made of frozen green apples? Will they make jelly? And oblige a SUBSCRIBER.

I think Young Housekeeper will have no trouble in securing good bread if she will pour boiling water on one quart of flour, let it cool and add to the sponge in the morning before kneading. No matter if the sponge is very light it will make the bread moist and it will rise in one-half the time. I always use the above recipe with the happiest results. MRS. H. W. B.

Will some of your readers give me directions for crocheting an infant's worsted sack? and oblige, M. K.

Addie asks for a recipe for chocolate cake. I send mine which I think very nice, and it keeps beautifully: Two-thirds of a cup of butter, two cups of sugar stirred to a cream, add four eggs beaten separately very light, one-half cup sweet milk, in which dissolve one small teaspoonful of soda, and last three cups of flour in which two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar is mixed. Bake in sheets, and stack after the cake and chocolate have slightly cooled. The chocolate (about one-third of a cake or less) is dissolved in milk sweetened to taste and boiled to a paste.

Lillie L. asks about something to destroy the white worms that infest the roots of houseplants. I have used carbolic soap in warm water with entire success.

If Cora A. wishes my pattern and directions for making "a handsome cross to frame," if she

will write and send a stamped envelope to me I will send it to her. MRS. A. B. PRENTICE. Adams Center, N. Y.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been looking over the Recipes and Questions in your paper, and as I have faith in mine I have ventured to send one.

If Emma has patience, let her please try the following: To every two gallons of soft water add four pounds of brown sugar, and stir well, or in place of the sugar three pints of molasses, put in a jar or keg and if convenient add a piece of mother, then tie, or tack, two thicknesses of mosquito bar over the bung of the keg, to admit the air. It will be good to use in four or six weeks. LIZZIE K.

MR. CROWELL:—J. A. C. wishes for a good recipe for meat pies. Here is one which is nice. It makes a large quantity, but prepared late in the fall will keep all winter. Four pounds of lean beef, boiled tender, eight pounds of chopped apple, three pounds of suet, chopped fine, two pounds of chopped raisins, two pounds of currants, six pounds of clean coffee sugar, one ounce of cinnamon, one-fourth ounce of cloves, one ounce of mace, four nutmegs, one ounce of ginger, a little pepper and salt to suit the taste, one quart of boiled cider, one pint of sour cider, one pint of cold coffee, and the water in which the meat was boiled, boiled down to one pint and added. Mix thoroughly, then put into a preserving kettle and cook it. When done enough put in a stone jar and set in a cool place. I have used this recipe the past ten years and know it to be good.

TO MAKE NICE YEAST.—Two good sized white potatoes, pare thin and lay them in cold water; as many fresh hops as will fill a teacup, one-half cup of white sugar and the same of fine salt, and one heaping tablespoonful of either potato or corn starch. Make a bag of coarse, thin, cotton cloth, four inches square, put in the hops and tie loosely; now put three pints of soft water and the bag of hops in a preserving kettle and boil ten minutes. Take the bowl in which the potato is to be scalded, pour boiling water into it and let it stand till wanted. When the hops begin to boil, commence to grate the potato, always using earthen to hold it, because the potato turns dark when grated very soon. Stir into it the sugar, starch and salt. Pour out the water from the bowl, put the potato in quickly and pour on half the boiling hop water, set the kettle back on the stove to keep boiling, and stir the mixture with a bright spoon. If too thick pour in more of the hop water, (it should be as thick as flour paste,) and when cool enough add one-half cup of good yeast. Put in your yeast jar and set in a warm place to rise. Keep in a cool place covered tightly. Use one-half cup of yeast for two loaves.

FOR BREAD.—Take three-fourths of a pint of dry flour and one tablespoonful of white sugar and put into your bread pan; next one pint each of sweet milk and water; pour into a spider, set it on the stove, and when it boils pour it on the dry flour, stir thoroughly that all may be scalded, but not minding to rub all the lumps out, as they will do no harm. When cool enough add one-half cup of yeast and as much more flour as it will take in, and set in a warm place to rise. In the morning stir in one small half teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in warm water and as much more flour as will stir in, and let it rise again. When light, which will be very soon, chop it well and knead till it feels elastic in the hands, then put into the tins, and when light bake one hour. In rising each time be careful that it doesn't get too hot, as it will make bread hard and dark colored. Please try this, ladies, and I think you will be amply satisfied with the result. Bread should be kept either in a stone jar or tin box to be nice.

Alice Moore wishes to know how to remove iron rust from her table cloth. Take a small lump of oxalic acid, put it in a vial and pour enough water to it to dissolve, shaking often.

When ready moisten the spots of rust with the liquid, and hold either in the clear sunshine or over the steam of boiling water until it fades away. When all gone, dip the spot directly in a little saleratus water to kill the acid, otherwise it will make the cloth tender, then wash and boil. Before putting away the remainder in the vial be sure and label it, as it is very poisonous.

Some one wishes a rule for poached eggs. For six well beaten eggs, twelve tablespoonfuls of milk, (cream is better,) a piece of butter half the size of a hen's egg, and salt and pepper to make it palatable. Put it in a bright tin dish,

first buttering the dish, and set it over the steam of boiling water. Keep it scraped from the sides and bottom of the dish till it all thickens. If cooked too much it will be part whey. Serve immediately.

A PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER.

MR. CROWELL:—*Dear Sir:*—A New Subscriber, in a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD, asks for a recipe for mock mince pies. I send mine which I know to be good. Take one and one-half cups of cracker crumbs and scald them, add one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of vinegar, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of chopped raisins, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg.

I saw a recipe for cream cakes in the same paper, but I am sure mine are just as good, if not better, and they are cheaper. Put one cup of water and one cup of butter on the stove to boil, when boiling stir in two cups of flour, and when cool add five well beaten eggs; drop this on your baking tin, one spoonful in a place, and rub each over with the white of an egg. Bake in a hot oven. *For the Cream.*—Boil one pint of milk, and when boiling stir in two eggs, one cup of sugar and one-half cup of flour beaten together, with a little cold milk, and let it boil till sufficiently thick. Flavor with lemon.

Will some one tell me if milk is good for dyspepsia? also give me some advice with regard to the food of a dyspeptic person? and oblige A SUBSCRIBER.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—H. wishes to know how to color a nice green, also a pink, and I send her the following directions:

Pink.—One ounce of cochineal, one ounce of cream of tartar, one ounce of muriate of tin. Pound the cochineal, put it in a bag and steep in eight quarts of water in porcelain, add the other ingredients, and steep the goods one hour, constantly stirring. Enough for one pound of goods. If I wish to obtain different shades I let some pieces remain in the dye longer than others.

Green.—One pound of fustic and two ounces of what druggists call a "composition for coloring green." Steep the fustic in eight quarts of water, strain and add the composition. Steep the goods one-half hour. This colors woolen goods a splendid green, but I have never tried to color cotton with it. S. L. L.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some one of your many readers please inform me through THE HOUSEHOLD the diameter and width of the tin rings used for baking purposes? and also the roll tins? and very much oblige me. M. A. R.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your lady readers please give me a recipe for making muffins? CARRIE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your readers please inform me how to make crab-apple preserves and have the apples remain whole?

Eggs gives a recipe for making yeast, and says: "When cold add from one-half to one pint of good yeast." I would like to inquire what kind of yeast is meant, and if soda is needed in the bread. F. H. T.

Will some one please tell me what will remove carbonic acid gas, or choke damp, from a well? and oblige LIBBIE.

GEO. E. CROWELL:—*Dear Sir:*—Having noticed that one of your subscribers asked some time ago for something to remove iron rust, ink and fruit stains, etc. I take the privilege of sending this. I know it to be infallible and will not injure the finest fabrics. Fill a bowl with hot soft water, place your goods over the bowl, allowing the stains to touch the water, and then place some salts of lemon on the stain and allow it to dissolve through. The salts can be obtained at any drug store. A. G.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As I have responded to so many questions, I now would like to ask one. Can any of the lady readers inform me how to make Charlotte russe? and oblige H. T.

I would like to have some one give a recipe for coloring cotton rags, for a carpet, yellow and green? and oblige, ALICE A. W.

Corry, Pa.

I would like the opinion of some one who is experienced in putting up fruit as to the best kind of jars for keeping, and also their method of preparing fruit. A READER.



THE VEILED HEART.

Oh! deem me not a heartless thing,
Because while others sigh,
The cheerful strains of youth I sing
With sunshine in my eye.

The sunshine coldly lingering there,
Plays seldom 'round my heart.
I've felt the harrowed load of care,
And sorrow's cruel dart.

I've often talked with grief alone,
I'm intimate with tears,
And wretchedness has ne'er a tone
That's not familiar here.

I'm cheerful for my parents' sake
They have their griefs and cares,
And often, when my heart would break,
I've smiled to comfort theirs.

My bonny sisters, free and young,
Just in the bloom of morn,
I would not seek your flowers among
To show the hidden thorn.

Ah! no, if I am doomed to feel
The poison'd bane of care,
The sunny smile shall still conceal
The anguish lurking there.

I'll hide my own peculiar grief
And laugh and pray and sing,
If so the semblance of relief,
To one fond heart I bring.

EDITH'S NEW CHAMBER FURNITURE.

BY U. U.

Hdear!" sighed Edith Leslie, as she looked around on her plain and almost unfurnished chamber, "how lonesome and bare my room does seem after visiting cousin Bell, and becoming used to her pleasant apartments. I should be satisfied, even if I did not have as nice furniture as hers—and that is not anything but common either—could I only have things needful, and at least conveniences always at hand for bathing. Why," she went on, "I have scarce as much as a wash bowl I can call my own, and nowhere to put even that; and I wonder if mother will not furnish my room a little, if I ask her coaxingly to do so."

So that afternoon Edith broached the subject to her mother, when Mrs. Leslie exclaimed, "It's just as I feared it would be if you went to Greenville, nothing at home would be good enough for you. But we are plain sort of people and never pretend to keep up with the style of living that your Uncle Willis' people do, though we are as well able, I imagine, as they are to have things, if we choose to indulge ourselves in everything."

"But mother, they are not extravagant, and have less for mere show than many less able do, but somehow, things in the house are so convenient, so well arranged and cheery, that it seems pleasant there, and comfort is studied more than show. Why, our parlor is as richly furnished as theirs, but we do live so plain every day, and my room is bare and unattractive, as well as Ned's, and just a little outlay would do so much, if you could only see it as needful as I do."

"I'll tell you what it is," said aunt Esther, who being a relative of Mrs. Leslie's, was quite at home in the family. "We will furnish Edith's room, and do it so you will say it is wonderfully improved, and for half of five dollars, or even less, if you have some material for coverings, instead of getting new cloth."

"What are you talking about, and what do you mean by 'coverings?'" asked Mrs. Leslie, smiling at Aunt Esther's rather absent-minded speech.

"O, I shall have to explain I see—no, I won't either—but you just give us leave to go to work, and our work will explain itself. We shall want some one to help us use the saw and hammer a little, and Ned is—let us see, most fifteen—two years older than you are, isn't he, Edith? so he can help, or we can call his father to the rescue for an half hour or so, if need be."

"Well, if that is all, you have my leave, and we will not stint you to less than five dollars, any way, and Edith surely deserves something better in her room, if she really cares for it."

"Why, with the five dollars we will do wonders, and perhaps have something left for Ned's room too," said aunt Esther cheerily.

"You may have as much more for this," said Mrs. Leslie, "no use of being too saving when you are going into such a large business, for, as you see, I am a little skeptical about your plans and shall just look on in wonder to see what you will do."

"You need not think you can laugh me out of my plans, for I know what I propose, and to-morrow we will begin."

The next day both Edith and Ned, who had also been interested in the matter, were anxious to begin business, and as is was school vacation they were at liberty to render all the assistance they could in the room furnishing. Their parents too began to wake up upon the subject, for anything that is to be done by one's self affords a pleasure and anticipation that is unknown to those who only have to speak the word and things are done. That is just the charm of Robinson Crusoe, he was kept from ennui by the necessities of the case, and then there is such a zest in making the most of almost nothing! But we have wandered from our work.

"The first thing," said aunt Esther, "we must have some packing boxes; are there any around the house? If not we can get some for a trifle at the store."

"Half a dozen of different sizes in the shed-chamber," said Mr. Leslie, "go take your pick."

Upon this aunt Esther, with both the young people following her, went into the chamber, and selecting a box about as large as a common sized wash-sink pronounced it just the thing for that purpose; while among the rest were what was needed for toilet table, ottoman, and chair if they included that in their arrangements also.

The boxes were then removed to a shed room, where the carpentry, at least, was to be done. "There," said aunt Esther, setting the first chosen box upon one side with the open part in front, "this will make a capital wash-stand. First, we must have some shelves fitted inside, which will answer in place of drawers for towels, etc., and which you, Edith, will find vastly convenient, I assure you."

So Ned went to work to fit the shelves and was doing quite nicely for a lad of his years, when his father, coming in, took his place, and soon pronounced them finished.

"What stylish looking furniture," said Mrs. Leslie coming upon the stage—so to speak, "what is next in order?"

"Some chintz for covering," replied aunt Esther, "and Edith shall go to the store with me and select such as she

likes, for she is in the secret of what is going to be done."

"We will get some large figured, handsome print," said aunt Esther to Edith, on their way to the store, "but something of fast colors, that the sun and light will not quickly change it;" and having found a piece to their satisfaction, a quantity was taken, and then they were ready for work again.

A covering of partly worn cloth was tacked upon the top and over the edges of the box, and over this a smooth piece of the print was duly fastened, and also a piece on each end reaching to the bottom, the cloth being brought over, both on the front and back edges, so that the tacks were invisible upon the outside. Then, for a front piece, a curtain was made reaching from the top to the bottom, "and which," said aunt Esther, "can easily be put one side when you wish to reach the shelves, or in fact anything you wish inside."

"Why," said Edith, "it will be as convenient as a real wash sink, and it looks nicely; say, does it not mother?" she went on, as her mother came to inspect things, just as the curtain was being fastened up.

"Now," said aunt Esther, "we ought to have a piece of oil-cloth to lay upon the top to preserve the cloth from getting soiled, or else we will make a false covering of the chintz, to be taken off and put on at pleasure."

"I have a partly worn table spread of oil-cloth, will that do?" said Mrs. Leslie.

"As well as new," was the reply, when the article was brought on, "and here is enough for two covers, at least, so we will save one for Ned's wash stand, you see, and not have to get new for either of them."

As one piece of furniture was considered a pretty good beginning for the first day, nothing more was attempted till the next, when a toilet table came under consideration. This was made similar to the wash stand, only the box was differently shaped, being higher and also wider on the top, and, as Edith was partial to the shelves underneath, some were also placed in it, though aunt Esther said "that was an extra invention, which Edith should have the credit of proposing."

Next a box of small size was selected, and covered for an ottoman with some pieces of the chintz, the top of course being cushioned ottoman-fashion, and which Edith found made not only an addition to her furniture, but a most convenient article to sit on while dressing her feet, or anytime when a low seat was desirable.

"One thing more," said aunt Esther, "we will have a catch-all, or shoe-box, or whatever you may prefer to call it, if you have a spare butter firkin in the house. We will cushion the top of the cover, tacking a piece of cloth snugly around the edge, while a curtain around the tub itself will make a pretty article as you will see, only we must take care to have the curtain fastened on some thin, strong cloth, so that the cover will easily slip on to the tub."

"Why that is really nice and pretty for a round ottoman," said Mrs. Leslie, "and I am half tempted to have one in my own room, for I know they must be convenient."

"Certainly they are," said aunt Esther, "and there are a thousand little things that can be fixed out of almost nothing, where one has a little gumption to do it; especially if they have seen it and well being."

done, as I have," she went on, laughing at her original ideas for furnishing.

"And we could make a wardrobe too, if Edith had not a convenient clothes-press, by having a pretty good sized box and of course curtaining the front; only, in that case there would needs be an opening in the middle of the curtain, as its size would make that rather an improvement to merely opening on the sides, as the wash-stand and table do."

The furniture having been duly finished and commented on, and praised as being excellent in its way, a new washbowl, pitcher, soap-dish and other trifles were added, while aunt Esther made Edith a present of a nice hair-brush, combs and a pretty toilet cushion, till with other things, she was quite well provided for, and enjoyed assisting in the arrangements very much.

"Really," said she, when all was completed, "this hardly looks like the same room that it did before, and if my furniture is not anything grand, it is presentable and convenient, to say the least. And how little it has cost too, have you counted it all up aunt Esther?"

"Not yet, and what might be a guide for one, might not for another, as different sized boxes might be selected and more or less of the cloth for covering taken. And this may be of worsted goods if one chooses to expend more in home made articles of this kind, or, in case one had no money to spend, partly worn dresses might be used for coverings, and nothing be expended for new cloth."

"I have some large, old-fashioned bed curtains and a spread like them," said Mrs. Leslie, "which are most as good as new, how would they answer to cover the furniture for Ned's room?"

"Just the thing," was the reply, "and where such things can be worked in, it is better to do so, and save the money for other purposes."

The next week the furnishing of Ned's room was undertaken, and similar toilet articles procured as for Edith's, and in addition both of them afterwards, with some hints from aunt Esther, put up some hanging shelves, where they could place books or nick-nacks, and which made a pleasant addition to the walls of the room.

Edith now took more pride than before in having her room kept orderly and nice, while she prized her toilet conveniences so much, that she never, now, went down stairs without bathing and combing her hair in the morning, though I am afraid that had not been her habit before. And no wonder that young people often go into the breakfast room looking untidy, if they have no arrangements in their rooms for doing otherwise, "and it is so nice," said Edith, "to have conveniences for washing before dressing, and I wonder how I ever got along comfortably before."

And when her father began to praise her personal appearance, and remarked, also, "that Ned always came down with his eyes bright and his hair brushed," they were only the more careful to keep up in their improvements, and that stimulated them also to care, and neater personal habits in other respects. And these things only added to their self respect, and that, in turn, to their ease and behavior, in general.

"I never thought," said Mrs. Leslie, "that a simple room furnishing would make so much difference and seemingly add so much to our children's comfort and well being."

"Trifles of this kind are everything," said aunt Esther, "and these things are often neglected in families, more from want of thought of their importance, than from poverty or penuriousness. And the parent who denies a child such accessories to health, comfort, and neatness, cannot be excusable in the matter, if once it is brought to their notice."

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Twenty-four.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Somebody said to me the other day—somebody who is just as fair and sweet and lovely as any of you, dear girls of our HOUSEHOLD, although she is a "married woman" and has a precious little daughter of her own—this charming, spirituelle somebody said to me, "Mrs. Dorr, I wish you would have a talk with THE HOUSEHOLD girls about letter-writing."

Well, this struck me as rather a comical idea.

"What in the world can I say about it?" I asked. "Do not all girls write letters and like to write them? Or do you mean that they write too many epistles, and need to be cautioned about such a waste of time?"

Thereupon she laughed and shook her brown hair at me.

"Not exactly," she answered. "Why, don't you know what hard work some people make of writing letters? I have a band of young girls under my charge, you are aware; and such a fuss as most of them make whenever it is necessary for them to write to their brothers, their sisters, their friends! Can you not say something that shall help them, and make them see that what they regard as a painful task need be nothing but a delight?"

If I must tell the whole truth, I do not know whether I can or not. But come here, Nellie, Grace, Anna, Margaret! Black eyes, blue eyes, gray and hazel—goldi-locks and brown locks, raven tresses and auburn ringlets—come one and all and gather about my chair. But what troops of you there are! You come not by twos and threes, but by dozens. Some from the deep woods of Maine, with the resinous fragrance of the pines and cedars still clinging to your garments; some from the far south where the rice and cotton grow, and the orange blossoms load the air with richest, rarest incense; some from the mountains, some from the prairies, some from brown-stone fronts in crowded city streets, some from the settlers' cabins in young Nebraska, some from the wondrous sunshine of Colorado, some from the mighty forests and resounding cataracts of far-off Oregon. Yet here you all are to-night, in this quiet little parlor of mine—away up in Vermont. The winds of March are whistling without, patches of snow lie upon the hillsides, and there is no hint of verdure anywhere save where my pet plants reach forth their green, luxuriant sprays, and my ivy clamber over windows and doorways. Yet it is warm and cozy within, and the dancing firelight fills the room with its own cheer and brightness. And oh! I can see you all so plainly, as with sparkling eyes and eager faces you troop in through the open doors that are thrown wide to welcome you.

Is it not good to be here? Do not your hearts glow at the thought of this great

HOUSEHOLD band who can speak to each other, and cheer each other, and help each other, from the extreme north to the farthest south—from the east even unto the west?

Then before we say another word let us, with reverent heart and lips, repeat the prayer of Tiny Tim—"God bless us every one!"

But we were to talk about letter-writing. How is it, girls? Is it hard work to write letters to those whom you love and who love you? For, happily, you have none of a different sort to write, as yet. Business and society, those hydra-headed monsters, make no demands upon you, compelling you to sacrifice at their altars whether you will or no.

It is hard, you say? Dear me! I hoped for a different answer; even though Othello's occupation would then be gone, and I should have to hunt up another theme on which to hold forth to you. But let us look at the matter a little. You all know how to write?

Oh, yes! comes the quick reply; with a little flash of resentment that I should have presumed to ask such a question of nineteenth-century-girls in free America. Let us propound another inquiry. You all know how to talk?

What a merry chorus of voices answers that question! Verily it is not necessary to repeat it.

Well, then, you admit that you know how to write and how to talk. Now writing letters is just talking with your pen, instead of your tongue. What is there so difficult about that, after you have once learned the use of the pen?

"But," says Mary, lifting her curly head from the corner of the sofa and peeping over Carry's shoulder, "when mother tells me that I ought to write to brother Tom, I can't think of anything to say."

Why, child what would you say to him if he were sitting by your side to-night? What would you do if he were to walk right in here, not a whit abashed nor dismayed by the presence of such a "rosebud garland of girls?"

You guess you would jump right up and throw your arms about his neck and give him a good hug and a kiss?

I guess so, too. But now the boy is far away from home—lonely, perhaps, and among strangers—suppose you were to put that hug and kiss on paper and send it to him?

You can't do such a thing? kisses won't go on paper?

But the spirit of a kiss will go on paper—and that is about all there is of it. You can tell your brother that his sister loves him and misses him and longs for him. And let me tell you, girls, that often the knowledge that he is loved and remembered at home, that there are hearts there who joy in his joys, and sorrow in his sorrows, who rejoice in his successes, and who would mourn with unspeakable anguish if he should take the downward path and make a wreck of life,—such a knowledge as this will often be more of a help to a boy than a whole barrel full of the best sermons that ever were written. It is not a bad thing to put the spirit of a good many hugs and kisses into your letters when you write to Tom.

But what would you say to him to-night, if he had come home and you had him all to yourself for a cozy chat? Wouldn't you tell him about your bird and your flowers? wouldn't he be likely to hear just how many kittens the old cat had, what beauties they were, how i

t cut you to the heart when the oracle declared that all save one must die—and what a time you had deciding which that one should be? Your tongue would run fast enough while you told him of the girls and boys; what a nice time you had when you went to grandma's to Thanksgiving; what Santa Claus brought you this year; how you like the new teacher; what you think of the rules about whispering; how many merit cards you have had; how many nuts you gathered last fall, and how the squirrels ate up all the pop-corn; and perhaps, if you were very confidential, you might consult him about your spring suit, and ask him which he thought the prettier, blue or green. You would find plenty to say, I'll warrant.

But—these things are to *talk* about, you say. They are so trivial, so unimportant;—they are not worth putting in a letter.

Ah, I see! You think a letter should be grand, somehow, and profound. It should deal with lofty subjects, and sound—well—somewhat like a book.

My dear child, you are just as much mistaken as you can be. The less your letter is "like a book," and the more simple and conversational it is, the better. Talk to Tom with your pen just as you would with your tongue, if he were within hearing distance. Give him the little details of your daily life. If he

wants profound thought, weighty argumentation, lofty eloquence, or sparkling wit, he can go to his book shelf and find them. But these are not what he wants in his home letters. He wants to feel that he is loved, and to know what you are all about. You may laugh, if you please, but he would be glad to know that when his little sister was writing to him she had on the very blue dress he used to like—or the rose-colored ribbons he loved to see her wear. He would like to know what you had for dinner, who was at singing school last night, and what is the color of the new parlor carpet. In short you can tell him nothing of home and the home life that he will not be glad to hear.

Is there not, then, enough, and more than enough, to say?

And what is true of Tom and Mary, is true, in a certain sense, of all of you. What you want to give your friends in your letters is yourself—and a bit of your daily life. Do not trouble yourself about your "style."

Think what you wish to say—and then say it—in the most simple and direct way possible. Ease and grace and power of expression will come, by and by,—seemingly of themselves. That "practice makes perfect," is as true of writing as of everything else; and if your first attempts are not too ambitious, you will soon learn to converse with the friends who are thousands of miles away from you, almost as with those whom you see face to face. When that time comes you will be fain to say,—"Blessed be the man who invented letter-writing."

I said that ease and grace and power of expression would come by and by. Something more will come, also, if you grow into the earnest, thoughtful, noble womanhood which,—thank God!—is the birthright of every one of you. When I said that Tom did not want to find profound thought or sparkling wit in Mary's letters, I meant, only, that he did not want it, or expect it *now*. There may come a time, girls, to each of you, when your words, written or spoken, may be all that shall stand between some soul and death. You need all the

strength, all the culture, all the wisdom you can gain from whatever source, to fit you for the days that are coming. Your influence will be far-reaching for good or for evil. Especially to your own brothers, and to the young men of your acquaintance, will you in a great measure give the law. You can be their Sibyls, their helpers, their upholders, their inspirers; or you can set before them a low standard of living, and never by word or look or sign help them to become what God and nature meant they should be.

Which shall it be, girls?

PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Number Eight.

I must have one more chat with you, Debbie, before the year closes, for since I heard you singing those lines as you were paring apples, on an autumn day a year ago, I have grown to feel an interest in and affection for you, even though I have only occasionally let my pen speak for me. And if a word which has fallen has in any way helped you, or any others in the HOUSEHOLD band to weave a bit more of poetry into daily life, and, while not despising toil, yet rise above the mere drudgery of labor, then it may be I have not written in vain.

It was just for this purpose that I took my pen in the commencement of these "Papers," and I have confined myself more especially to chats with girls because there seemed more chance to gain a hearing than from the more busy matron, whose habits are perhaps already fixed, and many whose lives of unrelied drudgery will, I fear, go on unto the end. And if I have thus far scarce touched on the more home-like virtues, on the moral qualities and high principles necessary to true womanhood, and more than all on the culture of the heart's best affections and soul's aspirations, it is not because of indifference to the worth of all these things. But it has seemed to me that the field of mental and aesthetic culture in home life is more neglected than some others, and that here—in our homes—is just where it is so signally needed, to not only build up the future woman, but also to the higher elevating of manhood.

As we look upon the large majority of women of to-day; women not called to outside spheres of labor or of mental activity, but such as we meet around hearth stones, in parlors, or in the cares of housewifely duties; how few do we find who have grown to anything like the mental statue that they might have done, had they in girlhood resolutely determined to use their best endeavors to rise above mediocrity, let circumstances be what they might!

For those saddest of words, "It might have been," applies to wasted minds, as well as to wasted or misplaced affections, while the resources of the intellect are ever an unfailing source of delight, and a help to sustain one when life's rougher ways become toilsome and its joys seem drifting away. And the words, "Our God is our refuge," or "He is our light and joy evermore," lose none of their significance when culture and religion go hand in hand together. Indeed, we sometimes question how true christians can so lightly account the gifts and graces that culture bestows, as thousands do who have opportunities to rise to higher things. And our thoughts are

not reverting now to ladies of leisure, who have even more need of something tangible with which to occupy the thoughts, but to the middle classes of American women, toilers as masses of them are, and with fair educational advantages, who when school days are over allow the minds to come, as it were, almost to a stand still, or if it does not go backwards, to scarce gain any real power as the years go by.

Ruskin aptly says, "it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy." This is just where we—who needs must toil with our hands in preparing tempting dishes for the palate, and spend our strength perhaps in washing, ironing, and with the broom and duster, then it may be changing these for the duties of the nursery and then the sewing room, where piles of work await us—have ample opportunity to let thought and labor go hand in hand together. A single page read, say of such a writer as Ruskin, may give a busy housewife food for thought—such thought as will make her work a thousand times more pleasant than when she looks upon herself as merely a toiler among kettles and sauce-pans. And let this thirst for knowledge be strengthened and golden sands of time will daily be gathered up to help along the mind's wants, and thus both mind and body be benefited.

But am I making this matter one of mere self interest, and looking upon it with the enthusiasm of the scholar, rather than as applying practically to busy womankind? No, I believe not. I know that we may not always when we would, indulge our tastes in these things, and that many a school girl and young housewife looks longingly to her classics or sciences, as she has studied them, and says with a sigh, "Vale to them now." But does that signify that she need let her mind rust? That she cannot pick up crumbs that fall here and there, and by treasuring them be constantly gaining mental strength and fullness? It is because we must too often get only by littles, that we forget that these make the sum of life and knowledge? For if there be no real mental purpose, "What" we ask, as Sydney Smith has it, "is the use of so much life? What are we to do with the seventy years of existence allotted us, and how live them out to the last?" * * * The fire of our minds is like the fire the Persians burn in the mountains, it is immortal and cannot be quenched. Upon something it must act and feed—upon the pure spirit of knowledge—or what? washing dishes and making pastry? Can a woman's mind be satisfied with this, even though her heart is rich in the affections of her family?

But, says Sydney Smith farther, "Therefore when I say love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, what do I say but love innocence—love virtue—love that which if you are rich will sanctify the blind fortune that has made you so—love that which if you are poor will render your poverty respectable—love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you—which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the regions of conception," etc., etc.

And this is what any woman may do, who has had only common educational advantages, if she chooses to earnestly persist in it. The wonder to us is that

so many women having learned the alphabet, are content to stop just a step beyond.

A woman who loves knowledge for its own sake has resources which never fail her, and society of which she never needs be weary, and also a fund in reserve to make her society desirable to others. But if the mind is given up either to fashion and frivolity and inertness on the one hand; or to work, and money making, and even the most useful household duties on the other, are any of these a means of themselves of giving true rest and the highest enjoyment of life? It is related of Pauline, sister of the first Napoleon, that when she accompanied her husband to San Domingo, where there was no gay society such as that which she had been accustomed to in Paris, that she was perfectly miserable. "She had no resources of mind," said a letter writer of the period, "to fall back upon, having given herself up to dress and society and now she was truly desolate." No wonder that it was so, and no wonder either that many a modern lady finds dress, society and novel reading, growing tiresome; and yet without these excitements what shall she do with herself? How kill time?

And many women, whose far more useful lives scarce go beyond the named routine of home duties would be quite as much at a loss what to do with themselves if thrown upon their own resources and they had nothing to do. Mere desultory reading, even, becomes tiresome in a short time, however much one may enjoy it in their leisure from work, if there is no direct object in view to be attained. But love of knowledge, habits of thought, reasoning, and study, a cultivated taste to cull from the fields of literature, art, or science and make their treasures our very own—these are pleasures that do not wear by using or leave a void behind. There is for such a mind always something beyond which it wishes to grasp, something new every day to learn and to live for; for the true life can only be had by growth and progress.

Society may be equally, even more a delight to such a mind, and yet it cannot be lonely if left to itself. Nature may not charm the less but the more, for knowledge helps to open more her beauties and develop her worth. Labor does not become degrading, for the mind can rise above the drudgery of toil, and also help to plan and smooth the homely way. And then its moments of leisure—what a luxury!

I will just tell you Debbie, of a lady in my mind's eye who is such a one as I have been trying to picture to you. Her years have passed three score, and her life has always been a busy one. A most excellent housewife and in early life with scarce a common school education, such as we of this generation have had, she is yet more of a scholar, and better accomplished in many respects than one in ten of our young women of to-day. How she used to work wool and flax! till machinery made such labor no longer a necessity, and then she considered it poor economy to spend her time at the distaff, just as it is for us to "stitch, stitch" in the old way, when sewing machines will save our precious time. But in those young maiden and then matron days, she would not let her mind rust, but found now and then a few moments to fill the cruise of oil daily, and let thoughts min-

gle with her homespun labors, and poetry weave itself even when she had on only a homespun dress.

As her children one after another came to add to her cares, she saw in their opening minds only the more need of a cultured mind to help lead them upward and onward, and verily, I believe she deemed it of more importance for a mother to be fitted to help train those little immortals, than she did to have their little dresses and pinnafores all ruffled and scalloped; as though a woman had nothing more important to do, if an hour's leisure from severer and more needful toil presented itself.

She wished her children to become intelligent cultivated citizens, and she had no idea of wishing them to be ashamed of their mother, as far as intelligence was concerned. Indeed, she could not help progressing, because that was, to her, the true art of living as becomes accountable beings. And so, when the snows of life's winters had whitened her head, the intellect was not dulled, but awake to all enterprises of the day; and if you wish to chat with her about books you will find her at home in the best literature of the day; if you wish to reason upon a question, you will find the force of her mind unabated, and in fact, if you want an intelligent, cultivated friend, as well as a most true and practical woman, and a hard working one too, you will find it where this lady lives, or where you may chance to meet her. And yet she had no better and less chance for culture than multitudes whose lives revolve in the narrow routine of so many a woman's life.

LETTERS FROM AN OLD MAID.

Number Three.

ear-rings suggest grace-hoops; her *tournure* is miraculous in extent, and compels her to perch on the edge of a chair when she presumes to sit down; her hair is in a bewitching *melee* of curls, braids and frizzes; her voice is bold; her laugh loud; her manner filled with self-assertion. She is fond of men's attention, and spares no scheming or flattery to obtain it. She is an advocate of Woman's Rights, and wishes every year was leap year.

As for Dick Splurge, whom I mention as being her latest admirer, I never see him without thinking, "Poor fellow! what would you be without your mustache?" and feeling the wisdom of Josh Billings' advice to young men, "Don't be discouraged if your mustash don't grow; it sometimes happens where a mustach duz the best, nothing else duz so well." I remember Dick as a boy, a fat, lazy urchin, not so good tempered and easy that all liked him. If he had been obliged to work for a living, it would have been the making of him, but fond and wealthy parents have always gratified every wish, and he is too indolent to exert himself unnecessarily. He is supposed to be practicing law, that is, he has an office which is the favorite resort of several of the fastest young men in town, but I never heard of any clients.

"Well, what matters it?" thinks Miss Stunning, "it gives him all the more time to devote to me. There is no need of his working, he has money enough. And how faultlessly he dresses! How divine his mustache with those lovely curled ends!"

If men and women were dolls it would matter very little about anything beside dress, eyes, complexion, divine mustaches, and the many other details of personal appearance. The most that can be expected of a doll is to look well. But unfortunately we are not dolls, and a great deal more is expected of us than mere good looks. We are compelled to do and to be a great deal whether we choose it or not. We seldom stop to think how far the influence from each human being extends. It is like the circles which appear when one drops a pebble in smooth water. They widen and spread themselves until they are lost to the eye, but not lost in reality, for our senses are not sufficiently acute to determine the end of any undulation whether of water, light or sound.

So the influence from each one of us goes out in ever widening circles, and whether this influence shall be good or bad depends wholly on ourselves—whether it will have the effect we desire cannot depend wholly on ourselves, however, as it is impossible for any man to count with certainty upon what is to be. To the human mind, this world seems filled with strange chances and combinations. No one can look far enough to discover harmony except with the eye of faith. Chance apparently determines many things. But our having only a small part in the ordering of the future does not prevent us from exercising a strong though often unconscious influence upon it through the present.

The noblest motives are sometimes misconstrued; the best of friends are not always sure of their deserts in this life; but dares one say that it would have been better had the friends been enemies and the motives evil? No indeed! whether goodness fails or triumphs, it is good. There never was a sinner so sinful that all things were bad

to him. He may not have seen much of it, but he knows that goodness is.

In home life the influence of each member of the family is untold. One happy temperament gives life and strength to the others, one morbid soul may taint all who come near. In all families dispositions vary; children of the same parents are frequently extremely diverse in temperament and opinion. These different elements, if not held in check by parents or self-government, sometimes prove an endless source of wrangling and discord. In other cases they are so discreetly guided and tempered that they seem but pleasant individuality.

What do you suppose Miss Stunning is at home? It is difficult to picture her as a gentle, ministering, household angel. Tiger-lillies are very bright and showy, but for companionship I think one would prefer the fragrant, unassuming mignonette. Glitter and tinsil may attract for a time, but it is very sad when a soul prefers them to the light of the things that shine from the goodness within. Dick Splurge and Miss Stunning doubtless consider themselves two of fortune's favorites, and very likely would believe my head was turned with envy if they heard that I pitied them; but I do, because they are each living but half a life. Three good meals a day and plenty of clothes are excellent things in their way, but when one lives for that and nothing more, the mind must stray often into wide, barren, dreary deserts. The most frivolous people have to think in earnest sometimes, for "life is real, life is earnest," and thinking when there is only vapidity to look back upon, is something worse than a bore.

Well, by this time the bows were finished for Maria's Dolly Varden, and she came into the room sweet and smiling to let me pin them on for her. This was not one of her cross days—she does not have them often—and I thought as I looked at her lady-like face, "I am very glad Miss Stunning isn't my niece." Maria interrupted my approving look: "It is pretty, isn't it?" "Very," said I. She thought I meant her new dress.

And now, my friends, I must say *au revoir*. This is enough of a garrulous old maid's gossip for once; but whatever she says, she means well and wishes you well. Believe her to be a sincere

OLD MAID.

WAY NOTES.

Number Nine.

FROM MILAN TO FLORENCE.

FLORENCE, Dec. 8, 1871.

From Ferrara, a ride of a few hours brought me to Bologna, the fame of whose sausages has reached to the farthest confines of civilization, but whose title to a higher and more enviable fame is equally well founded, though perhaps less appreciated by the masses. When Homer wrote the classic verse which has been the admiration of all succeeding ages, when Solomon wrote the proverbs which gave him the title of the wisest of men, Bologna was still a city; hundreds of years before the foundation stone of the "Eternal City" was laid, Bologna had its being; a fact to which, were there no historical records, its crumbling walls would alone bear evidence. The antiquarian will here find food for thought, and enjoy to the full his "penchant" for relics and souvenirs of the past.

The paintings preserved in the Gallery of Fine Arts are mostly of the Bolognese school, the majority representing subjects drawn from scripture history. One old canvas executed nearly five centuries since represents a group of four at cards, proving the antiquity of the game which still forms a household pastime, and which then, as now, was probably not unfrequently put to baser uses.

The sidewalks of Bologna are all constructed on the "Arcade" plan, averaging from twelve to twenty feet in height, and supported by pillars of stone on the outer edge. The ceiling, generally of plaster, is frequently very beautifully ornamented with frescoed designs. These arcades, while they to some extent shut out the light from the ground floor rooms of the houses, possess a great advantage in affording a perfect protection from sun and rain. One of the principal objects of interest in Bologna is its cemetery, which is conceded to be the finest in Italy. It is situated a short distance beyond the city walls, and contains some of the finest specimens of sculpture to be found in Europe, the Latin inscriptions upon which are mostly borrowed from the Augustine age.

Some three miles from the Porta Saragossa on an eminence known as the Mont de la Garde is situated the beautiful church of Notre-dame de St. Luc. Leading to the summit from the city walls is a massive covered walk of stone and brick, not unlike the arcade walks within the city, and ornamented at various points with frescoed representations of scripture scenes, forming one of the most agreeable promenades in the environs; the view from the summit embracing the city and the plain watered by the Reno, with the back-ground of snow capped mountains. The church, too, is one well worth a visit, containing many interesting paintings, and an altar of elaborate design and workmanship.

Like other Italian cities, Bologna has a dialect, or *patois*, peculiar to itself, and this diversity of speech within a territory so limited as Italy—hardly exceeding in area one of our states—strikes the American tourist as something unaccountable. In our own great republic, in country and city, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, we have one speech, one language, and with the good old Anglo-Saxon one may travel the length and breadth of the land; here people living in contiguous counties or provinces cannot understand each other, and only such as have had the benefit of an education understand the proper language of their mother country, the peasantry knowing naught but the *patois* of their own district. With such material it is difficult to inculcate the advantages of political and religious freedom, or to eradicate the bigotry and narrow superstition of their old traditions.

From Bologna to Florence, a ride of about six hours, we pass through an undulating country, and before reaching this city note a marked change in the character of the climate. During the first three hours of the ride the ground was covered with snow, the river banks hung thick with icicles, and the scene reminded one rather of the climate of our northern states, than the warm skies and sunny slopes with which we are apt to associate Italy; but as we neared our journey's end vegetation gradually appeared, and the sombre clouds and falling snow gave place to the warm and cheering rays of the sun, and soon after dusk the cry of the guard "Firenze"

announced the fact that we had reached our destination.

After a good night's rest at the modest but comfortable hostelry of the "Lione Bianco," I started out to explore the wonders of this favorite city of American tourists, but lately the capital of the nation, and well does it merit its cognomen of "The Beautiful." Nearly two hundred statues ornament its public squares, of which there are seventeen, that of the *Signoria* being the most beautiful and worthy of attention. Twenty public fountains adorn various parts of the city, many of them the work of former generations, while others are of recent date.

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The prices of living has been greatly increased of late years, although as compared with American prices they are moderate. Fifteen years ago a room and board could be obtained for ten or twelve dollars per month; now a very comfortable room may be had for a franc and a half to two francs per day, and in the largest hotels from three to five francs per day; dinner at *table d'hôte* two to three francs, including native wine; or, where preferred, one may have room and board at a respectable hotel for five or six francs per day, which, to Americans, is generally more satisfactory than what is known as the "European plan."

American families passing the season here generally prefer to engage a furnished suite of apartments, which may be had with or without garden attached. Their meals are then served to them from a neighboring restaurant, enabling them to enjoy the privacy and comfort of a home with little care or responsibility.

Hiram Powers, our great American sculptor, of whom we are so justly proud, has recently returned from a trip to England, his health requiring a change of scene and climate. Photographs of his various works are displayed in the print stores of the city, and compare favorably with the productions of Italy's greatest artists.

G. W. T.

AN ITEM EVERY MAN SHOULD READ.

We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female has been magnified by malicious minds, until the cloud has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed—not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness—to speak lightly of females, we recommend three "hints" as worthy of consideration:

Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in mixed company.

Never make any assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear.

When you meet men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity.

Many a good woman's character has been ruined and her heart broken, by a lie, manufactured by some villain and repeated where it should not have been, and in presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wing of the wind and magnify as it circulates until its monstrous weight crushes the poor, unfortunate victim.

Respect the name of a woman, for your mother and sisters are women, and as you would have their fair name untarnished and their lives unimpaired by the slanderer's biting tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or the wife of some fellow-creature.

—Real happiness is cheap enough; yet how dearly are we in the habit of paying for its counterfeit!

GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSES.

Grandmother, when established in one of our modern households and dispensing kind favors from her nook by the fireside, may be a most comfortable object to look upon and a source of delight to all about her; but it is not thus that our ideal grandmother exists. In the homes of her children, however honored and happy she may be, she has lost in a measure her dignity and her independence, and must obey where she has been wont to direct. That she may be living there, it must have happened that the little world over which she was once supreme has passed away forever. All that remains of it are the sweet, sad memories that employ her thoughts, whenever the childish prattle about her is still and the gayeties of the outer world have drawn away for an evening the companions of her daily life.

The grandmother of our fancy lives still in the old homestead, and the sceptre of its ownership and dominion has never yet passed from her hands. There her children were born, and there they grew to manhood and womanhood, departing at length to newer homes, while she remains the guardian of this, cherishing every relic of the past, and ready to welcome back to the old nest any of her brood who may choose at any time to return. You may find her house in any of our older New England towns; a square, roomy mansion, two stories in height and of substantial build, set high upon a swell of rising ground, with a fenced flower garden, or a slope of worn grass between it and the road. Its broad front faces the south, whatever direction the highway may take, so that it often seems to be turning a cold shoulder to passers by in some old inappetent huff. But this angular attitude secures the best of the sunshine, and from early morning to late afternoon the bright flood pours through tiny window-panes upon the yellow paint of the kitchen floor, and across the home-made hit-or-miss carpet that adorns the sitting-room.

Everything about the house, whether within or without, savors of the past, and wears a charm that no new upholstery nor modern comforts can give. How fair to our eyes looks the ancient garden, in summer time, as we swing back the little gate and pass up, through lines of hollyhocks and snowdrops, to the broad stone step before the door! There waves a clump of ribbon-grass that has grown in the same spot ever since the days when we plucked it to trim the hats of our dolls; and the small, yellow Scotch roses, the polyanthus and London Pride spring as fresh as ever from the old roots. Morning-glories, pink and blue, climb beside the window blinds, and a venerable honeysuckle swings its yellow trumpets from a post of the old stoop. How many pretty maidens have broken its sweet sprays to stick in their bodices in the days gone by, how many playful lovers have offered them to their sweethearts as they were departing from the door! And still its gnarled stalks send out tender shoots and fragrant blossoms for a new generation of visitors, as if the past and present were all alike to them.

Within, the hall is quiet and forsaken, and the tall, straight clock ticking heavily in the corner appears the only inhabitant of the stillness. But there are times, even now, when a bevy of rosy-faced children make it gay with laughter, as they come sliding down the steep,

polished rail of its winding staircase; and one may sometimes hear there still, the soft opening of chamber doors above, and the rustle of ample dresses sweeping down against the twisted banisters to the parlor below. Occasionally at mid-summer the traveler glances up to behold a group of young faces rising in tiers upon the lower stairs, as they sit looking out through the open door to the garden, the greenery and the sky, and chatting merrily together, but such occurrences are rare.

For the most part, in the long, still days, it is only grandmother who glides noiselessly up and down in her trim, low slippers and scant skirts, making sure that the window blinds are closely hasped together, and that no flies venture to pass the fringes of the curtains.

We know well the interior that will meet our gaze when we open the door of the long-closed parlor and stand looking in from the threshold. It is barely light enough there for us to distinguish the pattern of the faded carpet, woven with a border that runs straight around the room and bends into no window recesses, but we remember it clearly, as we do that of the barbarous, large-figured papering, whose scrolls and garlands wheel about from side to side over a shaded groundwork of blue. By the chimney side, tall steel tongs flash out lustrosly bright, and the rims of the picture frames gleam in the darkness. In the narrow, bevel-edged mirror are reflected the towering astral lamp and the family bible, resting in state upon the doubled top of the card-table beneath. There is also a great mahogany dining table, heavy and polished, with folding leaves so broad that they almost hide its carved claw-feet. The mantle is long and high, and above it hang squares of silk embroidery where the crimson petals of the roses and the purple lips of the pansies are blanched to one sameness of yellowish white.

There, too, appears a small silhouette, upon which our great-grandfather's profile is preserved, cut in solid blackness, with the sharp contour of his nose and the curling ends of his wig standing forth as if outlined by Paul Kenowka, and serving to portray our respected ancestor as a cadaverous negro of the blackest dye. A stitched sampler on the opposite wall marshals in a row the names of all our aunts and uncles, as if they were rehearsing for the family tombstone, and our mother's name in pale silk is signed at the foot, "at 16." That she could ever have been sixteen seemed not more wonderful to our childish fancy than that, in the very face of the marigolds and pinks, the cows and the farm-houses around her, she should have wilfully fashioned such impossible flowers, animals and dwellings as those which meander around its border.

A couple of peacock feathers are stuck above this genealogical record, and the same ornaments serve to beautify the one remaining picture of the room. This represents a tall, white tablet with the inscription "To the memory of" visible across the top. At the side leans a composed female in black attire, holding to her right eye one corner of a voluminous handkerchief, while the other trails to the ground at her feet. The weeping willow, arched close above her head, does not touch her with one of its leaves, and all its branches grow in a singular manner, either to the right or left, and in parallel lines. But however faulty these objects might appear as works of

art, they are beyond criticism as the products of beloved fingers, and are enshrined in a thousand sweet associations. The smooth, speckless carpet, the wrought, faded footstools, the high-backed chairs, the antique tables and the ornamented walls, make the whole room seem to us a cherished picture which no modern touches could improve. It is a realm sacred to family weddings. Thanksgiving dinners, and formal gatherings, and is never profaned by more familiar merriment.

In the sitting-room on the other side of the hall, the furniture is of more recent make, and the cherry sunlight pouring into it falls upon pots of bergamot, houseleeks and tea roses on a little stand. Here the arm-chairs have feather cushions, and backs of wooden rods so straight and high that they defy chignons and panniers to find comfort within them. On the walls we may behold a *fac simile* of the Declaration of Independence, with all the specimens of chirography that figure beneath it, from John Hancock's dashing curves to Stephen Hopkins' quavering lines; and beside it, perhaps, a map of the United States, depicting the country west of the Mississippi as a blank, unexplored waste.

In the smaller, less frequented rooms, there are rows of glass tumblers set upon the window sashes, filled as we surmise, with luscious jellies, each with its cap of white paper tightly drawn, and no hint of leathery mould crinkling upon the surface within. The pantry door is half open, and there, upon the lower shelves, we behold the stone jars that enshrine grandmother's preserves, rich, purple-hearted damsons, strings of tart barberries, and neat little crab apples on their slender stems. There, too, are the pickles, such pickles as only grandmother makes, great, globular mangoes, that show, when cut open, imprisoned stores of tiny onions, baby cucumbers, allspice, mustard seed and horse radish, all served up within the pulpy rind of a melon, and pickled crisp and hard.

In the kitchen the wide, open fireplace holds now a patent cooking-stove, which projects glumly from its empty recess, but we can recall the time when great back-logs dozed there in a fervid serenity, while smaller sticks broke and crackled before them, and high over the flames a line of pots and kettles swung from the crane on the long bent hooks. It was a delight in those days to sit near the chimney, before the candles were lighted, and see the shine of the great fire playing over the burnished tops of the andirons, and converting the tin pans standing in the opposite dresser into so many flashing suns. And what a glowing cave of inapproachable heat seemed the brick oven beside it, on those Saturday mornings when, with its fierce breath singeing our cheeks, we watched long shovels bringing out the live coals that were bedded within, and then tenderly consigning to its swept floor a freight of bean-pots, loaves of brown bread, pan-dowdies and mince and pumpkin pies. Such a grand baking festival in the brick oven takes place there now only once a year, when grandmother makes ready the Thanksgiving feast for her returning family. But no lack of eatables was ever known in her capacious pantry, for the first essential to human happiness in the old New England mansion is that there should be at all hours plenty to eat and to drink. — *Boston Journal.*

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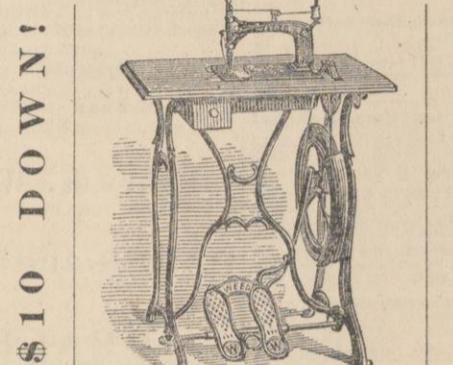
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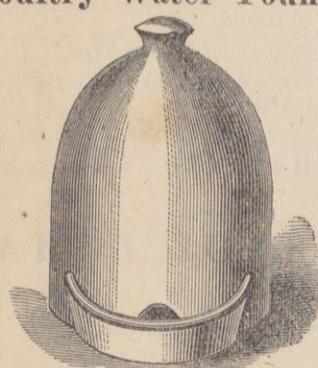
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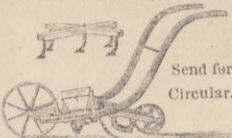
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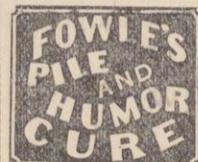
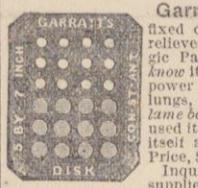
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Dianthus, 8 " 1.00
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Phlox Dromondii, 12 choice fancy colors, 1.00
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I make the seed of New and Rare Vegetables a specialty, besides raising all the common varieties. On the cover of my Catalogue will be found extracts from letters received from farmers and gardeners residing in over thirty different states and territories who have used my seed from one to ten years. Catalogues sent free to all. I grow over one hundred varieties. Get your seed directly from the grower. 3-3smpb

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Has Moulton's Patent Rolls made on, and warranted not to come loose on the shaft.

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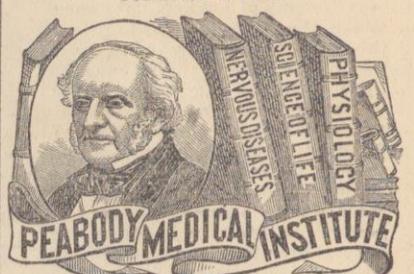
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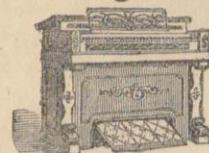
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VALUABLE BOOKS.—We have received the valuable medical works published by the Peabody Medical Institute. These books are of actual merit, and should find a place in every intelligent family. They are not the cheap ordains of abominable trash, published by irresponsible parties, and purchased to gratify coarse fastases, but are written by a responsible professional gentleman of eminence, as a source of instruction on vital matters concerning which lamentable ignorance exists. The important subjects presented are treated with delfacacy, ability and care, and as an appendix many useful prescriptions for prevailing complaints are added."—*Coos Republican*, Lancaster, N. H.The author of these books is one of the most learned and popular physicians of the day, and is entitled to the gratitude of our race for these invaluable productions. It seems to be his aim to induce men and women to avoid the cause of these diseases to which they are subject, and he tells them just how and when to do it."—*Chronicle Farmington, Me.*, Sept. 1, 1869.

N. B. The Author of the above named medical works is the Chief Consulting Physician of the Peabody Medical Institute, and is so constantly employed in consultation with invalids from all parts of the country, that he has no time to attend to mere business details. Therefore all letters should be addressed

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4-12

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West Lebanon, N. H., Nov. 1, 1871. 10-11


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 Saves one-half the labor. Cannot turn the wrong
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In operation on all kinds of machines at Salesroom.

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GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE
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 USE THE
Eureka Machine Twist,
50 and 100 YARD SPOOLS,
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 They are warranted in every respect, and are the
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 The only Genuine Mineral Fertilizer in
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DESTROYER OF INSECTS
IS DEATH

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 Places the benefits of Life Insurance within the
reach of all classes. Safe, cheap, simple in plan
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 CONNECTICUT & PASSUMPSIC RIVERS
RAILROAD for White and Franconia Mountains, Lakes Willoughby and Memphremagog, Mon-
treal and Quebec.

 Trains leave White River Junction 8:20 A. M., Express;
1:45 P. M., Mail.

 The completion of the Massawippi Valley Rail-
road, July 1, will make a short all rail connection
between the Province of Quebec and the United
States.

A. H. PERRY, Superintendent.

 VERMONT & MASSACHUSETTS AND TROY
& GREENFIELD RAILROADS. Cars leave
Boston (Fitchburg Depot) for Brattleboro, Green-
field, Hoosac Tunnel, and Troy, N. Y., at 7:30 and
11, A. M., Leave Boston for Greenfield at 7:30 and
11, A. M., and 4:10 P. M.

 Leave Hoo-a-a Tunnel for Boston at 7 A. M., and
12:30 P. M. Leave Greenfield for Boston 6:30, and
9:35 A. M., and 2:30 P. M. Leave Brattleboro for
Boston 9:30 A. M., and 1:30 P. M.

 Passengers taking the 6:30 train from Greenfield
can go to Boston and return same day, having 5
hours in Boston.

 The 6:30 A. M. train from Greenfield connects at
Fitchburg with trains for Providence, Taunton and
Newport. The 7 A. M. and 1:20 P. M. trains from
Hoosac Tunnel connect at Fitchburg with trains for
Worcester, Providence, Taunton and Newport.

 How to Furnish a Home with Small Means
Comfort for Small Incomes

My Ten Rod Farm; or, How I Became a Florist

Farming for a Profession; How I Made it Pay

Amateur Dramas for Parlor or exhibition use

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How to Amuse an Evening Party, 200 Ibs.

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Parlor Tricks with Cards

Rhyming Dictionary; or, Poet's Companion

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Youatt's Treatment of Horses in Health & Disease

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Stereoscopic Views, Am. or Frg. per doz. 100 to 200

Autograph Albums, Morocco, 100 & 200

Photograph Albums, 50 Pictures, Mo. 100 & 200

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New Styles Initial Note Papers etc.

 Sibdon's Initial, Rose Tinted, highly per-
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In each 24 sheets paper with envelopes to match.

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Visiting Cards, per Pack

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Sent free of postage on receipt of price.

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Dr. Chase's Receipt Book. — \$1.25

 The most comprehensive and reliable book of the
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Household Pets—How to Tame and Manage them

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Hand Book of Etiquette

American Ready Reckoner and Calculator

The Young Reporter; or How to write Short Hand

Chesterfield's Etiquette and Letter Writer

The Arts of Beauty, by Lola Montz

Haney's Art of Training Animals

Gentlemen's Book of Etiquette and Fashion

Ladies' Book of Etiquette and Fashion

Trapper's Guide, by Newhouse

Leaves White River Junction 8:20 A. M., Express;

1:45 P. M., Mail.

 The completion of the Massawippi Valley Rail-
road, July 1, will make a short all rail connection

 between the Province of Quebec and the United
States.

A. H. PERRY, Superintendent.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Mail train leaves Ogdensburg at 6:00 p. m.; St.

Albans at 6:20 a. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via

W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 2:25 p. m., Brattleboro

 at 3:30 p. m., Grout's Corner at 4:30 p. m., New Lon-
don at 5:30 p. m., connecting with steamer for New

 York. This train will leave Brattleboro on Monday
mornings at 4:42 a. m., arriving at Grout's Corner at
5:35 a. m.

 Night express leaves Ogdensburg at 12:00 m.,
Montreal at 3:30 p. m., St. John's at 4:50 p. m., St.

Albans at 7:20 p. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via

W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 3:25 a. m., Brattleboro

 at 4:20 a. m., South Vernon at 4:30 a. m., Grout's
Corner at 5:15 a. m., and New London at 11:05 a. m.

 Mixed Train leaves White River Junction at 4:50 a. m.,
7:45 a. m., Brattleboro 8:41 a. m., South Vernon at
9:10 a. m., Grout's Corner at 9:50 a. m., arriving in
New London at 5:10 p. m.

 Express leaves Brattleboro at 2:00 p. m., South
Vernon at 2:22 p. m., arriving at Grout's Corner at

2:45 p. m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.

 Mail train leaves Boston via Lowell, at 7:30 a. m.,
via Lawrence and Fitchburg at 7:30 a. m., Springfield
at 8:00 a. m., New London at 5:30 a. m., Grout's
Corner at 9:25 a. m., South Vernon at 10:05 a. m.,
Brattleboro at 10:30 a. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R.
Junction or Rutland) at 11:50 a. m., for Burlington
and St. Albans. This train connects at W. R.
Junction with Boston Express train for Montreal at
9:45 a. m., Plattsburgh at 12:00 m., and Ogdensburg at
12:45 p. m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.

 Accommodation leaves New London at 8:10 a. m.,
Grout's Corner at 3:30 p. m., South Vernon at 4:00 p. m.,
Brattleboro at 4:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (mixed)
at 5:35 p. m., arriving at W. R. Junction at 8:30 p. m.

 Night express leaves New London at 2:45 p. m.,
Grout's Corner at 9:00 p. m., South Vernon at 9:58 p. m.,
Brattleboro at 10:2

The Household.



A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. Do not wait for an agent to visit you, but enclose a dollar in a letter, giving name and P. O. address plainly written—including the State—and direct the same to Geo. E. Crowell & Co., Brattleboro Vt.

CANADA SUBSCRIBERS will please remember that we require 12 cents in addition to the regular subscription price to prepay the American postage.

WE CANNOT CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF A PAPER unless informed of the office at which it is now received, as well as to the one to which it is to be sent.

TO INSURE SAFETY IN SENDING MONEY by mail, the letters should be registered, or money orders procured. All money sent by either of these methods is at our risk.

PARTIES RESPONDING TO ADVERTISEMENTS which they see in THE HOUSEHOLD are requested to make mention of the fact that they were noticed there, that advertisers may know to whom to give the credit.

We are continually receiving letters asking us if we will furnish THE HOUSEHOLD and some other magazine for a certain sum. We reiterate our statement, already several times made, that we do not club with any other publication.

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

TO ANY OLD SUBSCRIBER, who, in renewing a subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD, will send us one new subscriber, we will mail, free, a copy of the Attractions of Brattleboro, advertised in another place, or the same will be given as a premium for two new subscribers.

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

PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.00 per year. Any one offering it for less is a swindler. And this title applies as well to those who promise the paper free of postage or offer any other special inducement not found in the paper itself. We do not prepay postage nor club with any other publication whatever.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Mary B. Grover, to Daysville, Conn.; Mrs. E. Alexander, to Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. A. Denison, to Orville, Ohio; Mary E. Andrus, to Pawlet, Vt.; Mrs. Eli Dunklee, to Wrentham, Mass.; Miss Fannie E. Tyler, to Mittenague, Mass.; Mrs. James Phelps, to West Sutton, Mass.; Nellie P. Garey, to Newton Centre, Mass.; where from? Benj. B. Gore, Tarr Farm, Penn.; order received, but no money enclosed. Sarah A. Ingraham, Pawtucket, R. I., writes us that she has not received the premium to which she is entitled. Our answer, stating that the premium was sent, prepaid, Jan. 22d, is returned to us by the postmaster. What is the difficulty?

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remitting it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 61, 77, 86 and 111 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post-office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express or in registered letters.

To such of our subscribers as claim to have been deceived by an agent who represents that THE HOUSEHOLD was to be enlarged and the price increased the present year, as well as in other ways, we would reiterate what we have frequently stated, that no agent is authorized to offer any inducements

to subscribers beyond such as are given in the paper itself. The price of THE HOUSEHOLD is one dollar per year, and we do not prepay postage, do not give pictures nor patterns, do not club with any other publications, do not intend to increase our subscription price, and do not authorize agents to promise anything to subscribers which is not plainly mentioned in our columns. Persons who make any such promises as those above mentioned are not our agents and we are not responsible for them.

ANY ONE MAY ACT AS AGENT in procuring subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD who desires to do so. Do not wait for a personal invitation or especial authority from us, but send for a sample copy, if you have none, and get all the names and dollars you can, and send them to us stating which premium you have selected. A good sized list can be obtained in almost any neighborhood, and a valuable premium secured with very little effort. We have sent many beautiful chromos, albums, etc., to persons who procured the requisite number of subscribers in an hour's time. It is not necessary, however, for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or States and sent as convenient. A cash premium will be given if preferred. See Premium List in another column.

We have received letters from several persons asking for information about the Magnetic Curling Comb, advertised in our columns some months since. We knew nothing whatever about it when the advertisement was sent us, but we have since had reason to believe that it is not what it is represented to be, and we republish from a cotemporary the following, which we heartily endorse: A FRAUD EXPOSED.—We call the attention of our readers to an advertisement in our January number of an Electro-Magnetic Curling Comb, which we have since had reason to believe did an injustice in its pretensions, both to ourselves and our readers. We have had communications from reliable persons in reference to the Curling Comb and its proprietors, which are not at all to their credit. We advise our readers not to make any investments in that quarter, and regret if any have been induced to do so by the appearance of the advertisement in this Magazine. No monetary temptation could induce us to give publicity to an attempt to swindle the public if we knew it.

PERSONS WHO ARE ENTITLED TO PREMIUMS are particularly requested to mention the fact, and also state their selection when sending in their lists of subscriptions, as we do not send any premium until it is ordered. In ordinary circumstances a premium should be received within two weeks from the time the order was given. If a premium is not decided upon when the list is forwarded, or if other names are to be added to the list before making the selection, let us know at the time of sending, that all accounts may be kept correctly. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of this list and name the premium selected. Occasionally a person writes: "I have sent you six subscribers and would like the premium to which I am entitled." No names are signed, no date when they were sent, no article selected. The latter is not essential, but we must have the names and P. O. address of each club, or the date of sending the same, before forwarding a premium. It is no use to order a premium until the requisite number of subscriptions have been forwarded in accordance with the instructions given in our Premium List. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver.

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

Better Still for 1872.

PAGE'S PORTABLE PUMP, Patent Spring and Fire Extinguisher, with metal boxes, and otherwise improved, for \$5. Send for Circular.

N. PAGE, JR., Danvers, Mass.

Money Made Rapidly

With Stencil and Key Check Outfits.

A light, healthy and honorable employment. Circular with samples, free.

S. M. SPENCER,

1-tf Brattleboro, Vt.

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This List of Teachers.

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William Mason,

W. S. B. Mathews,

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