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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. 7.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., MARCH, 1874.

No. 3.

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The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.
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CROSBY BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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O, SOFT SPRING AIRS.

Come up, come up, O soft spring airs,
Come from your silver shining seas,
Where all day long you toss the waves
About the low and palm-plumed keys!

Forsake the spicy lemon groves,
The balms and blisses of the South,
And blow across the longing land
The breath of your delicious mouth.

Come from the almond bough you stir,
The myrtle thicket where you sigh—
Oh! leave the nightingale, for here
The robin whistles far and nigh!

For here the violet in the wood
Thrills with the sweetness you shall take,
And rapt away from life and love
The wild rose dreams, and fain would wake.

For here in reed and rush and grass,
And tipoe in the dark and dew,
Each son of the brown earth aspires
To meet the sun, the sun you.

Then come, O fresh spring airs, once more
Create the old delightful things,
And woo the frozen world again
With tints of heaven upon your wings!

OUR FARMERS' HOMES.

THE subject of home embellishment has frequently been brought to the notice of our readers and we are pleased to be assured that the hints and suggestions which have been given from time to time have aided many in the selection or improvement of their dwellings. The following article from the pen of the late Horace Greeley is one of the best we have ever seen on this subject and we give it entire, trusting that it will be appreciated by those to whom it particularly applies.

I hear with regret, but without surprise, that the ablest and more intelligent of our farm-bred youth dislike their fathers' calling and aspire to live by professions, or trade, or speculation—in short, by anything else than farming. I wish it were otherwise—I hope it may be; but it never will nor

can, without an enlargement of attractiveness of our Farmers' Homes.

I judge that the estimate would be liberal which would make one hundred dollars the average cost of the embellishments of the homesteads of our American farmers worth \$5,000. So far as my observation may be trusted, a week's work in planting and protecting shade-trees is more than has been given in the average, by our farmers, who have owned and cultivated the same farm for the last twenty years.

A city man buys a place in the country, and at once begins to adorn and embellish it. He increases the variety of his fruit trees; he puts down a strawberry bed and some grape vines; he sets shade trees about the house and along the highways; he begins to grow asparagus and other delicate vegetables; in short, he makes the place attractive and habitable to the extent of his means. The neighboring farmers, if asked by their children or others why they do nothing of the sort, usually answer, "it is very well for B., who has lots of money, and easily gets more, to cut such a dash; but we must live by our farms, and can't afford to spend half we earn in ornamenting them." Those who say this are often richer than their city-bred neighbor, and could do all he has done at half the cost; they would do it if they supposed it would pay. They resist the contagion of his example, not for want of means, but for want of perception, of faith.

Now, I admit that the reward of well-doing in the matters above indicated is not realized in an instant increase of the farm's annual product. The farmer who should spend five hundred dollars this year in judicious tree-planting and kindred improvements, would receive no return in this year's crop. Yet even he, if buying this very farm, would give enough more for it because of these improvements to defray the cost twice over; and what is true of him is emphatically true of most people. The farm thus embellished is worth more than it was; its new planted trees are property as truly as the soil is, and will in time have salable value of their own. Men often make unlucky investments, but hardly anything else is so certain to pay in the long run as judicious tree planting.

I am contemplating, however, a moral rather than a material profit or the outlay. I profoundly desire that farmers' sons should love their paternal homes; and, to this end, I would have those homes made worthy of proud and fond affection. I would have each possess a distinct and individual character, reflecting that of the

family which inhabits and embellishes it. I would have its buildings adorned, constructed, and painted, with reference to their peculiar location, elevation, and relation to others within sight so as to form a harmonious and pleasing landscape. No farmer is so rich or so poor that he can really afford to leave his buildings unpainted in our climate, for timber grows dearer twice as fast as paint does. A poor man may have a home to love and be proud of—nay, he may render a small, cheap home attractive by beauty without and comfort within. He may do this at very small cost, by devoting to it the odd hours broken by inclemency or by visits: an hour or two each evening when not too weary, will soon tell, if wisely improved. For my own part, I could not sleep through bright, moonlight hours on a place as naked and forbidding as many that disfigure each rural district.

The love of beauty is universal. Millions feel who do not clearly recognize nor consistently defer to it. The man never lived who would not have preferred tastefully painted to unpainted farm buildings; and a farm well fringed with judiciously chosen shade trees and ornamental shrubs to bleak, bare acres of pasture and tillage. Though too many have sodden their souls in whisky and tobacco till they no longer clearly recognize and respond to the sense of the beautiful, it still exists, and may be awakened to conscious activity. The God who created flowers and sunshine, waving trees and rippling brooks, adapted human nature to their appreciation and enjoyment.

Let every rural home be beautified, though it be a hut and its only ornaments a rosebush, a vine, and a solitary, stately, over-shadowing tree. But let nothing be given to ornament that shall preclude fit regard to making it glad and winning within. To this end, let the mind be amply fed, though the body shall fail in consequence to be sumptuously clad. There is not a day-laborer in the land who, unless preyed upon by sickness or other calamity, may not have a cheerful, intellectual evening fireside if he will. A good Bible, to begin with, in fair-sized type, will cost him not more than the price of a day's work; and, if he will give the earnings of two weeks in each year to the supply of his mental needs and those of his family, he will soon have a fireside library sufficient for his modest wants. How many give a third of their earnings to tobacco and strong drink, who would consider the devotion of two weeks' earnings per annum to the feeding and culture of their minds an extravagance not to be thought of?



CIVILITY AS AN INVESTMENT.

THERE is a proverb which runs, "civility costs nothing," and the point made is that every one who has business to transact can afford to add civility to his stock in trade. As it costs nothing, it involves no increase of capital, while it vastly and pleasantly facilitates trade and profit. Sometimes on entering a store or counting room the customer is met with manners which seem to say, "Now, then, be quick! your coming in is an interruption which must cease as soon as possible." So actions speak, while words are few, and every desire on the part of the customer is met as a something which should be frowned out and repressed. The unfortunate would-be buyer feels that he is put at a disadvantage; that he is an unmannerly intruder on another man's premises. If he is at all of a modest disposition, he feels very much ashamed of himself that he should dare to want anything. He retreats with an apology, or accepts something that he does not want, with an inward resolution never to be caught in such a dilemma again.

We have referred mainly to male customers, because the women understand the mode of retail purchasing much better. It is a common remark that ladies like "shopping," and men detest it. Probably this is true enough, and the reason is obvious. Women understand how to "shop," and men do not. The lady who goes out to buy generally knows what she wants, and it is not a task, but a pleasure for her to search until she finds it. She understands the relative position of buyer and seller. If the one wishes to buy, the other wishes to sell, and the accommodation afforded is mutual. There is no favor conferred on the one side or the other. The motive in both cases is interest. But, though selfish, it does not necessarily lead to anything impolite or ungracious. On the contrary, it is the refinement of selfishness to make yourself agreeable. By so doing the person with whom you are dealing is, for his own selfish purposes, made to flatter your self-love. Interest is at the bottom of all traffic, but in a fair trade both parties make a profit. One buys for his own advantage, and the other sells from the same motive, and if there be no dishonesty in the transaction, both are the gainers.

The higher morals of trade everybody understands—in theory at least; and no one need expect to be the richer, in the long run, by any course but honesty. The manners of trade are not so clearly recognised. While subservience and cringing for custom are un-American and justly to be despised, the other extreme, of rudeness, or the almost-as-bad appearance of carelessness or indifference, is to be avoided. The simple rule in all intercourse, whether of business, of casual meeting, or of friendship, is to put other people at ease. Your customers, if you are a dealer, the dealer, if you are a purchaser, should be made to understand that it is no unpleasant thing which you are about to propose, and that even if it is a trifle, you are disposed to make trifles pleasant.

There are ladies who "go out shopping," and return, fatigued it may be, but either content with what they have accomplished, or sure that another day will do it. Fatigued they are, but amused with their round, and full of pleasant thoughts and words. Everything "favors them," because they carry in their disposition and manner the assurance of pleasant treatment. Such buyers find always just the things they want about them, in furniture, wardrobe and kitchen. The world is smoothed for them, not simply because they are good tempered, but because they let their good temper be evident, and are thoughtful for all persons with whom they are brought into contact. And there are men of a like pleasant experience. These have learned the proper way of treating things and persons—not demanding, but requesting—not crowding themselves through the world, but watching facile openings, and gliding through them.

There are business men and women who make fortunes simply by civility. Their wares or their services are no better probably than the stock in trade of their crusty neighbors. But, having undertaken a business, or adopted a profession, they are wise enough to know that whatever is to be done successfully must be done with a good grace and with a good will. They do not show by their behavior that they consider everybody an intruder, but act in the persuasion that everybody may be made friendly. They do not treat people as though they were in a hurry to be done with them at once and forever; but as though even a casual caller may be cultivated into an acquaintance and made a constant customer. To neglect the small courtesies of life is to ensure neglect for yourself. And the reason that some persons are successful is that they invite strangers to become friends by civility, while the others repel even friends by the want of courtesy.

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 pasteboard, 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 various kinds. There is the plain card, a single sheet of scarlet paper, with the name written or stamped nearest the right hand or 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 centre from top to bottom. Then again there is the full card which is produced on very grand occasions, such as New Year visits, visits of congratulation, or condolence. The full 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 says 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 gives himself the name of "uncle" instead of "nephew," retaining however, the depreciatory appellation of "stupid." There are still further varieties of self-designation, according to the particular gradation of relationship; but these 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, as a matter of etiquette, always understood to be returned to the visitor, it being presumed expensive to have such voluminous proofs of regard with a number of friends.

DIFFERENCE IN CARPETING.

In choosing a Brussels carpet, it is well to remember that there are two qualities of the articles—English body Brussels, and tapestry. The difference between the two is considerable, both in texture and price. The tapestry Brussels comes in just as desirable colors and patterns as the other, but the threads or loops are not fastened on the under side. This carpet can be distinguished by taking a piece of the carpet and pulling one of the threads, when the loops come out just like knitting or crochet.

If carefully used, one of these carpets will wear well; but rough sweeping, and boots and shoes with tacks in them, will soon cover the floor with strings of different colors; in this they show their vast inferiority to the English body Brussels, which is far more substantial, although to the inexperienced it does not appear any better, or, in truth, different from tapestry. It is more desirable than the other for this reason: The loops are fastened on the under side, and therefore cannot be pulled out, either by drawing the threads or by pulling at the loops.

An excellent plan is now in vogue of placing linings underneath the car-

pets, consisting of two thicknesses of brown paper with cotton between. These soften the floors, and make the carpets wear better.

NEW OAK MADE OLD.

An exchange says that the appearance of old oak may be obtained by exposing any article of new oak to the vapors of ammonia. Every variety of tint may be procured according to the duration and temperature of the volatile compounds. A new oak carved chair exposed to the vapors of ammonia, will, in about 12 hours, have all the appearance of having been made two hundred years before.



FLORAL FANCIES.

Welcome! gleams of green—of amber!
Children! playmates! out and see,
Floating from her ice-bound chamber,
Spring, the flower-crown'd spring, set free!
See her blue eyes, glad to weeping,
O'er the wan world open'd anew;
O'er the meads fresh waters leaping,
Silvery-stepp'd, and tuneful too!
Singing, ringing, wildest measure,
Wild as if gone mad with pleasure!
Now the warm rays' noonday brightness
Wakes the sleepy flowers below—
Some like gentle ghosts, all whiteness—
Some like maiden cheeks that glow—
Jonquils pale—how pale! but sweeter,
Richer than the rose of June;
Daffodils whose day is fleeter,
Born like smiles and lost as soon.
Pansies clad in wondrous glory,
Rare as kings in Eastern Story.
Yonder where the sparkling showers
Fall like music heard in sleep,
There have burst the crocus flowers,
Laughing out while cloudlets weep.
Time of beauty—time of blessing—
Sunny childhood of the year!
Earth, so long ere thy caressing,
Blooms like one whom angels cheer:
Kiss her, clasp her, tend her kindly,
She has sorrow'd long and blindly.
Sorrow'd childless, bloomless, blighted,
Like a mother gone distraught—
Ah! that young smile rapture-lighted,
Nestling there new life hath wrought;
Lilies weave her brow's soft splendor,
Crown'd with gems—the jewel-dews,
Violets dark her mild eyes render,
Almond-pink her cheeks suffuse!
Kiss her, clasp her—soundest slumbers
Soon must melt at such warm numbers.

PLANTS IN MY WINDOW GARDEN.

ONE of the best for fine effects, but which I have never seen specially noticed in the books, is the single scarlet African Hibiscus, a shrubby plant, resembling the "Rose of Sharon" of old-fashioned gardens, with dark green, glossy leaves and splendid tropical-looking flower of a brilliant scarlet, as large as a coffee-saucer. The stamens are yellow and the pistil a dark velvety red. The flower-buds are formed on the terminal branches, and it is in almost constant bloom both in summer and winter. It is of the easiest culture and requires but the ordinary temperature, the only draw-back being that the gorgeous blooms only last a day; but they are so bright and attractive that I should never be willing to be with-

out them. My two plants are of two different species and have been in my possession for several years. I sink the pots in June, and they do equally well in the yard all summer.

Geraniums, of course, are indispensable, and grow and bloom profusely in such a window. I have a very novel effect on one—a zonale green, with a lighter zone. A pure white shoot, both stems and leaves, have been thrown out, which retains its color as it continues growing, although standing in full sunshine. I hope to be able to propagate it. Then there are the old favorites usually grown—roses, pinks, azaleas, acacia, primroses, bouvardias, mahernia, etc., etc. I even find it possible to raise some hot-house plants, by placing them on a high shelf in a warm corner, and succeed with begonias, heliotropes, poinsettia, euphorbia, coleus, and many of the foliage plants, which retain all the glory of midsummer.

But the gem of all is a magnificent calla, of about sixteen years. A pot containing three large bulbs and some small ones, with large leaves and lovely golden-hearted lilies (for it is almost always blooming with three or four flowers at once)—its majestic stateliness is very striking. I wonder if it is generally known that two flower-buds are produced from the same leaf-stock? I cut off the first when fully opened and beginning to fade, and soon another bud makes its appearance beside the stalk of the first. The only culture needed is to keep the saucer filled with water, adding occasionally a few drops of aqua ammonia or guano water. Sink the pot in partial shade and let it care for itself during the summer, and do not disturb the roots more often than is necessary to remove extra bulbs. A fuchsia—I think a speciosa, as it blooms constantly—has grown into a fine specimen. It is of trailing habit and has been trained up the side of the window. Some of the branches are five or six feet in length, and leaves large and ovate and beautifully veined with red. The flowers grow in long clusters on the ends of every branch and keep forming: as fast as the first ones bloom new buds grow out. Sometimes I have had over twenty flowers on one branch at a time, with buds still coming.

For delicate climbing vines I find none prettier than smilax and maurandias. The foliage of both is most graceful, and the latter blooms either out or in-doors. Some of my pots of it are several years old. I take out the roots in June and plant them, and they soon ran up six or seven feet and are covered with wreaths of bloom. In September they are taken up, cut back nearly to the roots, and they soon start into new growth again. They also make fine climbing plants for hanging baskets—as, for instance, a white one growing upon the wires, crimson-leaved altenantheras around it, with a fringe of the delicate blue lobelia. One basket that is always showy and sweet is just a mass of sweet alyssum.

Tropæolums in variety, and especially the dark Tom Thumbs, climbing and drooping, are very gay, and fragrant as well; and nothing can be sweeter than mignonette grown in

this way. Transplant some seedlings in August. The Tropæolums may be very easily rooted in sand, soil, or water at the same time. The German Ivy (*Seneco scandens*) is always graceful and of very easy growth. I have found it most likely to bloom if left undisturbed in a basket or vase for two years, blooming freely toward spring, the second season with clusters of yellow balls, rather pretty.

Last fall, in gathering ferns, I found some exquisite sprays of the Virginian Creeper, which I pulled up by the roots and planted in a basket with ferns and other wildwood treasures. The leaves turned scarlet and dropped, and I supposed all was gone: but in March it sprouted out, and is now growing as finely as though perfectly at home. I presume this is not a new experiment; but I have never seen it before, and think it will make a fine basket-plant.

As to my ferns, I am more and more in love with them day by day. It is said that our native ferns are not a success for house growth, because they are deciduous. It is true that those planted in the autumn lose most of their leaves; but they start into growth very early, are more delicate and graceful than ever, and it is very interesting to watch the brown fronds develop into a perfect leaf. Then, if they are allowed to remain in the window all summer, the leaves grow more beautiful and do not wither, but retain their greenness all winter and commence growing earlier, so that they are "things of beauty and a joy forever."—*Cor. Independent.*

PARLOR PLANTS.

Among hundreds of plants that crowd the green-house, there are comparatively few which can be grown to advantage in the parlor. Yet parlor or window gardening is certainly the most popular of horticultural operations, because it is that which is adapted to the capabilities of the many, and not that which can only be indulged in by the few, who can command the necessarily larger means which the construction and care of green-houses require. A plant which will grow, flourish, and bloom in the window; which will thrive with little care, and repay that care with healthy foliage and cheerful bloom, is of far greater value than one which will only do well under green-house treatment. Such a plant will always be popular. It may, in time, be scorned by florists, because it is old and common; but the very fact of its recommending itself to the masses, is that which will ensure its continued cultivation long after a large proportion of costly novelties have in turn given place to never discoveries, and been cast aside into not unmerited oblivion. Many plants which we seldom see in green-houses, succeed perfectly in the parlor; and, stranger still many plants which we commonly see grown in windows, never do well under such culture, and utterly refuse to be reconciled to it.

Plants in rooms generally suffer from dust, by which the leaves become clogged, or 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 sponging can easily be done in the kitchen sink, and both sides of the leaves thoroughly wet. A common small water pot, with 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 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 plants that are very dusty, lukewarm water may be used to advantage. But, after the operation, a good showering of colder water should be given. The soil used should be much the same for all window-plants, and may be generally described as good garden loam.—*Journal of Horticulture.*

CULTURE OF BULBS.

Bulb culture is one of the most beautiful departments of floriculture, and seems to be increasing rapidly of latter time, especially in the vicinity of cities. Last spring we saw larger and more beautiful beds of hyacinths, tulips, etc., than ever before. We insert from Mr. Dreer's bulb catalogue the following description:

Bulbs belong to a particular division of the vegetable kingdom; they are all with scarcely a single exception, ornamental, and hence desirable for the very large size of their flower in proportion to the entire plant, and for the brilliancy of their colors. By far the greater number of bulbs flower in the spring, and produce their flower stems immediately after they begin to grow; and shortly after they have flowered they cease growing and remain dormant and without leaves during the remainder of the year; hence, almost all bulbs require to be planted in the autumn—a fact that most amateurs are apt to overlook, and frequently send their orders out of season. They require a free, dry and somewhat rich soil, into which the roots may penetrate freely.

A bulb is essentially a bud, and contains within itself the germs of the leaves and flowers which are to be produced the following season; thus, in one sense, they are of more easy culture than any other class of plants, because the germ being previously formed, and the nourishment being provided in the body of the bulb, it is only necessary to supply heat and moisture to cause them to develop; this is fully exemplified in the Hyacinth, Narcissus, Crocus, early Tulips, and some other bulbs, which can be flowered when placed over water in glasses or in wet moss. The Hyacinth is the especial favorite for forcing in glasses.

The proper compost for Hyacinths, Tulips, Crown Imperials, Iris, Ranunculus, Anemones, Crocus, and most other bulbs, is and following: one-third well rotted cow manure, and one-third good garden mould. The preferable season for planting all hardy bulbs, is from October to De-

cember; but they can be set out at any later time, so long as the bulbs remain sound.—*Practical Farmer.*

THE PERFUME OF FLOWERS.

Boxes of Heliotrope, Mignonette, and Pansies, placed in windows, will sweeten the air of all dwellings.

The seamstress, and all of the laboring classes should have sweet-scented plants blooming in their windows to keep the atmosphere fresh and pure, and act as a disinfectant. We can also use the petals of Roses, Violets, Pinks, Tuberoses, etc., to produce a sweet perfume for the parlor or boudoir; and by the aid of modern science it can be very easily done.

Fill a small wide-mouthed jar with ether, and use a glass stopper, dipped in glycerine, to thoroughly exclude the air.

Fill this jar with the fresh petals of any fragrant plant, cut after the dew is dry; and only the petals should be used; but clusters of Heliotrope can be cut off close to the stems. Ether possesses the property of taking up the fragrant particles from flowers, and every day the old petals must be taken out, and fresh ones added.

Quantities of flowers are required, but when the ether is all evaporated, it will leave an essential oil of the flower, and three or four drops of it, added to deodorized alcohol, will give a delicious extract.

All delicious odors can be imprisoned in deodorized alcohol, which is made by filtering pure spirits through animal charcoal or bone black in powder. It can be used over many times, and a thick flannel bag, with a wire run around the top, will make a good filter.

Fill it with the bone black, and pour in the alcohol, hanging the bag over a bowl, so that the liquid will drop into it. Take jars as described above, and fill them half full with the alcohol, and then fill up with peach leaves, lemon peel, slices of pine apple, raspberries, cherries, strawberries—indeed, anything from which you may desire to extract the essence, and you will have as fine an assortment of essences as the manufacturer can furnish you.

MAKE BIRDS FRIENDLY.

Some kindly soul writes to a Cincinnati paper: I was much interested some weeks since at the remark of a friend living in the suburbs of the city, that when he left home early in the morning, he thought as many as two hundred birds were chirping and singing in the trees around his home. I asked him.

"How do you account for this, seeing that it is so very early in the season, and the snow scarcely gone from the ground?" He replied, "I love birds, and delight to feed the little songsters, and for this purpose purchase refuse grain and seeds at cheap rates, and arrange shelves and conveniences for feeding on the trees and fences. By these means I am always surrounded with birds, early and late."

Now, the purpose of the writer of this is to propose like acts and like pleasure to others; and to suggest to

those having little spots of waste land to plant hemp, sunflower, rape, and other small seeds (the expense of which need not exceed fifty cents), and they, too, can feed and enjoy the presence of the early birds, which will delight to visit and spend their summer days around the mansion of their friends. Particularly at this time, when our Acclimatization Society is spending money and efforts so liberally in introducing European birds of song, is it too much to ask all who would encourage the enterprise to half feed the birds?

Plant your little seeds, watch the gradual growth, keeping in mind the aim to make home and its surroundings happier and to teach the little two-legs indoors to care for and treat kindly the little two-legs out of doors. Feed, feed the birds. All will be the happier.

FERNS.

Ferns are much sought after for floral decoration. Their feathery plumes, pinnated leaves, and graceful forms are very beautiful. They differ from the grasses, for those gathered late in the autumn retain their color better than the first ferns of June. The sap has hardened in their leaves. We have gathered them late in November, when they were surrounded by snow, and they have kept green all the winter.

The running fern is a lovely decoration for walls and pictures; its flowers add much to its grace and beauty, but it fades quickly, and by Christmas but a faint green remains. Dip them in Judson's dye (following the directions given on the bottle for dyeing ribbons) and you will keep their lovely colors. After they have been thoroughly pressed in heavy books, then dye them, spread on paper and dry in the shade, and then press them again. Thus treated, they will last for years. Maiden hair, the most graceful of our ferns, soon loses its color, but dyed, it is an addition to every collection of grasses or ferns.—*Horticulturist.*

HYACINTHS FOR THE SECOND SEASON.

E. C. Hiscox, writing to the Florist, says: "After Hyacinths have done their duty the first year in greenhouse or conservatory, I take them to that part of the garden where the sun shines all day, and plunge the pots to the rim in prepared and well-drained materials, mostly coal ashes. I leave them undisturbed till September or October, according to the time I want them to flower, and take them up, repotting them carefully in good sandy loam.

I have adopted this practice for the last two or three years, and have found it to answer well, especially in the case of the single varieties, which succeed best under this treatment. This season I have had the following beautifully in flower viz:—Prince Albert Victor, Lord Macaulay, Leonidas, Baron Humbolt, Voltaire, Alida Jacoba, Victor Hugo, Norma, L'Ornement de la Nature, Mont Blanc, and many others having spikes from six to eight inches in length."



BE GENTLE TO THY WIFE.

Be gentle, for you little know
How many trials rise,
Although to thee they may be small,
To her of giant size.

Be gentle, though perchance that lip
May speak a murmuring tone,
The heart may speak with kindness yet,
And joy to be thy own.

Be gentle; weary hours of pain
'Tis woman's lot to bear;
Then yield her what support thou canst,
And all her sorrows share.

Be gentle, for the noblest hearts
At times must have some grief;
And even in a pettish word,
May seek to find relief.

Be gentle, none are perfect here,
Thou art dearer far than life;
Then husband bear, and still forbear,
Be gentle to thy wife.

WHAT COUSIN GRACE'S WEDDING COST ME.

"HERE," said I, with a sort of triumph, "I believe my wardrobe, for the season, is at last in respectable order, and so good bye, for a little time, to shopping, visiting milliners and dress-makers, to cutting new garments, ripping, turning, making and repairing, such as I have been a martyr to all these weeks past."

"How long before the fashions will change, and you must change with them?" asked Leonidas, in his provokingly wise way.

"Now that is too bad," said I. "You know that I am not a slave to fashion, but do you suppose I shall want to wear my winter clothing next July? And here it is so late now that it is almost time to think of summer preparations already."

"Why not do as men do, rig up in the fall, and not wait till mid-winter before you are ready for the season. Here you have been telling that you could not make visits, or calls, or, in fact, scarce breathe till you had something fit to wear, and have been groaning over dress-making these six weeks, I do believe."

"That is just all men know about it," replied I tartly. "You can get your cloth, go to the tailors, to be measured, or else get a ready made suit, and there your trouble ends—provided you pay your bills. But only think of the delicious perplexity which we are in to know just what will be most fashionable for the season, and often we must wait till late, because the later styles, of goods and of making, are considered more *recherche* than the earlier ones. Then the waiting for dress-makers to do our cutting, or the more tiresome doing it all ourselves, is a task that mankind know nothing of, neither can they be made to understand the situation, in the least."

"I do not think we wish to," replied Leonidas.

"No, but you wish to see the ladies nicely dressed, and are quick enough to discover if they are not so. But really, I am thankful for a little respite, for though my work-basket is

full of plain sewing, I can venture, now I have something to wear, to make some calls, visits, and even to look at a book, or take a moment's rest occasionally, as well as feel at ease when my friends call, as I cannot when so driven with necessary sewing."

But alas, for my delightful anticipations! as it proved that

"The best laid plans of mice and men"
(As well as women) "oft gang a-gley,"

as surely they did in my case.

For the very next day, who but Cousin Grace should call, and, confidentially, tell me of her approaching marriage, at the same time giving me to understand that I should be expected to attend.

And then she told me of her own bridal outfit, of the guests expected, and there were Clarence's friends and family, "so stylish," that she had pride to do the best that could be done on the momentous occasion, and this, I also took as a quiet hint, that she should expect her friends to do their best also.

Here was a dilemma. I had certainly spent as much upon my wardrobe as I could justly afford to for this season, and in view of the hard times, I could not conveniently take more now. But I must go to Cousin Grace's wedding, and, in the evening, "full dress" was expected, and positively I had "nothing to wear," suitable and in good style, for the occasion. It was too late now to wish I had dispensed with the nice merino that I had just finished, and in place purchased a handsome evening dress, even though the former were far the most useful dress. And then to think of the trouble of purchasing and having made up another dress, with all the *et ceteras* needful to attend a grand wedding! O, I said, if one could only do as they consistently could on such occasions; if they could go for the friendly and social pleasure, without all the fore-agony that the preparation would induce, how delightful it would be.

But no, that could not be. I must have something new or stay at home, and that would look so odd. I wonder if really wealthy people, those who can spend their money without counting the dollars as they pass through their fingers, know how much some of the rest of us, who must manage with carefulness, and yet be presentable in good society, are made martyrs thereby? Grace's family were comparatively wealthy, and her intended husband's also, and it would not do for her relatives to appear to disadvantage, even if they were not rich. They must keep up appearances, at least, and can any one tell how much that costs, in more ways than one, unless they have been in circumstances to try it? If you have no stylish friends, and are content to move only in plain circles where you can dress in your own way, then it is not so very self-denying to be obliged to forego the fuss and feathers that a more ambitious acquaintance imposes upon one.

But to go back to my dress. Have one I must, though the pinch, I knew would have to come in somewhere—perhaps the pleasant journey and visit

that I had anticipated taking in the spring, would have to be given up, just for something to wear to make a show at Cousin Grace's wedding. Could I afford to give up so much for the small returns that the evening's entertainment would give me? But then I should have the dress, so I consoled myself a little by that thought.

After consulting with my dress-maker and looking over the Bazar, Demorest, and who knows what all of directions in the matter, I was able, after about a week's perplexity and hesitation, to nearly decide what I would have, and how to have it made. Then, with money that I begrudged for some more tangible good, the purchase was made and another seige at dress-making begun. Madame had told me how much material and trimming to get, but come to cut the dress, she proposed some change of plan, and two more yards must be bought, much as I demurred, in my mind, against it. For it does not do, you know, to question the dictum of your artiste, or to appear "small" when more material or findings are required.

So then I must go up town again for more goods, and back to have my cutting finished, or at least everything ready for it. Then the next day I must go again to try it on, and find it so snug that it is impossible to breathe in it, though madame assures me it fits beautifully. But here I am independent. I flatly affirm that I cannot live in a vise, and after some expostulation the seams are basted over, though even then I declare that they must be stitched outside the basting. Then madame gives me minute directions about the making up, for, with so much extra expense, I cannot afford to leave it with her to finish, as much as I wish to do so.

But oh, to have such a delicate, intricate task before me, when I had promised myself a little rest, and a brief space to really live—not just exist for the sake of getting up something to wear, as now seemed my fate. But by the time I was ready to begin the trimming of my dress, I had forgotten some of madame's directions and so must needs trouble, both her and myself, by another visit to her shop. And then to my dismay, I found that more lace would be required, so that the expense kept swelling more and more, while that, and the care which so nice a job was for me, together with my other household cares and confinement indoors, when I needed rest and recreation, made me blue, and, I fear, ill-natured not a small share of the time. To be sure, there was the zest of seeing the beautiful costume grow into perfectness beneath my touch; yet there was the discouragement of oft repeated failures, and taking out stitches and re-arranging, which most of my lady readers can readily sympathize with. And on a dress like this, where one would be more than usually nice, it seemed the failures were more than usual.

Then, with all, was the thought of the bridal present that must of course, be selected for the occasion. I knew that it was more than I could afford, to make such a present as the occasion demanded, and yet it would be expected, and I felt would look ungrudgingly to withhold, as it seemed was

a plain duty to do. Could I only give Gracie, in a quiet way, some token of love of my own handiwork, which would be taken as such, and heartily prized, then it would be only a pleasure to think of it, and to do my happiest for love's sweet sake. But no, whatever she might think, there were others who would judge differently, and as bridal presents are for a show; and one's regard is measured by the value of such gifts, it was necessary for Gracie's friends to be as thoughtful for her, as her husband's probably would be.

But oh, the worrying vexation, the anxiety, and the going beyond one's means which this fashion, as it is carried out in these days, even in the more humble circles as well as high ones! And if one has a large circle of acquaintances, how many are forced to level tribute; not because they would of their own free will, not because they owe it to their friends, and not, in many cases, because lavish bridal gifts are needed; but because fashion demands it and her demands, inexorable as they may be, must be obeyed. It is all very proper for parents and one's immediate family to remember the bride, and give fitting presents, and such as are needful; but why should the duty extend as far as it does to others? till perhaps the bride has more gifts than she can use, and duplicates of articles, ornamental and useful, while the giver may be suffering for the very money that such gifts took unwillingly from his, or her, own pocket?

It is a custom we may bitterly cry against, but how few of us have the independence to resist it. We must see our gifts, with our cards, among others or else we are miserable; for what will the other guests at the wedding think of such a slight to the bride? Then Gracie will feel hurt also, though I know she has railed at the custom quite as much as I have; and when required to lavish something handsome to pay for an invitation to a wedding she has wished the fashion had never been invented; for some one would be sure to eclipse her in their gifts, and that would be almost worse than not giving at all. But now she is sensitive on this same point, not so much, I fancy, because she covets the gifts for themselves, but because, as fashion is so constituted, that if she does not receive handsomely, she fancies it will look like a mark of neglect to herself. So there it is; we each and all asking what Mrs. Grundy will say if we do not give, and Grace, what she will say if she does not receive presents on the occasion.

So it was evident I must incur another extra expense in the present line, and really I had made no allowance for extras, of this kind, during the present hard year. I knew there would be ways that would demand all that could be spared, and where the heart and the needs of the case would prompt to acts of kindness or benevolence; but was this either? In fact, I do not think that I thought so seriously of it till after the excitement of the wedding was past; not till demands came that I must refuse, and then my heart was sore, and I felt reproachful for my inconsistency.

But to return to my dress. It was

at last completed in good season for the occasion, and I had the satisfaction of feeling well dressed, so that Gracie need not question my taste, or her friends think me dowdy. But after, when I saw some wealthy ladies there, who made no effort at full dress, but did as happened to please themselves, I asked myself if I might not have done the same? If I might not, with a little additional ornamentation, have improvised a dress for the occasion out of the wardrobe I already had, and at the same time have been well enough, if not pleasingly dressed.

And here were all those days, and weeks even, in which I had anticipated little ease, and doing, and enjoying a multitude of little things, and taking pleasure, and as I hoped doing some good in a more quiet way than had been my course. But now the time had passed and with the passing, other pressing labors and cares had come to consume my time, and take my attention, so where had the season gone? Altogether, it had seemed unprofitable, and the hours of life, which hold so much in their possibilities, had passed, realizing so little of the true meaning of life. Thus, I am still as before, A MARTYR OF THE PERIOD.

SPINNING AND WEAVING.

The arts of both spinning and weaving are of very great antiquity, and were known to the ancients long before the time of Abraham. Mummy cloths, in a good state of preservation, are exhibited in the British Museum, that were woven more than three thousand years ago. They are made of the finest linen, and for quality have never been excelled. Before the invention of modern machinery spinning and weaving were of a domestic nature, and were prominent features of household economy. The fiber, whether of wool, flax or cotton, was drawn out and twisted into threads by means of a small upright wheel that was part of the furniture of almost every family.

Spinning is one of the primary arts, and was developed by the growth of civilization. The system in its first crude efforts is supposed to have originated in India, and even to this day the natives of that country excel all others in the fineness of their linen threads and the luxurious elegance of their soft and richly dyed carpets.

The Anglo-Saxons were at an early day proficient in domestic spinning, both in wool and flax. In the seventh century the undergarments, gowns and stockings of the higher classes were made of fine linen. Before the close of the same century the ladies of Great Britain had attained such excellence in weaving that they worked gold and silver threads into linen, after a pattern traced on the fabric, and linen webs were woven with shuttles filled with wool threads of purple.

At a later period women of all grades were accustomed to spin; but from the fact that the unmarried ones were more fully occupied in this manner, we have derived the word "spinster." History speaks of the four daughters of King Edward the Elder as famous for their skill in spin-

ning, weaving and needlework. These accomplishments procured for them husbands distinguished as four of the first princes in Europe.

Before the science of the moderns banished the spinning-wheel some extraordinary feats were accomplished with it. A woman in Norfolk, England, spun a pound of wool into a thread 84,000 yards in length, which is nearly forty-eight miles. Still later another young woman spun a pound of combed wool into a thread of 168,000 yards; and she actually produced from the same weight of cotton a thread of 203,000 yards, equal to upwards of 115 miles. This thread, if woven, would produce twenty yards of yard-wide muslin.

The spinning of both cotton and wool by machinery has been of incalculable service to mankind. On account of the cohesion of the fibers of the flax and the irregularity of the threads, which are ill adapted for spinning, until a recent date the work of spinning linen was almost entirely performed by hand. The first tolerably good results in machine spinning were attained by the brothers Girard, of Paris, who were quite successful in the undertaking about the year 1810. Great difficulties, however, beset the work, and it was never highly successful until some time later.

Leeds, in Yorkshire, Dundee, in Scotland, and Belfast, in Ireland, have the credit of being the first seats of the linen trade, where the spinning of flax by machinery has reached a state of perfection little short of that attained in cotton and woolen. It was the result of the early experiments in France, however, that suggested to Jacquard the invention of his celebrated loom, which has had the effect of revolutionizing the trade of the world.

But, with all the improvements made by modern science in spinning and weaving, the quality of hand-spun and hand-woven linen still maintains its superiority, and under the present system lace equal to old-fashioned point lace, pillow lace or drawn lace cannot be manufactured.

HOME MADE PERFUMERY.

The ordinary method of obtaining the perfume of flowers, and one that has been employed for ages, is by distillation. Shakespeare tells us that

"—flowers distilled, though they with winter meet,
Lesse but their show; their substance s'll lives sweet."

or, in plain prose, that by distilling flowers we may possess their sweetness in winter, when their beauty has passed away.

The odor of flowers is due to a minute portion of a volatile oil, which is continually generated and given off by the plant. When the flowers are distilled with water, the essential oil rises with the steam and is condensed with it in the receiver. But the fragrant principle may be obtained in another way, which, as it requires no apparatus, may furnish an agreeable recreation to some of our readers who have flower-gardens and plenty of leisure. The sweetness that would otherwise be wasted on the summer air may thus be saved to delight the

sense long after the blossoms that exhaled it have perished.

Gather the flowers, with as little of the stalk as possible, and put them in a jar three-quarters full of olive or almond oil. After they have soaked in the oil for twenty-four hours, the whole must be put into a coarse cloth bag, and the oil squeezed out; then fresh flowers are to be added, and the process repeated for twenty days or more, according to the strength of the perfume desired. When the odor of only one species is wanted, an immense number of the flowers are necessary to produce a scented oil, and special cultivation would be required to furnish them; but the amateur may use almost any sweet-scented flowers that come to hand, and get a mixed perfume, or *mille-fleurs* ("thousand flowers," as the French call it. The smaller kinds are to be preferred for the purpose, such as sweet pea, mignonette, stocks, clove pink, etc.

The larger blossoms are not adapted for use by the novice, as the odor they impart does not compensate for the space they take up. The oil, when thoroughly perfumed, is to be mixed with an equal quantity of strong "deodorized" alcohol, and shaken every day for a fortnight; after which the spirit may be poured off quite clear and bright, and will be found highly charged with the odoriferous principle that was collected in the oil. Flowers that are going out of bloom are as good for this purpose as those in their prime; so that the garden need not be despoiled of its beauty for the experiment. To quote Shakespeare again—

"Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made."

We presume that most persons would prefer to buy their perfumes rather than to manufacture them in this way; but some may enjoy the work for its own sake, and consider that the fragrant product is worth all the time and trouble it has cost.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

WHO WORE THE FIRST RING.

"Conclusive evidence is not attainable," remarks a recent writer, "when rings were first used." But the fact is plain, they are of great antiquity, were always worn as tokens of trust, insignia of command, pledges of faith and alliance, and, equally strange, as marks of servitude. The religious system of Zoroaster is exceedingly ancient, and in some of the old sculptures of that sect images hold a ring, indicative of omnipotence and power. And to this day the Persians, Hindoos, and all the Eastern nations, attach great significance to the ring. The Egyptians were particularly fond of this ornament. There are specimens in the Museum of the Louvre. Some date as far back as the reign of Moeris.

At the British Museum there is an exceedingly fine specimen. This is a ring of the finest gold, of the Ptolemaic or Roman period, with figures of Serapis, Isis, and Horus. The same collection has also others of a similar metal, set with the scarabeus or sacred beetle. Others have the names of Thothmes III and Rameses III. The

most ancient ring in existence is that formerly worn by Cheops, the builder of the great pyramid, found in a tomb in the vicinity of that monument, of the finest gold, with hieroglyphics. Sundry passages of Holy Writ prove the antiquity of rings. When Pharaoh confided the charge of all Egypt to Joseph, he took the ring from his finger and committed it to him as a symbol of command. Ahasuerus did in like manner to his favorite Haman, and subsequently to Mordecai.

The impression of the Monarch's ring had the force of a command. "Write ye also to the Jews, as it liketh you, in the king's name, and seal it with the king's ring, for the writing which is written in the king's name and sealed with the king's ring, may no man reverse." Rings among the God-favored people, when used as seals, were called "tabaoth," the name of a root, signifying to imprint and also to seal. They were commonly worn on the little finger of the right hand.

A HINT TO THE LADIES.

To be sure the heads of the best regulated households are apt to grumble while paying their wives' dress-making bills. Yet men are usually fastidious in regard to woman's dress. Even those who are careless in regard to their own attire take delight in seeing their wives neat in appearance. They admire coquettish garments, neatly dressed hair and all the thousand tasty and fanciful little articles with which young women adorn themselves, more than they would be willing to allow. The neatness and order which charmed them, too often gives place to a slovenly morning gown, frowsy hair, slipshod and unlaced shoes, and the like; for many women who made it a study to please the men they wish to marry, display great carelessness in dress after marriage.

Men do not like this. They reason that women should have the same desire to please the men they have chosen, after marriage as they did before it. The last new song loses its charm coming from the lips of a slattern. The poetry goes out of life at a glance, and the household loses its brightness. The wife, who on account of household cares, neglects her personal appearance, commits a grave mistake, which too often bears bitter fruit, and their husbands leave their society for that of others without really knowing the cause; most men are too proud to tell them.

Let women always give the same care to their dress after marriage which they gave it before, and not rush from the room to "dress up" only when there is a prospect of "company." Let them consider that which gives them a charm in the eyes of their friends has a like effect on a husband, and they will see that he will not have so many business calls in the city in the evening, but will have the same delight in their society as in the days of courtship.

—Gray veils are said to keep the face from tanning more effectually than those of any other color.



MOTHER'S BOYS.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,—
The traces of small muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry, glowing
All spotless with blossoms and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands;
And I see that your own household whiteness
All fresh in its purity stands.

Yes, I know my "black walnut" is battered,
And dented by many small heels;
While your own polished stairway, all perfect,
Its smooth, shining surface reveals.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many odd treasures and toys;
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharm'd by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day;
While you sit in your own unmolested,
And dream the soft quiet away.

Yes, I know I have jackets that wear out,
And buttons that never will stay;
While you can embroider, at leisure,
And learn pretty arts of "crochet."

And I know there are lessons of spelling,
Which I must be patient to hear;
While you may sit down to your novel,
Or turn the last magazine near.

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides
Where I must stand watchful, each night;
While you may go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;—
I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings;—
Yet I would not change places with you.

No!—keep your fair home, with its order,
Its freedom from trouble and noise;
And keep your own fanciful leisure;
But give me my four splendid boys!

N. Y. Observer.

WHO BROKE THE PITCHER.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

MRS. WHITE'S compliments, and she hopes you'll like the syrup, ma'am. It was made on her father's old place, and came all the way from Vermont; and the freckled-face girl put down her pitcher and awaited Mrs. Lemming's pleasure.

"Well, now, this is very kind of Mrs. White," said the lady, looking into the amber liquid with an appreciative glance. "She knows how very fond I am of maple syrup, and has sent this as a treat, Lillie bring me the crooked pitcher."

"Yes, mamma," answered a brisk voice, and little Miss Lillie danced off to the kitchen, whence she soon returned, bearing a singular, long, narrow-necked, antique pitcher, into which her mother at once proceeded to turn the sweet mixture.

"A taste, a taste, mamma!" cried the two children in chorus, as their mother reached up to the high mantle, and placed the treasure thereon.

"Not until supper time," said Mrs. Lemming, who believed in teaching children self-denial. "I am going over to your Aunt Carrie's now, and I am sure you will neither of you touch the pitcher until I return."

"I want some syrup," said Lillie, boldly. "So do I," echoed Will, "I cannot wait until supper."

Mrs. Lemming looked at the children

with a distressed face, at which they both were sorry, and promised not to touch or taste the coveted molasses.

The mother was gone just an hour. More than once she wondered if they would keep their word, and if it would not have been better to lock the syrup up. Somehow Mrs. Lemming did not believe in bolts and bars; she liked to put her children and her servants on their honor—to trust them, in fact, and hitherto the rule had worked well, not perfectly, perhaps, but reasonably well.

When the children were alone, they began to talk syrup.

"Didn't it look good?" said Lillie.

"Not half as good as it tastes," answered Will.

"It is sweet with a tang to it, just like—like cider."

"Is it as thick as sugar syrup?" queried Lillie.

"Thicker," said Will solemnly; "you can almost chew it."

"Why, then it would be maple wax!" Lillie replied.

"Haden't we better talk about something else?" urged Will; "I'm beginning to feel dreadful sweet."

"I'm going to look at it," said Lillie; "I didn't get a right color of it."

"You promised mamma not to touch it!" cried Will. "Oh! oh! Lillie Lemming!"

"Well, who is going to touch it? I'm just going to get up in the chair and peep over, till I can see into it. I guess that wouldn't break my promise," said Lillie, defiantly.

"I wouldn't be a girl and so curious for the world," said Will.

"And I wouldn't be a boy and a coward!" retorted Lillie.

Will answered by going out and banging the door, and then Lillie was afraid to look and the two crept away.

When Mrs. Lemming returned, she went into the sitting room, where a greivous sight presented itself. On the hearth-rug lay the broken pieces of her favorite pitcher, and the translucent syrup trickled far down on the clean carpet in an amber trail, while Lillie and Will, with spoons and a bowl, were trying to save some from the general wreck.

"We didn't do it," they cried simultaneously, as their mother appeared. "We most did, for we wanted to see it."

"You did," said Will, stoutly.

"And then we heard a crash, and were afraid to come in for a minute, and when we did, it was just this way," sobbed Lillie.

They then told their mother all that had been said, and she waited until after supper before she passed judgment upon them. She hated to think they would deceive her, and yet she knew how often and easily older people are lead into temptation.

"You know, Alice, you have often found that same pitcher emptied of cream when no one but the children were present. You must not be too lenient, and let them learn to deceive you," said Mr. Lemming.

"I dislike to enforce punishment on circumstantial evidence," replied his wife. "I shall wait until morning, and then, if no account more satisfactory can be given of the accident, I will punish them."

So the children ate their supper under the ban of their parents' displeasure, and, worse, under the anticipation of a probable severe punishment. They were not allowed to indulge in their usual pleasant chit-chat, or indeed to speak aloud at all, though Will got a chance to whisper to Lillie: "Did you break the pitcher, Lill?" and to hear the indignant response, "I guess not."

Sadly they went to their separate beds at an earlier hour than usual, while Mr. and Mrs. Lemming held a sorrowful council over their probable deceit. They were interrupted by Ingbar, the German girl who came to them with a long story in poor English, about a cat under the bed.

"It spoken and spoken. I can nitch come it out," she said.

So Mr. Lemming went up stairs and sure enough, under Ingbar's bed, was the family cat, mewing disconsolately, and holding up a wounded forepaw, covered with a mass of something that, on close inspection, proved to be maple syrup.

Here, then, was the thief. It was all as clear as day. Puss had abstracted milk from the jug, by dipping her fore foot in, and withdrawing it covered with cream. On this occasion she had put it down too far into the narrow, intricate neck, and in her fright had pulled the pitcher down, cutting her foot, and frightening herself badly.

"Seen her, I have, do so many times," said Ingbar.

So the children were taken back into favor, and their mother never doubted them again; and Miss Puss never after indulged blindly in luxuries.

A TEACHER'S PLEA FOR CHARLIE.

BY SOPHIE M. HALL.

"What shall we do with Charlie?"

A mother's heart of tender love prompted this anxious query which I heard not long ago; but tender love and deep solicitude brought no returning answer. Surely, thought I, this same Charlie has strayed into my school-room, and the mother's earnest question found an echo in my heart.

We need not describe our Charlie's too familiar characteristics. Catch the flash and sparkle of mischievous eyes; watch the restless motions of the well formed head, with its wealth of shining hair; note the ministerial gravity that eclipses for a time sparkle and smile, when a reproving glance is turned toward him; and you will know full well which one, among a group of merry children, is our Charlie.

He is a little boy, not seven years old, perhaps, but there is a world of wisdom, not worldly, but child-wisdom, stowed away under his curling locks. He puts all old time theology to flight; Solomon's proverb holds no grim terror for his daring heart; he sets all "fine-spun" theories upon "moral suasion" at defiance. There is no rule that he does not openly disobey; no frown so terrible that he trembles before it. He is called thus early "little scamp," and "good-for-nothing," even before the look that baby-faces wear has faded.

But we know better, Charlie and I,

warm, passionate, courageous little heart, does it count for nothing? His restless energy is lovable, though it spends itself in whistling, shouting, and alas! sometimes (for he has his sins too, little Charlie) in energetic sentences rounded by an oath. The scape-goat of the school, the terror of the teacher, the torment of his friends, what can we do with Charlie?

There is healthful life, not living death, where Charlie is. Others may feel dull and drowsy, but he, never. How many times we have tried to quell this turbulent spirit, but how vainly. Punishment brought proud defiance that crushed our hope. Lesson-tasks were learned with a swift alacrity that proved our philosophy at fault. Alone, and with his restless hands in ours, and gazing into the clear eyes, we have tried to find the hidden door to Charlie's heart; but know ourselves at last, to be only on the outer threshold still.

Ah! Charlie, we feel somehow that your future lies greatly in our hand; and looking in your eyes, we see the dwarfed, but eager, throbbing manhood in your boy-nature, and so take courage. Glancing down the long procession of the years we see a nobler and manlier Charlie, winning some of life's most glorious battles. Surely you are worth saving.

Mother, teacher, did you ever sing to Charlie? Try it, watch his kindling eye, and glowing cheek, and know that now at length has opened wide the door of Charlie's heart. Sing something low and sweet, and teach him to sing with you. You will see the earnest longing of the boy-heart after the good above him, in his eyes; and then for the first time, perhaps, you will know that heaven does not bend so very far above our Charlie's reach. Sing something with Charlie that is like the grand swelling and dying of organ tones, or the stately stepping of an army's march, then watch the flashing and glowing of great resolves on the sweet baby face. Let eye and smile answer to his, and closer, closer still you are nearing the opened door. Ah! these dear old home-songs. Let each prove one of life's many Jacob-ladders, by which we all may climb a little nearer heaven.

Are the faces in the school-room, or narrower home circle, frowning or unhappy? Certain we may be that something very like our own heavy burdens cumber the path their little feet are treading. Remembering our childhood days, now lying far back among the years, let us help them take their burden and carry it, with song.

Are the feet restless, the hands seeking everywhere for mischief, the eyes flashing glances into each nook and corner in search of something funny? As a safety valve for the imprisoned energies, let us sing. Charlie's voice is more remarkable perhaps for earnestness than melody, and his round face crimson with the effort, but let the dear ringing voice sing on, shout on! There are sounds which, falling from his lips, would wound us with a harsher discord.

Troubles sometimes arise. Clouds droop their banners low over our spirits. One of the dark days in the lives of

pupil and teacher has come. Then we must sing. Courage will strengthen, faces brighten, the clouds will furl off from our sky, and new inspiration be gathered in every heart.

Our soldiers marched away from warmed and lighted home-hearths, while heart-beat and foot-beat kept time to the thundering of martial music. On dreary march or awful battle field, its inspiration led them on to victory. In every home and school-room there are strong though youthful soldier spirits. Let us cheer them on the march, and from a well-fought field, by our songs; and by these, too, convey the moral lesson, charm away the vexed, impatient spirit, and incite to earnest labor. Sing with animation and with sympathy, and happy looks will never fail to seek your face, and you may feel, at least, that you have stepped within the door in Charlie's heart.

A nation's hope is centred in these Charlies. Let us then be full of courage, knowing that as surely as we are leading their eager feet toward a noble manhood, so surely is our world swinging round from darkness unto light.

THE CARE OF INFANTS.

Number Four.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

The proper clothing of the infant is a matter of great importance, since the abrupt variations of our climate may materially impair the health at this tender age. It should be remembered that the infant, in every respect, is a frail creature, suddenly introduced into a new sphere of life, and of course exceedingly susceptible to all of the immediate causes of derangement and disease. Such a child may be kept too warm or too cold, though it may be that it oftener is the victim of exposure to cold than of the opposite extreme, while too great warmth may debilitate, weaken the powers of the system and lay the foundation of future disease, chills proving the immediate cause of such diseases.

One form of the abuse, the cruel treatment of children in this regard is seen in wrapping infants in an excess of blankets, even in warm weather, an excess based on the false idea that pure air is necessarily too cold for a child, or that breathing such under all circumstances endangers the health of the infant. Hence, in some communities where a low standard of intelligence exists, it is by no means unusual to see those infants closely wrapped in smothering blankets, the head included, utterly excluding a free admission of air, so closely encased in flannels, etc., that the little victim absolutely suffers from heat. In addition to the smothering effects of the exclusion of the pure air of heaven—as necessary for the infant as for the adult—such excessive heat and perspiration must necessarily so far debilitate as to defeat the intended object and render the child particularly liable to the attacks of disease, the immediate cause of which is a cold, rendered almost certain by such debilitating influences. After such treatment and as a necessary consequence of it, any slight exposure is almost

certain to produce symptoms of the croup, a cough, or at least the "snuffles." A child, therefore, may as certainly suffer from heat as from cold. The comfort point is always safe—neither too cold nor too warm.

But with our false ideas and our vanity there is far more danger of insufficient clothing, or rather a misplaced clothing, the parts of the system needing the most protection receiving the least attention. For example, while the body, the chest more especially, is often insufficiently clad, the limbs are oftener cruelly neglected, as any one may be convinced by observations in fashionable life—an utter disregard of well established principles announced in the direction, "Keep the head cool and the feet warm." As strange as it may seem, the head is far better protected than the feet, while it is seldom that the head needs special care.

Dame Fashion—cruel and relentless as she is—demands that the arms, legs, upper part of the chest, etc., should be exposed, those parts demand special care—more especially the feet. It is by no means unusual to see the arms of the tender infant of only a few weeks, or days even, of age entirely nude, purple and shriveled, the victim actually suffering from the cold. Indeed these infants are frequently carried out in the biting winds and frosts of winter with far less protection against the severity of the weather than is worn even by the mother, while the father might regard himself as almost a suicide, endangering life by exposure, if not far better protected than his child. Such a father would deem his wardrobe insufficient if his arms are not protected by flannels, a thick lined undercoat, a thicker lined overcoat, six thicknesses at least, while the arms of his little one are covered by a fancy blanket, or its equivalent—a mere apology for protection. And then the feet. What have they to protect them to correspond even with the thick-soled goat or calf boots of the mother, or the thicker boots of the father and the comfortable arctics incasing a good, substantial boot? Are these infants, frail and tender, more hardy, more capable of resisting these rigors than their parents? If not we may reasonably infer that either the one is over-clad or the other under-clad.

The treatment to which these dear ones are subjected, both in reference to the stomach and the care of the limbs, etc., is such that if a parallel should be found in the treatment of "our dumb animals," at least in this state, it would subject the heartless offender to summary punishment—justly visited upon him. Such cruelty is too manifest to admit of doubt and scarcely finds a parallel in barbarous society. The Chinese, at least, under certain circumstances, in the depths of their superstition and ignorance, may compress the feet of their children, or the benighted Indian compress the heads of their infants, rendering them flat, yet such acts are deeds of kindness in comparison with the treatment of many of our infants in this enlightened age and country.

If the mother would properly protect her infant let her use clothing corresponding to the weather and to

the circumstances, remembering that the child is frail, and that the extremities need special care. Let her cover the arms, neck, chest, legs and feet so warmly that the frosty winds cannot pierce them. Let her provide them bountifully with leggings, armlets, wristlets, substantial boots with high legs, all made of warm materials, remembering that a single cotton hose is not sufficient protection to the limbs of a little girl, while a boy wears thick boots and woolen long stockings. Avoid both extremes.

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. Strongest minds are often those of whom the world hears least. 2. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. 3. Edgar A. Poe.

4. I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart, hot and restless,
And the old, subdued and slow,
And forever, and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;
The moon and its broken reflection,
And its shadow shall appear,
As the symbol of love in Heaven,
And its wavering mirage here.

5. A rtful L
B enon I
R ui N
A reti C
H er O
A dmira L
M usli N

6. Pine. 7. Pear. 8. Apple. 9. Beech. 10. Elm. 11. Fig. 12. Palm. 13. Maple. 14. Willow. 15. Hoe-cake.

17. C
C O T
C A N O E
C O N S I S T
C O N D E M N E D
C O N S E Q U E N C E
D I S C U S S E D
D I S E A S E
D O N O R
I C E
E

18. Maine. 19. New Hampshire. 20. Delaware. 21. Massachusetts. 22. North Carolina. 23. Providence. 24. I dare do all that may become a man,

Who dares do more is none.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of thirty letters. My 16, 3, 20, 13 was an important town of Lycia where St. Paul, on his voyage to Rome, entered the ship in which he was wrecked off the coast of Malta.

My 26, 2, 15, 21, 10 was a town near Joppa, where St. Paul performed one of his greatest miracles; it is also noted for being the native place of St. George.

My 28, 7, 29, 4, 14 was one of the rivers of Paradise.

My 8, 19, 11, 24 was the father of Gaddi the Manassite spy.

My 5, 27, 30, 9 is a bird that was pronounced unclean by the Mosaic law. My 1, 17, 20, 30, 26, 6 was a beautiful tree that grew on the hills about Jerusalem.

My 9, 18, 4, 23, 12 was one of the

valuable commodities of Tyrian merchandise brought to Tyre by the men of Dedan.

My 25, 22, 13, 29 was a Hebrew measure that was in common use in the Jewish household.

My whole may be found in the book of Matthew.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My 1st is in anthem but not in hymn, My 2nd is in feather but not in trim, My 3rd is in velvet but not in silk, My 4th is in cream but not in milk, My 5th is in pretty but not in proud, My 6th is in meteor but not in cloud, My 7th is in brother but not in his, My whole a place of amusement is.

LETTER CHANGE.

3. I am a tree; prefix a letter, I am what we all want; by changing my first letter, I cut a swell; I am a wound; I am food; I inflict; I am a confused mass; I am hasty; I am part of a window; I make clean.

BOTANICAL PUZZLES.

4. A color and a call to church.
5. Tattered and a tar.
6. Seizing and a small insect.
7. A country and a color.
8. A friar and a covering for the head.
9. A conveyance and a body of people.
10. Sweet and the crest of a bird.
11. A bird and to impel.
12. A cunning animal and a covering for the hand.
13. The time of day.

DECAPITATIONS.

14. From side to side and fretful.
15. A kind of grain and to warm.
16. To stifle and a parent.
17. Disabled and directed.
18. A piece of crockery and behind-hand.
19. A month and part of a circle.
20. To stop and comfort.
21. To gather and reclining.
22. A piece of furniture and a part of the head.
23. Staff of life and to con.

CHARADE.

24. I know a little girl that loves
My first in every form,
And yet it will not buy her bread,
Or keep her body warm.

My second was a king,
In foreign lands did dwell,
The name of many an urchin now,
So guess before I tell.

My whole in many a garden grows,
And rears its scarlet crown,
Stately o'er modest, lowly flowers,
That at its feet lie down.

A STRING OF FISH.

25. Throw that orange peel away.
26. James had your book.
27. That was almond candy I gave you.

28. Those are the best articles of the kind.

29. I shall not go that route again.
30. That must be spiked on.

ANAGRAM.

31. Ew readyl yub rou leapsrues; we rpaye yb meso pede fusniger; ro hyte ceday, ro nacheg ot naip, dan rucse su yb rithe asyt.

SQUARE WORDS.

32. To soar; a fruit; to beguile; conclusion; sleeps.
33. Suffering; a division of land; a flower; a bird's home.



MANUFACTURING GREEN TEA.

LET us suppose that we are witnessing the preparation of green tea. It being quite exceptional to meet with a tea-farmer who is likewise a manipulator, the sun-dried leaves are frequently conveyed many leagues; but the further they are removed, and the longer they remain in the unmanufactured condition, the more likely they are to deteriorate. Under favorable circumstances, the leaves usually reach the pans within two hours after being plucked. The pans are half filled, and the heat so regulated as to increase very slowly, yet not beyond a point which would prevent a workman using his bare hands. Keeping the leaves in constant motion for five minutes, he scoops out the whole with a curved porcelain implement into a bamboo basket, transferring its contents to the rolling table or frame, around which several manipulators are seated. The first grasps as many leaves as his two hands can contain, which he works into a ball, employing all the pressure at his command, and rolling the mass about on the tables at intervals. It is then passed on to the next, who gently bruises it, rapidly twisting each leaf between the finger and thumb of both hands; alternately rolled, then disintegrated and retwisted, the ball passes from one to another round the table, and is finally rubbed between the palms of the last workman's hands into a shallow vessel, which, when full, is once more emptied into the heated pan.

At the second roasting the charcoal fire is partially smoothed in ashes, in order that a minimum heat may be evolved, but the leaves are not permitted to remain a moment quiescent. Thus far they are still moist, soft, and slightly glutinous to the touch, so that they readily retain much of the configuration or twist imparted by the dexterous fingers of the manipulators. At this stage the superintendent, going round the pans and tables, decides what further treatment the contents shall undergo; the larger leaves, according to quality, being again rolled with a continuous circular motion on the tables, so as to produce Gunpowder, Imperial, and Twankey; while the younger, smaller, and finer, which meanwhile have been rapidly picked out by boys, are twisted, leaf by leaf, several times, into Young Hyson, etc.

During the interval the furnaces are livened up, and the pans heated to a point short of redness. For about an hour their contents are roasted, but kept in continual motion. When no more vapor rises, and the leaves have assumed a fixed, dull green, they are considered safe from fermentation if kept from the damp, and may be permitted to remain unfinished for twenty-four hours, or till all the picking on hand has been similarly treated. The following morning the tea is passed through a wipnowing machine, and afterwards through

graduated sieves, which finally determine the qualities. Each sort, carefully kept separate, is again roasted from one to four times, the coloring pigment being applied before the second last firing. Formerly the coloring powder was composed of chunam or native lime, and Prussian blue; but an innovation has found favor in the shape of a mixture of extra-calculated chunam and finest soft indigo, modified as occasion may require by the use of turmeric.

Doubtless this change is referable to the injurious effects on the constitutions of green-tea drinkers, which European writers ascribe to the use of Prussian blue; strictures with which the large tea-merchants and native brokers could not fail to be come acquainted during their frequent intercourse with foreigners at the various treaty ports. This powder being in readiness, the workman scatters it in the form of impalpable dust over the contents of the pan, in the proportion of about one ounce to fourteen pounds of tea; he then thoroughly manipulates the whole with his hands till the color is equally distributed, taking care that during the operation the furnace fire is damped. Five minutes usually serve to complete this operation.

During the various stages, two boys attached to each workman have been busy picking out all coarse leaves and stalks which may have escaped the sieves. This they accomplish with the utmost dexterity, without in the least retarding progress. The next step sees the tea conveyed to the picking and classifying room, where it is carefully gone over by females. From this chamber, after a final roasting, it is removed to the packing-room, which is maintained at a high temperature; the classes are separately bulked and packed in a hot condition, when the packages are immediately soldered up, ready for exportation.—*The Food Journal*.

HOW AND WHAT TO EAT.

From a tract published by the Ladies' Sanitary Association, London, as copied by the Home Monthly, we make an extract:

We should never eat when we have just come from fatiguing work, or from a long walk. The stomach sympathizes with the rest of the body, and cannot enter on its work of digestion until it has had some rest. Fatal consequences are sometimes the result of "bolting" a meal after excessive fatigue. If we can sit or lie down for ten minutes only, let us do so, and a half hour of rest is still better.

Second, We should be particular in the mastication of our food. Persons who have good teeth need only a little patience. Those who have not, should eat their food as small as possible, so as to imitate mastication. It should be known to every one that the saliva acts a very important part in digestion. It should be mixed with the food in the mouth and swallowed with it. Some persons have a habit of spitting out this saliva every few minutes, and especially before they speak. This is an unhealthy and offensive habit, to call it by no other name.

Thirdly, We should eat slowly. And in order to be able to do this, our labor presses us, it is better to eat only a light luncheon in the middle of the day, and take one hearty meal after the day's work is done. Then we are at ease; we have time to laugh and talk over the day's doings while we take our food: we are not obliged to finish at any given minute and hurry away to work.

Children need to eat often—oftener than we do—because they have not only to repair the daily waste, like ourselves, but to accumulate the means of increased growth. Children are also superfluously active, and waste strength in that way. They should have as much to eat as they want; not as much as you think best, because you do not know how much they want or need. Your own appetite is a good guide for you. So it is for your children. Do not tell them that bread and butter is not good for little boys, and that sugar spoils their teeth.

Light bread and sweet butter are very good for them, and as they generally dislike fat meat, you must allow them all the more sugar. A chemist will tell you that both fatty substances and saccharine or sweet substances are eventually oxidized in the body. Sugar is the form to which many other things have to be reduced before they are available as a heat-making food; and the formation of sugar is carried on in the body. It has been proved that the liver is a factory, in which other constituents of food are transformed into sugar. Now, it is probable that your boys really need sugar to make and keep them well, and it is fortunate that most children are fond of sweets. Children are very fond of vegetable acids; ripe fruit, if they can get it; if not, they will seize on unripe fruit.

The use of ripe fruit in bowel difficulties is quite important. Where the bowels do not act freely, it is often sufficient to give, not a dose of rhubarb, which the boy hates, but a saucer of ripe berries or a ripe apple before breakfast, which he does like. Some child, being asked "What was wrong?" answered, "Everything I want to do." And it does sometimes seem as if parents were occupied much more in denying than in gratifying their children's appetites. This is neither necessary nor fair. They get as tired of bread and milk as you would do. And what comes of it? Simply, that as soon as they have an opportunity, they indulge their love for fruits and sweets to excess. Then you think that it is the fruits and the sweets that do the harm, whereas, it is only the excess. Let your children eat what you do, and as much as they want, and, as you mean to eat only healthy food, they will be quite safe.

AMERICAN EATING.

"Well, then, let me tell you, that during my six years' residence in America, I saw nothing which surprised me so much as the way in which the Yankees eat and drink. Why, I really think it is worth an admission fee to stand at the end of a dining room and see a hundred Yankees at the dinner table. Each one has something to eat in one hand and something

to drink in the other. When the food hand goes up, the drink hand is down, and when the food hand goes down the drink hand goes up. It always reminded me of one of those walking beams on a steamboat—when one end is up the other end is down. Now, sir, I think that is the reason the American people are such dyspeptics. Why, sir, I believe that in a world's exhibition of dyspeptics your country could show more in number, and stronger in quality, than all the rest of the world."

THE DESERT.

"I want to know," said a creditor, fiercely, "when you are going to pay me what you owe me?" "When I'm going to pay you? Why, you're a pretty fellow! Do you take me for a prophet?"

The affectionate wife in Des Moines, Iowa, who gave her husband morphine to cure him of his longing for tobacco, discovered that the expenses of his funeral, economical as it was, would have kept him in the best of fine cut for years.

The Titusville Press says: "An intoxicated printer in East St. Louis wandered into a shoe shop in a fit of mental aberration and set up several sticksful of shoe pegs, and took a proof of his matter in the boot press before he realized his awful condition."

A fond father recently wrote: "It generally takes twenty years of training to eradicate the word 'nice' from a woman's vocabulary. The Falls of Niagara, the Psalms of David, and the progress of the human race were all 'nice' to my eldest till she got married."

An intoxicated man saw two cars passing him the other evening with red and blue lights in front and rear. His fuddled brain comprehended colored lights, and he was heard to say to himself: "Must be pretty sick—sickly here; they are running drug stores round on wheels."

A Scotch postmaster, puzzling out a very uncertain superscription to an Irish letter, jocosely remarked to an intelligent son of Erin, who stood by, that the Irish brought a hard set of games to Scotland. "That's a fact, yer honor," replied the Irishman, "but they get harder ones after they arrive here."

A German peddler sold a man a liquid for the extermination of bugs. "And how do you use it?" inquired the man, after he had bought it. "Ketch te bug, un drop von little drop into his mont," answered the peddler. "The deuce you do!" exclaimed the purchaser; "I could kill it in half the time by stamping on it." "Vell," calmly exclaimed the German, "dat is a good way, too."

A man sent a note to a rich neighbor who he was on friendly terms with, to borrow an ass for a few hours. The worthy old man was no scholar, and happened to have a guest sitting with him at the time, that he did not wish to expose his ignorance to. Opening the note and pretending to read it, after reflecting a moment, turned to the servant, "Very well," says he, "tell your master that I'll come myself, presently."



HOW TO HAVE SOUND TEETH.

SOUND, evenly formed, and white teeth, says an exchange, are an important feature in completing the beauty of the face. The charm of the face is entirely lost, if the motion of the mouth must be dreaded, lest it will reveal a row of discolored, decayed, or tartar-covered teeth. A countenance otherwise perfect is made hideous by a smile disclosing decay or uncleanness, where only perfect sweetness is endurable. Bad teeth are always and continually shocking; but teeth that are irregular in shape, if kept beautifully white, are always attractive. A homely face is made pleasing by a fine set of teeth. They are a continual surprise that calls forth admiration. Handsome teeth are surely "a joy forever."

The soundness of the teeth depends greatly on the health of the body, and they usually indicate the tone of the physical system. An acid stomach will crumble the strongest teeth, and the frequent use of powerful medicines affects them injuriously. Draughts of air, first of warm, then of cold, as the temperature of our breath is when inhaled and exhaled in the street, are fatal to the teeth; it is therefore important to acquire the habit of walking with the mouth closed. Fine teeth are often marred by biting thread. Ladies, when sewing, frequently bite off their thread and make niches in their front teeth which destroys their beauty. Cracking nuts with the teeth, or chewing hard substances, is destructive to their enamel which is their armor of protection. Persons should be particular to chew equally on both sides of their mouth, as masticating the food cleanses the teeth. It is their natural occupation, and therefore a healthy exercise.

Teeth of a bluish, pearly cast are the strongest and most enduring. The clear bone white teeth, that gleam from behind their crimson curtains like carefully draped gems of sculpture, are the kind that are the most subject to decay.

The durability of the teeth is very much influenced by the health of the gums. There are persons who never clean their teeth without causing their gums to bleed. This should be avoided by using a very soft brush and cold water.

It is useful to wash the teeth, once a week, with white soap, making the mouth as full as possible with "lather," so as to be closed to every particle of every tooth for a few minutes; because the tartar on the teeth is the product of a living thing, which is instantly killed with soap suds. A few persons have another living thing about the teeth, not affected by soap, but which is instantly killed with salt; hence each person is advised to wash the teeth with white soap once a week, and once a week with salt.

The teeth should be washed with a

stiff brush every morning on rising, by dipping it once in the water, and rubbing the teeth slowly, from the rear, from side to side, and finally twisting the brush, so that each bristle shall act as a tooth-pick at the joinings of the teeth, so as the more thoroughly to dislodge anything which might remain in the hollows between the ridges. The water in the brush combines with the saliva of the mouth, and, by its great softness, makes one of the best solvents in nature for any extraneous substance about the teeth. The teeth should be brushed immediately after each meal, with a soft old brush, with plenty of water, twisting it up and down as before. After each washing, the brush should be placed far back on the tongue, and also turned from side to side, so as to clear off the tongue; this does much towards freeing the teeth from the odor of the last thing eaten.

The best and safest tooth-wash in the world is tepid-water. There is not a tooth-powder in existence, or a tooth-wash, that does not inflict a physical injury to the teeth, and promote their decay. Each dentist has a powder of his own, which he sells at a thousand per cent. profit, which he may honestly imagine will do a positive good without any injury whatever, but he is mistaken. The teeth were never intended to be purely white. Every intelligent dentist knows that the whiter the teeth are, the sooner and more certain they will decay; he also knows that those teeth are the soundest, last the longest, and are the most useful, which have a yellowish tint; then why provide powders to take off this yellowish surface?

It is poor economy in money or comfort to neglect the teeth. Every person should have his teeth looked over twice a year by a good dentist. Small cavities can be filled with comparatively little pain attending the operation, and at a much less expense than when they have grown large from neglect and require a quantity of gold, and often treatment of the tooth for two or three days before the task can be successfully performed. There are few persons who take the trouble to properly cleanse their teeth, important as this duty is to their preservation. A little brushing on the outside, just enough to make them look well, answers the purpose with most people.

The teeth of children are badly neglected in nine cases out of ten. It is astonishing that mothers are so careless in this particular, when the beauty, health, and comfort of their children are so closely allied to the sound condition of their teeth. The latest theory of dentists is to fill the first teeth, and preserve them as long as possible. The second set are more likely to come in straight than when the milk-teeth are removed early.

Children cannot be made to clean their teeth thoroughly. They will omit the use of their tooth-brush altogether unless forced, and then they will not properly accomplish the task. Mothers should make it their especial duty to clean their children's teeth; and also to take them to the dentist's periodically to have their mouths inspected.

SUN-BATHS.

These cost nothing and are the most refreshing, life-giving baths one can take, whether sick or well. Every housekeeper knows the necessity of giving her woollens the benefit of the sun, from time to time, and especially after a long absence of the sun. Many will think of the injury their clothes are liable to from dampness, who will never reflect that an occasional exposure of their own bodies to the sunlight is equally necessary to their own health. The sun-baths cost nothing, and that is a misfortune, for the people are still deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money, and they will cheerfully pay away their dollars for Turkish and Russian baths, when they could get any number of sun-baths, which would be far more beneficial to them, for nothing.

Let it not be forgotten that three of God's most beautiful gifts to man—three things most necessary to good health—sunlight, fresh air and water—are free to all; you can have them in abundance, without money and without price, if you will. If you would enjoy good health, then see to it that you are supplied with pure air to breathe all the time; that you bathe for an hour or so in the sunlight; that you quench your thirst with no other fluid than water.

In regard to sun-baths, let any invalid, who reads this and who has been housed for sometime, take an occasional walk in the sun, if it should be only on the piazza, and observe the effect. In our opinion he will find it the most healthful bath he has ever taken. Sleeping rooms should be selected in such parts of the house as have the most benefit from the rays of the sun. The bed and bedclothes should be aired and kept in the sun as long as possible every day. Many of the sleeping-rooms in the hotels are so situated as never to feel the influence of the sun's rays, and those who occupy such rooms for any length of time are simply committing suicide. We have in mind now a large hotel in the vicinity of New York city, where not less than two hundred persons are usually located for the winter, in which a large proportion of the bedrooms are in the center of the building, into which the sunlight never penetrates. As a corollary, the doctor's gig is seen standing before the house at all hours of the day.

The Italians have a proverb which says: "Where the sun does not enter the doctor does;" and with them the first point to be considered in the selection of a house is: "What is its exposure to the sun?" and they are careful to locate their sleeping rooms on the side of the house where there will be the most sun. Again, too many houses in most of our cities and very many in the country villages are completely buried from the sun by shade-trees. Elegant establishments, houses whose occupants can command every luxury within the reach of wealth; saloons into which rank, beauty, and fashion are welcomed, but from which the sunlight of heaven is totally excluded by shade-trees.—*Selected.*

DISORDERS INCIDENT TO SPRING.

In the spring of the year pill-makers reap rich harvests from the sale of their nostrums. A single dealer has informed us that in a town of five thousand people, between the first of March and the first of June, he has sold as many as nine hundred boxes of pills. Of course they had been puffed well by almanacs devoted to that purpose. The reason why there is always such a demand for physic in the spring is because when the warm weather of March and April comes, people keep on eating too much food, more than can be managed by the stomach except during the cold winter weather. The result is, the stomach is over-taxed, the liver and bowels obstructed, the blood deteriorated and the patient for want of knowledge, knows no better than to resort to physic.

The true method always to be observed in such cases is, on the approach of spring, to eat less food, and that of a milder nature. The brown bread should take the place of white, if white is used in the winter. More fruit should be taken. Avoid stale vegetables. If you have not good potatoes, eat none, for poor potatoes are very unwholesome. If you have good potatoes, bake or boil them, and not fry or hash; eat with fresh cream instead of gravy or butter. Use freely canned fruit, or well kept apples; at least one meal each day should consist largely of fruit. Avoid fat meat, pastry, cakes, rich puddings; and live simply and naturally.

Every family should put by for spring use, sufficient good fruit to have it abundant during March, April and May, and as soon as strawberries ripen they should be used freely. Strawberries for those who have attacks of the disorders incident to spring are one of the best remedies that can be used. We pity the family that does not have them in abundance, and early ones too. Nature seems to have made them on purpose to meet a demand of the system in early summer, and we have known many cases of individuals being greatly improved by their free use.

Wilson, the ornithologist, was once ordered by an Indian doctor to live on strawberries in order to cure an obstinate dysentery, and to his surprise he was cured in less than a week. The tomato, which can be canned in almost unlimited quantities, so as to be as fresh and good in the spring as in autumn, should also be used freely, and not as an occasional luxury, but as a regular article of diet. They are especially wholesome at this season of the year. These simple rules followed, will in most cases prevent much disease and suffering.—*Herald of Health.*

—Sponge paper, a French novelty, is said to have all the peculiarities of sponge, absorbing water readily, and remaining moist a long time. It has been used as a dressing for wounds with considerable advantage. Evenly and finely divided sponge is added to ordinary paper pulp, and is worked, as in the common paper making apparatus, into sheets of different thickness.



MEMORIES OF THE HEART.

We may shred the moss-veil from the rose,
The blossom from the spray;
The bloom that pearls the luscious grape
A touch will brush away.
The vine may loosen from the tree
Which once it clung to fast;
But the heart will keep its memories
Till life itself be past.

The gold must die from sunset skies,
The purple from far hills;
The foam flower fade from opal waves,
Drought hush the babbling rills;
The earth grow cold and passionless
'Neath winter's bitter blast;
But the heart will keep its memories
Till time itself be past.

The flush will fade from cheek and brow;
The sweet smile wane and die;
The freshness leave the coral lip;
Tears dim the brightest eye;
Youth, beauty, hope and happiness,
And love, may die at last;
But the heart will keep its memories
Till life itself be past.

ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.

WE are indebted to the Italians for the idea of newspapers. The title of their *gazettes* was perhaps derived from *gazzeria*, a magpie or chatterer; or more probably from a farthing coin, peculiar to the city of Venice, called *gazetta*, which was the common price of the newspapers. Another etymologist is for deriving it from the Latin *gaza*, which would colloquially lengthen into *gazetta*, and signify a treasury of news.

The Spanish derive it from the Latin *gaza*, and likewise their *gazetero* and our *gazetteer* for a writer of the *gazette*, and, what is peculiar to themselves, *gazetista* for a lover of the *gazette*.

Newspapers, then, took their birth in that principal land of modern politicians, Italy, and under the government of that aristocratical republic, Venice. The first paper was a Venetian one; but it was merely the newspaper of the government. Other governments afterwards adopted the Venetian plan of a newspaper, with the Venetian name. From a solitary government gazette, an inundation of newspapers has burst upon us.

Those who first wrote newspapers were called by the Italians *menanti*, because, says Vossius, they intended commonly by loose papers to spread about defamatory reflections, and were therefore prohibited in Italy by Gregory XIII, by a particular bull, under the name of *menantes*, from the Latin *minantes*, threatening. Minage, however, derives it from the Italian *menare*, which signifies to lead at large or spread afar.

The first newspaper in the British Museum is marked No. 50, and is in Roman, not in black letter.

Periodical papers seems first to have been more generally used by the English, during the civil wars of Cromwell, to disseminate amongst the people the sentiments of loyalty or rebellion, according as their authors were disposed. *Peter Haglin*, in the preface to his *Cosmography*, mentions that "the affairs of each

town of war were better presented to the reader in the *Weekly Newsbook*." Hence we find some papers entitled "News from Hull," "Truths from York," "Warranted Tidings from Ireland," etc. We find, also, "The Scots' Dove opposed to the Parliament Kite, or The Secret Owl." Keener animosities produce keener titles: "Heraclitus ridens" found an antagonist, "Demeritus ridens," and "The Weekly Discoverer" was shortly met by "The Discoverer Stript Naked." "Mercurius Britannicus" was grappled by "Mercurius Mastix," faithfully lashing all Scouts, Mercuries, Poets, Spies, and others." Under all these names, papers had appeared; but a Mercury was the prevailing title of these News Books, and the principles of the writer were generally shown by the additional epithet. We find an alarming number of these Mercuries, which, were the story not too long to tell, might excite some laughter. They present us with a very curious picture of those singular names.

In the reign of Queen Anne, there was but one daily paper; the others were weeklies. Some attempted to introduce literary subjects, and other topics of a more general speculation. *Sir Richard Steele* formed the plan of his *Father*. He designed it to embrace the three provinces of morals and manners, of literature and politics.

The public were to be conducted insensibly into so different a track from that to which they had been hitherto accustomed; hence politics were admitted into the paper. But it remained for the chaster genius of Addison to banish the painful topics from his elegant pages. The writer in polite letters felt himself degraded by sinking into the diurnal narrator of political events which so frequently originate in rumors and party faction. From this time, newspapers and periodical literature became distinct works.—*Pure Gold*.

EFFECTIVE READING.

When the elder Booth was residing in Baltimore, a pious, urbane old gentleman of that city, hearing of his wonderful power of elocution, one day invited him to dinner, although always deprecating the stage and all theatrical performances. A large company sat down to the table, and on returning to the drawing room, one of them asked Booth, as a special favor to them all, to repeat the Lord's Prayer. He signified his willingness to gratify them, and all eyes were fixed upon him. He slowly and reverently arose from his chair, trembling with the burden of two great conceptions. He had to realize the character, attributes and presence of the Almighty Being he was to address. He was to transform himself into a poor, sinning, stumbling, benighted, needy, suppliant, offering homage, asking bread, pardon, light and guidance.

Says one of the company present, "it was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes, turned tremblingly upwards, were wet with tears. As yet he had

not spoken. The silence could be felt; it had become absolutely painful, until at last the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich toned voice syllabled forth, "Our Father which art in heaven," etc., with a pathos and fervid solemnity that thrilled all hearts.

He finished; the silence continued; not a voice was heard nor a muscle moved in his rapt audience, until, from a remote corner of the room, a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman (the host) stepped forward, with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand. "Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day, from boyhood to the present time, I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer; but I never heard it before, never!" "You are right," replied Booth; "to read that Prayer as it should be read caused me the severest study and labor for thirty years and I am far from being satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness, and grandeur can be condensed in a space so small, and words so simple. That Prayer itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible, and stamps upon it the seal of divinity."

CORRECT SPEAKING.

We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of correct speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as possible any use of slang words or phrases. The longer you live the more difficult the acquirement of correct language will be, and if the golden age of youth, proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in abuse, the unfortunate victim, if neglected, is very properly doomed to talk slang for life.

Money is unnecessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears, to from his taste from the best speakers and poets in the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which shows the weakness of vain ambition, rather than the polish of an educated man.

THE REVIEWER.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for February, the second number of the new volume, fairly sparkles with brilliant, interesting, and attractive articles. In this number Mr. George MacDonald's long-promised serial story, "Malcolm," really begins. It is brimful of fine Scotch humor. Its characters are skillfully and clearly drawn. It is altogether a most stirring and captivating story, one of the author's very best. The continuation of "The New Hyperion" maintains the universal interest already created,—an interest which is constantly surprised and intensified by the singularly original and suggestive illustrations of Dore. "Josephine and Malmalson," illustrated, is an interesting sketch of Napoleon's life at Malmalson and of his relations with Josephine, by Marie Howland. "Kismet," an Eastern poem, by George H. Boker, will command universal attention. "Among the Alligators" is a lively Florida

hunting sketch, by S. C. Clarke. This number also contains "A Queen's Adventure," a very sprightly paper, by R. Davey; and "A Famine in the East," by Fanny R. Feudge. "Our monthly Gossip" in the February number is equal in style and variety to any of its predecessors, and to say that is to commend the Magazine to all readers of refined taste and good judgment. J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers, 715 and 717 Market St., Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST for January commences Vol. VIII of this popular Illustrated Magazine of Natural History. The contents are: Notes from the Journal of a Botanist in Europe, by Dr. W. G. Farlow; Ornithological Notes from the South—I. South Carolina, by C. Harte Merriam; Botanical Observations in Western Wyoming, by Dr. C. C. Parry; Animal Life of the Cuyamaca Mountains, by Dr. J. G. Cooper; On the Relationship between Development and the Sexual Condition in Plants, by Dr. John Stockton Hough; Rambles of a Botanist in Wyoming Territory, I., by Rev. E. L. Greene; The present Aspects of Biology and the Method of Biological Study, by Prof. Allman; Reviews and Book Notices; Natural History Notes, in great variety, etc. The Naturalist is always interesting, instructive, and valuable. Published under the auspices of the Peabody Academy of Science—A. S. Packard, Jr., and F. W. Putnam, editors and proprietors; R. H. Ward, Troy N. Y., Associate editor of Microscopical Department.

ST. NICHOLAS.—Retaining and combining the best features of "Our Young Folks" and the "Riverside Magazine," St. Nicholas adds to these, others of great value, distinctively and peculiarly its own. Coming, at a time when the flood of sensational literature and vulgar pictures for children has reached its height, the pure pages of St. Nicholas, with their beautiful illustrations, and clear, strong English, show well by contrast, and offer a guarantee to parents that their children enjoy safe, profitable and delightful companionship in the new Magazine. With its more solid reading matter it combines a true spirit of mirth; it fairly sparkles with fancy, and overflows with innocent fun. Its stories give both instruction and delight, and its pictures are art studies as well as illustrations. St. Nicholas, although launched in the midst of the panic, has reached an edition of 60,000 copies. A specimen number will be sent for ten cents; four numbers for one dollar, and fourteen numbers (Nov. '73, to Dec. '74) for three dollars. Scribner & Co., Broadway, New York.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH for January is the first number of the fourth volume. This independent magazine is devoted to the best interests of the people; namely, their health. It should be read by every family; no one can fail to be benefited thereby. It is not a medical journal full of technical terms, but is plain and popular. Its teachings will be understood by all. The January number contains "How to Get Well, and How to Keep Well;" "Do we Murder our Daughters?" "Disease and its Treatment;" "The Human Body," illustrated, in Parts; "Hygienic vs. Drug Medication;" "Remedy for Overstudy;" "Heenan's Death;" "The Goblins of Pathology;" "Heritage of Woe;" "Corsets Discussed;" "How to Make Soups and Stews," with other Household Receipts; "Economy of Health;" "Where to Winter;" "Health of Women," etc., with Answers to Correspondents. Now is the time to subscribe. Terms only \$2.00 a year. Sample number, 20 cents. Address—S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.

PORTER & COATES have just ready a new tale by Amelia B. Edwards, authoress of "Barbara's History" and other popular novels, entitled "In the Days of My Youth." Those who read Barbara's History would look with some eagerness for a new tale by the author of that excellent story. Her name may be considered as a safe guarantee for a work of engrossing interest, original, natural and entertaining characters, life-like in style, with a well conceived plot and dramatic power that belongs only to a high order of fiction. The advance orders for this new tale were so extensive as to exhaust the whole of the first edition the day after its publication.

A handsomely-bound book, without a single idea, has been exhibited in London. Its contents are: "Thirty-three Thousand Five-hundred and Thirty-five ways of Spelling 'Scissors'."

MOODS AND TENSES.

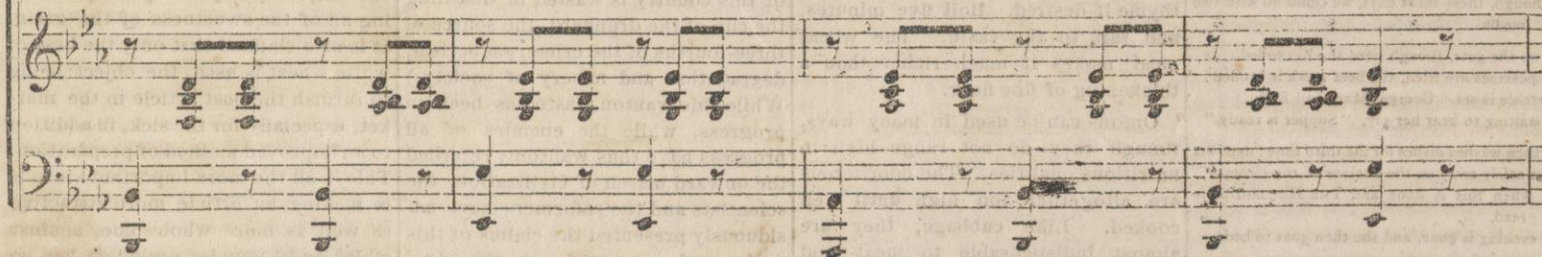
Music by E. CLARK.



1. Sally Sal-ter, she was a teach-er, who taught, And her friend, Char-ley Church, was a preacher that praught, Tho' his
 2. He hastened to woo her, and sweet-ly he wooed, For his love grew, un-til to a mountain it grew, And
 3. He asked her to ride to church, and they rode; They so sweet-ly did glide, that they both tho't they glode; And they
 4. So they to each oth-er kept cling-ing and clung, While Time on swift cir-cuit was winging and wung; And
 5. And Charley's warm love be-gan freez-ing and froze, While he took to teaz-ing and cru-el-ly toze, The



friends all called him a screecher who serought, Tho' his friends all called him a screecher who serought. His
 what he was long-ing to do, then he doed, And what he was long-ing to do, then he doed. In
 came to the place to be tied, and were toed, And they came to the place to be tied, and were toed. The
 this was the thing he was bringing and brung, And this was the thing he was bringing and brung. The
 girl he wished to be squeezing and squoze, The girl he wished to be squeezing and squoze. Wretch! he



heart, when he saw her, kept sink-ing, and sunk, And his eye, meet-ing hers, kept wink-ing and wunk; While
 se-cret he want-ed to speak, and he spoke, To seek with his lips what his heart long had soke; So he
 kiss he was dy-ing to steal, then he stole, At the feet where he want-ed to kneel, there he knole; And he
 man Sal-ly wan-ted to catch and had caught, That she want-ed from oth-ers to snatch and had snought, Was the
 cried, when she threatened to leave him and left, How could you de-ceive me as you have de-cept? And



she, in her turn, kept think-ing and thunk, While she, in her turn, kept think-ing and thunk.
 man-aged to let the truth leak, and it loke, So he man-aged to let the truth leak, and it loke.
 said, I feel bet-ter than ev-er I fole, And he said, I feel bet-ter than ev-er I fole.
 one she now liked to scratch and she sraught, Was the one she now liked to scratch and she sraught.
 answered, I promised to cleave, and I cleft, And she answered, I promised to cleave, and I cleft.





"THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE."

At morn's early dawn she leaves her warm bed,
She washes her face and brushes her head;
Then down to the kitchen she goeth straightway,
And commences the routine of each coming day.

Potatoes are washed, and biscuit are making;
When both in the oven are quietly baking,
The table is set. She calls Minnie and Freddy,
And the next thing we hear, is, "Breakfast is ready."

The dishes are washed and put on the shelf,
She sweeps all the rooms and dusts them herself—
She cuts up some apples and sets them to stewing—
And then takes her "work" and sits down to sewing.

Just seated, and taking a few hasty stitches
On children's new garments or husband's torn breeches:

She looks at the clock, and behold! it is noon,
And sighing, she says, "half the day gone so soon!"

Then up she must get, tho' little she feel
Like leaving her "work" to get a new meal;
But with undisturbed mind and purposes steady,
She soon greets all with "Dinner is ready."

The dishes are washed and again set away;
She again takes her "work," though late in the day—

Then callers come in, (can't stay but a minute,)
And her "work" is laid by, she cannot begin it.

And now it is night; the whole of the day,
In cooking and talking has vanished away;
And now comes the supper: the good housewife feels

As though, these short days, we could do with two meals.

But up she gets, though hard she has toiled,
The potatoes are fried, the beef steak is broiled;
The table is set. George, Mary and Eddy,
Are waiting to hear her say, "Supper is ready."

She then washes dishes for the third time; deposits
Them safely away on the shelves of the closets;
And when this is done and THE HOUSEHOLD is read,

The evening is gone, and she then goes to bed.

Now tell me, ye grumblers as these lines you read,
If this is not slavery, the worst kind indeed?
Of all the servants, the housewife is one,
Whose work is beginning, but never is done.

And so it goes on year in and year out,
Till she is half crazy, I have not a doubt;
And so she will do, without murmur or sigh
Till her house-work is ended; then she's ready to die.

T. I. M.

Chicago, Jan. 1st, 1874.

SOME SEASONABLE DISHES.

WHITE beans may be considered one of the substantial dishes for some months to come. When properly cooked, they are wholesome to a stomach of normal strength, if the taker be accustomed to active exercise. They are not so good for the sedentary, but the greatest difficulty in digesting them results from the fat usually cooked into them. They may not relish quite so well without this at first, but proper cooking will help greatly, for they are much richer if cooked in but one water, and that not drained off. The very water that is called strong, and thrown away when the beans are half done, would, if cooked, make a toothsome soup. Let it remain, having the beans nearly full of the liquid, and salt just before serving.

They should cook gently but thoroughly, being kept covered, so as not to waste the flavor. The time required depends much on the age and the variety of the beans. Some will

cook in an hour and a half, while others will require three hours. They are best very tender, beginning to fall to pieces, but not so soft as to become thick and pasty with the necessary handling. Some prefer them thick; but in that case they seem to require some trimming—while, if not moist, they become a trimming to other dishes, especially to the potatoes eaten with them. Indeed, it makes a very palatable dish to cook the potatoes with the beans, being careful to serve them as soon as the potatoes are done.

A more stylish dish in appearance, but no more palatable, is made by placing the beans, when nearly done, in a nappy (in which they can be served), covering the surface nearly with potatoes pared and halved, and baking until the latter are done. Some like a squeeze or two of lemon over the plate, and to most tastes they serve well with rather acid fruits, like cranberries and sour baked apples, or with cold or warm slaw, while sweet potatoes and rye- and -Indian bread form an agreeable contrast.

Bean soup is a dish that many people, and especially children, would relish if properly made. It requires about half a pint of cooked beans for a quart of soup. Mash and boil until well diffused in the water, and then run through a colander to take out the skins. Thicken with about one gill of wheat meal, and add a sprig of thyme if desired. Boil five minutes, and salt to the taste. The wheat meal makes it much richer than a thickening of fine flour.

Onions can be used in many ways, though they do not range high in nutritious qualities. The odoriferous are altogether too high until well cooked. Like cabbage, they are almost indispensable to meat and vegetable soups. They are good also for stews. A delicious little stew, can be made of about equal parts onion, potato and apple. Peel and quarter three onions, and put them to stew in double their measure of water for forty-five minutes (for red or yellow onions one hour). Then cut up and add three medium-sized potatoes, and three apples, pared, quartered and cored. Then, upon one gill of wheat meal, pour boiling water enough to scald it, stirring it lightly; and when the stew boils up, after putting in the potatoes and apples, add this dough, in bits as big as an almond, and not compact. Cover close and stew gently until the potatoes are done. Then dish the stew: and if the liquid is too thin, add a little wheat meal; salt, and pour over the stew, and serve warm.

Rutabagas and parsnips can be used instead of the apples, but they require more time to cook, and are not so delicate. If meat is wanted in these stews, use the lean of mutton, not lamb nor veal. Perhaps a word of caution is necessary at this time of the year about young meat. It contains very little nutrition (probably because not fully formed), and that little does not seem to be well adapted to our wants. In many cases, the effect of eating it have seemed little short of poisonous. It is the best economy to kill the calves at once, if

there are any to be disposed of, or keep them until they are at least a year old.—*Science of Health.*

CRUSHED AND GROUND WHEAT.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

If the great Leibig—the prince of chemists—could truthfully say of Prof. Horsford's "Bread Preparation" that its introduction, designed to save the true nourishment of the wheat by avoiding fermentation, was "equivalent to the increase of the wheat crop twelve and a half per cent.," whoever in any way utilizes this product by making it more available, may be ranked among the public benefactors. Since wheat stands first among the grains—the Scots may present the claims of oat-meal with great propriety, since, as a nation, they finely illustrate its beneficial effects—whatsoever may be effected in the matter of improving its quality, in its natural state, or to increase the aggregate crop, or to improve its use so as to increase its nutritive qualities, or to diminish its waste, either by the separation of its constituent elements, or by that most deplorable and wicked destruction in the preparation of the "cup of death," instead of the "staff of life," cannot but be regarded as indicative of true progress. (The thought is sickening and disheartening that nearly one-half of the grain crop of this country is wasted in distilling the cup of the drunkard, the source of three-fourths of the crime, pauperism, degradation and misery of society.) While this wanton waste has been in progress, while the enemies of all progress have thus wantonly retarded the onward march of civilization, the scientists and the reformers have assiduously presented the claims of this grain, and presented new thoughts, new principles and new methods of enhancing its value.

An important step in this direction was that taken by the late, lamented Warren, who did so much to arrest the growing tendency toward the destruction of the most valuable elements of the grain, the bone and muscle-forming principles just beneath the hull, in the strong desire of so many to use the whitest and finest flour. Indeed, perhaps there is no one article of food so extensively perverted from its legitimate use as wheat. This perversion is fundamental and ultimately connected with the wide-spread tendency to indigestion, if not universality of derangement of the digestive organs. A writer has said, "The whole thing is in a nutshell: Our present wheat products are not properly manufactured. The most valuable, that is to say, the most nourishing elements of the wheat, are allowed to go to waste. The result is as clear as it is inevitable. The absence of these important nourishing elements engenders very many of the diseases that now so grievously afflict the human race."

The value of wheat, that is true wheat—not that, Sampson like, shorn of its strength and its vitality by a separation of its elements—is seen from the fact that its gluten is so abundant, an element so nearly identical with fibrin, the principal constituent

of the fibrous mass of animal flesh, the muscle or that part most popular as food—the steak. Admitting that the food which affords the most strength and vital power must be that which nourishes our muscles, it follows that it is necessary to seek, as the food of the hard laborer, either the fibrin of animal products or the gluten, its equivalent, or both, as we may choose. But if we separate the elements of the wheat, as the miller too often does, and attempt to live too much on carbonaceous food—neither obtaining the gluten from the true wheat products, nor the fibrin from animal products, the results are inevitable—poverty of the muscle tissues, a wasting away—practical starvation.

At least one establishment in this country, the "Atlantic Flour Mills," of Brooklyn, N. Y., (Lewis & Co., N. E. agents, 58 Long Wharf, Boston,) claims to have introduced several improvements in the preparation of wheat for food, the most important of which, it may be, is the crushing instead of grinding. This is done by passing it between metallic rollers, thus avoiding the ordinary friction by which, as it is well known, so much of the sweetness of the grain is destroyed by the chemical action of the oxygen under such circumstances. This is not claimed as a new invention, but a simple return to the original method of the past, when in a rude age of the world it was done by the simple mortar and pestle, retaining all of the sweetness of the grain. It is also claimed that only the best of white wheat is used, the object being to furnish the best article in the market, especially for the sick, in addition to an improved method of preparation. This is all the more important since it is making an article more attractive as well as more wholesome, against which an ill-founded prejudice has so long existed. We cannot but welcome any additional influences, co-operating practically with the theorists, in improving our food, by assiduous efforts to introduce a new and improved article, and also in the dissemination of facts and principles.

HOW TO COOK POTATOES.

There is probably no daily food which is capable of yielding us such a variety of healthful and tasteful dishes as the potato; and yet many respectable families seem to have but one mode through the entire year, and that with as little care as possible—namely, boiling. Some might be interested to notice a few of the pretty ways in which I have seen them prepared in a pleasant rural home, where the mistress does not think it beneath her to give some time and thought to the planning of nutritious and even fanciful dishes.

Do you say, "A potato is only a potato when you have done and said all?" Ah! my dear Mrs. B., I agree with you exactly—a potato is only a potato, but so long as they are made a standard dish on almost every table, is it not better to give the preparation of them a little study and care, rather than to bring them into dinner cold, wet, and indigestible? So, while our husbands and brothers are pondering over the kind best adapted to the cli-

mate and soil, let us give a few minutes to the nice preparation of the fine crop they will put into our cellars by and by.

Care should be taken to select from the bins all alike in size, being sure to allow them just sufficient time to become nicely crisp and brown at the hour the remainder of the dinner is ready. They should not be allowed in the open oven one moment after "done," there to shrink, as if protesting against delay; neither to be sent to the table to wait five or ten minutes the movements of some tardy husband and children. Mashed potatoes, that are nicely pared, boiled and dried, seasoned richly with salt, cream, or milk and butter, are always good, always nice, if smoothed down into the dish with care, and prettily spotted with pepper. The mashed potatoes left from dinner make a fancy dish for breakfast, by making into little cakes or patties, with the hand, and frying brown in dripping or butter. The butter should be hot when the cakes are put in.

The boiled potatoes, left from yesterday's dinner, are very good chopped fine and warmed for breakfast in good milk and butter with salt and pepper. When you are boiling your tea-kettle to-night you can boil half a dozen good-sized potatoes, and when cold slice them the long way, something less than a quarter of an inch in thickness. In the morning lay them one by one on the griddle, to slowly toast or brown in good butter or fat, salting them carefully and evenly, after placing them in a covered dish. Gentlemen always like these with their coffee: and these, or the potato balls, are an addition to the tea-table when gentlemen are present. Still another way to fry is to pare the potato round and round, like an apple, until all is used, cooking slowly and evenly in a covered "spider," until brown.

In the spring, when the potatoes are poor, difficulty is experienced in preparing them to relish. Pare and cut them half an inch in thickness, putting to boil in salted water until tender; then pour off the water and put on cream, or good milk, seasoning and thickening carefully with only a little flour. For those who have no milk, fresh boiling water can be used with nearly as good results. But I am outstretching my limits. For, a little aside, nearly all good housekeepers know the value of potatoes in yeast, and that grated they make an excellent pudding with the usual additions. After all, perhaps, there is no form which is used, both for excellence and health, equal to the good old-fashioned mashed potato.—*Country Gentleman.*

STARCHING AND IRONING.

It seems strange to us old housekeepers that anybody should find difficulty in doing up bosoms and collars nicely, but our ranks are continually recruited by women quite ignorant of these mysteries. The mutations in wall street a year ago left a neighbor of mine poor, and now the brave wife hires nothing done but the washing. She came in to-day to ask just how to make and manage the starch, and I

was glad to tell her. Dissolve the pearl starch in cold water, stirring it all the time till it is the right consistency, that is, about as thick as paste for ordinary purposes; if too thick it will not iron nicely; if too thin, the linen will not be stiff enough.

I starch my clothes when they come from the rinse water, rub the starch well into them and hang on the line. When I sprinkle the clothes I have a bowl of very thin cold starch from which I wring the collars and bosoms and let them lie two or three hours, or over night. When they are to be ironed I place them on the bosom-board, rub them till they lie smoothly with a soft, clean, damp cloth, and then pass the iron over them. If the starch shows any disposition to stick I lay a thin linen cloth on the bosom and pass the iron over that first, then remove it and finish the work.

Various substances are used to give the linen a gloss, and keep the iron from sticking. Some use a little lard or butter, and a few shavings of white soap stirred in the starch just after hot water has been poured over it. Others use a teaspoonful of white sugar, or a bit of wax candle, or a little gum arabic water. Some boil their starch until they sprinkle their clothes, and then rub the starch into the dry linen and let it lie over night before ironing, and some depend entirely on cold starch. But I have found the first method given the surest and easiest.

If one is disposed to polish her linen, a polishing iron can be purchased at any house-furnishing or hardware store. It is a small steel-faced iron with a bulge at the acute end, and costs from seventy-five cents to \$1. The articles to be polished are first ironed in the ordinary way, then dampened by laying on them a wet cloth, then placed on a board and rubbed hard with the bulge of the polishing iron till they shine.

Linen that is placed immediately after being ironed near the stove or in the hot sun is stiffer when dry than if it is permitted to dry slowly. It is a good plan to lay collars and small articles on a waiter and set them on a kettle or other support on the stove till they are quite dry. Sometimes the iron will stick in a manner perfectly unaccountable; if it is rubbed on a board on which fine salt has been sprinkled and then passed over a brown paper with wax in its folds, the sticking propensity will be checked. A bowl of clear water and a clean old linen cloth to remove any specks the linen may acquire before or while being ironed.—*Hearth and Home.*

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD FRIENDS:—I wish you all a Happy New Year! And as the new year comes in, let each and every one of us of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, try and economize as much as possible during the ensuing year so that we may feel, if the chance is offered us, of doing a charitable deed, that we are able pecuniarily to do so. Virtue brings with it its own reward; so also does charity, if it only be well dispensed charity.

I have been reading an article to-day

on the extravagance of our American people over that of the French nation, who, it is said, would make a very respectable meal from what would be considered as "orts," by one of the cooks employed in the family of a wealthy New Yorker. Now it has always been our candid opinion—though it may not meet with the approval of some of the gentility—that there is great waste at the table by the work of inexperienced carvers, who will cut up the whole of a fowl, or a piece of meat, in thick, jagged slices that, had it been cut up neatly by an adept at the art, would have gone twice as far in serving out to the guests at table, and still have been much more inviting. Consequently we urge the expediency of having meats cut up before they are placed on the table. Then when all are seated the host is not put to the painful necessity—if he does not feel qualified for the task set before him—of rising before them all and attempting to carve whatever is set before him; but can dish it up quietly, and without feeling that he is exposing his awkwardness to the assembled guests. Especially should this system be urged in the cases of our farming brothers, who in the busy times of the year do not feel to spend nearly two hours at table, as do many of our city nabobs.

Now as we have spoken at length on carving, let us speak of something to carve. Steamed or potted beef, when cooked in the following manner, is very excellent, and saves the juices of meat more than in baking. Take a rib-roast weighing from four to six pounds, wash and put into a pot on the fire with a little salt, and just water enough to keep from burning and cook gently for four hours, filling up the pot as it boils away, being careful not to have more than enough left when done to make gravy. Remove from the pot, dust over it a little pepper and salt, and place it in the oven for about an hour to crisp. Thicken the gravy as usual and serve hot.

B. F. S.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

As a general rule it is most economical to buy the best articles. The price is, of course, always a little higher, but a good article always spends the best. It is sacrifice of money to buy poor flour, meat, sugar, molasses, cheese, butter, lard, etc., to say nothing of the injurious effect on the health.

Butter that is made in September is best for winter use.

Lard should be hard and white; and that which is taken from a hog over a year old is the best.

Rich cheese feels soft under the pressure of the finger. That which is very strong is neither good nor healthy. To keep one that is cut, tie it up in a bag that will not admit flies, and hang it in a cool, dry place. If mould appears on it wipe it off with a dry cloth.

The best rice is large and has a clear fresh look. Old rice has sometimes little black insects inside the kernel. The small white sago called pearl sago, is the best. The large brown kind has an earthy taste.

These articles and groundrice, tapioca, etc., should be kept covered.

To select nutmegs, prick them with a pin. If they are good and fresh the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

Keep coffee by itself, as its odor affects other articles.

Keep your tea in a close can or canister.

Oranges or lemons keep best wrapped close in a coil of paper and laid in a drawer.

When a cask of molasses is bought, draw off a few quarts, else the fermentation produced by moving it will burst the cask.

Bread and cake should be kept in a tin box or stone jar.

Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in a cellar, and should not be used till three months old.

Bar soap should be cut into pieces of convenient size, and left where it will become dry. It is well to keep it for several weeks before using, it goes fast when new.

Cranberries will keep all winter in a firkin of water in a cellar.

Salt codfish should be kept in a dry place where the odor of it will not affect the air of the house. Fish skin, for cleaning coffee, should be washed, dried and put in a paper bag.

MACKEREL AND CODFISH.

Isaac Hale of Newburyport, Mass., a famous mackerel dealer, gives the following directions for keeping and preparing mackerel and other fish for cookery:

To keep mackerel nice and prevent rusting, be particular to keep under the pickle after taking out the head. The small head to a kit is the one to remove. If the pickle should get below the fish fill up with more made with salt in cold water. Be sure that the mackerel is kept under the pickle. The cellar, or some place where there is an even temperature and no fire, is the best place to keep them, also all kinds of pickled fish.

For boiling soak twenty-four hours, for broiling forty-eight hours. In the latter case, cream or milk can be used for keeping them in. To avoid the unpleasant taste which many persons experience, of the rising up in the throat after eating, skin the mackerel before cooking, and a white pulpy substance will be found, which adheres to the skin and which contains the strong taste.

Dry cod fish should never be boiled, as the flesh is harder the more it is boiled. Strip up fine, then soak in cold water till quite soft and before bringing to the table change the water, and put over the fire and just bring to a scald, and it is ready for use; After preparing dry fish in this way, turn the water off, add a small piece of butter, a milk and flour gravy, and you have an excellent breakfast dish.

To keep dry fish nice, and prevent sliming or drying up, pack them snugly in a box, and cover them up air tight, put into a room that has no fire, (not into the cellar, unless it is a dry one,) and they will improve much by age. Always purchase slack salted dry fish, if you want the best. English, Portsmouth, or some other salted fish are much better and also cheaper, than

the heavy, thick pickle salted fish, as they will swell much in soaking, while the pickle salted fish will shrink. Never select a white looking dry fish for a good one, but one of a yellow cast.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I may tell you how much I think of you, may I not? Your coming is looked for and enjoyed like that of a dear old friend.

I sympathize with you, dear sisters, in your efforts towards a higher standard of every-day life, for it seems to me we all desire to make our homes more delightful, ourselves more worthy, and truly to aspire to a more perfect womanhood.

I wish I could thank Mrs. Dorr sufficiently for her strong, true words, they have strengthened me when I felt almost ready to give up. I read Marah's letter with my heart full of tears, and can only pray for such sorrow as hers.

I love all the writers of the dear HOUSEHOLD, and hope to hear from them often. DORA.

Burlington, Iowa.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—I am quite a young member of THE HOUSEHOLD, having joined it only one short year ago, but "I love it much." I am also a young mother with a dear little daughter to train in the right way. In reading the November number, (1873,) the article on "Frankness with Children" answered a great longing that I have felt for a long time, but I still want more advice and the opinion of some of the other sisters. Hoping that you will respond very soon, I am your sister in trouble and perplexity till then,

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have often thought I should like to contribute something to your paper, if indeed I shall be able to say anything that will be at all acceptable, my time is so occupied with household cares; I have so little leisure for reading, to say nothing of thinking and writing.

I have been a constant reader of THE HOUSEHOLD for nearly two years, and every month during that time it has come a welcome visitor, with its words of cheerful counsel and advice. If I had a daughter about to assume the responsibilities of housekeeping, my first care should be to see that she was provided with THE HOUSEHOLD.

I often think what a help I should have found it in the earlier days of my married life; for although I thought myself perfectly competent to take charge of my domestic affairs, I found myself, when tested, sadly ignorant in many things; and although I found it difficult sometimes to accomplish things which I knew perfectly well how to do, I found it infinitely harder to do those of which I knew nothing.

A word to the girls just here: Do not neglect, while with your mother,—who will teach you with more patience than will any one else—to learn everything of household duties which may come in your way; you will not regret having done so, I assure you, when

the time has come to put your knowledge into practice.

It seems to me the November number of THE HOUSEHOLD is more than usually replete with interest. The "Sum in Reduction" contains some plain illustrations which many of us would do well to consider. Who, indeed, of us but could, like Mrs. Dalton, so economize in our dress that at the end of the year we might have something to bestow in charity, if Heaven has dealt so kindly with us that we do not need it for ourselves.

"Frankness with Children" should be read and studied well by every mother. Who shall tell the little ones so tenderly and patiently as a mother of the many things that excite such wonder and amazement in their young minds, which, like the leaves of an unwritten book, are unfolding day by day to receive impressions for good or evil. Her's should be the task to guard them carefully, that no stranger's thoughtless words shall sully their purity.

Aunt Leisurely gives some well-timed hints on the "Appearance of Untidiness." Although I do not put my peaches in the spittoon, or mix my cake in the washbowl, I fear I do sometimes cover my bread-pan with a tablecloth that is not entirely innocent of coffee stains, but I am going to do better in the future. By the way, Aunt Leisurely forgot to tell us why the peaches were put in the spittoon. Doubtless the matter could have been explained satisfactorily, as that of the washbowl, but my woman's curiosity has been busy conjecturing what evil spirit could have possessed any one to put peaches that were to be eaten into the spittoon. Will Aunt Leisurely please tell us why "this was thus?"

We would be glad to see the care and education of children discussed more frequently than it is in your paper. An interchange of thought upon this subject might be beneficial to us all, and surely no subject could lie nearer the mother's heart. Will some one who has knowledge and experience in the matter tell us what to feed our children—a bill of fare to set before them day by day that will secure to them a healthy brain and sound body? MRS. A. M.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—About a year ago, while spending the day with a dear aunt, I was first solicited to subscribe for THE HOUSEHOLD. Instantly my thoughts ran over the huge pile of papers which constantly adorn (?) our table, dailies, weeklies, monthlies, secular, religious, etc., and which not only a hungry mind but a sort of keep-up-to-the-times pride demands should be read, and which then, to insure neatness and order must be in some way judiciously disposed of.

Then my mind's eye took a quick peep into that poor, forlorn pocket-book, more than once (metaphorically) turned inside out to find a stray scrip with which to complete the list of Christmas gifts for dear ones, and seeing "nary a dime," I made a heroic resolve for once to say no, and stick to it. I say for once, for my husband tells me I am decidedly weak in the presence of agents of any kind; and alas! 'tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis true. Indeed I do not want to

hurt their feelings, and I so dislike to be pressed and urged.

In order then, simply to be rid of the agent, I subscribed in company with my aunt, and now as the year has come round to renew such subscription, I do it most heartily and gladly, not from the former worthy motive, but because THE HOUSEHOLD has become so pleasant and welcome a guest, and because I like to sit even silently, and in the very outer circle of such intelligent, agreeable and warm-hearted sisters. Much more shall I enjoy it, if now and then, I may be allowed to mingle with the group around the fireside, and add my mite in form of question, answer, or recipe.

I am a young housekeeper, having been married but two years. For eighteen months of this time, I sought to steer through the many delightful difficulties which housekeeping presents to the young and inexperienced, sometimes sinking, sometimes riding triumphant, when I was permitted to yield my scepter in the kitchen to accept that holiest, sweetest, happiest, rule of motherhood, and now, though bread be heavy and cake a failure, I rejoice daily with joy unspeakable in the opening innocence and purity of one baby. Will some one who has had experience of this delightful work, send any bit of good advice as to the care of a baby.

I would like to send a few good recipes that I may know that my letter is not wholly worthless. Some one asks how to make balls for soups. Having seen no answer I would say, I have never failed in making them thus: For a family of two, one pint flour, salt, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, mix with milk just stiff enough to take out in the hands, and roll out in a bit of flour. Be sure in putting them in, that the broth shall not cover them.

Soda biscuit I make just the same with the exception of a small bit of butter rubbed in. The great secret with these is to mix thin, not handle, and to have a "piping" hot oven.

An Inquirer asks how to take grease from pie plates. I am sorry I cannot help her, but would say for the benefit of others that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," so never grease them, but sprinkle on dry flour which answers better in every way.

Another asks how to make a pretty tidy. One nice way is to hem a square of fine muslin then lay on ferns of leaves in pretty clusters, and spatter with a brush wet in India ink. This is beautiful over black, green, or crimson furniture. Another way is to tricote stripes of several colors, and crochet them together of graded lengths.

Cocoanut Pie.—One-half cup of desiccated cocoanut, a small piece of butter on top, one-third cup of sugar; over this pour one and one-half cups of scalded milk, add an egg when cool, and lemon or not. Pour this into a single crust like a custard.

Fearing I have talked too long for a stranger, I bid you good night, with wishes for a "Happy New Year."

C. G. B.

—It is said that a small piece of resin dipped in the water which is placed in a vessel on the stove, will add a peculiar property to the atmos-

phere of the room, which will give great relief to persons troubled with a cough. The heat of the water is sufficient to throw off the aroma of the resin, and gives the same relief as is afforded by a combustion of the resin. It is preferable to the combustion, because the evaporation is more durable. The same resin may be used for weeks.

—A lady gives the following statistics of the products of a barrel of flour: 34 loaves of bread, 17 six quart pans of doughnuts, 17 messes of biscuits, 94 pies, 7 loaves cake, 11-2 dozen tart crusts, 3 dozen ginger snaps and 1 mess pancakes.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

SNOW CUSTARD.—One-half box of Cox's gelatine; pour over it one pint of boiling water, stir until all is dissolved; add two cups of sugar and the juice of two lemons; when nearly cool add the whites of three eggs; beat all forty-five minutes, and pour into a dish to harden.

For Sauce.—Take the yolks of the three eggs, one pint of milk, sweeten to taste; set in a vessel of hot water, and stir constantly till done. When nearly cool add a little salt, and flavor with vanilla or lemon.

CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—One and a half cups of sugar, one cup of milk, two cups of flour, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of saleratus, a little salt and flavoring.

GINGERBREAD.—Two cups of molasses, a piece of alum the size of a nutmeg dissolved in two-thirds of a cup of boiling water, two-thirds of a cup of melted butter, one tablespoonful of ginger, one tablespoonful of saleratus; mix stiff with flour, roll out and cut into cards. MRS. C. W. G.

STEAMED OYSTERS.—Wash the oysters thoroughly, and place them in a colander, covering with a lid; put enough water into a kettle to get up a good steam. The oysters will soon open, when they are done. I suppose any perforated pan fitting snugly on the kettle, would answer in place of a colander. This is the best way to cook oysters. Try them and be convinced.

FRUIT CAKE.—In the December number M. M. M. asks for a good recipe for fruit. I send mine, which I think is very nice. Hope M. M. M. will like it. One pound of butter, one pound of flour, one and one-half pounds of sugar, two pounds of currants after they are washed, ten eggs, three pounds of raisens, one-half pound of citron, one ounce each of cinnamon, mace and cloves, one nutmeg, one glass each of brandy and wine. F. E. M.

TRAINING CAKE.—Take a teacup, put in one teaspoonful of soda or saleratus, two tablespoonfuls of water, and three tablespoonfuls of melted shortening; then fill the cup up with molasses, (New Orleans is the best,) and pour into a dish; add salt and ginger to suit the taste, then stir in flour to make it stiff enough to knead, then knead on board the same as bread, and roll out and cut in square or round cakes, or bake in a card on the dripping pan. In making a larger quantity, measure in cup, every time the same. M. L. E.

BLUING.—Take one ounce of Prussian blue, one-half ounce of oxalic acid, and dissolve them in one quart of rain water; the water must be perfectly soft, or the ingredients will not mix. Insert a quill through the cork of your bluing bottle, to prevent waste, or putting too much in your clothes, and you will be pleased with the result.

SODA BISCUIT.—For every quart of flour put two even teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and a small teaspoonful of salt; mix these thoroughly through the flour; add one rounding tablespoonful of lard, which should

also be rubbed in the flour; either pulverize one teaspoonful of soda and put in the flour dry, or dissolve it in milk enough to make the dough quite soft and easy to roll. If I have fresh buttermilk, I invariably put the soda in it, and use it instead of sweet milk.

POUND CAKE.—A. E. B. wishes a recipe for pound cake and tapioca cream. I send mine, as I consider them very good. One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, eight eggs, and a pinch of salt.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—One small cup of tapioca soaked two hours in three pints of water, pour off, then soak two hours in one quart of milk, keeping it warm; then add four eggs, a pinch of salt, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two spoonfuls of sugar and bake one hour. Eat with hard sauce.

AUNT MARIA.

MR. EDITOR:—I have two recipes which I would like to add to the columns of your paper.

ELECTION LOAF CAKE.—Three cups of milk, two cups of sugar, one cup of emplings, stir to a very thin batter, then let it rise over night; early in the morning add two cups of sugar, two cups of butter, two eggs, one nutmeg, one and one-half cup of chopped raisens, and a liberal quantity of citron; work it well with the hands, and let it rise again in the pans you bake it in. After adding the last ingredients you will think it very thin, but do not add any more flour. This will make three large loaves.

CORN BREAD.—MRS. W. S. H. asks for a recipe for corn bread. I have one which I think is good. One quart of Indian meal, one and one-half pints of rye meal before sifted, one cup of emplings, one-half cup of molasses, one pinch of salt, and one cup of warm water. Scald the corn meal before adding the other ingredients. N. M. L.

Another correspondent gives the following:

DEAR SIR:—MRS. W. S. H., in the December number of your paper, wishes a recipe for nice corn bread. I send mine, which is excellent. One teacup of molasses, two teacups of flour, three teacups of Indian meal, four teacups of milk or water, two eggs and one teaspoonful of soda.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—Having noticed recipes for strawberry shortcake in several of the back numbers, I have not seen any which I think will equal mine. I always make mine when I make bread. Take dough sufficient for one good sized loaf of bread, and into this knead one tablespoonful each of lard and butter, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; put it in the pan and let it rise one hour, when it will be fit to bake. Pick and rinse two quarts of strawberries, lay them in a deep dish, and to every layer of strawberries add a sprinkling of sugar; turn on these a pint of cold water, and let them stand a half hour. Cut the shortcake in three slices, butter them, and to every slice of shortcake add a layer of the berries. Pour this liquor, in which they have stood, into a bowl and send to the table with the shortcake, and when it is divided, pour several spoonfuls over each plate. I think the shortcake is better for cooling a little after coming from the oven. This shortcake is excellent for raspberries, strawberries, peaches and pineapples; I have used it for all of these.

MARIE.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Dissolve one-eighth of a pound of chocolate in three pints of water; boil as for the table; dissolve three and one-half tablespoonfuls of corn-starch in one-half pint of sweet milk; boil till it thickens, (about three minutes.) To be eaten cold with sugar and milk.

CHOCOLATE CANDY.—Mix one-quarter of a pound of grated chocolate, one-half teacup of butter, one teacup of sugar, one teacup of molasses; add one teacup of sweet cream, and boil until it hardens in cold water. Take from the fire and put into buttered pans; when it is nearly cold, mark in squares with a knife dipped in melted butter.

BEE BEE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have a few recipes, which, if you think them worthy to place in the columns of your valuable paper, may benefit some one.

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, four eggs, one and one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one nutmeg, and two pounds of raisens. This makes two loaves.

VINEGAR CANDY.—Four cups of white sugar, two cups of water, one cup of vinegar. Boil and pull the same as molasses candy.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.—One quart of cold boiled milk, two quarts of flour, one large tablespoonful of lard rubbed into the flour. Make a hole in the middle of the flour, and take one-half cup of yeast, one-half cup of sugar, add the milk, and pour into the flour, with a little salt; let it stand as it is until morning, then knead it hard, and let it rise. Knead again at four o'clock in the afternoon, cut out ready to bake, and let them rise again. Bake twenty minutes.

These recipes have all been tested, and we are all satisfied with them, and we hope the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD will be as well pleased as we have been. ABBIE E. S.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD Band please tell me how to make pumpkin butter or sauce, also how to make the crust for chicken pie? and oblige, MRS. E. C. T.

MR. CROWELL:—In November number a sister asks how to clear her best knives from rust? I cannot inform her what to do after the rust has eaten into the steel, but can give her a preventive from their rusting. If she will take some lard and resin, (no particular proportions) and let them simmer well together, then when she lays the knives away, to rub them over with the preparation, it will keep them from rust.

I will send a nice recipe for brown bread: Three cups of Indian meal, two cups of flour, two cups of sweet milk, one cup of sour milk, one-half cup of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus, a little salt. Steam four hours. A. C. W.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Some one in our December number says, "How earnestly we would advise them to forever eschew rats, waterfalls, chignons, and all other horrid contrivances for the hair, but to cultivate and take care of the beautiful covering that Nature has provided for their heads." No one regards these "contrivances" as any more "horrid" than myself. I would be glad never to see one of them in my house again. But what can I do? My hair is thin and quite short, and always was. There is not enough of it all to make one braid larger than my thumb, and no amount of care or cultivation that I know of, would ever increase it. I wore it cut short in my neck for several years before marriage, and in the same circumstances think I should do it still; but my husband will not consent to it for a moment. I am sometimes tempted to envy my mother, who lives on a quiet country farm, and can dress neatly and comfortably, without troubling her head about Chicago fashions or any others. But do tell me, if any of you can, in what possible way I can dress my hair, so as to be at all admissible in the present style, without the assistance of any of these "horrid contrivances."

And now having relieved my mind on this subject, let me ask what makes kerosene lamps leak sometimes but not all the time, when there is no perceptible cause for it. Sometimes they will leak every day for a week or more; that is, be covered with oil before night, no matter how thoroughly they are cleaned in the morning, and sometimes they will be perfectly dry for months. I never fill them quite full, having been told that the oil would run over the top, if the lamp was full, but cannot see that it makes any difference. One of them troubles me very much of late; what is the cause of it?

Some one also says in the last paper, "Not more than two or three articles should be taken at one meal," which reminds me of another question that I would like to have answered. When I have a nice piece of steak, or any meat that just suits me, I frequently make an entire meal of it, or very nearly so, especially if I happen to have

nothing else just then, that I feel like eating, and enjoy it very much. My husband says he cannot eat meat alone; that it is not healthy, and that I ought not to do it. Please tell me whether there is any harm in it.

MRS. L. S.

If Mrs. C. C. P. would put her pie plates into a kettle of cold water, with some soap and ashes in it, and let them come to a boil, they will come out almost as good as new.

Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD give me a recipe for making a good cement? and oblige, MRS. M. A. E.

MR. CROWELL:—Dear Sir:—Will some one of your kind readers please tell me how to keep silver-ware (when it is not in use) from turning? Also will some one tell me what kind of care to give my calla lily? It is almost two years old, and has never blossomed; the leaves come out slowly, and look very much wrinkled.

School girl wishes to know how to cleanse kid and buckskin gloves. To clean kid gloves, take a piece of flannel, some milk, and any kind of hard soap. First put the glove on the hand, moisten the flannel in the milk, then rub it on the soap and apply to the soiled parts; lay them in the shade to dry. They will have a spoiled appearance, but after once on the hand are almost as good as ever. Wash the buckskins in soap and water, and rinse well; put them on the hand occasionally when drying. CARRIE.

Can any of your readers inform B. how to prevent honey from candying?

I have tried several of the recipes given in THE HOUSEHOLD, and found them very good; and now I would like some kind friend to tell me how to make fig cake, and oblige, JENNIE S.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some of your readers please to inform us how to color straw either brown or green for picture frames? and oblige your young friends, NELLIE AND SUSIE.

MR. EDITOR:—Will some one please send recipe for making a nice pie crust—say for four or six pies—the quantity of flour and lard, or butter, and oblige a young housekeeper. H. A.

When I received the sample numbers and recipes, I hoped to have sent you more names ere this, but sickness and various other things have prevented. I shall continue to get all the names I can, and send. I have not decided on a premium, but think I shall wait until I earn a cash premium. You see all my old subscribers have renewed, which speaks well for the paper.

I saw a request in the December number for cleaning kid and buckskin gloves. I have seen them cleaned with benzine so as to look nice; wet and rub with a clean cloth. A SUBSCRIBER.

MR. CROWELL:—C. N. can make a handsome pansy mat by crocheting the centre any size desired, using the plain crochet stitch. In every second stitch of the outer row of the center piece crochet two stitches with a chain of one between; use black zephyr; the next row use yellow; in every stitch crochet two stitches with one chain between each; the last row use clouded purple; in each stitch knit two without chain between; these three rows make the edge very full: tack the outer edge together about the size of pansies, having just enough pansies to place nicely around the center, each one touching the other. I use single zephyr.

WORSTED MAT.—Crochet the center any size you like, by making one chain between each stitch; you must widen occasionally to have it lie flat. In each hole of the outer row of the center piece, place seven loops made of a chain of twelve stitches done loosely; the second and third rows of the border are looped in each chain of the preceding row, using twelve stitches for each chain. I use three shades of red or green for border, crocheting each row of a different shade. Clouded worsted can be used, and looks quite pretty.

ANOTHER WORSTED MAT.—Commence with three stitches, plain, next row widen by crocheting three stitches in the center stitch

of first row; continue widening in this way until you have twenty rows; this finishes one piece; (in making this piece you crochet first on one side, then the other) crochet five scarlet and five white pieces in this way; sew together, having the commencement of each piece for the center; when sewing together, alternate the colors; the outer edge I finish with a small shell.

I would like C. N.'s directions for making hair receiver and bead basket.

Will some one give me a nice recipe for chicken salad? How fine to cut meat and celery. MRS. J. H. B.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please give us the information in your columns in regard to the laying and appointments of a well ordered dinner table; how to train the servant to wait upon the family or guests, in fact the little details i. e., which side to take or pass things, so as to render it easy, and all be helped quickly and well. I have a nice little waitress that is sometimes confused by having been taught several ways, and I thought possibly an article published in your paper might be a help to many a housekeeper. I value and appreciate a nicely cooked meal, and I equally prize the knowledge of having it well served. I would so much like a word too, in arranging a bill of fare for the week, from some good practical housekeeper.

Please give me the correct way to receive guests at a reception. A SUBSCRIBER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" I am glad my canary is not sick, for if it were I should be at a loss what to do for it. John A. Russell says the tray holding the gravel should be taken out every week. How can the cage be cleaned thoroughly every day, as I have often read that it should be, if this tray is taken out only once a week? He says the seed boxes should contain sufficient seed for the week. I do not see any reason for that. The seed cups we have with our cages will not hold enough to last more than one or two days, and both M. Louisa and Lue tell us to put in fresh seed every day. He says, "put a piece of iron in the water cup, but during the season of moulting, remove it." M. Louisa says, "remove the rusty nail, never using it except when moulting." He says, "put a piece of white sugar between the wires." Lue says, "never give your birds sugar." With such directions as these, what are we to do?

I would also like to inquire what L. W., the writer on "Bed-rooms and beds," in the January number, would have us cover ourselves with. It is said that neither a comfortable nor a patched quilt should be seen on a bed in this day. The white cotton flannel comfortable recommended by some writer, is mentioned, and "it is sincerely to be hoped that no woman will take that advice. The present slack twisted style of blankets" is also condemned as "highly objectionable." I read on, hoping and expecting to be informed what we should use, but was disappointed. We happen to be obliged to sleep in a very cold bed-room, where no less than three good thick comforters are required to keep us warm. What would L. W. advise us to use in place of them?

Medora Hart in November 1872, tells us how to knit a carpet. I am making one somewhat similar, but am afraid I shall not like it. Of course it must be stretched in putting down, the same as any other carpet, and I should think the spaces between the stitches would allow so much dust to sift through as to be quite objectionable. Please tell me, some one, if my fears are groundless.

Some recipes were given a long time ago for pudding sauce, and also something about making frosting by simply stirring the egg and sugar together, without the long and tiresome beating usually considered necessary. I have tried to find them in my papers, but failed. Would some one be kind enough to repeat them?

In the December number are two recipes for sponge cake almost exactly alike. One says, beat the whites and yolks separate, and the other says, beat them together. A friend told me last winter that I would never have nice cake unless I beat the eggs separate from the sugar. Another told me it made no difference. How shall we know? I think cooking a very uncertain science.

MRS. L. S.



HEAVEN BY LITTLES.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies;
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count these things to be grandly true!
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of greed and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we trust,
When the morning calls to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the soiled dust.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!
We must borrow the wings to find the way;
We may hope and resolve and aspire and pray
But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

THE PRESCRIPTION.

I WISH you would tell James, when he comes in, to turn the cows in the lower lot. And if Turpin calls, tell him I have concluded to take those sheep. I want the Merinoes. And while I am getting ready, please take my memorandum-book and note down four harness snaps, five pounds of nails, and a gimlet, half a jockey-strap, and—yes, I believe that is all. I forgot them when I made out the items this morning.”

Mrs. Streeter rose wearily, laid her sleeping babe carefully in its crib, and proceeded to record the articles named. She was young—not over twenty-five, but the blonde complexion was sadly faded, the brown hair thin and lustreless, and faint lines were already marking the white forehead, while the tired eyes told of care, and hinted strongly of an unsatisfied heart.

And this thin-cheeked, pink-lipped woman had been called a beauty only seven years before! She had been admired and petted, but not spoiled. And when she gave her hand to Newton Streeter, she could say what so few girls of even eighteen can: “I married my first love.”

Judge Streeter, the father, was supposed to be wealthy. But soon after his son's marriage, a financial crisis came, and his thousands dwindled into hundreds.

It was false pride, perhaps, but the young man shrank from a position under those who had once looked up to him. And his thoughts turned wistfully toward the western prairies where the sum he could now call his own would render him independent of others, at least. He expected objections from his young and accomplished wife. But she saw with his eyes, and was not only willing but eager to go and help him make a home that should be all their own. The purchasing of a prairie team, some farming imple-

ments, and the expense of building a small house, exhausted his entire capital. And the young couple began their married life as many others had done who had been blessed with their advantages. A hired girl seemed necessary on the farm, but a girl could be dispensed with. Indeed, the small dwelling contained but three sleeping apartments, and that fact, added to their uncertain income, induced Mrs. Streeter to take upon herself the entire care of the household.

She was a systematic housekeeper—abhorred dirt in all its phases; and the rich alluvial soil seemed ever haunting her, like a taunting spirit of labor that would not be appeased. In dry weather it was a fine black dust that found its way everywhere; and in wet, it became a smutch that was hardly less aggravating.

Two children had come in the seven years to nestle in her bosom. But one, a fairy girl of three summers, had slid away from them, and was now sleeping beneath the flowers of the prairie. And the tired wife had sighed as she looked on the cold, folded hands.

“She will never toil as I have done, but oh, I wanted her so much!” the lovely mother sobbed forth.

Mr. Streeter was now considered a wealthy farmer. His acres had broadened, his stock had increased, the little village, a mile away, had put on city airs, and the steam horse waited respectfully at its depot.

Still, the thrifty farmer confined himself closely to labor, hardly taking time for needful rest. The love of getting had increased with his gains, and he was constantly scheming and planning to add to his already many acres. Physically and mentally strong, he had grappled with toil, and it had hardly left a mark on his splendid physique—bronzed a little, and with harder hands, that was all. A pleasant home, with a gentle, loving wife ever studying his tastes and wishes, why should he wear fast?

But of her! Naturally frail she had been like a willow bending beneath a burden voluntarily taken up. With the exception of an inefficient girl for a few weeks when little Mary died, she had performed all the labor required in the house since she became its mistress.

As a girl, she was a great reader and extravagantly fond of music. But there was no room in the small dwelling for the piano, and it still remained back in the old home; and books only added to her labor by accumulating dust, for where was the time to read them?

I know this is a dreary picture for a farmer's wife, but perhaps there is another side.

Newton Streeter took the memorandum, glanced hastily at the neatly written items, and then said: “One thing more, Mary, and then I am off. Please sew this button a little closer.”

The loose button was confined to its place, and then Mary Streeter watched her husband as he stepped into the light buggy and drove rapidly away.

But not for long might she linger, for the sponge was waiting in the kitchen to be kneaded, and baby's naps were like angel's visits. And before her task was well over, his bugle note

called to arms, and the fretful child was taken up and caressed, and soothed to quietness. But he would not go down again, and back and forth from the hot kitchen she carried him as she watched the loaves browning in the oven.

She was conscious of a strange dizziness when she arose from a stooping position, her head was aching miserably, and her eyes seemed burning. What was coming over her? She must not be ill! Oh! no—she had no time for that! And then her thoughts drifted away to the dear old home of her girlhood. And she asked herself, for the first time, if she had done wisely in leaving it for this life of toil and care.

It was a dangerous question for a wife and mother, and she clasped her child more closely to suppress in her heart the disloyal answer.

She heard James, the hired man, come in, and recalling the message for him, arose, when that unaccountable giddiness seized her, and she sunk back utterly powerless.

When Mr. Streeter returned, exultant over the thousand dollars he had deposited in the bank—and with which he hoped to purchase another parcel of land—he found no supper prepared, and his wife helpless upon the bed, with her cheeks flushed with fever, and the wailing child distracting her with demands for care.

A physician and nurse were soon summoned from the city, and the weary wife enjoyed the luxury of being ill.

But convalescence soon followed, and before leaving his patient, the old doctor, a close observer and deep thinker, took the husband aside and asked: “Do you know what brought this fever on your wife, Mr. Streeter?”

“No!” in a surprised tone.

“Shall I tell you?”

“Certainly. I am anxious to know?”

“You have worked her nearly to death.”

The red flushed out beneath the tan. “You are speaking of my wife, not my horse.”

“Granted, and I say again, you are working her to death.”

“Really, doctor, such language is unpardonable.”

“And yet you will pardon it. And furthermore, by the great love for the self-sacrificing woman we have just left, I shall perform an operation on your eyes, that you may see even as I see.”

And then in his own peculiarly abrupt manner, he placed the hard, cold facts before him, from the time she came, a bride, beautiful and accomplished, to the village, up to the date of her present illness in which domestic cares only had haunted her feverish dreams. In concluding he added: “I truly believe, if she takes up her old burden at once, that before a year has passed, the grave or an insane asylum will receive her.”

The strong man shuddered. “As heaven is my witness, sir, I have only permitted, not exacted this sacrifice. She voluntarily took her place by my side, and as uncomplainingly kept step with me.”

“No, she had not kept step, to follow out your own figure. Unable to keep up with your own long, rapid strides, she has fallen, faint and foot-

sore, by the way. And now, you have but to go back and take her in your strong arms and carry her a while. I tell you she must have rest for both her mind and body, or I will not answer for the result. And it would be better if found away from here.”

“Yes. I begin to comprehend. And it can be found away. And,” offering his hand, “I will take care, doctor, that you do not get a chance to administer another such a dose to me.”

“Then see that you do not need it,” replied he dryly, as he mounted his horse and rode away.

Mr. Streeter went back to the room where his wife was sitting, propped by pillows, and a gush of unutterable tenderness welled in his heart as he glanced at her pale face and almost transparent hands. He sat down beside her and said softly, “You do not know how glad I am that you are better.”

“Thank you. Yes, I am almost well now—shall soon be able to be in the kitchen. And I am sure I must be sadly needed there by this time.”

“No, you are not needed there. By the way, how would you like to have me put the farm to rent this summer, and you take the boy and go back to rest among the old granite hills?”

“Oh, could you? May I go?” and the voice quivered with excitement; then wistfully—“But the expense, Newton. It would put us back so much.”

“Yes, there it is; the old doctor was right.” And then aloud—“Do you know what I went to the city for, the day you were taken ill?”

“To deposit some money for more land, I think you said,” she replied wearily.

“Yes, but I do not need that land. I have far more than I can cultivate. And you shall have that money—or, at least, all you want of it, and go home and stay this summer and get some of your bloom back.”

“And you?”

“Never fear for me. Only hurry and get well enough to travel, and I will either go with you or place you in the hands of kind friends, and you shall be sheltered in the old home-nest this summer. I shall write to-day that you are coming.”

Mrs. Streeter could hardly believe it was not one of her feverish dreams.

But it all came about in good time, and she arrived safely at home, where she was petted, caressed, and cared for to her heart's content.

“You are all trying to spoil me,” she would expostulate, “I shall never be fit for a farmer's wife any more.”

“And why not, pray?” asked a younger sister, as she tangled a spray of apple blossoms among her curls. “There, if you ever put your hair back in that ugly knot you wore when you came home, farmer's wife or President's wife, I'll—I'll—”

“Pinch the baby,” suggested Fred.

“No, he shall never suffer for the sins of his parents,” and she ran off with the household pet, as was her wont, to relieve the mother of all care.

And thus, among loving friends, riding, walking, and when at home, reading, music, and writing long let-

ters to her husband, the summer passed swiftly away.

And now he had written that he was coming, and she was counting the days that must elapse ere she could look upon his face and be clasped to his heart. She was eager to go now. Her holiday was over. Health had returned, and not for an instant did she shrink from the old life.

And when her husband came, and saw the wonder one summer had wrought, he again told himself the old doctor was right.

A few days was given to old friends—Judge Streeter had recovered his equipoise in the financial world—and then they turned their faces toward their western home.

It was evening when they arrived, and the wife looked with woful bewilderment on the change. It was not her home, and yet it should be. A handsome front had been added to the old dwelling. And before she had time to question she was ushered into a parlor newly furnished and already lighted. An elegant piano stood in a recess evidently constructed for its reception, and on it lay a card with the initials of Judge Streeter, and the words, "To my daughter."

She turned toward her husband to assure herself that he, too, had not changed into something or somebody else. But the merry twinkle in his eyes told how he was enjoying her surprise, and slowly she began to realize the entire situation. Yes, now she understood his strange reluctance to mention what he was doing, and his willingness to have her remain, even after she expressed anxiety to return.

"Come, I have more to show you," and he showed her into a large, commodious room, furnished from her old sleeping apartment, even to a baby's crib. "This is for you. And now lay aside your dusty garments and prepare for tea. It must have been ready an hour ago. I will go and see."

When he returned he found his wife sitting in her little rocker and weeping silently.

"Have I wounded where I wished to heal?" he asked a little reproachfully.

"Forgive me," she replied, smiling: "I am a goose, but a tired-winged one, you know. And I am so happy to be at home, and in such a home, that I have no words in which to tell my happiness."

He stooped to kiss the offered lips, and then went out, leaving her to prepare for the evening meal.

At the table she found a neat, tidy girl, who took charge of the child. And thus the new life began. And what a different life it was—busy but not burdened. Time for the wants of the mind as well as the body. Good help in the kitchen all the time, a sewing-machine in the sitting-room, a piano in the parlor, and choice reading for any leisure hour.

The farm is an unfailing source of income, fully defraying all expenses each year, and showing a balance in favor.

"Been improving, I see," said Dr. Meeker, as he reined his light carriage up to the neat fence behind which Mr. Streeter was preparing a bed of tulips.

"Yes, doctor, come in."

"Professionally, or socially?"

"Socially. I want to show you all the improvements. Here, Mary, the doctor wishes to see you."

And as she came to greet him, rosy with health and happiness, he nodded his head at her husband. "Yes, that will do," and then glancing at the open piano, "I am going to stay just long enough to hear one piece played. Will you favor me?" and with the old school gallantry, fitted so awkwardly to his brusque manners, he led her to the instrument, and stood, hat in hand, while she played. "There, thank you. I have cut off my own supplies. No more fees for me here, I see. Just my luck. I never did know enough to secure my own bread and butter. Good bye, Mrs. Streeter," and again nodding to the husband, he trotted out to his vehicle and went on his way, his cheery voice humming—to his horse, perhaps—the tune he had just heard.—*Selected.*

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Forty-three.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Once on a time, when October skies were blue, when autumnal fruits were ripening, and the woods were beginning to light their crimson torches, I stood with a friend under the overladen boughs of a plum tree in my garden. He picked one of the richly-tinted globes and laid it in my hand.

"Did you ever see so beautiful a plum as that?" he asked.

It was beautiful; perfect in shape, in color a rich crimson shading to a royal purple, velvety enough for a coronation robe. And over it all was a soft, silvery bloom, as delicate as the blush on a maiden's cheek.

"That bloom is too lovely for anything," I said. But as I spoke I saw that my friend's light touch, and even my own reverent handling, had brushed much of the bloom away; and my plum had lost what could never be restored.

Once on a time, too, I saw a rosebud nodding on its stem; a dewy, crimson thing, with all the wealth of June shut up in its folded heart. If I had let it alone, it would have unfolded gradually, as nature meant it to unfold; its waxen petals would have gained firmness and consistency; so that when it stood at last fairly revealed in all its glowing loveliness, neither the hot kisses of the sun nor the caresses of the wandering bees could have harmed it. But, possessed by the demon of unrest, I undertook to help on the work of nature, and tried to open the tender, closely-crimped leaves myself; and, as the result, my rose was never the fair and stately beauty it would have been if I had not meddled with it.

The bloom is brushed from a child's simple innocence just as easily as it was from my plum; and the danger of premature development is no whit the less in its case, than it was in that of my rosebud.

These thoughts came to me on reading the article in THE HOUSEHOLD for November, entitled "Frankness with Children." Will it not be wise for us to ask in these progressive days, when so many good and wise people take the ground that all the careless questions of the little folks

with regard to the origin of our bodies, should be at once answered with entire frankness; and that whatever mystery pertains to the physical development of manhood and womanhood, should be explained to children at whatever age they may choose to demand it—would it not be well, I say, to ask if there is not danger of making some mistakes, quite as serious as those we are coolly told our fathers and mothers made in being reticent with regard to such matters?

To be sure, some bird or butterfly or fluttering leaf might have brushed the bloom off my plum if I had never touched it; some untoward accident might have torn apart the folded petals of my rosebud, even if I had not done it myself. Was it therefore wise for me to do it? Surely this question is worthy of consideration. And I want to ask another. Is it necessary to a child's purity of thought and deed, or to the continuance of its confidence in its mother, that she should tell it everything it wants to know? Shall she ruthlessly sweep away all veils, all illusions? Shall she cease to respect the negative innocence of ignorance? May she not conscientiously say to her child, even as Christ said to his disciples, "I have yet many things to say unto you—but ye cannot bear them now?" And if thus answered are the minds of children—average children I mean,—so full of prurient curiosity, have they such "itching ears," that they will forthwith rush to evil-minded servants and loquacious boys and girls, in search of the information denied them by their mothers? The modern school of reasoners upon this subject, would answer "yes" to this last inquiry. But surely some of us may be allowed to cherish the doubts born of our own experience and observation.

When the tiny baby-sister came last week, it is very probable, almost certain, indeed, that little Phil,—whether he was four years old, or six, or eight—stole softly up to his mother's bed, and with great, wondering eyes whispered—"Mamma, where did you get the baby?" If he was scarcely out of his cradle, just a mere baby himself, sadly missing the mother-love and care which he had never missed before, it is very likely he said with an indignant glance at the wee intruder, "Where did that baby come from?"

What shall she say to him? Our author says—"She can tell a falsehood,—some sort of silver spade, or hollow log, or doctor's saddle bags story—but it will not be long before she will be found out in a lie,—and will that pay?"

What is a lie? O beautiful myths of childhood, are ye all lies? Is Santa Claus a lie? Is the Christ-child a lie? Are there no more fairies haunting the shadowy dells and dancing on the greensward of a moon-lit night? Shall we bury "Cinderella," and "Little Red-riding-hood," and "Jack and his Beanstalk," fathoms deep beneath an avalanche of sober facts?

But the mother need not lie—to use that harsh, unlovely word—and yet she need not answer the difficult question literally; nor explain what will remain a mystery after all her explanations. Let her say, reverently, holding the restless hands the while—

"God has been very good to my little Phil. He has sent him this baby sister to love and play with."

Is not that the truth? and a version of it that the wondering brain will find more comprehensible than any other? Or let her repeat to him George MacDonald's beautiful little poem—"Where did you come from, baby dear?" which I should like to quote entire, if I did not fear that our Master of ceremonies would courteously inform me that he had given it to us a full a few months since. But take my word for it, before she has finished the last two stanzas

"How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, my dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here,"

little Phil's head will be so full of God and the baby that he will ask nothing farther.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written upon this and kindred matters within the last few years, it remains to be questioned whether ignorance is not often a better safeguard to a child than too much knowledge. And here may I be allowed to speak from my own personal experience? When I was a little girl my range of reading was wide, and was almost wholly undirected. I had the freest access to my father's library and read whatever I fancied, good, bad or indifferent. I have no reason to believe it hurt me in the least; although I read books that I should doubtless have feared would be rank poison to my own children, at the same age. My ignorance and innocence saved me. I did not comprehend the evil of which I read. All the love was glorified—a pure ideal untainted by earthly passion. I know, now, that in some of those books there were stories of unholo loves; but they were all holy to me then, simply because I had not the slightest idea that there was such a thing as an impure love. Would such knowledge, imparted as a "warning" and as a guard against possible evil, have made me a better, as well as a wiser child?

I know it is said that now-a-days all children do eat the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge; and that the only question to be answered is this,—shall they receive it from the hands of their mothers, or shall they pick it up in the street? For eat it they must and will.

But let me tell you something touching that point. A very few years ago a father took his two children—a girl of thirteen, and a boy two or three years younger,—to the theatre. He supposed the play for the evening was entirely unexceptionable; but there had been a change in the programme, and it proved to be just the sort of play he would have shunned as the pestilence. There was a villain, a seducer, a ruined girl, madness and death. He came home excessively worried and annoyed; saying he would not have had his young daughter see that play for the world; and the mother almost dreaded to meet the girl at the breakfast table. But the dear child came down stairs perfectly radiant; and forthwith gave her version of the story to the assembled family. Had she seen any of the evil that had so distressed her father, for her sake? Not a whit of it! She repeated as

pretty a tale of pure, tender, sorrowful love as one need ask for; and never dreamed there was something else in that mimic world, which her pure eyes had failed to detect. And her young brother was not a bit wiser than she. So much for, at least, two children of this generation, who had been to "district school," and carried their dinners into the bargain!

All this does not mean that no lessons of direct, personal purity—purity of word and deed and thought—should be taught to children. On the contrary, they should be instilled so early as to become part of the child's very being. It should be taught that its body is a sacred temple—to be kept pure and holy for the indwelling of a pure and saintly soul. How? Not by ruthlessly tearing down the veil that God's own hand has hung between the child's eyes and the deep mysteries of our being; not by "explaining" what nature will explain in due time without any aid from us; not by pointing out the sin that might else never have been thought of; but by implanting in the little heart a love for all things whatsoever, that are pure and lovely and of good report; by so training it that all coarseness and vulgarity will be repugnant to its own instincts. It hardly seems to me to be necessary to "explain" to a little child the immodesty of certain words and expressions. Forbid their use, as you would forbid it to swear, and let that end it.

Above all teach it that Christ who loved little children, and declared that "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," has also said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Number Seventeen.

MAKING A BUSINESS OF WRITING.

Your appeal, dear Maud, in the November number, will doubtless move other pens of THE HOUSEHOLD staff to reply; yet, as we feel inclined to have a little friendly chat with you, will you take our words as such, and not construe them into advice? For that we would not presume to proffer, even had you not, by the very wording of your letter, made that rather out of the question. Do you see how it is? Well, if not, let me tell you a little story, to begin with, of our Davie.

He came in one morning last spring saying, "dear me, I do want a knife, and I must have one, (he had lost his as most boys do,) but how shall I get one?" Then, without waiting for a reply, he went: "I'll tell you what 'tis, I'm going to swap my skates off with Jim Carter for his two-bladed knife that he offered me for them; say, wouldn't you?" And still answering his own question, he continued, "I'm going to, any how, if the skates are worth the most;" and off he ran to conclude the bargain, without stopping, I imagine, to consider whether or not he might repent the trade when it came time to use his skates again.

Now without in any way conjecturing what replies Maud might have received to her cry, "I want something to do," she tells us what she cannot do, which it is well to know, and then mentions writing as the dernier re-

sort; but, without waiting for a reply, expresses her determination, at all hazards, to take this up as her work, which makes it rather a delicate matter for another to, in any way, reply.

And yet, I am very sure that Maud wishes friendly talks upon the subject, and perhaps suggestions from others, which can be made without answering her questions definitely, or making one's own opinion obtrusive on a subject like this, which no one person can judge of but for themselves.

To take the end of Maud's letter, to begin with. She says she must, and will write, whether it brings her fame and profit or not. This is well. If one has thoughts burning for utterance, if "airy nothings" are floating in the brain waiting for the "pen to body them forth," and give them "local habitation and a name," then what can one do but to write? What more delightful pastime than this? And not only delightful, but giving expression to thoughts in words, is one of the best means of self-culture and intellectual training, provided there is endeavor to do to the best of one's ability, and even to tax one's powers to constant improvement in the work.

Besides this, it is a most desirable accomplishment to express one's self with ease and propriety, even where elegance and true art may be unattainable. And we wish that here we might stimulate some, among the thousands of young people belonging to THE HOUSEHOLD, to practice using the pen for the advantages that its ready and facile use, will give any one, whatever may be their labor, or station in life.

But the next question is, are these thoughts, fancies, or word-weavings which have occupied one's hours, such as will be of interest to the public? Do they carry with them any force and originality, or have they a mission to the world that we would not withhold from it?—Is there a something propelling us to speak, whether we ever gain a hearing or no?

When the great English statesman said, "I am bursting with a pamphlet," we may well suppose that he had something to say which he felt it concerned the public to hear, and that its spontaneous coming forth, would cause it to be anything but a dull or tame production, whether it convinced men or not. And when John Ruskin, then merely "A Graduate of Oxford," a young man unknown to the world, conceived the ideas embodied in the "Modern Painters," he did not stop to ask if it were policy to write, or even if it were best, or would pay; but he wrote, and sent his first works into the world at his own expense, as much as saying, that he would be heard, whether or not he was appreciated, or his views approved by a critical public. Ah! what a loss to literature had he hesitated to give forth the grand thoughts which must delight us while time shall last.

When Mrs. Stowe penned "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she, no novice with the pen, had an idea to carry out, a something to set before the world to which she brought her true genius, and used her best powers to embody her thoughts in a work of art, which would speak for itself to the whole nation. And when her husband said,

"Harriet, this book will bring you something," she modestly hoped for a new silk gown, though she would, and must have written the book, we opine, had it never been heard of in the world. She did not write them for the sake of making a book—the book made itself, and had a work to do that even its author little dreamed.

And so too, what is called art in literature, the highest kind of literature, has its own true ennobling mission in the world, and the true artist, with pen as well as at the easel, will count all things as dear which hinder his, or her, embodying their ideal in fitting form, and polishing it to a thing of beauty for evermore.

But to go back to Maud's letter, and to its practical questions. She wishes to write as a means of support; and she would ask, we think, if there is sufficient encouragement for her to do so. But how can another answer, or even guess for her? She says she is young, with only common school education, and, from her own account, is where she will likely have few opportunities for observation in the great, moving world. Of her natural or acquired abilities as a writer, she of course ought to be able herself something to judge; but has she seriously considered the great odds against which she must probably work? Does she call to mind with how many persons of rare abilities, liberal education, and fine culture, to say nothing of varied accomplishments, with whom she will have to compete as a writer? Does she reflect on the disadvantages in which she will have to work, (unless she has unusual natural faculty,) of gaining for herself a place in literature in this day, of really significant achievements in that line? We say great achievements, notwithstanding the vast amount of trash and mediocrity which finds its way into print, for our literature is rich, and becoming more so every day, in spite of the floods of weak stuff poured forth from the press.

And Maud, if she writes, we hope wishes to help add to what is worthy in literature, instead of assisting to swell the list of inferior works already too numerous to mention. We hope she has no desire for the name, or fame, or even money, which might come from such writing;—that she would not sell her mental birthright for a mess of pottage, or even for the pleasure of seeing herself in print.

But here we would not be misunderstood. We would, by no means assume, that none except those who can reach the highest rounds of the literary ladder, are ever to attempt what they can, and even to print their productions, to a limited extent, as they may find favor with publishers. But to make a business of writing, to take literature as a profession—ah, that is a very different thing! A few, a favored few, indeed, may be able to do this, and do it creditably and with honor; but excepting these, what can be said on the question? Mere journalism, we know, admits of a greater latitude; but it is a well known fact that some of our best writers give us of the rich fruits of their pen sparingly, and have other fields of labor in which they more or less largely work. On the other hand, there are multi-

tudes of ordinary writers, who give in quantity what they lack, in flavor and quality, diluting their works, till one is scarce more than a reproduction of the other; as tiresome to the reader as it must become to the writer who has given himself up to this treadmill work.

Has Maud ever read the talk of the "Poet at the Breakfast Table"? and does she remember the picture of the "Young Girl" so truthfully drawn on its pages? To us, there scarce seems a lot more pitiable than hers; and though we do not believe in mercenary marriages, yet we could not but hope that the "Young Astronomer", for whom she evidently has a fondness, would at last ask her to be all his own, and thus give her something to do besides her never-ending writing. For this is bidding fair to destroy her health and break her nerves till she is prematurely an old woman, as she seems growing to be. For if you remember the story, she must write, week after week, puzzling herself for a fresh subject, and working herself up to give it a tragical ending, till she is almost a subject for a tragedy herself. And her writings, as Dr. Holmes portrays them, are innocent productions, but which, alas! fall like a sheet of blank paper to the earth, and scarce making more real impression in the world. And she is still the "Young Girl", so, only think of the life before her, if she continues to write,—so much per week, for so much a column—whether she has ought to write or not.

But again, to make a business of writing, has Maud the perseverance, and the patience to enter the over-full ranks of literary aspirants? To wait, perhaps, in vain for recognition, till her heart is sick, and still longer for adequate reward for her labors? even supposing the reward comes at all? Does she know how small the chances are for success? how many receive only disappointment for their toil?

The proprietors of first-class journals tell us that they receive ten times as much manuscript as they can possibly use; that while much is crude and utterly unavailable, there is still a large quantity of really good, which must be rejected, for the reason that the supply of literary ware far exceeds the demand—as we are told it does in almost every class of journals, from the highest in ability and worth, to the lowest down on the scale.

Is Maud willing to subject herself to so uncertain success, and to so precarious a means of support, as it would be to depend upon dictum of publishers? Lessing compares the poet's waiting for reward, to the horse that may starve while the oats are growing, and other writers, beside poets, might be doomed to that fate were they to depend on the pen chiefly for their daily bread. Madame de Staël, whose genius and literary ability stood second to no writer in her age, tells us that she was master of seven different pursuits, by any one of which she could, if necessary, earn her own living, and so never need depend on the whims of publishers for her bread. And it was Sir Walter Scott who composed literature to a good staff to help one along, but a poor crutch upon which to depend for

support through life, even as largely as his pen remunerated him, and as superior as were its productions.

But what shall I do? asks Maud. The question, as we before intimated, is one that cannot be answered by another; yet in this day when so many avocations are opening to womankind, when, as Margaret Fuller Ossoli has it, they may "be sea-captains if they will," surely she can find something that she can do. And it will not be necessary for her to step out of true womanly paths, but to find her work, and take hold of it with a will, even though it may require some determination to do so. And in that chosen work she may learn lessons of the greatest value to her as a writer; she may gain experience and knowledge of the world and human nature, and then, if she desires to use her pen may do so untrammelled by the thought of the necessity of her so doing, and if, in time, it brings her a second means of support, or even an addition to her income, she will value it far more truly than to make it the first business of her young life.

What to do? And where do it? Can Maud not go from home, if there is nothing there for her to do? Are there none of the avocations of trade, or of labor, or places where she can use mechanical or artistic skill to some purpose, if she really determines to do so? Florence Nightingale has made intelligent nursing one of the most humane and useful ways of woman's employment, and given to it a prestige which adds to its respectability, while to one fitted for it, it is one of the most lucrative of employments.

Miss Emily Faithful, in her skilled type setting, found something to do before she became an editor and lecturer, and for any one who aspires to literature, this is one of the most helpful of employments, as giving a knowledge which cannot but be of value to the writer. Aside from this is other work connected with publishing, while telegraphing, and the schools of design open various sources of employment, to such as are so fortunate as to gain places to learn the art, and flud their after work. And—and, why, even factory work or washing dishes is better than depending on the spinning and weavings of the brain, with only the uncertain chances it carries of success, and the discouragements that are sure to bring one, at times, to almost loathe the work.

And when Maud has found her work, (in the meantime writing in her leisure hours,) when she has made it profitable and laid by a good supply of "oats" so she need not be anxious on that score; when she has gained thereby experience and added stores of knowledge and culture; then, if she chooses to sit calmly down and write her book, she may do so with far more ease and prospect of success than she would be likely now to do.

EARNEST WORDS WITH PARENTS.

Number Nine.

Parents have no right to assume that their children will be inclined to do right, rather than wrong. Facts are against such a conclusion. Accountability is predicated on the as-

sumption that children have been instructed as to what is right and wrong; and when they begin to understand their responsibility, both the good and bad in their conduct, should be recognized. Family government should not consist mainly in fault-finding and punishment. Wrong-doing is always censurable, but well-doing is nevertheless, praiseworthy and deserving reward. Hence, commendation and encouragement are not only proper in the management of children, but highly important.

Be careful and make no mistakes in dealing with the principle here involved. To illustrate,—the child tells many truths during the week, and in some instances, under special provocation to deceive, but the mother regards truth-telling as a matter of course, and offers no commendation. Finally, the temptation becomes too strong, and the child tells a falsehood, one lie against many instances of truth-telling, and he is assailed at once with reproaches and punishment. The reproof and chastisement may be proper, both in kind and degree, but if the mother has failed to commend her child for his fidelity, and to encourage him in well-doing, she has omitted the most important part of her duty. Every good principle and purpose is strengthened by exercise, and the evil is weakened in the same proportion. By frequent repetition, the habit of well-doing is formed, and a character of integrity established. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that every possible influence should be brought to bear upon childhood, to induce and encourage pure thoughts, correct motives, and right actions. And a smile of approbation, a word of praise or some trifling reward of merit, when a noble purpose has been expressed, or a noble action performed by the child, has the strongest tendency to accomplish the desired object.

I do not mean by these suggestions to encourage the indiscriminate praise and flattery of children, by their parents. This would defeat the very end in view, by cultivating self-conceit and vanity. I simply wish to call attention to these two methods of family discipline, and earnestly to recommend the habit of commendation, within proper bounds, when there is opportunity, as well as fault-finding and rebuke when these are needed. No judicious parent will be in danger, in practical life, of confounding the one with the other.

In one instance, the mother never makes a mistake in the application of this principle; viz: while her children are learning the art of walking and talking. Mark the feeble, staggering, and awkward exhibition of that little girl in her first attempts to walk; and her half uttered sounds, syllables and words, as she attempts to express her rude thoughts in language. But no mother ever made such a mistake as to criticise and scold her little daughter for tottering to fall; or for her stammering utterances. Praise and encouragement only fall from her lips. Every look and word indicates her excessive delight in the efforts and success of her child. She knows that all these mistakes and blunders result from weakness and inexperience, and

will, in due time, be corrected. Why, then, should not the mother pursue the same course, for the same reason, in the future management of her children? Most of their imperfections result from childish weakness, as in walking and talking. Let her commend their struggles to do right, and speak gently and kindly of their faults, with the assurance that time and experience will do much to correct them. Develop the good, and the evil will die out from neglect. This principle is of universal application. Let me say then to parents, criticise and find fault with your children sparingly, but commend and encourage them, at every opportunity.

Children are the only examples of "perpetual motion" yet discovered. And whence this activity? It comes from the air, the earth and the sun, which are the source of all the vital force discoverable in vegetable and animal life. This force is "pent up" in children, and is a necessity to their vitality and growth, as breathing is necessary to their existence. It must be liberated, and for the most part, in aimless activity, frolic and mischief. Why then censure or punish the child for this restlessness? He has no ability to keep still, and it is absolutely wrong to attempt to repress his activity. Physical development and health, as well as mental growth and vigor depend upon it. Parents should understand these laws, and adapt the treatment of their children to the demands of their nature. Play is as essential to the improvement of the child, as rest or study. Hence, this activity should be encouraged and controlled, rather than restrained and denounced.

EXPERIENCE.

SOME OF THE FIGURES OF ANTIQUITY.

Some one having been telling of Mr. Loder, in London, who died lately, leaving the enormous fortune of \$75,000,000, and the gorgeous monument of the Rhode Island Spragues, which is to cost \$100,000, and of the wordrous wealth of Stewart and other shoddy magnates and millionaires, the Richmond Enquirer tells us how people had big fortunes, and built fine houses, and gave dinners, and drank fine wine, and spent in other ways in the old times, ere Loder was or Stewart named. Thus it is that the Enquirer takes the shine out of the nineteenth century:

Why, what is Stewart, or Belmont, or the Marquis of Westminster, to Ptolemy Philadelphus, of Egypt, who amassed a little property of \$350,000,000? And which of our extravagant young ladies in these boasted times ever gave her lover, as Cleopatra did, a pearl dissolved in vinegar (or undissolved), worth \$400,000? Then there was Paulina, one of the *tons* in Rome, who used to wear jewels, when she returned her visits, worth \$300,000. Well, they boast of Mr. Stewart's "marble palace" on Thirty-fourth street and Fifth avenue. We do not suppose this house, which is about the best they have in New York, cost more than half a million dollars. Cicero, who was a poor man, gave \$150,000 for his house, and Clodius paid \$650,000 for his establishment on the

Palatine, while Messala gave \$2,000,000 for the house of Antony. Seneca who was just a plain philosopher like Mr. Greeley, was worth \$120,000,000. Tiberius left a property of nearly \$120,000,000. Why, they talk about a man's failing in New York for a million as if it was a big thing. Caesar, before he entered any office—when he was a young gentleman in private life—owed \$14,000,000, and he purchased the friendship of Quæstor for \$2,500,000. Mark Antony owed \$1,500,000 on the Ides of March, and he paid it before the Kalends of March. This was nothing—he squandered \$720,000,000 of the public money.

And these fellows lived well. Esopus, who was a play-actor, paid \$400,000 for a single dish. Caligula spent \$400,000 on a supper. Their wines were often kept for two ages, and some of them were sold for \$20 an ounce. Dishes were made of gold and silver set with precious stones. The beds of Heliogabalus were of solid silver, his table and plates were of pure gold, and his mattresses, covered with carpets of cloth of gold, were stuffed with down from under the wing of the partridge.

It took \$80,000 a year to keep up the dignity of a Roman Senator, and some of them spent \$5,000,000 a year.

Cicero and Pompey "dropped in" one day on Lucullus—nobody at home but the family, and that family dinner cost \$4,000.

But we talk of population. We boast of London and New York. Rome had a population of between three and four millions. The wooden theater of Scævulus contained 80,000 seats; the Coliseum, built of stone, would seat 22,000 more. The Circus Maximus (think of it, old John Robinson!) would hold 385,000 spectators. There were in the 9,000 public baths, those of Diocletian alone accommodating 3,200 bathers. Even in the sixth century, after Rome had been sacked and plundered by the Goths and Vandals, Zachariah, a traveler, asserts that there were 384 spacious streets, 80 golden statues of the gods, 46,097 palaces, 13,052 fountains, 3,785 bronze statues of the Emperors and Generals, 22 great horses in bronze, two colossi, two spiral columns, 31 theaters, 11 amphitheatres, 9,026 baths, 2,300 shops of perfumes, 2,091 prisons.

As a set-off to Mr. Sprague's "monumental tombstone," we may merely mention the mausoleum of Augustus in the northern part of the Campus Martius, consisting of a large tumulus of earth raised on a lofty basement of white marble and covered on the summit with evergreens, as in the manner of a hanging garden, the whole surmounted by a bronze figure of Augustus. At the entrance were two Egyptian obelisks fifty feet high, and all around was an extensive grove divided into walks and terraces.

We have not space to speak of the Forum Romanum, the Forum Julium, the Theater of Pompey, the Temple of Apollo, the Theater of Marcellus, the Pantheon, the palace of Nero (entirely overlaid with jewels and mother-of-pearl), the Claudian Aqueduct, the Flavian Amphitheater, the Coliseum, the Arch of Titus, the Villa of Hadrian, the Baths of Caracalla,

nor the great Roman roads, straight as an arrow, paved like the streets of a city, divided by mile-stones and having houses for travelers every five or six miles, affording uninterrupted communication from the Wall Antonius through York, London, Sandwich, Boulogne, Rheims, Lyons, Milan, Rome, Brundisium, Dyrrachium, Byzantium, Ancyra, Tarsus, Antioch, Tyre, Jerusalem—a distance of 3,470 miles.

Nor have we space to refer to Thebes, in Egypt (which had a population of 2,500,000), and that noble palace with its grand columns, whose cornices were inlaid with ivory mountings or sheathed with beaten gold; nor Alexandria, whose annual port dues were \$6,000,000, and whose library, in an age when books were rare, contained 700,000 volumes; nor to Capua, the second city of Italy; nor to Rhodes and its 3,000 statues and 100 colossi (one of them one of the seven wonders of the world, costing \$3,000,000); nor to Antioch, with a street four miles long, perfectly level, and double colonnades through its whole length; nor to Athens and the Parthenon and the Theater of Bacchus, the most beautiful in the world, which seated 30,000 persons; nor to Syracuse and its fortress one mile long by a half-mile in breadth; nor to Tyre, and Carthage, and Babylon, and Bagdad, and Memphis, and Ephesus, and Byzantium, and a hundred others.

AN APOLOGY.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

I was about to use the word "apology" to our dear "sister," Mrs. Dorr, but upon second thought I will not. Even if she is only half my own age she has earned the place I assign her by motherly counsels and gentle, pitying reproofs. When she wrote us "out of the depths of a great sorrow," how we all yearned to gather around her, not with a multitude of words, for the stricken heart—like its Maker—"doth not hear for our much speaking;" but to clasp her closely to our loving hearts, and shed for her the tears which she could not then shed for herself. For it is a part of the All-Father's wisdom that a great sorrow, like a great physical pain, benumbs both heart and brain. Before we have quite recovered our full consciousness of existence, and with it the terrible reality of our woe, the antidote has been applied, the healing has commenced, our faith in God and a glorious immortality has made the shadows of time to flee away.

Dr. Holland, who reminds me so often of our own good Dr. Hanaford has in the closing chapter of *Arthur Bonnicastle* a few words for us all. They contain a volume. He says:

"It is the story of the world. We are born, we grow to manhood and womanhood, we marry, we work, we die. The generations come and go and they come without call and go without significance if there be not a confident hope and expectation of something to follow, so grand and sweet and beautiful that we can look upon it all without misgiving or pain. Faith draws the poison from every grief, takes the sting from every loss,

and quenches the fire of every pain; and only faith can do it. Wisdom, science, power, learning—all these are as blind and impotent before the great problem of life as ignorance and weakness. The feeblest girl, believing in God and a hereafter, is an archangel by the side of the strongest man who questions her simple faith, and mounts on wings where he stumbles in doubt and distress, or darkness."

The old year has gone with the others; it was but a leaf in life's diary. Those of us who have passed the first flush of youth, have learned to turn it over a little sadly, a little thoughtfully, but without vain regrets, and write calmly on. We take no sad review of its contents; we know it is useless, they were written too deeply upon our own hearts to need review. We make no more of youth's impetuous resolves, we have broken too many of them; we reach not out eager hands for its sunbeams, we know that our share of sunlight will surely come to the path of our duty, although it may be now through tangled woods where lie the heavy shadows.

"Never apologize," is my motto for housekeepers when visitors arrive. It makes defects only more conspicuous, and is a sad waste of time which might be given to social converse, besides giving the guests an uncomfortable feeling that they have arrived at an inconvenient moment, and you are not glad to see them. It is a rule from which I am myself perpetually deviating. Hence this "apology" for the many letters which should have been written during these many months to the brothers and sisters of our HOUSEHOLD Band. This is not, however, really an infringement of the rule, since it is a matter of friendship, rather than of good housekeeping.

Dr. Hanaford's kindness surely demands an immediate response. His words of sympathy were gratefully received, and he will be happy to learn that his young patient seems in a fair way to recovery. He has been able to attend recitations in the preparatory department connected with our University for several months, with satisfaction to his teachers, and seemingly no injury to his eyes. I hope therefore, if I can arrange for him plenty of out-door exercise and cessation of study in summer, that he may be able to acquire in winter, the liberal education he so much desires. Perhaps this is a dangerous experiment, yet we should most of us prefer bodily to mental blindness, and I trust with constant watchfulness to avert from my child either calamity.

The plan for a better acquaintance among Mr. Crowell's large family circle required no passport to our favor, but is worthy of somewhat more than passing notice. I am afraid, however, that our farmers have forever excluded the state of Illinois from railroad favors, and that even our good editor's influence would not be sufficient to pass me such a distance to the gathering.

Probably sister A. B. G. understands me this, that I intended to advise the not making her blackberry, or other fruit juice, into intoxicating wine. Strained, boiled, with sugar to taste, and sealed while hot, it is perfectly free from intoxicating power, and can

be used in many ways for culinary or medicinal purposes.

A few stone (not earthenware) jugs filled with different juices can be stored in a corner of the cellar and remain for months, or even years, subject to no danger and requiring no care. If you are so unfortunate as to be the head of a movable family, you will rejoice in the moving time that these jugs require so little care in packing. When the season of mince pies and pudding sauces arrives, you will not need brandy, wine, or fermented cider to flavor them. Your ice cream can be flavored and tinted at the same time with hues of beauty, or when the spring days come with heat and languor, as they do in the West, and sometimes in the East also, long ere even the small fruits ripen, a little fruit juice in a glass of cold water is pleasant and refreshing. The fevered invalid blesses the hour you prepared your fruit juice into a cordial which "cheers but not inebriates." Eight years ago I made currant and other wines, as a regular and proper part of my housekeeping duty. Some day I will write an account of my conversion.

Will sister Marah please read "affection" instead of "opposition" near the close of my letter to her. Our HOUSEHOLD types are usually placed in such orderly array, and so seldom throw either our thoughts or our nerves into *pi*, that I seldom think it worth while to correct the few errors made. If our compositors can have patience to decipher my hurried articles, I can surely have patience when they fail to puzzle out an occasional word.

For if any of you think, dear sisters, that some other of us writes without hurry and without interruption, it is probably, in most cases, a mistake. For we are all housekeepers, else we have no deep interest in the theme. Many of us are mothers also, and what a world of care and anxiety as well as of love and joy is in the word!

If housekeepers, whether like myself obliged to be Bridget and mistress both in one, with a trio of healthfully boisterous boys to be blissfully oblivious of door-mats, and a proclivity for reading and writing sometimes very inconvenient to be indulged; or the lady mistress of a small army of servants, each of whom seems to be specially ordained as a separate and peculiar trial of patience; we have, in either case, use for an amount of brain labor and nervous energy, quite sufficient for one mortal, without writing elaborate essays.

Thus it is that we throw off these careless pictures of our own experience, or our observations of others, which make THE HOUSEHOLD seem so like the gathering of a large, loving family in the home sitting room at twilight. Each has a budget of news to open, from which comes something to amuse, instruct, or to warn, as opportunity has offered for gathering its contents. Some are vexed and scold a little; some are weary and complain a little; some are unhappy and come with tear dimmed eyes; but the home spirit soon rests and comforts all.

Then the vexed ones grow calm, and think they need not have scolded so hard, as I doubt not T. I. M. has

by this time. If she has continued to reside in my beloved adopted state till now, she has discovered that Illinois cows furnish milk not surpassed in any other state, although her Chicago milkman may need to be changed for an honest farmer; that Illinois hens lay lots of eggs, without even the fuss of pounding burned bones, but pick up their own lime from our soil; and that Illinois mud, although very trying to a neat housekeeper, gives abundant crops of grain, beautiful flowers, and fruit of unsurpassed quality. It was hardly fair to judge the whole "great west" by a perhaps first attempt at housekeeping in a strange city, or a first absence from father's farm and mother's cooking.

We also tried the Æolian harp, first our little ones, then the older members of the family, each one thinking they could discover the error, but all failed to bring the music. Our windows were tightly finished, we could find no place for wedges to enter and remain in good position, and the crack so slight little air passed through. Perhaps that was the secret. We have now left the dear homestead, and when we are a little more at leisure we will try if the windows in "our own hired house" are any more melodious. I am sure enough of the prairie wind passes through them.

This "apology" is growing long and yet I have given no excuse for long neglect of our band. First, my own sickness of several weeks, then that of the youngest child, perhaps from lack of mother's peculiar care; then a fractured limb by a child with a fancy for tree-tops; then house-hunting and moving—more house-hunting and re-moving!

There! am I not forgiven by general consent? If I aren't I oughter! That house-hunting would fill a volume. Perhaps I will some day try to crowd it into a chapter. We all know how much easier it is to amplify than to condense.

SIMPLICITY TRUE BEAUTY.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

Many ladies of the present day make a great mistake in the matter of adornment. They have yet to learn that multiplicity of lines and details without any definite design, are offensive to a truly artistic eye. The dress, for example, of many modern fashionable women, from the bonnet down to the feet, seems to consist of a confused and irregular mass of bows, ruffles and loops, with no definite outline, or special use or ornament; and only suggesting to the beholder that they were invented by milliners and dressmakers who were desirous of making as much work for themselves as possible, without the least regard to any laws of beauty, taste or convenience.

Fancy, if you can, a beautiful statue clad in the deformities of modern fashion! Contrast the fussy, finned fashion of the present day with the simple and graceful garments worn by our grandmothers and great-grandmothers. Have you ever seen those old brocades that they used to wear? What simple, elegant and beautiful outlines! How easy, and yet how well fitted to the form, combining

ease, convenience and beauty. And then when one of these dresses was once made, it lasted a lifetime! Ladies of that day never thought of such a thing as having expensive new dresses every season or year. They were perfectly content to wear plain print dresses every day. Even Madam Washington thought a plain print dress and blue checked apron quite good enough when receiving morning calls from the wives of the foreign ambassadors.

I have seen more than one lady receive fashionable guests while clad in a neat, simple calico, with such sweet, unconscious grace, dignity and courtesy as to elicit their warmest admiration. If you have a garment that is really pretty, becoming and graceful in outline, do not throw it aside in a year or two, saying "It is old fashioned," but wear it until it is worn out. Remember that beautiful line of Keats,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

But it is not in dress alone that we find a want of simplicity. Houses, churches, furniture, jewelry, show the same elaborate ornament and detail without unity and symmetry of design. A mantel-piece or center-table we see covered with a multitude of pretty trifles, but as a whole they have no beauty, and give no pleasure to the eye. How much more beautiful is one rosebud or lily of the valley with its leaves in a glass of water, by itself than a multitude of flowers in a bouquet. The reason is that it is easy and pleasant for us to receive the impression of beauty conveyed by the single flower, while in the other case we get a much less definite and decided impression. The mind cannot grasp too many things at once, especially if there is no special connection between them, and the effort to do so leaves a disagreeable impression.

But want of true beauty is not so much in elaborate detail as in want of unity of design. It is said that the best artists never make one stroke of the pencil without an object. Every line and shadow helps to bring out more distinctly the leading thought and design of the picture. Nothing is done at random. Every stroke tells. Thus they bring out more beauty with few touches than a poor artist can with many.

I once asked a great musician "What is classic music?" His reply was something like this: "Classic music carries through the whole piece, however varied, one central idea or thought." If this be so the most simple melodies are more truly classic than those elaborate compositions which seem designed rather to astonish than to please.

And as in the most melodious music, each note bears a special relation to the key-note; and in the finest paintings each line tends to bring out more distinctly the central thought and design, so a truly beautiful life must have

some simple, leading purpose, and every thought, word or act attend to this key-note, and this central thought, this key-note—God.

Any one going west can get some valuable information and reduced fares by writing to Asa C. Call, State Agent of Immigration, Algona, Iowa. 107

It is needless for us to commend Dr. Kennedy's Medicines to the public, for they and he are well known over New England. We are, however, glad to see that he has manufactured a medicine for the Throat and Lungs, and we have no doubt that the Prairie Weed, which appears in our paper of this month, is a valuable remedy for the diseases of the chest which are so prevalent in this changeable climate. Dr. Kennedy has numerous certificates of its value, and the afflicted and their friends will do well to read and remember the advertisement.

Of course our readers have not omitted to provide themselves with a bountiful supply of the American Peerless Soap in view of the near approach of "Spring Cleaning." Very much labor can be avoided by its free use.

THE PUBLIC VERDICT is in favor of using DR. TOPLIFF'S SYRUP OF TAR for the extermination of Coughs, Colds, Diphtheria, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, Asthma, Bronchial Affections and Irritation of the throat. Its excellence is its success.

HEARING RESTORED.—A GREAT INVENTION. Send stamp for particulars to GEORGE J. WOOD, Madison, Ind.

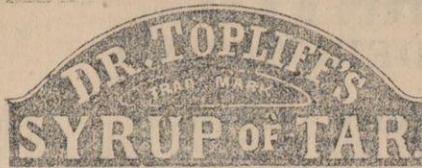
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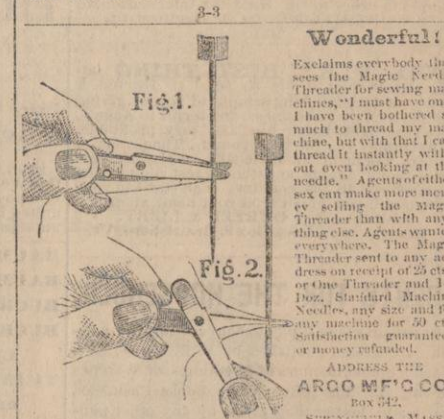
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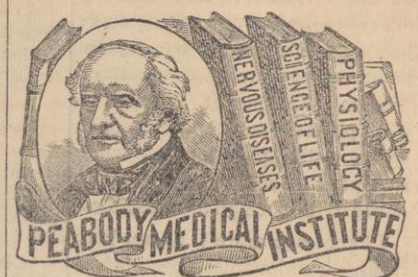


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The Household.



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MY CATALOGUE for the spring of 1874 will be ready in February. It will contain a list of the leading varieties of Roses, Verbenas, Geraniums, Carnations, Fuchsias, Heliotropes, Pelargoniums, &c. Also a list of the best varieties of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c., adapted to this section, together with a list of the most popular varieties of lower and Vegetable Seeds with description and directions for cultivation. Send for Catalogue—mailed free on application. Address,

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For 1874. 150 pages; colored plate; full list of best Vegetable and Flower Seeds; Novelties; Florist Flowers; Bulbs, &c.; the most complete seed Catalogue published. Free on receipt of two 2-cent stamps for postage. Seeds warranted to reach purchasers. 3-1

HOVEY & CO., 53 North Market Street, Boston, Mass.

Beautiful Ever-blooming ROSES.

Strong Pot Plants,

Suitable for immediate Flowering. Sent Safely by mail, post-paid.

Five Splendid Varieties, purchaser's choice. \$1; 12 do. \$2.

For 10 cts. additional, we send

MAGNIFICENT PREMIUM ROSE.

Our elegant Spring Catalogue for 1874, describing more than two hundred finest varieties of roses, and containing full directions for culture with chapters on Winter Protection, Injurious insects, &c., &c., is now ready, and will be sent free to all who apply.

The Dingee & Conard Co., 3-adv ROSE GROWERS, WEST GROVE, Chester County, Pa.

NO. 10 HOWE'S PIANO AND VIOLIN or Flute Duets, contain: Poet and Peasant waltz, Gentle Spring Waltzes, and 20 other pieces of music, 75 cents; No. 10 Quintette Quadrille Band, \$3 for 5 parts, \$2 for 4 parts. Quintette Musicians Omnibus, 4000 pieces of music for violin, flute, etc., \$5. Howe's Full Quadrille Orchestra, 150 Waltzes, Quadrilles, Galops, etc., Strauss, Gungl, Zlotoff, Faust, etc., for 9 instruments, 50 cents each set. ELIAS HOWE, 10 Court Street, Boston, Mass. Sent postpaid. See our catalogue. 3-1e

SEEDS

OUR BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES for 1874. of SEEDS AND PLANTS

Numbering 175 PAGES, and containing 2 fine large colored plates, are now ready. To our patrons they will be mailed as usual free; to all others, on receipt of 25c., which we return in Seeds or Plants, with first order.

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Peter Henderson & Co. Seedsmen, 35 Cortlandt Street, New York.

PLANTS

50 CENTS.

50 Fine Visiting Cards neatly printed and sent to any address for 50 cents. 50 Snowflake Card or 75 cts. 20 Beautiful Glass Cards for 50 cts. Agents wanted in every town in the U. S. 3-1adv GEO. M. McLEAN, Rutland, Vt.

FIRST DOSE On a Boston Police Officer.

BOSTON, Nov. 15, 1871.

H. R. STEVENS: Dear Sir—In the spring of 1869 I was stricken down with fever, which had a long and almost hopeless run. The best medical advice being in attendance, I was taken through the fever; but it left me terribly reduced and weak, with excruciating pains in my side, back and hips. I was completely prostrated with Kidney Complaint, and no medicine seemed to reach my case.

In this condition I was persuaded to try VEGETINE by a friend whom it cured of the same disease, and it seemed as though I could feel the effect of the first dose through my whole system; and from that moment I began to mend, gradually growing better from day to day; and I followed on with the VEGETINE, until it completely restored me to health, since which time I have been able to perform my duties as a police officer, enjoying good health; and there is no doubt about the great value of VEGETINE in Kidney Complaint and similar diseases. I am, sir, respectfully,

LAFAYETTE FORD, 564 Broadway. Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, &c., are always unpleasant, and at times they become the most distressing and dangerous diseases that can affect the human system. Most diseases of the Kidneys arise from impurities in the blood, causing humors which settle on these parts. VEGETINE excels any known remedy to the whole world for cleansing and purifying the blood, thereby causing a healthy action to all the organs of the body. VEGETINE is sold by all Druggists.

HE READ THE ADVERTISEMENT AND WAS CURED.

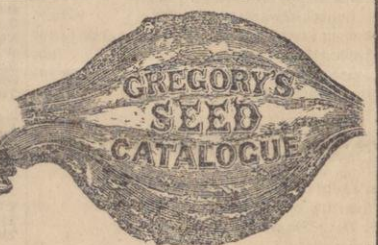
H. R. STEVENS: Dear Sir—In expressing my thanks to you for benefits derived from the use of Vegetine, and to benefit others, I will state—

When eight or nine years old, I was afflicted with Scrophula, which made its appearance in my eyes, face and head, and I was very near blind for two years. All kinds of operations were performed on my eyes, and all to no good results. Finally the disease principally settled in my body, limbs and feet, and at times in an aggravated way. Last summer I was, from some cause, weak in my spine and kidneys, and it was at times very hard to retain the urine. Seeing your advertisement in the Commercial, I bought a bottle of VEGETINE and commenced using according to directions. In two or three days I obtained great relief. After using four or five bottles I noticed it had a wonderful effect on the rough scaly blotches on my body and legs. I still used VEGETINE, and the humors were all gone, and I attribute the cure of the two diseases to VEGETINE, and nothing else.

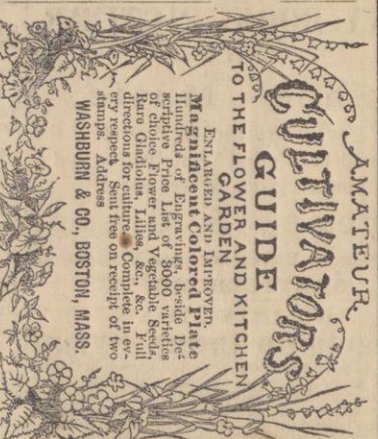
If I am ever affected with anything of the kind again, I shall try VEGETINE as the only reliable remedy.

Once more accept my thanks, and believe me to be, very respectfully, AUSTIN PARROTT, Dec. 1, 1872. No. 35 Gano st., Cincinnati, O.

Vegetine is sold by all Druggists. 3-1



My business is to supply what every farmer & experience is most anxious to get, perfectly reliable Vegetable and Flower Seed. With this object in view, besides importing many varieties from reliable growers in France, England, and Germany, I grow a hundred and fifty kinds of vegetable seed on my four seed farms, right under my own eye. Around all of these I throw the protection of the three warrants of my Catalogue. Of new vegetables I make a specialty, having been the first to introduce the Hubbard and Marblehead squashes, the Marblehead Cabbages, and a score of others. My Catalogue containing numerous engravings, taken from photographs, sent free to all. 1-3smph JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.



UNPRECEDENTED SALES! Large Commissions! Wanted—Agents, male and female, to sell Pictures everywhere. One has retailed \$3,500. Another writes, "I can make more money in this business than I can on a \$10,000 farm stocked." Enclose stamp to 3-6adv WHITNEY & CO., NORWICH, CONN.

\$10 to \$20 a Day.—Agents wanted for Everybody's Monthly. Only 50c. a year, with elegant chromo. Particulars free. Address Everybody's Monthly, Cleveland, O. 3-11



A BALSAM AND TONIC

FOR THE CURE OF

Coughs, Colds,

BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA,

INFLAMMATION OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS,

WHOOPING COUGH,

AND ALL CONSUMPTIVE DIFFICULTIES.

THREE FACTS.

FIRST.

There are certain localities in the Western States where Consumption is a very rare disease, and sick people removing to these sections soon recover from any form of Lung complaint.

SECOND.

In these localities the PRAIRIE WEED grows very abundantly, twining among the grasses, its blossoms perfuming the air with a fragrance very grateful to men and cattle.

THIRD.

DR. KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MS.,

has prepared a Medicine from this weed which has remarkable healing properties in all Throat and Lung diseases, whether mild or severe, whether recent or of long standing. The medicine in every case has removed the pain and suffering, and as one gentleman cured by the PRAIRIE WEED said, "The peculiar health-giving properties of the Prairies are contained in this remedy."

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

PRICE. \$1.00.

BATH, ME., Feb. 17, 1873. MR. KENNEDY. Dear Sir, I sit down to pen you a few lines this evening, to inform you that the Prairie Weed you sent me last fall has done me much good; truly I have not words to express my gratitude to you for it. My health has not been so good for the last twenty years as it has been since I commenced taking the Prairie Weed in November last. I thank you thousands of times for it. Not one night since last December have I been obliged to sit up one hour with phthisis since I have been using your medicine. I have two bottles left yet; and I cannot thank you enough for your kindness to one that is poor and no money. But my health is so improved this winter that I can work all the time at light work, so I more than pay my board, and that is what I have not been able to do for a long time. Truly I have reason to rejoice with joy to think that I have found something to help me. I ever remain your humble servant. M. MARIA LEACH.

APRIL 3, 1873. DR. KENNEDY. Dear Sir,—I am glad to inform you that the Prairie Weed has helped me. I have used five bottles; and my cough has stopped. I have not spit up any more lumps after taking the first bottle. My pains are not half as many as they were; and my sleep is sweet. I am a very delicate lad, and weigh more now than I ever did in my life. I have scattered your Prairie Weed circulars all through the country; and this is very little to do for you who have done so much for me. Yours truly, JACOB BACON, Cleveland, Tenn.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN,—I respectfully state that in May, 1872, I caught a cold so severe and deep, that since July I have so far lost my voice as to be unable to sing; lost my appetite, and become unfit for business; had cold sweats nearly every evening; that in January and February I spent above fifty dollars for pills and powders, with four doctors, who pronounced me a consumption, and said I had not long to live, but within three weeks I have been induced to try Dr. Kennedy's Prairie Weed, and, having taken three bottles, I am now enjoying a good appetite, have strength for my daily business; and last evening (April 1st) I sang six times in their singing) a prayer-meeting of above a hundred voices. These statements are no exaggeration. Attest: HUGH McDUGAL, 57 Melrose Street, Boston, April, 1873.

DR. KENNEDY.—I am an old woman seventy-six years of age, and I want to tell you what the Prairie Weed has done for me. I had been sick in my bed nineteen weeks, with a violent cough, pain in my stomach and sides. Nothing would stay in my stomach; and I was so reduced by coughing, I could not raise myself from the bed, when a friend brought me a bottle of the Prairie Weed. The first spoonful seemed to me to rest my stomach and soothe my cough; and, before a week had passed, I was able to sit up in my chair, which I had not done for five months. I have used two bottles; and I am now able to do my work about the house, and have not felt so well a health for many years. I have been cured by the Prairie Weed; and I wish every one with a cough, or stomach weakness, would try your wonderful medicine. THERESA LINTON, Carver Street, Boston.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

Buy a Bottle of the Medicine.