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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 5.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., FEBRUARY, 1872.

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The Household.

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THE COTTAGE DOOR.

How sweet the rest that labor yields
The humble and the poor,
Where sits the patriarch of the fields
Before his cottage door.
The lark is singing in the sky,
The swallow on the eaves,
And love is beaming in each eye
Beneath the summer leaves!
The air amid his fragrant bowers
Supplies unpurchased health,
And hearts are bounding 'mid the flowers,
More dear to him than wealth.
Peace like the blessed sunlight, plays
Around his humble cot,
And happy nights and cheerful days
Divide his lowly lot.
Oh, happy hearts, to him who stills
The ravens when they cry,
And makes the lily 'neath the hills
So glorious to the eye—
The trusting patriarch prays to bless
His labors with increase;
Such ways are "ways of pleasantness,"
And all such "paths are peace."

PAINTS FOR FARMERS.

We present below a timely and exhaustive article on paints for farmers, prepared for the New York World by Professor H. E. Colton, a gentleman skilled in the literature and practice use of paints of all sorts. His directions will be found entirely reliable, and his suggestions worthy of consideration:

Paint on the farm is no longer a luxury; it is a matter of economy, and custom or fashion has made it a necessity. Its use on farm houses and farm utensils is a matter of self-preservation. If a farmer would add to his store of funds by taking a few summer boarders, he must make his house attractive, pleasant, and neat. He cannot do this without paint. Hence, how and with what shall the farmer paint his house? If his house is in a grove of green trees, a light buff is best; if exposed, a drab or French gray. This for the body of the house, with window-blinds green, cornices and copings brown, light or dark, as may suit the taste. We state these shades on general principles, and the

farmer who uses them will seldom fail to have a house that will be admired.

To get these shades. White is the base upon which all tints are founded. There are three kinds of white paints; white lead, oxide of zinc, and zinc-lead sometimes called Bartlett lead. White lead is the most costly, and although very generally used, until the introduction of zinc-lead considered the best, is really a very poor stuff, as well as very dangerous as a poison. It chalks from action of the atmosphere, and very rapidly turns yellow. Oxide of zinc is very seldom used for out-door work, as it is unfit for such use, because it cracks and peels off. Zinc-lead is an original pigment containing zinc and lead oxides. It does not chalk and turn yellow like white-lead, nor crack and peel off like common zinc. It has as much body and more covering power than the best white lead. At the same time it is one-third cheaper in price. It is not poisonous to use, and when mixed in oil it does not settle, which fact is a great convenience to the farmer. Hence for these reasons we recommend it in preference to any other paint. Like all other paints now, it can be bought ground in oil, under the name of Zinc-lead or Bartlett Lead.

To make a buff, take one hundred pounds of Zinc-lead and three gallons boiled oil, and two gallons spirits turpentine. Mix thoroughly, then add yellow-stone ochre ground in oil until the desired shade is reached. Try a little occasionally on a board, as a paint looks differently in a body from when applied. If a canary yellow is required, use chrome yellow. The same will give a canary tint to the buff. A very much admired tint is made by using a little black with the ochre.

For a drab, use a little lamp or drop black instead of yellow ochre. Pretty tints may be made by using umber or metallic brown paints. It takes less color to tint zinc-lead than white lead, and it holds the tint better. The best ochre comes from France; it gives a tint that does not fade, but shades from chrome yellow will fade. Tints made from metallic paints, as Prince's, etc., do not fade. umber makes a pretty tint, but is apt to fade in the sun. For copings, use one of the brown metallic paints.

For window-blinds, emerald green is the best article. It is known everywhere. It is not poisonous, and has a bright, rich tint. Paris-green was formerly used, but so many accidents have happened from it, that but few now use it. Green may be shaded lighter by using a little zinc lead in it. It contrasts well with almost all colors, whether pure white or a tint.

The interior of houses may be painted a pure white or tinted. In painting inside, to make a flat zinc color, use all spirits of turpentine. In fact, many use

more of it on outside work now, especially when they wish to make a flat color without gloss. Oil alone, especially with zinc-lead, gives a rich satin gloss. This, for the inside of houses, adds much to the appearance of the paint. To paints which do not have this gloss property in themselves, it is imparted by mixing a little varnish. Doors are frequently painted oak or walnut color. This may be bought already mixed for use (called training colors) more conveniently to the farmer than to get the tinge himself. Umber is generally used.

For fences and the lower class of farm buildings, the idea of the farmer is generally to get something cheap. We have always seen that the best, is in the end the cheapest. The object of painting is to keep out moisture, and thus prevent wood from decay. Hence a paint which does this perfectly, is the best even if it cost twice as much. A cheap mineral or earth paint may be very good, but when the question of renewing is taken into consideration, it may not be so cheap or so good as paint that costs more, but lasts longer. We have indicated as much in the zinc-lead, but for the general uses of the farm, we think its mixture with some of the ochres, mineral or metallic paints would be of great use.

In oils, always get the best linseed you can; never use petroleum. It doesn't pay in the end by a great deal. Porgie or Mendahen oil is very good for common work; but on houses, or anything nice, use as pure linseed as you can buy. For farm utensils, on wood work, we would advise using the best paint; tint it if you want color; on the iron or steel red lead is, perhaps, the best material you can get. The farmer can now, if he chooses, so great have been the improvements in the trade, buy his paints mixed up, ready for use, under the name of house and villa or household colors. These save him much labor in mixing and tinting. But he should by all means avoid paints called chemical, as they have water mixed with their oil, and cannot necessarily be as good as the others mentioned, which are mixed with oil alone.

RECIPE FOR ROOF CEMENT.

Four parts of coal tar, one of air-slacked stone or shell lime, and one of hydraulic cement or water lime. The cost of the materials is about three or four cents per gallon—a quantity sufficient for a large roof costing only a trifle. Put the tar into an iron pot over a slow fire and when moderately hot, sift in the lime and the cement. Stir and mix well. Apply it warm.

A second coat will be well to make sure the covering of all the leaky cracks and to increase its durability. To improve the color and lasting, sift on a coat of white or yellow dry sand soon, or about as fast as it is put on, as it soon becomes hard.



HOME ETIQUETTE.

BY H. C. DANE.

WE Americans often find much fault with the English for their formality, but I sometimes think we might copy some of their manners and customs with great profit.

As I have marked the practices in some American families, where circumstances have made me a guest, I have sometimes thought we lacked home politeness, and common display of affection. I know how many look upon expressions of affection on the part of members of the same family, as a show of weakness, rather than of strength. I am not one of those who thus view the matter. To me, there is no exhibition more touching, and gratifying, than to see parents and children, brothers and sisters, affectionate and tender towards each other, and ever ready to express their affection, one to another. To see a husband and wife part and meet, as do strangers, with simply a word of acknowledgement, is to me, simply chilling; to see parents and children, or brothers and sisters, separate and come together again, as do neighbors, fills me with a feeling of sorrow, for I know that in that family, where such is the custom, there is enjoyed very little of the bliss of domestic life.

Said a lady of high standing in American society, to me one day: "Why, my husband never thinks of kissing me when he goes away to his business, or when he returns. Of course, when we were first married, he used to, but that died out long ago!" Ah! thought I, did not something else die out with it? Many an aching heart could tell.

"Oh, it is well enough for lovers, and young people, to be kissing, but for us, it would be nonsense," said one of my acquaintances, once when we were discussing this question.

I am no advocate of cheap display of affection, or disregard of those displays of love and devotion, but I do admire to see the members of a family affectionate, and ready to exhibit it to their own flesh and blood.

What the good? I hear many asking. This: Where a family of children are taught from childhood to manhood and womanhood, to be kind and loving, one to another, and see the daily exhibition of like kindness and love between the parents, and from the parents to them, there we see strong manhood and noble womanhood. Affection does not beget weakness, nor is it effeminate for a brother to be tenderly attached to his

sisters. That boy will make the noblest, the bravest man. On the battle field, in many terrible battles, during our late horrible war, I always noticed that those boys who had been reared under the tenderest home culture, always made the best soldiers. They were always brave, always endured the severe hardships of camp, the march, or on the bloody field most silently, and were most dutiful at every call. More, much more, they resisted the frightful temptations that so often surrounded them, and seldom returned to their loved ones stained with the sins incident to war. Another point, they were always kind and polite to those whom they met in the enemy's country. Under this protection, woman was always safe. How often I have heard one regiment compared with another, when the course of the difference was not comprehended by those who drew the comparison. I knew the cause, it was the home education.

We see the same every day in the busy life in the city. Call together one hundred young men in our city, and spend an evening with them, and we will tell you their home education. Watch them as they approach young ladies, and converse with them, and we will show you who have been trained under the influence of home affection and politeness, and those who have not.

That young man who was accustomed to kiss his sweet, innocent, loving sister night and morning as they met, shows its influence upon him, and he will never forget it, and when he shall take some one to his heart as his wife, she shall reap the golden fruit thereof. The young man who was in the habit of giving his arm to his sister as they walked to and from church, will never leave his wife to find her way as best she can. The young man who has been taught to see that his sister had a seat before he sought his, will never mortify a neglected wife in the presence of strangers. And that young man who always handed his sister to her chair at the table, will never have cause to blush as he sees some gentleman extend to his wife the courtesy she knows is due from him.

So I might go through the catalogue, but I forbear. I have shown enough for my present purpose. But there are other benefits derived from home politeness, quite as valuable, if not more so. When love and tenderness are cultivated, ill-feelings can never find root. And what is so sad to behold as anger between members of the same family. And yet how often we are forced to see, and feel it too. I was the inmate of one family for a long time, where there were several members, all of full strong tempers—if you please—and yet I never saw an angry look from one to another. They sometimes differed in opinion, but always in kindness. My deepest regret is, that I was deprived of the benefit of such a home, and such training in my boyhood.

Again, young men from such homes and such influence, make our great good men, who save us from the evil that our great bad men would plunge us into. The home makes the country! The country cannot be higher than the home. The stream cannot be purer than the fountain; therefore the laws of our land cannot be purer than the men who make them.

Mothers and daughters, wives and sisters, remember that, and remember

that you have the making of the future of this great country, and rise at once to your high and holy duty. Remember that you must make that future, whether you will or not. We are all what you make us. Ah! throw aside your weakening follies of fashion, and soul-famine, and rise to the level where God intended you should be, and make every one of your homes, from this day, schools of true politeness and tender affection. Take those little curly headed boys, and teach them all you would have men to be, and my word for it, they will be just such men, and will go forth to bless the world, and crown you with a glory, such as queens and empresses never dreamed of. Wield your power now, and you shall reap the fruit in your ripe age.

BED-ROOMS.

As one-third of our entire existence is spent in our chambers, in the unconscious happiness of sleep, and as good health is impossible without the habitual breathing of a healthy atmosphere, the importance of inhaling a pure air during sleep is self-evident. No sleep can be sound and healthful unless the person is comfortably warm; and many a man who has gone to bed in health has awakened with a mortal malady, or one involving life-long suffering, by having been exposed to a draft of air upon some part of his body while asleep either from an open door, an open window, a broken pane or an unstopped crevice.

Three things, then, are indispensable to the healthfulness of a bed-chamber; we must be comfortably warm, must not be exposed to drafts of air, and must be supplied with a pure air, not very cold. A great deal has been written about sleeping with windows sky-high, so as to let in all out of doors; none but monomaniacs or born fools write thus; we know that many persons have met their deaths by having been exposed by means of an open window to a sudden change in the weather during the night; and certainly the safe side is the best.

In cold weather there should be a fire in an open fireplace all night, and air enough will get in at the crevices of the doors and windows to create a current, driving the bad air up the chimney. In summer a lamp or candle may be burned standing in the fireplace, unless the door of the hall is left open; but as most persons, at least in cities, do not feel safe to sleep with an open door, the lamp is a good substitute. A window may be hoisted, but there are comparatively so few nights during the year to make it safe to do so, the fire or open inner door is preferable.

There is no advantage of going to bed or undressing in a cold room; all invalids and sedentary persons should undress, sleep and arise, in a room not lower than fifty degrees; and if it was seventy, while rising, so much the better. The old, the sedentary, and the sickly, should sleep on feather beds in cold weather; if they sleep on mattresses, it often requires so much bed-clothing to keep them comfortably warm, that it compresses the breathing, and so confines the foul air above the bed, as to make them restless.

In a close room the first out breathing contaminates the whole volume of air in the apartment; and this will go on until there is not enough pure air to sustain life, and the man dies; but when the hot air comes in at the ceiling, it

forces the bad air to the floor, so that if the holes are open in the floor, or around the base-board, and the floor is furred, this bad air escapes in that direction, heating the floor in its passage outwards, thus effectually preventing cold floors, which cause cold feet, making our wives and daughters cross and enriching the doctor and apothecary.—*Hill.*

have conservatories attached. Whole blocks of houses, with conservatories to each, are going up in London to-day, and all of them marked "To let." It seems to be understood that the coming tenant will want his little plant house. Dwellings that only command a rent of two hundred dollars have little greenhouses as part of the regular fixtures. I mention this fact because it is something we should adopt at home. A more general cultivation of greenhouse flowers by our American ladies would be an advantage to all.

What spot so charming in a princely home as the cool and fragrant conservatory opening into the dining-room! Yet here not lords and merchant princes alone revel in this cheap and refining luxury, but the carpenter's wife, the mechanic's daughter, and the hard-worked city clerk meet their families in their own cosy little glass-covered greeneries. Through the kindness of horticultural builders I was enabled to see many useful patterns. At the establishments of the florists I saw the buildings in actual use.

As to styles of roof, the ridge and furrow principle is the one used in the construction of the Crystal Palace, and I think first used by the builder, Sir Joseph Paxton. As photographs of the palace are common, you can easily see what I mean. By this system any surface may be covered with glass. By its use we can cover any sized plant or tree, and make a winter garden anywhere. In these days of horticultural progress, when so many in America are turning their attention to cultivating plants, flowers and fruit under glass, it is well to consider briefly this system. The idea is simply a series of small roofs, or ridges, placed side by side, and of any length or number. When the space to be covered is large, columns must be used to hold up the roof. These are placed at the bottom of the furrows. The ridge of course supports itself. It may be remarked that common gas pipes are much used here for upright supports in greenhouses.

The objection may be urged that this style of roof will require to be made very strong, as the snow will lodge in the furrows. Hundreds of houses of this pattern, though on a somewhat larger scale, are in use in America, and I have never heard that snow caused any damage. The advantage of this style of roof is its lightness and adaptability to all uses. Conservatories, railroad station, porches, areas and roofs to counting-rooms and stores, could all be made in this pattern. Of course, for the gardener it is only adapted for tree ferns, palms, and other tall-growing plants, or for display-houses, where plants are kept for show, not for culture. Some houses are ranged in a double row, extending through the whole block, from one street to the other. A broad gravelled walk passes between them, so that all are easy of access. The houses are mainly span roof, and of various lengths. Each is for its own class of plants, and has its own peculiar temperature and aspect.

The culture of ferns, orchids, stoves and foliage plants is carried on extensively. The stove ferns require a high temperature at all times, with a rigid exclusion of the direct sunlight. The temperate ferns have more light and less heat. By a stove is meant a plant-house kept at a high temperature. Very little ventilation is given, and the air is

THE FLOWERS ON A FROLIC.

Winter once fell fast asleep
On a New Year's day,
And slept so soundly that the flowers
Ventured out to play.

Hidden away in the dark caves
They for weeks have lain;
It would be so nice, they thought,
To come up again.

First they peeped—then they laughed—
Never was such fun;
Violets with their purple caps
Capered in the sun.

Periwinkle's sweet blue eyes
Danced with life and joy,
White and yellow crocuses,
May-buds fair and coy.

Daffodils in orange silk,
Hyacinths in green;
Such a pretty, merry sight
Ne'er before was seen!

And while they sported there,
Happy as the day,
Up rose winter from his lair,
Grim and stern and grey.

Tweaked the violet's purple caps,
Pinched the may-buds fair,
Turned the crocus blossoms pale
With his freezing air.

Poor flowers! pretty flowers!
'Twas a sorry sight—
All their sweet, unconscious ranks
Scattered in affright.

All their merry gambols o'er,
Glad to shrink and run
Underneath the friendly earth
Till the spring should come.

Learn a lesson, little ones;
Winter never sleeps;
Though he slumbering seems, he still
One eye open keeps.

Stay at home another time,
And don't come out flocking
Till you hear at the door
April's gentle knocking.

CONSERVATORIES IN ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

In looking into the various floral establishments about London, one quickly discovers that the methods there pursued are not so different from ours as one would imagine. The difference does not consist in method of culture, but in tools, apparatus and buildings. The same thing is to be noticed in market-gardening, in farming, and in the nursery business. The rose, the potato, the strawberry are cultivated as with us. Nature is the same in Old England as in New England. It is to the Englishman's tools and buildings we must give our attention if we wish to gain information of value to the farmer or gardener.

When we read in the papers that an iron greenhouse, twelve feet long and ten feet high, can be furnished, with glass and all, for five pounds (\$20), we are not surprised that five-tenths of all the middle and better class of houses

kept moist. To accomplish this the walls are made of brick, with no side lights. The span roof is low, and with small ventilators. Canvas screens roll down over the glass on the outside to shut out the sun, and enough hot-water pipes are put in to maintain a temperature of eighty degrees in sunny weather, seventy-five degrees in shade and sixty degrees at night. Pipes run along the walls, and tables of iron and slate are placed over them. Over the slate tables are wooden racks about one inch high, on which the pots stand. In the center of the house is a brick tank about four feet deep. Pipes run through the bottom of this, and the whole is filled with water. In the water are brick piers rising an inch above the surface. On these the pots stand. When the heat is turned on the water is warmed, and a damp, steaming atmosphere produced, in which certain classes of ferns, orchids and pitcher plants reach a degree of perfection but little known in the United States.

Could your readers visit one of these English stoves and see the marvellous beauty of the ferns and foliage plants, or study the indescribable colors and shapes, the blooms of the orchids put on, they would be quite as ready as I am to admit that the English gardeners excel us in this direction if in no other. The only wonder is that these classes of flowers have not been more generally cultivated by our florists. Ferns are beginning to be used in Boston, but not to that extent their beauty demands. The culture of the more hardy ferns and lycopods is the same here as with us. Shade from the sun, moisture, a steady thermometer, and a still, close atmosphere, are all that one wants.

Wardian cases are well known now-a-days. Their many advantages recommend them to the lovers of house plants. They can be described in a few words. A pot, box or tray, to hold the soil, and a reasonably tight glass cover. Fill it with ferns and other suitable plants in a proper soil. Water it once in two months; keep it away from the sun and in a moderate temperature. Do this and success will be certain. The English people understood it, and Wardian cases are more common than pianos. They are made of every size, from the magnificent one, sixty feet long, in the South Kensington Museum, to a butter-boat covered with a goblet.

The first-mentioned is such a superb affair, and fills such a useful place in art and house economy that I must turn aside to describe it. It is not only a thing of beauty, but an art model for the student. It covers a party wall, and ornaments one of the halls. It so happens that there is a space about four feet wide between two walls, one of which has windows opening into the northeast cloister of the Museum. With us such a yard would be a refuse heap. Here the space is covered with a glass roof—mere sash bars with thick roughened glass, and hot water pipes put in. The wall is tastefully covered with rock work, and soil is spread among them and over the floor, and the whole place is alive with beauty. Ferns, vines and lycopods in profusion cling to the wet rocks or brush their graceful fronds against the plate glass windows. The pipes and walls are hid. The windows are whole sheets of glass. You can imagine the effect; don't expect me to describe it. This use of moss-covered

stones in Wardian cases is quite common.

In regard to the iron greenhouse, so much talked about just now, and of their shape and construction, I must say a few words. There are two styles of greenhouse building—the sash and the fixed roof. With us, both are used, but always made of wood. Here, iron alone or wood and iron combined are used. A sash house, as you know, has a frame of timbers on which the glazed sashes are placed. Now, this frame work may be of iron, with wooden sashes, or upon a wooden frame iron sashes can be placed. Which is best?

From persistent inquiry among the many English gardeners I have met, I infer that the iron frames are not liked. They contract and expand too much; contract and leave bad cracks in cold weather; expand and bind the sashes, doors and ventilators, so that they will not open in hot weather just when they are wanted. Iron sashes are very good, except where they are moved about. Then the elasticity of the iron causes the glass to break badly. So far so bad. On the other hand, the use of fixed iron roofs—that is, sash bars made into a part of the permanent framework of the house, is in favor. A fixed roof building is very strong, cheap and durable. It can be made in any design, and is by far the best way of using iron for the farmer and gardener.

There is one more way—combine the two. Make a frame in part or all of iron and have wooden sashes; or make a wooden frame with fixed iron sash bars. This is the most common style, and, to my mind, the best. These iron sash bars can be drawn out to any length, like so many rails. Rolled in a mill, they can be produced at a very low cost. A farmer with a few thousands in ten or twelve foot lengths might soon produce cheap houses, in which all his crops of potatoes, squashes, cabbage, etc., could be forwarded ready for the field with great advantage. Should he be obliged to move, the glass could be taken out, packed up and carried anywhere. The bars could be bundled up like so much rod iron. The walls and foundations, being of brick or wood, might be abandoned or treated as old material. I think this idea of using cheap iron sash bars in the fixed-roof pattern one worth of the attention of all who in any way cultivate the soil. I say all; for the day is coming when the ordinary farmer will be a gardener and have a gardener's profits.

These rods are of two patterns. This L shape is common. Another is a cross. These are rolled in a rolling mill, and are easily bent or cut to suit. Another pattern is made by pressing galvanized sheet iron in a mould. By using great force a double rod is produced, though I fear not so strong as the rolled rods. Cast iron is often used for brackets, arches and ornamental work, both inside and out. In glazing no tacks are used. The iron bars are painted and then puttied. The glass is bedded in the putty and painted down. Occasionally holes and bored in the bars, whereby the bottom panes of glass can be secured by pins or wire. This is not important. In all upright green-houses, work and in all glass partitions, walls, doors, carriage-way covers and railway entrances, whenever the slope is nearly upright, the glass is bunted.—*N. Y. E. Post.*

CONCERNING HOUSE PLANTS.

House plants are things of beauty, and consequently desirable, if they are healthy, which, unfortunately, they very rarely are. In the majority of instances plants are injured by too great care, a business that isn't content to let them grow their own way; but must be always trying to force nature to go contrary to her own sweet will. This she will not do. The remedy is to let nature have her own way. Just find out how a plant likes to grow, and then humor it in every way. The cacti are dainty plants, taking in much of their sustenance by the leaves, and being from the tropics, prefer a light and rather dry soil; this they seldom get, for the solicitous house-gardener is so anxious to make her pet cactus put forth its glorious blossom, that she keeps its roots soaking constantly. The oleander, on the contrary, is a plant of the marshes, and being a big plant in a big tub, gets, perhaps a little sprinkling of water each day; just enough to moisten the surface.

The first thing to be learned then is the nature of the plant cultivated; its wants, and the best way of supplying them. There are many plants of hardy growth that admit of general treatment, and will thrive in spite of too much care or too little. Fuchsias, geraniums, petunias, ageratum and the ebutilon are of easiest culture; will grow in the most ordinary soil and are not dependent for their thrift on a carefully regulated temperature. The success of house plants largely depends upon watering them regularly, and frequently, and not profusely. If too much water is given, the soil soon loses its vitalizing properties, becomes sodden and sour, and your plant grows sickly, because its root is rotted.

Give your plants air on every warm day in winter, and you will not be annoyed by red spiders, which are, without doubt, the greatest of all pests to house plants. If your plants do become infested with these minute and persistent insects, there is but one way to get rid of them; a thorough showering of the underside of the leaves daily, with cold water. The ageratum is specially liable to be attacked by the red spiders, and should therefore be watched with great care. The insects which are hardly visible to the naked eye, may be detected by a fine web that gathers on the nether surface of the leaves, and by the general sickly appearance of the plant. The aphis, or plant louse, is another annoyance; but as the fumes of tobacco are extremely noxious to it, it may be easily gotten rid of.

There are three things essential to the healthy growth and beauty of house plants; they are sunlight, pure water, and fresh air. In proportion as these are supplied, success will follow. Do not try to cultivate too many plants; a few vigorous plants, standing in the full sunshine of the sitting room window, are doubly worth the crowded, ill-assorted collections that disfigure many rooms. Better a simple geranium, with its round, gracefully scalloped leaves of deep green, and crowned with bunches of scarlet bloom, than an array of scrawny, ill-pruned, bug-infested plants, that make one feel as if he was in a hospital for diseased vegetation.

—To keep plants clear of insects, syringe them occasionally with quassia tea.

A BEAUTIFUL EXPERIMENT.

The following beautiful chemical experiments may easily be performed by a lady, to the great astonishment of a circle at her tea party.

Take two or three leaves of red cabbage, cut them into small bits, put them into a basin, and pour a pint of boiling water on them; let it stand an hour, then pour off the liquid into a decanter. It will be of a fine blue color. Then take four wine-glasses; into one put six drops of strong vinegar; into another six drops of solution of soda; into a third the same quantity of a strong solution of alum; and let the fourth glass remain empty.

The glasses may be prepared some time before, and the few drops of colorless liquids which have been placed in them will not be noticed. Fill up the glasses from the decanter, and the liquid poured into the glass containing the acid will quickly become a beautiful red; that in the glass containing the soda will be a fine green; that poured into the empty one will remain unchanged.

By adding a little vinegar to the green, it will immediately change to red; and on adding a little of solution of soda to the red it will assume a fine green; thus showing the action of acids and alkalies on vegetable blues.

TO TRANSFER ENGRAVINGS.

Take glass that is perfectly clear, window glass will answer, clean it thoroughly, then varnish it on one side only, taking care to have it perfectly smooth, place it where it will be entirely free from dust, let it remain over night, then take your engraving, place it in clear water until it is wet through, say ten or fifteen minutes, then lay it upon a newspaper that the moisture may dry from the surface and still keep the other side damp. Immediately varnish your glass the second time and place your engraving on it, taking care to lay it on straight, press it down firmly so as to exclude every particle of air, then rub the paper from the back carefully until it is of uniform thickness, so thin that you can see through it; varnish the third time and let it dry.

I never tried painting them, but think they could be painted to advantage before they are varnished the third time. Wood cuts or newspaper engravings do to transfer, although of course they are not so nice as steel plates. To make the varnish, take two parts balsam fir to one part spirits turpentine, mix well, let it stand two or three days, shaking it occasionally, apply with a camel's hair brush.

BERTHA.

FLOWERS AND MOSES.

Forty different species of wild violets are found east of the Mississippi. In North America there are said to be one hundred and thirty species of asters, and ninety species of the golden rod. Of mosses there are nearly one thousand different species in the world, and of the beautiful leather mosses alone there are over fifty species.

—Very handsome wall baskets may be made from old hoop skirts by forming them into loops and rings, then arranging into a basket, which may afterward be painted, varnished and ornamented with gilt paper. MRS. WHITNEY.



A WORKMAN'S WOOING.

I know that my hands may be hard and rough,
That my cheeks may be worn and pale,
But my heart is made of a good sound stuff,
That will never falter or fail:
And though in the world with my mates I stand
To share in the battle of life,
I take thee, my girl, by the dainty hand,
As my own, my sweet, bonny wife.
I though never a jewel wreath may span
The curls on thy beautiful brow,
I'll pledge thee my heart and troth like a man,
And love thee forever as now.
And though the bright dreams of love's sunny
prime

Too often the future belie,
The steep hills of life together we'll climb,
And conquer our fate—thou and I.

My coat may be poor, my words may be few,
Yet there's never an exiled king,
Can offer a queen a present more true
Than mine of a heart and a ring:
That tiny gold link with which we may bind
Our fortunes in one common bond.
And rear us a home where happiness shined
May dwell with affection most fond.

What more would we seek? What more would we
have?

What more could fair nature bestow,
If, of all her rich gifts we ventured to crave
The richest that mortals may know?
For aye, dearest girl, shall our wedded love
Flash star-like, atop of our life,
And never will I a base traitor prove
To my heart, my home, or my wife.

THE FASHIONS.

THE polonaise, though not as convenient for house wear as the basque and overskirt, is the most fashionable garment of the two; and a very stylish and graceful one is the Marguerite vest polonaise. It has a vest in front extending six inches below the waist, and joining the polonaise at the side and shoulder seams. The back is pleated and gracefully draped, and is fitted with a middle seam and side forms. The front is cut away on each side to show the vest, and the sides are fitted with darts (one on each side) reaching to the arm holes; a reverse with a narrow collar at the back finishes the front. An extra wealt is cut into the skirt about three inches below the waist line, at each back side seam, which is laid in small side pleats, and the seam joining it to the basque is concealed by a bow. The sleeve is half flowing and is left open up the outer seam as far as the elbow, and rounded at the bottom. Fringe, with a heading of pleatings is an elegant trimming for this most graceful garment; which is suitable for both street costume and home attire. It requires eight and one-half yards of material three-fourths of a yard wide, and if trimmed with the same, two yards extra will be wanted.

A very stylish walking suit has a skirt trimmed with a deep pleated flounce at the bottom; and an overskirt with an apron front, and draped back; which is finished at the sides with a bow. The basque is round in front but has a square postillion back. The sleeves are coat sleeves, not very large and finished with a square cuff, and also having a band of trimming across the top just below the shoulder seam. A black velvet hat trimmed with ostrich feathers, and a bow with long ends at the back, is very pretty with this dress.

One of the best styles for a winter

cloak to be worn with costumes consists of two capes, but has a watteau fold in the back, which gives greater warmth, and also gives the cape fullness enough to hang gracefully over the tornure. The upper cape is open up the back to show the trimming on the watteau fold; and should be two-thirds as long as the lower cape. This garment can be cut with or without sleeves; and is used for velvet, heavy cloth and the black cashmere flannel-lined wraps, that can be worn with any dress. It is also a stylish wrapping for suits of satin, cashmere, or ladies' cloth of any color.

Suits for little girls have the underskirts trimmed with a deep kilt pleating, and an overskirt cut whole, but draped at the sides. Girls over twelve, wear the dress long enough to reach the ankle, while younger misses wear them shorter, so as to reveal an inch or two of the stocking above the boot. The waist is a short basque with a pleated postillion back; and having a seam down the back but no side seams, as they give a too womanly look to undeveloped figures. The basque and overskirt are trimmed alike and a vest is sometimes outlined by folds or bands. Buttons and button-holes are down the front; the buttons being molds covered with the same fabric as the trimming. A standing frill of muslin or lace is pleated inside the neck, and wrists of the coat sleeves. White folded lawn ties are also worn by young misses. A square jaunty jacket, cut low and pointed at the neck, and having a reverse collar of velvet and coat sleeve finished with a square cuff, is very pretty for this suit. The boots are of kid and very high.

The quiet dark colors, in such favor for ladies' dresses, are now adopted for children. Navy blue, myrtle green, and plum colored suits, are in great demand in soft twilled fabrics; such as serge, thibet and satin.

Plaids are not so fashionable as in the early part of the season, and sombre hues are preferred to the gay ones so much worn formerly.

A pretty sacque for plaid suits, which are still very popular for school dress, is a loose sacque and talma cape. Plaid polonaises are worn over black skirts by young girls.

Long loose sacques of black velvet, tied with bright sash ribbons, and pretty walking jackets of poplin and cashmere, make very little girls comfortable.

Light pink and blue silks are prettily made with crape overskirts and ruffles, for evening wear. A stylish over-dress, to wear with silk slips, is made of Swiss muslin, and is more like an apron than a polonaise. The waist and skirt are in one, and buttoned down the back; the neck is half low and square. The garment has antique sleeves, (coat shape, but only reaching to the elbows,) and is bordered with lace on a single pleating.

The hair cut off straight and slightly crimped, then left flowing with a single plaited tress hanging down the middle, is a favorite coiffure for very young ladies.

The long kilt skirts are still popular for little boys in dresses, and are warm and comfortable; a variety of these skirts are furnished to wear with a jacket of black velvet. Dark blue, brown, green and grey cloths, of a light quality are chosen for these skirts. The pleats all turn one way, and are deeply folded and pressed down, so as to remain flat and smooth. A little space in front is left without pleats and trimmed with

three black rosettes. Plaids also make up very prettily for these skirts. When the little fellows are too short and chubby to look well in these kilt skirts, they are dressed in belted gabrielle of plaid. A pretty effect is given to these by cutting the plaid bias. They are bordered with black velvet an inch wide, and have a velvet belt, collar, cuffs, pockets and buttons. A Scotch cap with velvet crown and broad roiled rim of velour, with bow and streamers of gros-grain ribbon behind, completes the dress.

DEFINITIONS.

Ecru means unbleached, and is the name given to the pale buff worn last season.

Faille is fine corded silk.

Faille cashmere or *Cicilienne* is mixed silk and wool, like cashmere but repped like faille.

Irish poplin is a repped goods with silk facing and wool filling.

Cashmere is twilled only on one side, while *thibet* or *merino* is twilled on both sides.

Cretonne chintz is a new curtain chintz.

Armure cloth is a soft, thick, lusterless fabric, corresponding to armure, or mourning, silk.

Ciel blue is sky blue.

Godet pleating is clusters of box pleats, spaced between.

Kilt pleating is hemmed on both edges, and is stitched on an inch below the top, then again about four inches from the bottom, the space below hanging loosely like a ruffle.

A *watteau bow* is three or four drooping loops and two long ends of ribbon placed just below the collar in the center of the back of any wrap.

Passementerie is gimp trimming

MODEL STREET SUITS.

Material, Nile green serge; underskirt just touching the ground; overskirt with apron front, two long breadths behind left open about six inches; postillion basque with vest front, and easy coat sleeves. Five two-inch bias folds of the material, and French poplin of a little lighter shade, alternating; three folds on the upper skirt, and around the bottom a netted fringe of green silk, three inches deep. Vest of the poplin, with three narrow folds, and fringe around the edge of the basque. Bonnet of soft gray felt, trimmed around the crown with alternate loops of gray uncut velvet and green cut velvet, and a black lace curtain at the back; on one side a cluster of gray ostrich tips edged with green, confined to the bonnet by the head and breast of a small bird, of mixed green and black; puff of green velvet on the edge of the bonnet; full ruche of silk illusion around the face, bridle strings of gray, and short ties of green gros grain.

Walking suit of London smoke-colored poplin, trimmed with brown velvet ribbon. Lower skirt trimmed with three graduated flounces, overlapping, headed with three rows of inch wide brown velvet; overdress, a plain polonaise, full behind, buttoned all the way up the front with brown velvet buttons, narrow ruffle of the material round the bottom, headed with three rows of the brown velvet, which are carried up the front, each side of the buttons, over the shoulders to a point in the middle of the back; close coat sleeve, with cuffs bound with velvet and buttoned with velvet buttons.

English turban hat, trimmed with brown velvet and gros grain ribbon, with ostrich plume of the new olive green.

Dress of pin striped black and white silk; lower skirt, trimmed with an eight-inch flounce, made straight way of the goods, and each edge faced with black ribbon. The flounce was set on in double box pleats, seven or eight inches apart; a bias band of the silk about an inch and a half wide, lined with light foundation muslin, was stitched on the flounce to hold it on the dress, each edge of the band being finished with the tiniest little fold of plain black silk down the center of the box pleats and through the middle of the band, and at the distance of every three inches were sewed small flat black velvet buttons. The overskirt had the same bias band and buttons, with black fringe; the waist was pleated; over the edge of the pleats was stitched the narrow black silk fold, and down the center were set the black velvet buttons.

A handsome calling suit displayed was of that new rich shade of prune, and the silk was very heavy. The underskirt quite long and faced with crinoline to the knee, without trimming. This was attached to a plain waist, pointed in front, with a postillion back. Overdress in the Marguerite polonaise pattern, trimmed around the bottom of the skirt with a bias band of velvet to match the dress, two inches wide, sewed on with blind stitch; deep velvet cuffs and rolling collar, like a gentleman's dress-coat collar, small rows of bias silk and velvet up the front, and three bows and ends of velvet two inches wide to fasten up the loops behind at the termination of the back seams.

The bonnet accompanying this suit was the most stylish displayed at any opening. The crown was quite deep, the front plain, (not rolled,) quite an approach to the old fashioned bonnet. The frame was plainly and smoothly covered with cut velvet, the exact shade of the dress velvet, a box pleating of velvet lined with sky blue satin was set on, facing to front, so that it showed over the face, and just on the edge of this was a fall of fine thread lace vailing the face trimming, which was merely a roll of blue gros grain ribbon and the velvet. Around the crown of the bonnet were alternate loops of blue and prune colored ribbon. On one side was a long ostrich plume with a delicate blue center, edged with prune color, which curled over the brim of the bonnet, falling full over the lace curtain at the back.

From among the most noticeable dresses for evening wear, we select those of simplest construction:

A peach-bloom faille silk was made with a court train with three flounces, trimmed with blond lace. Over this was worn a long, loose polonaise of white gauze; around the bottom of this a deep netted white fringe headed by a box pleated ruche of the gauze, very full at the back and looped high; large Duchesse sleeves trimmed like the skirt; sash of pink gros grain ribbon; a ruff of Valenciennes in the neck; with coral ornaments, and a wreath of coral around the back hair.

Dress of light blue tarlant, low corsage, and no overdress; long, full skirt trimmed to the waist with puffs of blue

tarlan, finished on each edge with box pleated ruchings of bobbinet footing one inch wide. The berthe was made after the same model; waist pointed back and front; short sleeve, consisting of one full puff of tarlan and ruchings of the footing; Roman scarf sash of light blue and pink, and a wreath of cel blue morning glories in the hair.

Another dress worthy of mention was a silk of rich mauve, (for a middle aged person,) with one deep flounce around the bottom, widened behind to form a demi-train, and headed with ruching of black lace; the front breadth to the waist trimmed with narrow flounces and black lace; overskirt open in front, and trimmed with black lace and ruffle; basque waist trimmed to match; waist very open, with Marie Antoinette fichu, (three cornered cape,) made of black thread and Valenciennes lace, fastened at the bosom with a bow of lace and mauve gros grain ribbon. Very open sleeves. Head dress of black lace, with sprays of wild roses. Delicate mauve gloves, stitched with black, with two buttons.

• • • HIRE A SEAMSTRESS.

Every woman in humble life, with a family of children, finds her sewing a severe tax upon her health and strength. If she is not blessed with a sewing-machine, the tax becomes an almost insupportable burden. After her day's work is done, and the little ones all asleep, she must sit up for hours and stitch, stitch, on their garments to keep them decent and comfortable. To the disgrace of mankind, her husband and grown up sons will lounge about all the evening, and never say, "here is the money, mother, to pay a sewing woman to do that work for you. Lay it by, and take your rest as we do."

Worse still, fathers grumble over paying a dollar or two to have a dress made, and tax an over-burdened wife with making up every day pants and coats for themselves. I would like to know who ever saw a man out hoeing corn by moonlight? No, when night comes the day's work is considered over. What reason or justice is there in a feeble woman prolonging hers for half of the night? When a man has extra work to be done, he employs extra help; he never thinks of reaping his fields alone. Why should a woman be expected to carry on all her extra work single handed?

"Oh, but my wife will sew evenings. I have often told her she had better put it up." Yes, but did you offer to provide a substitute for her? Did you lay out the money to pay for the work, and insist on its being spent that way? I never knew many wives avaricious enough to decline such help, when it was heartily offered. There are always poor people enough in a place, who are glad to get such work to do. Five dollars invested in this way, brings in large returns of comfort and happiness, and it is a blessing to another, who does the work. Don't begrudge your seamstress' bill, weary housewife. Don't say to yourself, "fifty cents is a great deal to pay for making that child's dress," but, "what a comfort it is to have it done and off my hands." It is worth much more to you than the money you paid out for it. These seamstress' bills may save you heavy doctors' and undertakers' bills, grasping father. It costs a great deal to bury people, now-a-days. Consider this

in your estimates of "saving" in having your wife do all her sewing.—*Count y Gentleman.*

• • • A DUTCH LAUNDRY.

At the top of the house, both in town and country, is invariably to be found a spacious laundry, extending, in fact, over the whole area of the house. In this the linen is stored in presses, and the clothing of the past season, winter or summer, all duly turned inside out, hangs on pegs all about. Here, twice in the year, Mevrouw holds her grand saturnalia. Without doubt the most important item in a Dutch girl's dowry is linen. The quantity she thinks necessary for our own person and for household purposes is enormous. But then it should be known that she "washes" (the linen of course) but twice in the year. Cuffs, collars, and muslins, she says, must be washed often; but all other things are flung, for a time, into huge buck-baskets big enough for a half dozen Falstaffs to hide in; indeed, these are astounding baskets, and when full will weigh four or five hundred weight.

Every house has a block or pulley firmly fixed to the ornamented coping of the roof, which, indeed, is purposely constructed to carry this useful machine, and forms a noticeable feature in the architecture of all Dutch houses; and by means of the block, these huge baskets are readily lifted to and from the laundry, and furniture or heavy articles of any kind, to the other stories, through the windows.

A visitor for the first time may see with amused bewilderment that particularly lumbering trunk of his wife's, which has been the despair of railway-porters throughout his journey, whipped up by invisible hands to a height of sixty or seventy feet in no time, and disappear through a bedroom window. The clothes are simply rough-washed in the country, and when sent back, all the females in the house set to work for a good fortnight to mangle and iron, starch and crimp; and you may be sure that every bit of clothing a Dutch young lady of the middle classes is wearing has been made by her own fair hands. The original outlay in linen is no doubt large, but the cheap mode of washing pays good interest for the money.

• • • FRENCH SHAWLS.

Few persons are aware of the various and interesting processes involved in the production of that popular article of modern costume, the French shawl, the prices of which range all the way from two dollars to two hundred. The materials which enter into the manufacture of these shawls are principally as follows: The cashmere hair, which comes by way of Russia, and is chiefly obtained in Thibet from a peculiar variety of goat; wool of various countries, but particularly of Germany; raw silk, or the organdie of the south of France; spun silk, and even cotton.

The operation of weaving is performed by the Jacquard loom, which, of course, has been greatly improved for this purpose since the time of its illustrious inventor. The manufacturers, in the first place, have their designs produced for their individual establishments; and the pattern, once settled, is put on the cards by the designer, revised, and handed over to the reader. This latter operation, which is generally performed by special

workmen, consists in translating, as it were, from the design cards to the cards of the machine, each of which represents one of the little squares of the former and each of the colors which has to be produced in the loom. For the weaving the workman receives the warp, dyed or prepared; and also the material for the weft. When the shawl is woven, it is handed over to the dresser, who cuts it, shears it by mechanical means, and finally washes and dresses it.

Of course, the rich shawl is the type of all the other classes. It is generally woven on a warp called cashmere, but composed of a thread of cashmere twisted with a thread of organdie or raw silk; the weft is of pure cashmere, of excellent quality. The manufacturers of these rich shawls are, and must always necessarily be, the originators of new types as regards designs and colors; it is upon this condition only that they can obtain a remunerative price for productions. Their novelties are usually copied by the producers of inferior shawls.—*Ex.*

• • • WOMEN'S CLOTHES.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is writing a series of vigorous articles in the New York Independent upon the Woman Question. She thinks that "Women's wits go into their clothes." We quote from her timely words as follows:

"The average young woman expends enough inventive power, enough financial shrewdness, enough close foresight, enough perturbation of spirit, enough presence of mind, enough patience of hope and anguish of regret upon one season's outfit—I had almost said upon one single street suit—to make an excellent bank cashier, or a comfortable graduate of a theological seminary.

I once saw a young lady ride the whole way from Portland to Boston in the cars without once leaning back against the cushioned seat, so that she should not tumble her black silk sash.

A barber told me that he 'curled a young lady' once for a ball, 'and she had two hundred and forty-seven curls when she was done; and I began at ten o'clock in the morning, and I never got through with her until nine o'clock at night.'

Dr. Dio Lewis tell of a being who put four hundred and twenty-five (I think) yards of trimming upon one single dress. Four hundred and twenty-five yards! Conceive of the Hon. Charles Sumner or Prof. Longfellow in four hundred and twenty-five yards of trimming! Imagine the speech on San Domingo, or the Psalm of Life, written with a black silk sash tied to the author's coat-tails, he pausing at every classic stanza to see if he had tumbled himself behind. Fancy Brown Sequard at a consultation in two hundred and forty-seven curls. Picture him timing the pulse of a dying man with one hand and tightening his hairpins with the other."

• • • GIRLS' OPINION OF NEWS-PAPERS.

Margery Dean, in a letter from Newport, gives the following discussion between some young ladies concerning the merits of certain newspapers: Sitting on a hotel piazza, the other morning, watching a group of young ladies, I overheard a curly-headed little maiden, who was frizzled and panniered and puffed in the height of the style, exclaim, "Oh, I like the Independent best!" A

moment before, I could have sworn that la petite never looked at a newspaper, and somewhat surprised, I took the liberty of listening further.

"The Tribune suits me better," said her black-eyed companion.

"I take the Evening Post," chimed in a stylish, saucy looking girl, who was pelting somebody over the railing with pond-lilies—a beautiful bunch, by the way, which five minutes before I had seen a gentleman carefully selecting for her from a little urchin's basket.

And when, I wonder, do you girls get time to read the newspapers? "Fold them four double, of course," was the next sentence I caught, and more puzzled than before, I very impolitely walked near the group, when everything was made clear to me by the blonde little one saying:

"I had rather have a newspaper any day, than the best pannier that was ever made in Paris."

I fell back in my seat, uncertain whether to laugh or to feel provoked with the chatterboxes, who had strolled off to lay siege to a party of gentlemen just from the beach. Think of it, Mr. Tilton! think of it, Mr. Greeley! did it ever occur to you what a bustle you make in fashionable circles?

• • • A KNIT MAT.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been making a knit mat which is quite pretty, and thinking that some of your subscribers would like to make one like it, I send the directions:

Cast seven stitches on two wooden needles, a little smaller than a pipe-stem in size; take strips of any thin cloth of about an inch in width, and any length, sewed together, say two yards of white then a yard of black, and so on just as you like. Black and white mixed in with bright colors looks very nicely. A yard and a quarter is the length of the stripe after being knit, and it takes ten stripes to make a good sized mat. The more colors there are the better. Sew the strips together with double shoe-thread. Bind off each strip. A. E. S.

—To bleach cotton cloth: Take one large spoonful of sal soda, one pound of chloride of lime, for thirty yards; dissolve in clean soft hot water, rinse the cloth thoroughly in cold soft water in order that the cloth may not rot. The above amount can be whitened in fifteen or twenty minutes. M. C. G.

—An old-fashioned woman remarks, with pathetic retrospectiveness: "I can remember when eight yards of print, and ten or twelve hours' work, without a sewing-machine, would make a dress, which required only a pretty collar, a black silk apron and a brooch to arrange it into a very neat toilet. But that was when ladies did housework in the forenoon, dined in the middle of the day, occupied themselves in sewing in the afternoon, and had tea at six o'clock."

—One of the most important things to be considered in dress is the careful covering of the chest and back. Exposing the lungs by inadequate shielding of these portions of the body from cold is too generally practiced, especially among the ladies. To cover the chest alone most carefully is not enough. There should be thick covering between the shoulders.



SONG OF THE DUCKS.

One little black duck, one little gray.
Six little white ducks running out to play;
One white lady-duck, motherly and trim,
Eight little baby-ducks bound for a swim!

One little white duck holding up his wings,
One little bobbing duck making water-rings,
One little black duck turning round its head,
One big black duck—guess he's gone to bed.

One little white duck running from the water,
One very fat duck—pretty little daughter!
One very grave duck swimming off alone.
One little white duck standing on a stone.

One little white duck walking by its mother,
Look among the water-reeds maybe there's another:

Not another anywhere? Surely you are blind,
Push away the grass, dear, ducks are hard to find.

Bright little brown eyes! o'er the picture linger!
Point me all the ducks out, chubby little finger!
Make the picture musical, merry little shout!
Now where's that other duck? What is he about?

I think the other duck's the nicest duck of all;
He hasn't any feathers, and his mouth is sweet
and small!

He runs with a light step, and jumps upon my knee,
And though he cannot swim, he is very dear to me.

One little lady-duck, motherly and trim;
Eight little baby-ducks bound for a swim;
One lazy black duck taking quite a nap;
One little precious duck, here on mamma's lap.

—Selected.

WHERE FRANK WENT TO.

WELL, old Frank is dead!" said Mr. Morey, as he came into the sitting-room one evening from his office.

"Dead!" exclaimed a chorus of voices in astonishment, while Mrs. Morey laid down her work, and both the children sprang to their feet in excitement.

"Yes, stone dead—out on the street," replied Mr. Morey.

"How did it happen?" asked Mrs. Morey, "and—"

"Who killed him?" cried Louis.

"I'll tell you how it happened," said Mr. Morey, as he thrust his feet into the slippers Emma had placed for him, and sank into his especial easy chair, drawn up to his especial corner. "I was driving home quietly as usual, when, just as we reached John street, a runaway horse, attached to a light wagon, came dashing around the corner. Before I could move, almost before I could see him, he was upon us. The thill of the wagon struck poor Frank, and he dropped instantly."

"What a narrow escape for you!" said Mrs. Morey, shuddering.

"Yes, a foot or two nearer would have made my chance small. I sprang out at once, and did what I could, but the poor fellow died in a few minutes."

"Where did the other horse go?" asked Louis.

"He jumped one side and ran on, but he tipped over the wagon at the next corner, and I think was caught just below."

"Poor fellow!" said tender-hearted Emma, almost crying.

"Yes, it was terrible; but he did not suffer much. It is better so than if he had been very much hurt, and lived some time to suffer."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Emma "but it seems too bad never to see him again."

"What did you do with him?" asked Mrs. Morey.

"I had to leave him there till morning. I hired a drayman to draw the buggy home."

"Shall you bury him papa?" asked Emma.

"By no means! he's far too valuable to bury. I shall sell him."

"Ho!" shouted Louis, "sell him! who will buy a dead horse?"

"I shall sell him to a man who makes it his business to sell the body out in parts to those who want it."

"Why, papa, what for?" asked Emma her eyes growing larger and larger with her amazement.

"There are a good many people who will be glad to buy parts of him. In fact I believe there is hardly an inch of him but is used in some way."

"I don't see how they can use a dead horse," said Louis.

"Well I can tell you. In the first place, his skin goes to the leather-maker."

"I thought leather was made of cow's skin," said Louis.

"So it is, and horse-skin, too, and calf-skin, and sheepskin, and—"

"Oh, yes—of course—all kinds of skin," interrupted Louis.

"Horse-skin leather is made into boots and heavy harness. The mane and tail go to the haircloth makers."

"Why, what is haircloth?" asked Emma.

"Cloth made of hair. My chair is covered with it."

Emma went over to examine it.

"Why, papa, is that truly made of horse-hair?"

"Yes, and you see it is very useful. A good many horses gave their tails to cover my chair."

Louis laughed.

"I guess the horse hadn't much to say about it."

"Besides haircloth, they make sieves, and brushes, and other things out of it."

"Why, our sieves are made of wire," said Emma.

"We have one hair one," said mamma, "the little spice sieve."

"Oh, is it?"

"The hoofs are made into combs and glue. The bones have so many uses I don't know as I can tell them all. First, they make millions of buttons out of them; then knife-handles, dominoes, balls, cups and lots of other things. But there's one very curious thing I want to tell about a horse's backbone. You know, I suppose, what is called the backbone, is in fact, but a chain of bones, from the head to the tail."

"Yes, I know it, papa," said Louis.

"Well, if you find the bones of a horse that have bleached white in the sun, and look them over, you will find some about the middle of the spinal column—as it is called—which, when standing up on end, look exactly like a short man standing in a desk or something, with his two hands held up. His head is thrown back, and face turned up. I have seen them painted with black coat, white caravat and regular face, and really you can hardly believe it is exactly the shape of the natural bone."

"I mean to look for one," said Louis eagerly.

"I would, for they are very curious. But to go back to our dead horse. The pieces of bone left from making buttons, etc., are burned to make boneblack."

"What a funny name!" laughed Louis, "what is that good for?"

"It is used by sugar-refiners, who, also, by the way, use the blood."

"Oh, horrid!" said Emma. "What can sugar-makers want of blood?"

"They use it in refining sugar. Refining, you know, means making it whiter."

"Oh, I think that's just awful!" cried Emma, indignantly.

"If you're going to be so easily shocked," said papa, smiling, "you must not begin to investigate what you eat, for you'll often be disgusted. You might eat some of poor old Frank in another way, too, besides in the sugar."

"How, papa?"

"Well, if you went to a cheap restaurant, you might eat some of his flesh in soup."

"Well, I never do," protested Emma.

"Then, if you use a certain kind of baking-powder, you are eating some of the boneblack I spoke of. And if you don't eat baking-powder, you may swallow some of it in the shape of medicine."

Emma sighed.

"Well, I don't see as I can get rid of eating it somehow—but do tell me what kind of baking-powder it is?"

"It isn't the kind we use," said Mrs. Morey, smiling, "so you needn't worry, Emma."

"Well, to return to our horse," said Mr. Morey. "His flesh—what don't go to the restaurants—is boiled to get out the grease. And the grease goes into the soap kettle, I believe. You see, Emma, he may steal into the house in this way, too. What is left from the boiling is burned to make manure to make our plants grow."

"I don't see but farmers and everybody else, want a piece of dead horse," said Louis.

"His body is very useful; even the match-makers want some phosphorus from the bones to make their matches."

"I thought phosphorus was something that shines in the dark."

"So it does; and perhaps you have noticed when you lighted a match in the dark, that it made a shining streak where you drew it."

"I have," said Emma, "and I thought they were streaks of fire."

"Well now you know they were phosphorus," said papa. "But we haven't finished our horse, yet."

"Why, what's left of him now?"

"Well, there are his teeth. They go to the ivory-cutter. And his shoes—though they're not a part of the horse—are sold to dealers in old iron. Nothing is left of him but his insides."

"Those they must bury," said Emma, with disgust.

"No, indeed! you never could get along without them. At least you think so."

"Now, papa."

"You think so much of them that you have a valuable rosewood box to keep them in."

"Now, papa, I know you don't mean that."

"Oh, yes, I do," said papa, quite seriously, "and you spend hours every day playing with them."

Emma was speechless with disgust.

"Or playing on them," said mamma, smiling.

"Oh, are they in my piano?"

"Yes, the stomach and intestines of a horse make splendid strings for pianos."

"Oh, that's too bad! I don't believe I ever shall enjoy playing again," said Emma, dolefully.

"I told you it wouldn't do to investigate too much," said papa, "but perhaps

you can induce some piano-maker to invent a new kind of strings for you. However, unless you like to hear them snap, I advise you to stick to the horse-strings."

"I don't like to hear them snap. One did break the other day, and it went off like a pistol. I nearly jumped off the stool."

"Papa," said Louis, "if so many people want pieces of dead horse, I should think everybody'd kill all their horses."

"They are worth a little more alive than dead, and we need the horses to work for us. And that reminds me that I have got to buy a new one myself."—*Christian Weekly.*

THE CHILDLESS HOME.

Many newly-married people consider childlessness a peculiarly fortunate circumstance. It relieves them from many cares, annoyances and vexations. It abolishes the nurse, sleepless nights, good Mrs. Winslow and the cradle. It gives opportunity for parties, balls, the opera, and sundry trips to the mountains and seashore, which would be exceedingly inconvenient if a little trouble-maker had been taken along or left behind. There is nobody to litter the floors, turn the show-articles upside down, and make confusion generally; and there are no sobs or squalls, which those may call "music" who have an ear for such sounds, which our childless people have not. And then the landlords are so civil when told, "No children," that is the "open sesame" to any desirable suit of apartments or love of a cottage. Indeed some of our newly-married folks look upon no children as the universal panacea for the ills of life, and the infallible recipe for connubial, and indeed all other happiness.

But after a while the brightest and most engaging couples tire of receptions, theatres, concerts and the like. The appetite becomes sated. The relish for artificial enjoyments gets cloyed. The desire for comfort and quiet takes the place of the feverish craving for active pleasures. To sit down at home over an entertaining book; to break the monotony of an evening by a pleasant chit-chat, a few touches of music, or an amusing game; to be warned off to bed by velvet-footed dreams stealing over the senses and filling the fancy with drowsy delights—these things invariably come in time. Then comes a yearning for something the heart has not, a longing for what the room does not contain, a feeling after what no provision has been made for. But the cradle does not come.

The aversion to care, infantile cries, and confusions of all sorts, has become chronic; but little Two Shoes is a tyrant, and wherever he sets up his despotism insists that the "laws of disorder" shall prevail. The desire for somebody to pet and play with, and dote upon, grows to a hunger, which, alas, does not feed itself, and only gives way to the more painful need of that sympathy, affection, friendship, solace and support which none but a child can supply.

There may be wealth, yet who but a child shall keep at bay that great brood of vultures and cormorants which peck remorselessly at the life of whoever has a purse? There may be social position and even fame, but how empty and barren are all honors that must dissolve with the breath of their wearer. The

home may be a palace, but its splendid halls will be cold and cheerless as the forecourt of a sepulchre, if they are not made the portals of heaven by the prattle, the merry laugh and innocent hilarity of children, through whom the Divine Paternity bestows perennial youth and hope and earthly immortality upon parents here.

Of all cheerless, unnatural places in the world, a childless home is the most uncomfortable. There is something oppressive in its vacancy. Its stillness is stifling. The heart faints and cries for what is not there. The home into which the Great Father has once placed one of His little ones, for however short a stay, is transformed by that visitation, and can never lose the charm of that mysterious coming, nor the light that streamed through the door of its noiseless departure. The door is open and no hand can shut it; and just on the other side the unseen child engages in gambols, or is busied with tasks which it needs but a little imagination, blended with faith, for a parent's heart to hear.

No home can ever be the same again into which one immortal being rose to conscious life and saw a heaven of love in a mother's eyes. Birth is the great sacrament. But the home that has had no such baptism, cold, dull and dreary is it at the best, with none of the poetry of life in it, no legends of angels trailing about it and no star shining over it to indicate that it is favored of Heaven.—*The Golden Age.*

THE GAME OF MEMORY.

The game of memory as practiced by the Ojibways and Northern Indians, has been found profitable, both for recreation and improvement, as a branch of object teaching. The Indian chief or teacher in his rude way, has from twenty to thirty or more sticks cut, made sharp or pointed at the larger end, and split at the top an inch or two. These sticks are then planted around in a circle, a short distance from each other; then various substances (a single specimen on each stick at the top) are distributed around the circle in order, beginning on the right hand of the teacher, and proceeding around in the order of numbers one, two, three, etc.

The Indians, or class, are then allowed to go around the circle slowly and take a strict and scrutinizing look at each specimen in the order of the numbers one, two, three, and thus around the circle. This is done silently. The sticks, or specimens, are then removed and placed by the teacher, and then the class on going around a second time, each one in order, is to tell the teacher, as far as possible, without mistake, what specimen is contained in stick number one, two, three, four, five, and so around the whole circle if possible.

With the Indians, the first specimen will probably be birch bark to make canoes, the second a little tobacco, the third the fur of a beaver, the fourth a bit of calico, the fifth a feather of a particular bird, the sixth the bone of some sort of fish, and so on different substances, in the different sticks planted around the circle. The one who can repeat without mistake up to the highest number receives the premium or reward. The consequence is the perceptive faculties are all called into exercise, and each individual will soon learn to discriminate so sharply that they will be able to track a wolf over dry leaves in

the forests as well as a white man can track the same animal in the snow.

You will ask how they can do it? I reply that they do it very readily by observation and sharp inspection by first noticing a leaf with holes in it, the middle hole, or holes, a trifle larger and in advance of the other hole, or holes, near the central holes. These two holes they know by observation, were made by the toes of the wolf and they immediately stick down a leaf by this first leaf thus marked, and search for a second, and third and fourth, and so on, putting a stick at each leaf thus marked. By these sticks in a row they find where the animal drank at a spring perhaps, and they soon discover his den among the rocks or caves near by.

By this mode of sharp inspection they become acquainted with the habits of the wild animals, and also gain a knowledge of the different plants and trees, and turn their knowledge to good account for their individual welfare. The writer has known a scholar by practicing this exercise, who was enabled to memorize a long lesson for a bible class, and at the recitation, without the book, repeat it backward as well as forward, or give any particular verse called for; and he trusts that it may be made available in our common schools as a recreative and popular branch of object teaching.

HOW JOE LOST HIS DINNER.

In the town of Newcastle, in England, there was a man who went by the name of Patient Joe. He worked in a coal mine. He was called Patient Joe, because, if grief came to him, he would say, "It is all for the best; those who love God shall find that all things work together for good."

If all things went well with him, Joe would praise God; and if things went ill with him he would praise God still, and say, "God knows best what is for my good. We must not judge of things by this life alone, there is a life to come after this; and things that may not seem good for us here may be good for us there."

In the coal pit where Joe worked, some of the men would jeer and laugh at him when he said "It's all for the best." There was a man by the name of Tim who would never miss a chance to laugh at Joe.

One day, as Tim and Joe were getting ready to go down into the deep pit, Joe, who had brought his dinner of bacon and bread with him, laid it on the ground for a moment. Before he could take it up a hungry dog seized it and ran off.

"Ha, ha!" cried Tim, "that's all for the best, is it, Joe? The loss of thy dinner is all for the best, is it, man? Now stick to thy creed and say, yes."

"Well, I do say yes," said Joe, "but as I must eat, it is my duty to try to get back my dinner. If I get it back, it will be all for the best; and if I don't get it back, why, it will be all for the best just the same. God is so great, that He can rule the smallest things as well as the largest."

So Joe ran after the dog; and Tim, with a laugh and an oath, went down into the coal pit. Joe ran a long way, but could not catch the dog. At last, Joe gave up the chase, and came back to the mine, thinking to himself that the men would all have a good laugh at him.

But he found them all pale with alarm and awe. "What a narrow escape you have had, Joe!" said one of them. "The pit has caved in, and poor Tim is killed. If that dog had not run off with your dinner, you would have gone down with Tim into the pit and been killed too."

Joe took off his hat and while his breast heaved, and his cheeks grew pale and the tears came into his eyes, he looked up to the heaven but said not a word.—*The Nursery.*

COULDN'T SEE IT.

The worthy gentleman who rules the rising generation of boys in a certain town in Tennessee, had occasion, recently, to correct a little boy named Johnny. Now Johnny had what is called the sulks, because he was whipped, and in order to convince him he was justly punished, his teacher made the following argument:

"Now, Johnny, suppose you were riding a big horse to water, and had a keen switch in your hand, and all at once the horse were to stop and refuse to go any farther, what would you do?"

Johnny stifled up his sobs for a moment, and looking up through his tears, innocently replied, "I'd cluck to him, sir."

"But, Johnny, suppose he wouldn't go for your clucking, what then?"

"I'd get down and lead him, sir."

"And what if he were obstinate, and would not let you lead him?"

"Why, I'd take off his bridle and turn him loose, and walk home, sir."

"You may go to your seat, Johnny." Johnny could not be made to see the necessity for using the switch.

—Let parents make every possible effort to have their children go to sleep in a pleasant humor. Never scold or give lectures, or in any way wound a child's feelings as it goes to bed. Let all banish business and every worldly care at bed-time, and let sleep come to a mind at peace with God and all the world.

—They who respect themselves will be honored; but they who do not care about their character will be despised.

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. A merry heart doeth good like a medicine. 2. The Union Pacific Railroad.

3. Farewell, farewell, thou passing year, But yet a few weeks more,

And Time will shroud thee with his veil, And thy brief reign be o'er.

4. Apricot. 5. Olive Logan. 6. Enon. 7. Paris. 8. Towanda. 9. York. 10. Troy. 11. Eaton.

12. T O R P I D

O R I O L E

R I D D L E

P O D I U M

I L L U M E

D E E M E D

13. NINE. 14. Sixpence. 15. Honesty is the best policy.

ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of twenty letters. My 8, 20, 3, 11 is a fowl.

My 12, 2, 14 is an article of food.

My 5, 15, 19, 4, 1, 7 is a boy's name.

My 11, 20, 17, 18, 7 is to communicate.

My 16, 17, 10 is the Christian name of a celebrated M. D.

My 11, 17, 5 is an article of wearing apparel.

My 1, 15, 9, 18, 17, 6 is a girl's name.

My 16, 2, 14, 13 is a pit.

My 13, 3, 18 was a good man of the scriptures.

My 5, 9, 19, 11 is to progress.

My whole is one of *THE HOUSEHOLD* band.

NELL.

2. I am composed of sixteen letters.

My 6, 4, 15, 3, 10 is something we ought never to do.

My 16, 12, 7, 14 is found on every farm.

My 5, 2, 13, 7, 8, 6 is a color.

My 1, 15, 10 is a domestic animal.

My 11, 14, 12, 2 is to go away.

My 9, 2, 13, 7 is a girl's name.

My 10, 15, 3, 10 is a hotel convenience.

My 11, 2, 14, 7, 8, 16 is of masculine gender.

My whole spells the name of a talented writer.

NELL.

DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

Every other letter is omitted.

3. T-e -a-s -n- k-i-h-s -f -l-e -t-m-
H-v- n-w -o-e-e- v-n-s-e-;
T-e-r- o-l- f-u-d -n -a-t-y -h-m-
A-d -r-m -u- s-g-t -r- b-n-s-e-.

4. Syncopate a building, and leave an article of clothing; 5, a girl's name, and leave a month; 6, a prison officer, and leave a domestic fowl and the name of a country; 7, frozen rain, and leave a person's nickname; 8, a bird's name, and leave a kind of crutch; 9, the name of a country, and leave a man's name; 10, a watercraft, and leave an animal; 11, an article of clothing, and leave an article of furniture; 12, a reptile, and leave a girl's name; 13, a person's surname, and leave a man's Christian name. LENA.

CHARADES.

14. In Baltimore I stay,
In Pittsburg I am seen,
In Boston I am honored,
In Troy I've never been;
In greenbacks I delight,
But never had a quarter;
In steamboats I exist,
But never float on water;
I am always in the boiler,
But could never see the steam;
I am a jolly boatman,
But never crossed a stream.
Stow, Ohio. S. K. F.

15. My first is a small animal,
My second is a snare,
My whole is the enemy
Of my first, I do declare.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

16. A planet in the solar system; a bright constellation.
1st, I am a little plant.
2d, I was indispensable in ancient warfare.

3d, I am a title used in the bible.
4th, I may be seen upon the faces of South Sea Islanders.
5th, I am what all desire to attain.

E. M. G.

NUMERICAL PUZZLES.

17. 1000 1 L 50 6 L 50 E.
18. 100 50 1 1000 A 10.
19. 6 O 51 N.
20. 54 E.

X.

JUMBLES.

Names of towns in the Granite State.
—21. Badryu. 22. Donvear. 23. Lihl.
24. Lowtim. 25. Gilfrindep. 26. Gron-
taf. 57. Soltrib. 28. Kanlfrin. 29. Bal-
isryus. 30. Doconc. 31. Cantesmerh.
32. Worth remembering.—Eeeeeetttttt-
iiiihhhfioouunnsscdvlyra.



DIO LEWIS ON STOMACHS.

DR. DIO LEWIS has recently published a book in which he gives us some plain practical talks about stomachs, from which we make a few interesting extracts. Our health and life, the doctor holds, are to a great extent in our own hands. By carelessness or willful negligence in the simple matters of hygiene, men often take their own lives as directly as by voluntary suicide with murderous weapons. And they impiously charge the result to the dispensation of a mysterious Providence.

The absurdity of this phase of fatalism is well illustrated by an anecdote of a hard shell Baptist minister, living somewhere on the frontier of Missouri, who was in the habit of saying to his family and to his church: "Friends, you need not take any unusual care about your lives; the moment of your death was 'writ' before the foundation of the world, and you cannot alter it."

His wife observed, when he left on Saturday to meet one of his frontier missionary engagements, that he dressed the flint of his rifle with unusual care, put in dry powder, fresh tow, and took every pains to make sure that the gun should go in case he came upon an Indian.

It struck her one day as she saw him in the saddle, with his rifle on his shoulder, that his conduct contradicted his teachings, and she said to him:

"My dear, why do you take this rifle with you? If it was 'writ' before the foundation of the world that you were to be killed during this trip by an Indian, that rifle won't prevent it; and if you are not to be killed, of course the rifle is unnecessary; so why take it with you at all?"

"Yes," he replied, "to be sure, my dear, of course you are all very right, and that is a very proper view; but, see here, my dear—now—really—but then—you see, my dear—to be sure—but then—suppose I should meet an Indian while I am gone, and his time had come, and I hadn't my rifle with me, what would he do? Yes, my dear, we must all contribute our part toward the fulfillment of the decrees of Providence."

A German gentleman who had traveled extensively in our country once said to me: "During my 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 of a steamboat—when one end is up the other end is down. Now, sir, I think that is the reason that 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."

There can be no doubt, as argued in another place, that the design of the

Creator is that we should prepare our food for the stomach by mastication, grinding it down to a paste and thoroughly saturating it with the juices of the mouth; and, as digestion is one of the great functions of the animal economy, and as the contribution we make it in the mouth is the only direct voluntary contribution we are permitted to make, nothing would seem to be more important than the proper performance of that duty.

As a very large part of our nutrient is starch; as the human stomach has no power to digest starch, and as the salivary apparatus furnishes a fluid which, in an almost miraculous manner, transforms that starch into sugar, it would seem to be almost unnecessary, to even the most ordinary capacity, to demonstrate the importance of a thorough mastication of the food, and a disuse of all outside liquids during meal time.

A ship's crew is seized with some fearful malady. They hang out a flag of distress. Another ship passes near the infected vessel. Its captain discovers the flag of distress. A boat's crew is sent to cut it down. The captain turns to his passengers with the triumphant exclamation, "We have saved them! All signs of distress have disappeared!"

A human body is diseased in every part. A flag of distress is hung out in the form of an ulcer at the ankle. Some ignorant physician sees it. He covers it with a salve, which compels it to close. Then he cries, "See it is all gone!"

The ulcer upon the ankle is driven from that place by an ointment. Soon it appears in the lungs. The doctor cannot get at it there with his ointment, and resorts to inhalation. He is still determined to apply the drug to the local manifestation.

Pulmonary consumption is not a disease of the lungs. It first pervades every part of every tissue of the entire organism. At length it assumes local expression in the lungs. How utterly blind to apply a drug to the ulcer, either when it is on the ankle or in the lungs; to dry it up or drive it away, while the real disease is left in the system.

How infinitely more sensible, with sunshine, fresh air, bathing, nutritious food, cheerful society, and wisely-directed exercise, to remove the systemic morbid conditions.

After having long and carefully studied his writings, and some contemporaneous testimony, it is my conviction that John Abernethy was the greatest man our profession has produced in modern times. And the one great use of his life was the calling attention to the important relations existing in our bodies between the digestive apparatus and all other parts. Let me give a few illustrative anecdotes.

A wealthy gentleman living some distance from London thought, on the occasion of a visit to the city, after attending to his business and being ready to depart, that he would call upon Dr. Abernethy. Not that he needed any medical advice, but that he might have the honor to say, when he returned home, that he had met the great Abernethy. The gentleman was a high liver, carried a red face and a somewhat gouty toe. He described his case, interrupted and cut short by a question or two, when, after a single minute's examination, Abernethy's prescription was this: "Live on a sixpence a day, and earn it."

A famous duke called upon him with reference to an inflamed eye. My lord,

after waiting an hour for Abernethy to get through with a number of charity patients, whom he never left to attend upon the highest noblemen, began the conversation by saying: "Doctor, I wish you would examine this eye; I fear some serious mischief is at work here."

"If you will sit there in my patient's chair, and let me do the talking, I will soon find out what's the matter with you."

A few sharp questions, and the doctor concluded the interview with the following words:

"Your difficulty is not where you think it is, in your eye, but," pointing his finger at the duke's enormous stomach, "it is there, in your kitchen. Of course, when the kitchen is out of order, the garret and all the other rooms in the house are likely to be more or less affected. Now, all you need to do is to clear the kitchen, and the garret will require no special purification. Your lordship must do as the famous Duke of Wellington did on a well-known occasion—cut off the supplies, and the enemy will leave the citadel."

Every person of remarkable longevity, whose habits I have studied, retired to rest at an early hour. He may have transgressed other laws of health—for example, he may have used spirits and tobacco moderately; but I have heard of no long liver who habitually sat up till a late hour, and I may add that, among them all, I have never read of a large eater.

Eat right and sleep right, and you have the two fundamental conditions of health and long life. Establish these two sources of life as fixed habits, and if you get drunk once a month and smoke five cigars a day, you may, notwithstanding, live a long life in the enjoyment of good health. But sit up in furnace-heated rooms till eleven o'clock, and eat the quantity and quality of food consumed by people who believe in a short life and a merry one, and you may rest assured that the yearly trip to the mountains, a month's gurgle of Saratoga waters, and the attention of a fashionable doctor—all put together—will fail to save you from early wrinkles, early loss of sight, premature gray hair, and a short life.

Then do you ask me how you can reach eighty-five in the enjoyment of all your faculties?

I reply, go to bed at nine o'clock and eat twice a day a moderate quantity of plain food.

TO CURE EARACHE.

Many persons are frequently annoyed with this acme of pain, which recipes for the cure of have often been published, only to prove failures in the worst cases. But there is a remedy which a well-known physician always employs, and which he has never known to fail.

This remedy is arnica, which is also indispensable in cases of cuts, burns, bruises, etc. In the case of earache, as soon as any soreness is felt in the ear—which feeling almost always precedes the regular "ache"—let three or four drops of tincture of arnica be poured in, and then the orifice filled with a little cotton to exclude the air, and in a short time the uneasiness is forgotten.

If the arnica is not resorted to until there is actual pain, the cure may not be so speedy, but it is just as certain. If one application of the arnica does not effect a cure, it will be necessary to repeat it, it may be, several times. It is a

sure preventive for gathering in the ear, which is the usual cause of earache.

We have never yet known any harm or inconvenience to attend this use of arnica; though if the spirits with which it is made are very strong, it may be diluted with a little water, as the spirits—not the arnica—will sometimes cause a dizziness of the head, which is unpleasant.—*Ex.*

FOR THE SICK ROOM.

The following recipe makes a deliciously refreshing wash in the sick room, and cools the aching head:

Take of rosemary, wormwood, lavender, sage, and mint, a large handful of each. Place in a stone jar, and turn over it one gallon of strong cider vinegar, cover closely, and keep near the fire for four days, then strain, and add one ounce of powdered camphor gum. Bottle and keep tightly corked.

There is a French legend connected with this preparation. During the plague at Marseilles, a band of robbers plundered the dying and the dead without injury to themselves. They were imprisoned, tried, and condemned to die, but were pardoned on condition of disclosing the secret whereby they could ransack houses infected with the terrible scourge. They gave the above recipe.

Another mode of using it is to wash the face and hands with it before exposing one's self to any infection.

It is very aromatic and refreshing in the sick room; so, if it accomplish nothing more, it is of great value to housekeepers.—*House and Home.*

EFFECTS OF COLOR ON DISEASE.

The power of color on disease, once supposed to exist, may be considered as a branch of sympathetic medicine. White substances were considered refrigerant and red ones heating. Red flowers were given for disease of the blood, and yellow for the bile. In small-pox, red coverings, bed curtains, etc., were used to bring out the eruption. The patient was only to look at the red substances and his drink was colored red.

The physician of Edward II, treated the king's son successfully by this rule; and as lately as 1765, the Emperor Francis I, when sick of the small-pox, was by the order of his physicians, rolled up in a scarlet cloth; but he died notwithstanding. Flannel, nine times dyed blue, was used for glandular swellings.

To this day the tradition remains that certain colors are good for certain disorders. Thousands of people believe red flannel is better than white for rheumatism. A red string worn round the neck is a common preventive of nose-bleed.—*Once a Week.*

DEATH ON THE FLOOR.

Serious and even fatal illness has sometimes followed getting up from a warm bed and stepping on a plank or stone floor, or upon oil-cloth; to place the bare feet on a carpet and walk about, even for a few minutes, endangers illness, especially in feeble constitutions.

Parents are often called up suddenly in the night to attend to the wants of infant children. Inconvenience, discomfort, and troublesome sickness can be avoided by having a pair of cloth slippers at the bed side, large enough to admit of a thick layer of wool to be attached to the bottom and sides; they can be instantly put on even in the dark.



CONDIMENTS, ETC.

Number One.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

To what extent the usual condiments are needed, and what extent they are really injurious, are important considerations, certainly to those who "eat to live rather than live to eat." That those more generally in use contain no real nourishment must be admitted, simply serving as provocatives of the appetite, as stimulants, if not irritants. If they contain none of the important elements of ordinary nutrition, they cannot subserve the three great objects of food, that of supplying the natural and inevitable waste of the system caused by exercise; supply the necessary fat to promote animal heat, or nourish the brain and nervous system, and the bony structure. If they meet none of the real wants of the system, they must be regarded as mere luxuries, the design of which must be the mere gratification of the taste, which may be justifiable, provided no injury is done to the health and integrity of the system.

That food, to digest with ease and in the necessary time, should be made agreeable to the taste, is true. In this respect, as in all others, it is safe to appeal to nature as a guide, rather than to be governed by our tastes, depraved and vitiated as they so generally are, differing in individuals almost or quite as much as do their countenances. In the wide range of the articles of food designed for man, it might seem that the almost endless variety of flavors might meet the wants of the natural appetite, without a recourse to elements not contained in these articles of food. For example, the apple, the peach, the pear, the pleasing varieties of berries, etc., so rich and delicate in flavor and relish to the natural taste, contain sufficient of the native osmazome, without seeking more from a foreign source.

Could we secure at all times the various elements of food, in their natural state, before their finest relish has been evaporated or dissipated by false cooking or re-cooking, if indeed we have waited for the full development of this, it might seem sufficient for a normal appetite. If condiments, at least those the elements of which are not found in our ordinary food, are ever needed, it is when these conditions have been disregarded, when these foods are not palatable even to the natural appetite.

The flavor or relish of most articles of food, whether found among the beasts of the field, fowls of the air, fishes of the waters, or the grains and fruits of the earth, are of a mild character, such as will please the taste when not vitiated by false habits and artificial customs. There are a few exceptions, indeed, such as the onion, etc., by some regarded as worthless as food, in which a pungency is found, a flavor almost or quite always disagreeable to the natural appetite. Whether such articles are designed for food, or for outward irritants for medicinal purposes, it may not be easy to determine.

In reference to the employment of

the more usual condiments, a popular and sensible author says: "The flavors of all natural and valuable food are delicate, not strong or pungent, except in the onion, etc.; and to all but perverted tastes, food is most agreeable which is only delicately flavored, and nothing can be more certain than that the pungent spices, as horse-radish, mustard, cloves, red pepper, etc., must be injurious to the delicate stomach, as they are generally used." And, indeed, if "injurious to the delicate stomach," they may not be favorable to the healthy condition of any stomach. Most of these, when applied to the outer surface, irritate, and even blister, indicating some rather remarkable properties.

While it is not supposed that all of the results of the outward applications are necessarily produced on the mucous coats of the stomach, it is reasonable to infer that such powerful agents and irritants can not be wholly harmless under such circumstances. Indeed, the experiments of Dr. Beaumont, in the case of Alexis St. Martin—a wound in whose stomach made it easy to observe the process of digestion—will settle this matter beyond dispute. He assures us that "stimulating condiments are injurious to the healthy stomach," from which fact we may infer that weak stomachs must be equally injured. That they may have a medicinal use may be possible, the outward application being the safest, most judicious, and possibly their only use, or the only one necessary under ordinary circumstances.

The fact that most of these are indigenous to hot climates may be of some importance in this connection, especially if we admit the proposition that "every country and climate produces the food and medicine really needed in such climates." It is more than probable that the design has reference to the peculiar conditions of excessive heat, and that their uses are connected with the modification of the effects of such heat. Although the more immediate action is to increase the circulation and raise the heat of the body, the remote effect is manifestly of the opposite character. If these, the more stimulating and irritating, are designed for a hot climate, their use among us, especially in the cold weather, cannot but be injurious. Admitting that the milder of them may be useful, it must be apparent that many are using them excessively, while the injurious effects more than equal the good intended.

But some of these demand more extended notice in detail, in some future issue.

TURKISH DINNER PARTY.

The following is an extract from a letter written by a missionary's wife, dated at Warpoot, Turkey:

Yesterday we, together with our missionaries, were invited to dine at the house of the native doctor. We met there, not only his family, but also the native pastor and wife, and two teachers. A little before three P. M., we found ourselves at the house; were very kindly received and given the seat of honor. After we were seated, the host and hostess came to us, just touching our hands and then their own hearts and heads, saying in their native tongue, "Welcome," and we, touching our foreheads, reply somewhat brokenly, "We are glad to see you."

Then we talk and chat, sometimes

American, sometimes English, and sometimes Turkish, until four, when their servant enters with the tablecloth which is of cotton, red and white. This is spread on the floor and on it is placed a four-legged stool, about a foot high; on this is put a round copper waiter about three feet in diameter, which serves as a table. Around the edge of this is laid native bread, which is made of unbolted flour, and is in sheets as large round as a milk-pan, and about the thickness of brown paper, indeed looking much more like wrapping-paper than anything else, and can be torn just as easily. In the center of the table is a dish of salt and pepper, and two bowls of soup.

As we are not used to eating with our fingers, they gave us each a spoon, knife and fork. The napkins are woven in one long strip with the fringes between, but not cut apart, and one edge is placed on the copper table, entirely around it, and the other edge hangs down, making a kind of curtain. Now all is ready and we take our seats. "What, no plates," you say. Yes, no plates, and usually no knives, forks or spoons.

We sit down on the floor, cross our feet, put the tablecloth up over the lap, spread down the napkin, and the blessing being asked, begin. All dip their spoons into the bowl of soup. (The common people tear off a little piece of bread, fold it up like a scoop or spoon, dip it into the soup, and put bread and soup into their mouth, then take another bit.) The first course being over, the second of boiled stuffed chickens is brought in, and these are carved a la Turk.

Now, how do you suppose this is done? Why, the host takes it in his fingers and tears limb from limb, and meat from bone, and very likely lays the choicest bit on your piece of bread! In the same manner we went through thirteen courses of mutton, partridges, boiled rice, stewed quinces, etc., etc. After we had finished, the table and cloth were removed, and the servant entered with a large basin, a bright copper pitcher and two towels; one of these he spread in your lap and places the basin before you; you hold your hands over it and he pours water over them and presently gives you a towel. In this way he passes around the circle. After this ceremony is over, coffee is passed around. The berry is ground as fine as flour, and you drink grounds and all without sugar or cream.

In the evening we had fruit served to us; apples, quinces, grapes, pears, figs, dates, and a kind of candy called bastic. The apples and pears were pared and quartered and then passed round. The host taking the quinces one by one, laid them on a stone and pounded with his hand until it was broken in pieces; thus bruised it was really a delicious morsel for these quinces are much sweeter than ours in America.

WHY PIES AND PUDDINGS ARE INJURIOUS.

There is probably a great deal of truth in the following extract, which we make from a recent number of Dr. Hall's Journal of Health:

The universal error as to the unhealthfulness of pies, puddings and pastries, taking it for granted that they are well made and properly cooked, has arisen from the simple fact that, being eaten after we have made a full meal of other things, the stomach is oppressed by them, and, if the process is repeated, becomes

eventually dyspeptic; that is, has not power to work up the food, because it has been 'worked to death' already. It would be quite as philosophical to say that if a man has become very tired by ploughing all day, and afterward by chopping wood had 'worked himself out,' it was very unhealthy to chop wood."

THE DESSERT.

The most direct method of determining horse power. Stand behind and tickle his hind legs with a briar.

"Not guilty," said an Omaha jury, "but if the prisoner is smart, he will leave the territory before night." He left.

Josh Billings says "There are lots of folks in this world who, rather than not find fault at all, wouldn't hesitate to tell an angle-worm that his tail was altogether too long for his body."

"Tintion!" exclaimed an Irish sergeant to his platoon. "Front face and tind to rowl call! As many of ye as is present will say 'Here!' and as many of ye as is not present will say 'Absint!'"

Landlady—"Oh! sir, the foreign gent up stairs has got such a beautiful armonium. It's got twenty stops." Inflicted lodger—"Well I don't doubt your word, but I've been listening to it a fortnight and haven't heard one of 'em myself."

A mother, who had with her a little daughter, was examining the figure of a horse on a tomb-stone, and wondering what it was an emblem of. There was nothing to explain it in the inscription. "Mamma," said the little one, as they moved away, "I shouldn't wonder if she died with the nightmare."

When Marshal McMahon was a Colonel he had at one time an altercation with an officer in the ranks, who refused to obey him when on parade. McMahon finally threatening the offender, the latter drawing a pistol, took deliberate aim and fired; fortunately the cap snapped. Without the slightest sign of fear, but cool and impassive, McMahon said: "Give that man fifteen days *salle de police*, for having his arms out of order."

A good story is told concerning the writing of M. J. W. Brooks, the railroad manager. He had written a letter to a man on the Central Route, notifying him that, under the penalty of prosecution, he must remove a barn which in some manner incommode the road. The threatened individual was unable to read any part of the letter but the signature, but took it to be a free pass on the road, and used it a couple of years as such, none of the conductors being able to dispute his interpretation of the document.

A millionaire of Paris wrote to Scribe: "My dear, sir, I have a great desire to be associated with you in some dramatic composition. Will you do me the favor to write a comedy, and to permit me to add to it a few lines of my own? I will then have it produced in the most costly and splendid style upon the stage, at my own expense, and we share the glory!" To which M. Scribe answered—"My dear sir, I must decline your flattering proposal, because religion teaches me that it is not proper that a horse and an ass should be yoked together." To which the millionaire replied—"Sir I have received your impudent epistle. By what authority do you call me a horse?"



THE TORMENTS OF TYPOGRAPHY.

THE torments of typography are more numerous, and more exquisitely and persistently torturing, than any one not intimately acquainted with a printing-office can imagine. Seldom is a piece of manuscript seen, unless prepared by a working-editor, which is absolutely fit to be put into a compositor's hands, with instructions to follow copy. What is unexceptionable as a letter, as a sermon, or as a lawyer's brief, may be unfit for the compositor, until the editor or proof-reader has defaced it with numerous pencil-marks. And this is true throughout the whole range of productions offered for print, from those of chance writers in the provincial press, up to those of our best-known authors. Of the latter, the most perfect I have ever seen is Bayard Taylor's. But Mr. Taylor was a practical printer in early life.

The best copy is not always made by those who would be considered the best penmen. Our writing-schools and commercial colleges do a deal of mischief in this respect. The main object of manuscript is to be read. If it cannot be read, it is worthless; if liable to be misread, it is worse than worthless, though its flourishes be as fine and faultless as a bank-note engraver could produce. It is true that the professors of penmanship aim at a degree of perfection which shall combine elegance and legibility. But the majority of their pupils never attain that point. They generally stop short at a stage where their manuscript, if held at arm's length, looks very graceful, even, and handsome; but when you bring it nearer the eye, and attempt to read it, you find that half a dozen different letters of the alphabet are represented by precisely the same sort of kink in the undulating lines that cross the page.

It matters little how ungraceful or clumsy one's chirography may be, if he uniformly makes a distinct character for each letter of the alphabet, it can soon be read with ease. But there is a good deal of writing, called elegant, in which such words as "moreover" and "carnivorous"—words with no long letters in them—are represented by a mark like the outline of a row of saw-teeth. You can only guess them from the context, and can only guess the context, from its long letters. When it treats of ordinary topics, such manuscript can be used, though it is always an annoyance. But when proper names and technical terms are written in this way, it becomes exasperating beyond all endurance.

A somewhat noted man of science used to contribute periodically to the local paper, generally discussing the meteorological phenomena, ordinary and extraordinary—of the month. He used a very blunt pen, and most of his words resembled what the ladies call "tape-trimming." In attempting to dot an *i*, he generally hit the wrong head, and all the *t*'s bore their crosses vicariously. As compositors generally are not practical electricians, do not give their days and nights to the study of astronomy, and know comparatively little of geology or other ologies, the unsanctified mind will readily conceive that a plentiful

amount of profanity preceded the clicking of every line of type. But the good old man, as he serenely glanced over his contribution in the morning paper, little dreamed with what agonies it had been born into the world of print.

Compositors have their own characteristic blunders—both those peculiar to the guild, and those peculiar to the individual. A proof-reader, after a while, comes to know them, and anticipate certain errors. One of the most general is a tendency to exaggerate figures. Write one million in numerals, and the compositor is pretty sure to make it ten million. For some compositor, copy can be too plain. Receiving a piece that is clear as print, they at once become so confident of reading it with ease and correctness, that they make frequent misreadings. They do best with manuscript that requires a little study. Some never get over a passage in which the same word occurs in two consecutive lines, without skipping all between the word and its repetition; some have so clear a sense of literal justice, that they always give "preceding" a double *e*, because "preceding" has one; and some look contemptuously upon the distinction between the possessive singular and the possessive plural as an unworthy quibble of collegians.

But of all typographical torments endured by the daily press, none are comparable with those inflicted by the telegraph. . . . When plain English travels by the lightning-team, it often arrives at its destination looking as if the lightning had struck it on the way. I read a recent message of the President in one of the most respectable and widely circulated of the Boston dailies. Its typographical appearance showed that the proof had been read with unusual care. Yet I discovered thirty-two errors that affected the sense, and perhaps might have found more with an authentic copy before me.

The cause of this trouble is two-fold. First there is a difficulty inseparable from the sound system. The receiving operator can never tell what is coming; he must generally begin a sentence with little idea as to what is to be its close. Hence a very slight misconception or variation of sound may lead him astray, and cause him to change the whole import of the sentence in hand. Second, operators are mostly men of too limited education. They go into the offices as message-boys when very young, learn to operate, and gradually work up to responsible positions without ever receiving any more schooling.

This fact betrays itself continually in the press reports as they come from the telegraph office. Geographical and historical names and allusions are almost invariably wrong, and an augmentative paragraph is sure to be muddled by having its periods put in the wrong places.

Some telegraphic errors are so pertinacious as to suggest a sort of galvanic stereotype. The Prince of Asturias, when he travels over the wires, always goes, *incognito*, as the "Prince of Austria." If Congress takes a vote by tellers, the press is informed that it was taken by "letters." And, whenever the wires are up, the boundary between Colombia and Columbia is sure to be down. You can no more induce a telegraph operator to forgo his indulgence in these and kindred blunders, than you can coax, cajole, train, frighten, drive, or hire a provincial compositor to spell tranquillity with a double *l*.—Appleton's Journal.

ANCIENT AND MODERN DIVISIONS OF TIME.

It is not generally known that, a little more than a century ago, New Year's was celebrated on the 25th of March throughout the British dominions, including America.

The following enactments, adopted by Parliament, entitled "An Act regulating the commencement of the Year, and for correcting the Calendar in use," were passed in the twenty-fourth year of the reign of George II:

"PREAMBLE.—Whereas, the legal supputation of the year of our Lord—according to which the year beginneth on the 25th day of March—hath been found by experience to be attended with divers inconveniences," etc.

"Enactments.—That throughout his majesty's dominions in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, the said supputation, according to which the year of our Lord beginneth on the 25th day of March, shall not be made use of from and after the last day of December, 1751; and that the first day of January next following the said last day of December shall be reckoned, taken, deemed, and accounted, to be the first day of our Lord, 1752, and so on from time to time. The first day of January in every year which shall happen in time to come shall be deemed and reckoned the first day of the year," etc.

The act further corrects the calendar thus:

"And that the natural day next immediately following the 2d day of September shall be called and accounted to be the 14th day of September, omitting for that time only the eleven intermediate nominal days of the common calendar."

We believe that in the state of Rhode Island to this day all farm and other leases date from the day of the ancient New Year, namely the 25th of March.

The ancient divisions of the day differed widely from the customs of our own time.

The Chaldeans, Syrians, Persians, and Indians, began the day at sunrise, and divided the day and night into four parts. This division of the day into quarters was in use long before the divisions into hours.

The Chinese, who begin their day at midnight, and reckon to the midnight following, divide the interval into twelve hours, each equal to two of ours, and known by a name and particular figure.

In Egypt the day was divided into unequal hours. The clock invented by Ctesibius Alexandria, B. C. 250, was so contrived as to lengthen or shorten the hours by the flowing of water.

The Greeks divided the day into twelve hours—a practice derived from the Babylonians.

The Romans called the time between the rising and the setting sun the natural day; and the time in the twenty-four hours the civil day. They began and ended their civil day at midnight, and took this practice from their ancient laws, and customs, and rites of religion in use long before they had any idea of the divisions into hours.

The first sun-dial seen at Rome was brought from Catania, in Sicily, in the first Punic War, as part of the spoils of that city; and, after this period, they divided the day into twenty-four hours. An officer called *accensus*, at one time proclaimed the hours, and at the bench of justice announced every three hours the time of day.

In the Turkish empire time is reckoned by certain portions of the natural day, resembling the "watches" of the ancient Jews and Romans. Public clocks not being in use, these divisions of time are proclaimed from the minarets.

THE REVIEWER.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By Hans Christian Andersen. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

This is the concluding volume of the excellent edition of Andersen's works recently published by Hurd & Houghton. Our readers have already seen the notices of the preceding volumes as they have appeared, and the announcement of this, the last of all, the story of the gifted author's life and associations. This is a revised edition brought down to 1867, and is now for the first time translated into English. One may say of this book as the author says of his life, it is "a lovely story, happy and full of incident" For sale in Brattleboro by Cheney & Clapp.

POEMS. By Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, author of *Sybil Huntington*, etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers. 8 vo. pp. 192. Price \$1.50.

Decidedly the neatest and freshest book of the season is this volume of Poems, by Mrs. Dorr, with whom the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD have become so well acquainted during the past four years. We congratulate the author and publishers upon the very attractive style in which the work is issued, and its readers upon the sensible and well-arranged entertainment their friends have prepared for them. To such of our readers as desire it we will send a copy of the book post-paid on receipt of the price.

AUNT JO'S SCRAP BAG. By L. M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Bros.

A volume of short stories by the author of Little Women. This is truly a delightful book, interesting to both old and young. One story, The Children's Joke, is worth the price of half a dozen copies, and should be read by every father and mother in the land. For sale by W. Felton & Co., Brattleboro, Vt.

THE RED SHANTY BOYS; or Pictures of New England School Life Thirty Years Ago. Elegantly bound in black and gilt, and finely illustrated. Price \$1.50. Henry A. Young & Co., publishers, 24 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

This sparkling little volume is packed full of school-adventures and amusing exhibitions of boy character. Nick Hardy is the hero—and a comical little fellow he is—almost always in hot water, but sure to come out on the cool side at last. The old schoolmaster who had such a trial with him, Uncle Ben who gave him a home, and whipped him for his pranks, old Jerry who scared him and made presents, and the gentle schoolmistress and the worthy minister who saw the good in him and succeeded in bringing it out, are characters that every young reader will fall in love with. The boys of Red Shanty School will be found a set of good fellows in spite of the old "Shanty" they study in. On the play-ground they are good company for any lad over six and less than nineteen who has sport in him.

PAUL THE PEDDLER; or the Adventures of a Young Street Merchant, by Horatio Alger, is one of the "Tattered Tom Series." The author says: "In pursuance of my intention to describe different phases of street life in New York, I have selected, as the hero of the present volume, one of those young peddlers, found by hundreds in the city streets, who earn a precarious living by vending their wares to such customers as can be prevailed upon to purchase. Some of these juvenile merchants are active and enterprising, and display qualities which would insure success in business operations of greater magnitude. If my hero, Paul Hoffman, is above the average of his class, it may be attributed, in part, to the influence of a good mother." The volume is neatly published by Loring, Boston.

STRONG AND STEADY, or Paddle Your own Canoe, also by Alger, is the third volume of the "Luck and Pluck Series." The hero, Walter Conrad, is unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, and compelled to fight his own way in life. Undaunted by misfortune, he makes up his mind to "paddle his own canoe," and, declining the offers of friends, sets to work with a resolute will and persistent energy, which command success in the end. This book is also published by Loring in his usual attractive style.

VICTORY DEAN; a Novel, by Cecil Griffith. 8vo., pp. 370. Loring, publisher, Boston, Mass.

This is a story of English life among the middle classes, which, without being of the sensational order, is sufficiently attractive to hold the reader's attention to the close.

GREEN MOUNTAIN POLKA.

D. A. FRENCH.

HARPER's enters upon its 45th volume with no signs of old age. A sale of 130,000 copies attests the esteem in which it is held. The December number opens with an illustrated article from Rev. Lyman Abbott, upon the "Eternal City." The other illustrated articles are "The Haunted Lake," a sketch of Finnimore Cooper's life and home at Cooperstown, "The Chateau and Forest of Fontainebleau," and one by Dr. Hayes on the "Old Norse Colonies of Greenland." The usual departments of the magazine are continued with the ability which has made it famous.

DIE MODENWELT, issued by S. T. Taylor, importer of ladies' fashions, 391 Canal street, New

York, is received; it is translated into English and published at Berlin, which has during the past few years gained the ascendancy over Paris in setting the fashions of the civilized world. A supplement is annexed which contains eighteen diagrams, and a great variety of cut patterns. It must be invaluable to all who have to do with the making of apparel for ladies or children. \$3 00 per year.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, one of the neatest printed and best edited periodicals of the day, completed its eighth volume with the issue for December. Two additional chapters of Mr. Whymper's "Scrambles amongst the Alps," are given, the concluding part of "Ouida's" pretty story of "A

Branch of Lilac," an account of a trip to the river Plate by Robert M. Walsh, "A stroll in Virginia," poems by T. Buchanan Read and Paul H. Hayne, together with several other noticeable articles, Gaylord Clark furnishing some new reminiscences of Cooper, Scott and Lockhart, and "Our Monthly Gossip" also contains several entertaining articles by various writers. A department devoted to the reviews of foreign literature will interest those who like to keep well informed concerning the new French and German publications. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., at \$4 00 per year.

GODEY's for December is an unusually attractive number, both in its fashion department and its

reading matter. The contents of the work department alone are worth the entire price paid for the magazine. Though costing a little more than some, it is by far the cheapest magazine of its kind published.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for January has the following table of contents. "A Chance for Himself," Trowbridge; "The Little Dunbars," Nora Perry; "The Great Sea Serpent," Miss Phelps; "Crusoe Life," Rev. R. D. Carter; "Two Little Rogues," Mrs. Diaz. Catching Santa Claus, Skating Sketches, The Story of the Wise Men of Gotham Capital Things in Our Evening Lamp, The Letter Box, and numerous attractive pictures.



A GRAND OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less;
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket,
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thought and feeling—
Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crushed and overgrown;
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me;
While he values thrones the highest,
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters, rulers, lords remember
That your meanest minds are men;
Men by honor, men by feeling,
Men by thought and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine,
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little weed-clad rills;
There are feeble inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills;
God, who counts by souls, not station,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For to him all famed distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth or fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of other's foreheads,
Living only to rejoice;
While poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifteth up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrong shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right;
God, whose word-heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

TEA AND COFFEE.

HONCE upon a time" not very long ago, a party of men left Salt Lake City for St. Louis, with the United States mail, to be delivered at Independence or St. Joe. It was winter. They found the prairies covered with snow, and finally their animals perished with hunger; at this stage the six men found themselves utterly destitute of food; the game had taken to the woods, there were no rivers, the ground was covered with snow, they were still hundreds of miles from their journey's end, while the bleak winter winds whistling across the wide prairies in unobstructed fury, froze them sometimes almost to the heart's core. All, absolutely all they had to subsist upon under these desperate circumstances, was snow water and a quantity of green coffee; this they burned, and boiled in snow water, and upon it traveled six days, until they reached a place of help.

These are the bare facts of the case, as reported to government, and demonstrate that coffee, alone, is a sustainer, as well as a stimulant, that it contains the elements of nutrition, consequently it is not a mere stimulant, and all that has been said of "mere stimulants," is not applicable to it. Coffee then being of itself nutritious, capable of sustaining life for days at a time, under circum-

stances of severe cold and the labor of traveling on foot, and it being customary to use it with cream and sugar, which are themselves concentrated nutriments, and withal, being drank hot, the conclusion appears to us legitimate as one of Euclid's corollaries, that coffee as generally used in this country is a valuable, nutritious, healthful and comfortable item.

Chemical analysis, has of late, under the direction of the most competent and intelligent minds of the age, arrived at the point just stated, and declares that coffee is a nutriment, and that its essential principle, although one hundred and twenty-five per cent. less, is identical with that of the tea of commerce; and when facts, universal custom, and science, all unite in one point, surely we may feel safe, and hereafter take our cup of coffee and tea "in peace and quietness."

Having said so much about a cup of tea and coffee, it is proper to say something of its preparation. Individuals and nations have their preferences, but some things must be laid down as of universal application.

The first cup of coffee is the best.
The last cup of tea is the best.

Never take more than one cup at a meal.

Never increase the strength.

If it were a mere stimulant, then, after a while, it might, if not increased in strength or quantity, produce no sensible effect, might do no good, as brandy, opium, or any other mere stimulant; but as tea and coffee are nutritious, the more so as they are used with milk and sugar, a cup of the "self same" is likely to do you as much good and as little harm twenty years hence as to-day.

It has been justly said, that "in the life of most persons a period arrives when the stomach no longer digests enough of the ordinary elements of food to make up for the natural daily waste of the bodily substance. The size and weight of the body, therefore, begin to diminish more or less perceptibly. At this period tea comes in as a medicine to arrest the waste, to keep the body from falling away so fast, and thus enable the less energetic powers of digestion still to supply as much as is needed to repair the wear and tear of the solid tissues. No wonder, therefore, that tea should be a favorite, on the one hand, with the poor, whose supply of substantial food is scanty, and on the other with the aged and infirm, especially of the weaker sex, whose powers of digestion and whose bodily substance have together begun to fail. Nor is it surprising that the aged female, who has barely enough of weekly income to buy what are called the common necessities of life, should yet spend a portion of her small gains in purchasing her ounce of tea. She can live quite as well on less common food when she takes her tea along with it; while she feels lighter, at the same time more cheerful, and fitter for her work, because of the indulgence.

The use of tea became general in China, about the year A. D. 600, and after a dozen hundred years' use, they seem to live as long as the Anglo-Saxons do, with whom, a thousand years later, it was so costly, that the East India Company considered the present of two pounds of it to the queen of England a rare gift; and now, the average length of life in Great Britain is greater than when that present was made, although the inhab-

itants consume fifty-five million pounds of tea every year.

The effect of tea is to enliven; it produces a comfortable exhilaration of spirits, it wakes up, and increases the working capabilities of the brain, and brings out the kindlier feelings of our nature in moderation, having them always under our control. Alcohol, in any of its combinations, intoxicates, makes wild, places a man out of his own power, he gets beside himself, he can't control himself, nor can any one else control him, except by brute force. Upon some persons it has the effect of eliciting the darkest and deadliest passions of our nature. Who ever heard of a cup of tea inciting its sippers to "treasons, stratagems, and spoils?" In certain irritated states of the body, it soothes the whole system, allays inflammation, cools fever, modifies circulation, and counteracts the stupor of opium and brandy.—Dr. Hall.

HOME COMFORTS.

BY KATHARINE VAN DRACKEN.

Americans are truly a "smart" and ingenious people. We have to "do our own work," and have therefore invented innumerable machines to save labor; so that a Yankee housewife, supplied with all the patents and inventions, appropriate to housework, has little else to do but turn a crank. Her daily life runs on wheels, and a little machine oil is substituted for the old fashioned "elbow grease." By these untiring and dutiful, (if not exactly noiseless), domestic helps, her yarn can be spun, her clothes stitched, washed, wrung, and mangled. I believe there is not yet a patent ironer for families; let inventors look to it. Her flour is sifted, eggs beaten, apples pared, butter made, and numberless other domesticities are worked off. Meanwhile, her husband puts his horse on the treadmill, or harnesses him to a machine, and most of the operations necessary for bringing their food into existence, as well as for sawing the wood to cook it, are performed by animal strength, not as of old, by his own.

But with all these possibilities of taking life comparatively easy, are the little conveniences and comforts of home sufficiently attended to, by that large majority of our people who have "neither poverty nor riches;" who can command the comforts, but not the luxuries of life? American women, owing partly to the climate, partly to their mode of life, have not often the health and strength of those in other countries, yet from the scarcity, the dearness, and the objectionable concomitants of hired labor, more is thrown upon them, even when they possess means which in other lands might afford them a life of ease.

Therefore, in homes where women are the centers round which household life revolves, and from whence its light and comfort are derived, it should be a primary object to spare them all needless exertion, yet how generally is this the last thing considered; and in part, this is the fault of the women themselves. They persist in doing everything, not in the best and easiest way, but in the way to which they and their mothers have been accustomed. Recommend to the average woman some improved and labor-saving method of doing her work, and though she may acknowledge its superiority, you cannot persuade her to adopt it. I do not speak

now exclusively of recommending the use of machines; usually they readily perceive the advantages of these, and would in most cases be glad to have them; only that the wife as well as her lord and master, too often considers that her time and labor are to be thus saved only when all imaginable other wants and fancies have been provided for. She prefers to spend on the adorning of herself and children for out-door exhibition; or on handsome furniture and carpet for that locked and darkened parlor which forms no part of the family life. He lets his surplus dollars dribble through the many outlets to be found in the pockets of his sex, and there is not even finery to show for them.

To illustrate my meaning further, let us follow Mrs. Aurelia Theodosia Stubbs through her day's avocations. She rises with head and limbs still aching from the previous day's work. The bed is at once made, warm and reeking from the seven hours occupancy by tenants who retired in all the dirt, and some of the clothes worn during the day previous. The process of making is a formidable one; with much pains and difficulty, an exact level is obtained on the surface of a bag of feathers, which, when hung on a fence to air, looks like an old fashioned purse without the rings, having at each end a distension, and nothing in the middle. Two pillows to match, are shaken up; the mere thought of sleeping on one of them would send the blood to an apoplectic person's head, and by this time Mrs. Stubbs' own head is covered with "fluff," owing to age or imperfection in the ticking. As the weather is cold, she spreads some five quilts over the bed, each being so thin that the aggregate is but equal to two good thick "comforters." Had she made such, this tedious and fatiguing process which inaugurates the day's toil, would have been abridged one-half. But she has chosen rather to aggravate it, by so placing the bedstead that it has a wall on two, if not three sides; and I never saw one in a considerable experience of houses such as I describe, which had castors affixed to it.

Generally the window is not open, probably it sticks, and declines to open, so the bed-room, measuring eight feet by six, retains till the next night, a refreshing perfume of humanity, which may partly account for the headache that so often trouble Mrs. Stubbs in the morning; her general health indeed is "slim." Whether in summer or winter, this room contains no provision for washing. The family wash-dish, soft soap, the family towel, and family brush and comb, the latter a short broken piece, and both of them grimy and hairy, these are the toilet appurtenances which suffice for all the household and their visitors. The spare room has, it is true, a handsome wash-sink with appendages, but this is only for extraordinary occasions.

These public ablutions are necessarily of the most limited nature. Our respectable citizens, who wear broadcloth, and take in magazines with a view to fashionable apparel, would resent and repudiate the title of the "great unwashed," but how thin too often the line which divides them from those unsavory millions!

After the beds are made breakfast has to be prepared, so she kindles a great fire, and cooks a huge meal of pork and potatoes, nearly the same as for a dinner. If Mr. Stubbs could do with one "hear-

ty" meal in a day, it would husband her strength considerably, but then, "he was always used to have it so," and both he and she hold this to be unanswerable. The old teapot has a habit of dropping its cover into the cups when about half empty, the hinge having long since been broken. Likewise it keeps up a constant babbling and hissing on the stove through a tolerated leak, and much tea goes this way, which considering its cost, would be better in the cups. At length, when the handle suddenly gives way, Mrs. Stubbs, while applying flour to her scalded hand, begins to think they really must have a new teapot; not however that the idea is at once carried out.

Washing is the order of the day and Mrs. Stubbs washes as her great grandmother washed, by sheer force of muscle. Her method savors of that social state, when men settled a dispute by the strength of their right arms, and a stout cudgel. So, in dealing with her enemy, Dirt, she scorns to persuade him by soaking, or cajole him to come forth with chemicals, but pitches into him with fierce rubbing and pounding. Hard wood, and vigorous knuckles, unite for the destruction of garments which are soon to be seen on the clothes lines, fluttering in rags that no one has time to mend. Her washing is large, her kettle perhaps small, so the fire must be long kept up in full power. The clothes are hung on bushes or fences partly, or are thrown unfastened on the lines, for the small bag of clothes-pins goes but a little way in suspending them. A little breeze rises, and soon the ground is strewed with garments, on whose whiteness dogs, cats, fowls, and geese make their respective marks. Looking a little further into Mrs. Stubbs' future, we shall see her probably, doing a large ironing, with two irons which even the tremendous fire kept up, cannot heat fast enough for large garments, so the calico dress dries, while Mrs. Stubbs waits in perspiring impatience.

And now the voice of Hortensia Jane, her daughter, is heard in the land, and in no soft accents, as she searches for the mop-pail. Two old pails belong to the establishment, much alike in appearance, and these are apt to be used interchangeably and indiscriminately for mop, slop, swill and everything that is too nasty for other receptacles. So her pail is found at last, coated with the indescribable abominations of swill. She could use it more conveniently were the bale mended, long since broken off, but use is everything, so she carries it tenderly in her arms up and down stairs, and only gets an occasional slop of dirty water on her garments. The broom, being in hourly use, is rather stubby, and the angles at its base are anything but equal, one being very acute, the other proportionally obtuse, but perhaps it is the better adapted for going into corners. As to the mop, its quality depends on the number of old socks worn out by the family, which supply is not always equal to the demand.

At length the weary woman must get dinner. There is an insufficiency in all the table appointments, as well as in the culinary utensils. A nice service of stone china repose idly in the cupboard, while its plebeian brethren, once perhaps in the enjoyment of that same ease and dignity, are doing double duty, and their owners are eating in disorder and inconvenience. Of the meal itself we will not speak at present, except to

suggest that fat pork twice every day, is by no means wholesome diet.

Dinner being cleared away, they sit down to sew, and with what implements! A large and very dull pair of pointless shears, two or three spools of thread for all purposes; and three or four needles kept sticking in the pin-cushion, two of them being crooked, and one blunt at the point. Pins are nowhere, having been all taken to fasten the apron-bibs, or if any remain, they are a large, crooked, and perverse generation. Mrs. Stubbs however, laying on her lap the pattern and cloth, puts these pins, the last of their race, aided by a needle or two, into a few corners of her pattern, hacks away with the shears, bastes it, still on her lap, and wonders afterwards that her sack does not set so well as Mrs. Dobbs of which she has the pattern.

As it grows dark, home comes Mr. Stubbs, and during his evening rest, laudably seeks mental food from the local newspaper. As Mrs. Stubbs and Hortensia Jane have been left still in their "spheres" by an impracticable legislature, they take no personal interest in politics, and resign to him the tallow dip candle, while they knit in shadowy corners. He holds it between himself and the columns of indistinct print, occasionally having to break the thread of his studies by snuffing it with his fingers. There have been snuffers somewhere, at some time, but the date of their disappearance is beyond the memory of the oldest child. Should the family rejoice in the light of modern civilization, and burn kerosene you may be sure the catch of the lamp will not work, and the light can neither be increased nor diminished except by a pull with the shears. Or they are out of wicks, and a home-made substitute of folded rag is put in, burning with a dim sepulchral light.

In this day with Mrs. Stubbs, I have invented nothing, but relate only what I have seen during several years of familiar association with her compeers in the rural districts and villages. These inconveniences are but a few of what I have seen tolerated, in families by no means poorly off. The people will tell you probably, that "they ain't able to have things so nice as some," yet money is found for object far less important; often for amusements of which the enjoyment is gone in a day, while a useful implement adds to the comfort of every day.

These matters may each be trifles, but a trifles multiplied three hundred and sixty-five times makes a good sum of trouble before the year is out, and as house work is made up of many small items, every one you can cut off from the account saves something in time, fatigue and temper. Resignation and contentment with things as they are, which are virtues when exercised in reference to the ills and trials sent us by Providence, or belonging necessarily to our lot in life, degenerate into shiftlessness when we put up with any inconvenience which a little trouble, or a trifling expense would remedy. When any such inconvenience is perceived, think at once how it can be set to rights; a little thought and ingenuity will often do this without any expense at all, by some contrivance, adoption, or better arrangement. The Yankees when they choose, are peculiarly ingenious in this way.

Have your house thoroughly well pro-

vided (by degrees, as you can afford it), with all articles of practical usefulness, before spending on show or ornament, and take care to keep it thus fitted up. Keep everything in its place, and let that place be as near as possible to localities where you are likely to use it; a few shelves or a strip of wood with hooks and nails fixed on it, will save many steps, and much searching, also the simple expedient of a tray, such as any ingenious boy can nail together, will spare much running to and fro when setting the table, or moving small articles. Make some sacrifice of expensive amusements, or outward adorning, in order to procure as much labor-saving machinery as can be afforded. Life will

then move on over a smoother road, with wheels well greased, instead of creaking and jolting over constant obstructions. All this does not cost much in money, and saves immensely in health, comfort, time and temper.

HOW TO BUILD A FIRE.

First, you should have a good damper to your stove; second, you *must* have a damper, as there is no housekeeping without it. Your heat and ashes (ashes quite an item), and hot air, will go up without it, leaving your room cold—aired, it is true—but you want more; you want warm air. A damper, then; and next, a tight stove—air-tight. Those with a draft at the side, and not in front, are the best, as they will keep longer air-tight, the doors not twisted by the heat so soon; in fact, not at all. Such a stove will last you a dozen years, strongly used, and be as good as new so far as the draft is concerned. A damper, then, and air-tight. Now, you are prepared to go to work. Not yet; see that you get a large stove instead of a small one; the large are the wood-savers, doubtful as it may seem.

Build a rousing fire in the morning. It will take you some time, in the winter, and especially in very cold weather, to get your room well warmed, for the sides and the ceiling must be warmed as well as the air before your room is warm. Get it thoroughly warmed in the start, and it will keep warm with less difficulty during the day. Else you will have to be "stoking" all day, and cold at that.

When your fire is burned down pretty well, add more wood—larger sticks now—and when well burned, with a fair heat and a good air in your room, close both slide and damper. Now your stove will seem to reflect increased heat. But it is not that; it is the air stopped from being drawn up that you feel. Your stove may remain, if it is a good one, and your room a tight and not too large one, an hour without touching. But if the walls and ceiling are still cold, you will want more fire; let it burn for the second time; then close as before stated. Sometimes the first fire will do it, depending on the weather, the condition of your room, stove, wood, etc. You want good wood, of course, hickory is best; maple next. The wood wants to be seasoned, and second growth at that, if you can get it. If it is seasoned under shelter, all the better. But never burn limbs or unsplit sticks, even if they appear dry; they are not dry, and are more or less chip-rotted. You must have a proportion of large and small wood, varying from kindling up to the size of a man's thigh. Too large a stick will clog the stove and will be a bother.

Now, for particulars: Have a moder-

ately large stick burned almost to a coal, hot and radiating. Take your poker and lay this crosswise; put a large stick upon it, with one end down on the bottom, leaving the other up at a small angle; lay two short sticks with one end each upon this, and on each side of the hot stick below, the other end upon the bottom. Thus you have three cross sticks, and one, the large one, the natural way, the length of the stove. The large hot piece will set the big stick afire and keep it going, being itself not all burned yet, while the two small sticks, one on each side of the burned brand, and near to it, or against it, will blaze at once also, and keep blazing.

Besides, you have your wood all high, even the large stick partly so that the stove seems filled, and it will throw its fire in all directions, making a hot stove, a hot top, especially, and it will not go out or cease to burn well, the brand below supporting it. It is equivalent to a bed of coals, only the coals will be consumed readily, while the brand keeps burning, making a blaze as well as hot coals. By the time this is reduced to coal, only the small sticks will be brands, and the large one all afire, approaching the brand, and will, with the little aid of the coal, burn on till itself becomes a brand, to be treated in turn like the other, first brand.

Thus one large stick, with a few small ones, will keep your fire going, and, with a decently warm apartment, will be all that is needed; and there is a lasting virtue in a large dry stick. One of the two small sticks will be generally sufficient; and none at all (the large stick and its brand alone) in mild weather. The third stick may be added in severe cases of temperature, but laid across the other, diagonally. If still more is wanted in extreme cold, use light wood scattered among the pile; and dry wood will do for a blaze—a blaze in such cases is wanted, as it will heat the pipe and the rest of the stove.

For boiling the teakettle in cold weather, there will be sufficient heat with the ordinary fire. But in the warm weather, when there is but little needed, throw a stick or two of kindling upon the coals at the corner where the teakettle is, and stand, leaving a stick or two, mere "slivers" over them. This will fetch up a blaze at once, and at once strike the teakettle or pot you may want to use. This is for quick use. Where it requires some time to boil your pot or kettle, the sticks must be larger. But do not waste; too much wood to boil the kettle and get a meal is often used, getting up great heat and steam, which are unnecessary and an offense. There is no living in such a room; and yet we find most of the rooms in the country in this condition; all the poor of the city and some of the rich are guilty of this breach of economy and good manners, for it is an insult to visitors and to the family to treat them thus. Yet it is done; and the evidence is carried in the clothes of the sufferers. Too much heat does this. Less fire then, and just enough both for economy and comfort.

Keep the ashes out of your stove, all but a little; an entirely barren stove is not good—it will work "unnaturally." The pipe, of course, every good housewife will see that it is kept clean, not cleaned once in three or six months, but kept clean. Then with a clean stove and a tight one, all in running order, there need be no difficulty in keeping house, for the stove is the principal thing

in this respect; that bad, all will be bad; that right, all will be in harmony and good humor.

Treated in this way, when once the knack is acquired, the stove can be shut for hours in moderate weather without touching. This is quite an item in the saving of labor. But where there has to be constant running to and fro to the stove, the time in a winter will amount to a good deal—all of which is not thought of generally—only there is grumbling, and a squall sometimes. Much time is thus spent with none of the best patience: fire is kept to burn wood, not to warm the room and for purposes of comfort and necessity. It is all rushed through the stove as if to see how much can be burned. Thus double, and as I know in some cases, triple the amount of wood is consumed than ought to be and with less benefit and comfort.

A great fault is, to let the fire go down; a greater one is to let it go out. This is mere neglect in most cases. The stove needs attending to as well as anything else. In cold weather it will get it from necessity. But in mild weather, then is the danger, yes, danger, from a fall of the temperature, making the atmosphere of your room damp as well as chill. Here is where most of the colds are taken in the house—next to sitting at windows in a windy day or against a cold wall; walls are always more or less cold in comparison with the air of the room. This dropping of the temperature in mild weather, then, should be guarded against; keep the fire uniform. Have a thermometer as certainly as a clock, and more so; it is more needed.

Some people have an idea it will not pay to get a damper, though most are careless about it. But a damper is of more benefit than is generally supposed. Some will say a slide is equally good if it is tight. This is an error. A slide will not cut off the draft from the stove, so that there is a constant slight draft going on through the cracks and joints, drawing in the heated air. But a damper will cut off this; there is no draft in the stove, only sufficient to carry off the smoke, and there should in general be little or no smoke; coals and partly consumed wood and blue flame should be the contents to close the damper on. A damper and a thermometer are two important things to have; the one to temper a room, the other to direct in tempering.

Never have a strong draft; it is bad in all cases, and in a high wind dangerous. Watch your stove; it is worth while watching. It will save you money, give you comfort and promote a habit of frugality and industry.—*Prairie Farmer.*

STOP AND THINK.

Girls stop and think! What about? About whatever you are doing. If you are at work in the kitchen, and need some article from the pantry or cupboard, stop and think of all the articles you may need from there in the next few minutes, and make one journey do for half a dozen. And perhaps you may think of several things that can be returned to their places at the same time, thus making a double saving of time and muscle.

If you are cooking, stop and think of everything you will need before you begin that batch of bread or pies, instead of being obliged to take your hands out of the dough two or three times to run down cellar after butter or lard, or into

the pantry for sugar or nutmeg. If you have a quantity of sewing, or other work to do, stop and think what will be needed first, and what you could do without in case of hindrance, instead of doing perhaps the least necessary thing first, and finding yourself at the last moment in a perfect hurly-burly to finish what you must have. And so with everything you do, stop and think whether you are doing it in the most convenient and profitable manner or not.

We often hear people speak of women who "turn off work" very fast. I once asked a woman who bore such a reputation how she did it. "By thinking what I am about; by killing two birds with one stone, and making one step do the work of half a dozen," was her reply. Of course it would not be profitable to think longer about anything than it would take for you to do it, unless it was for the sake of forming the habit of thoughtfulness. But do not try to think of one thing while you are doing another, unless the work in hand be very monotonous indeed.

When I was a school-girl, I thought it a great saving of time to do two things at once, and my grammar shows the marked effects of being held in my lap while I chattered, or propped up behind the table while I washed dishes. But I learned that I could neither study nor work as fast, and that it paid to do one thing at a time. So keep your thoughts on the work you are doing.—*Ex.*

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. EDITOR:—I have had it in my heart many times to write a few words for THE HOUSEHOLD, when I have heard some communications or questions from others. I find but little time for doing so, and generally there are answers written much better than mine would be, and so I let it pass. Olive Oldstyle has broken the ice and opened the way for country correspondents to speak for themselves, which several of them have lately been doing; which I think adds to the interest of the paper, for it is not designed for all classes, who may desire to give or receive benefit therefrom, whether in city or country? I like the outspoken independence, and honest sentiments of country people, of farmers' wives and daughters, who will give of their experience and information to others. Their articles in THE HOUSEHOLD have nearly all contained something put in words which I would like to express for myself. Some of them are rather hard on "city folks" who have also favored us with articles from their pen.

I have wondered sometimes, and a good deal too, at the sentiments of city correspondents, still I like to hear what they may tell us, that may interest and benefit. I have almost pitied some of them, to be so unmercifully cut up by our country writers. Poor Fanny Fern seems to have called down indignation on her head, by an article giving some advice, and telling how she would do if she lived in the country. The lady that wrote on washing dishes, I have felt disposed to defend, though I think her views rather on the extreme. It takes all sorts of people to make a world, and there are no two in it that think and act exactly alike, and perhaps none of us feel and think the same at all times.

I think we should avoid too much personality in the character of communications to THE HOUSEHOLD, and strive to make it a social blessing and enjoyment.

I always look with interest for articles from Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr, for they seem to me like the face of a friend, and I often think I would crave her sympathy and counsels in times of dejection or trials.

I notice in the columns of recipes for various things, that many will tell how to make yeast, and after telling how to prepare it, then "add a cup of good yeast." I wish some one would tell us how to have that "cup of good yeast" to start with. The question has been asked how "to avoid the disagreeable odor from milk yeast." I would say, leave out the milk, and use nothing but clear water which has been boiled and cooled so as not to scald the flour when stirring in; keep moderately warm, and as soon as any appearance of rising, stir in gently more flour; sponge or mix your bread with milk if desired, with a pinch of soda, and do not let it stand too long in rising, for in that is much of the difficulty.

The question was some length of time ago asked how to make sorgum vinegar. Sweeten water plentifully with molasses, and keep in a warm place, covered not too tight. I learned that the secret of making sorgum vinegar was to make it very sweet, so that the "mother" in it should always float on the top and stay there; add more sweetened water when drawing out vinegar for using, to keep it making.

In the Nov. number, Maria asks how to make hard soap out of soft soap. If she will put her soap in a kettle and heat it hot, and throw in salt and stirring it, the lye will separate, leaving the soap on top, which can be cut in pieces and taken off and dried when cool; add a little rosin with the salt.

Black ants do not like salt brine, and if it is put on the outside of sugar boxes, or molasses casks, or other things containing sweets, it will keep them from disturbing their contents.

I would like to know a remedy against the little red or brown ants, that are so troublesome in warm weather; also how to prevent the inside of a teakettle becoming so coated, by using hard water, and how to remove the crust after becoming formed on it.

H. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—If any of your readers have ever languished in dark, gloomy rooms they will appreciate the motive of this letter. We bought a house; the sitting-room was painted dark and grained. The graining like most imitations, was an offence to all good taste. Then it was prepared with a paper more sombre than the paint and with a pattern more inartistic than Chinese hieroglyphics. I could not afford to spend fifty or sixty dollars on it to hire it renewed, so I decided to do it myself or "perish in the attempt." So much of a busy housekeeper's time is spent in her sitting or living room that it is of great importance to her what sort of a room it is.

I got good paint and had it well mixed at the paint shop. Bought a small brush, not having strength for a heavy one. I had prepared my room by washing the paint in a strong solution of sal-soda to remove smoke, grease and varnish.

I put a print over-dress over my ordinary dress and I was ready for work. I placed my paint on a table which being on castors I could push about and thus saved lifting and stooping. The secret of good painting is to draw the brush the whole length of the board.

If you stop before, it will make a bad place.

Paint with the grain and not across it. And then be steady and faithful. Endeavor will guarantee success. A gentleman in commenting on my work said it is done better than a man would have done it. Woman's work is generally better. They have more taste. It is true, woman is the careful, patient worker. And as her perceptions are keener, her work is likely to have a nicety of finish lacking in man's.

I learnt one thing by this experience never to allow anything unsightly to remain while I had power to change it. And never to be afraid to try, for

"Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt."

My room is a daily joy to me and if you are sufficiently interested, I will write you another letter about it.

Your sister in heart and work,
MARY.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

SODA BISCUIT.—Take one quart of flour, two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a piece of butter half the size of an egg. Rub the flour and cream of tartar together, then rub in the butter and salt, dissolve the soda in the milk and add, knead together, roll it half an inch thick, and bake in a quick oven.

BOILED RUSK PUDDING.—One and one-half pints of milk, one teacupful of rusk soaked in the milk, add one egg, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, nutmeg, stir in flour enough to make a thick batter and put it in a bag; boil one hour, being careful to keep the lid to the kettle on tight. A SUBSCRIBER.

SPONGE CAKE.—Ella B. asks for a good recipe for making sponge cake. The following is given from a successful experience of many years:

One pound of white granulated sugar beaten with the yolks of ten eggs; grate into this two lemons and add the juice of one; then beat the whites of the ten eggs separately very light, and add the same, stirring lightly together. To this add three-fourths of a pound of flour, and stir lightly without beating. This will make three good sized loaves. Care must be taken in baking not to put the pans into too hot an oven.

MRS. M. A. R.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—One of your subscribers asks for a recipe for mock mince pie. I send the following: One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of vinegar, and one cup of water boiled together; add bread crumbs, cinnamon, cloves, one cup of raisins, one cup of currants and a little nutmeg. Bake in delicate pastry.

MOCK OYSTER FRITTERS.—Mix a pint of grated corn with three spoonfuls of milk, one teacupful of flour, half a teacupful of melted butter, a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, and one beaten egg. Drop into a hot, well greased griddle and fry brown.

SALAD DRESSING—it is also excellent over sliced tomatoes. Take the yolk of one fresh egg and mix with it two tablespoonfuls of olive oil very slowly, add one and one-half spoonfuls of mustard, three spoonfuls of salt, a little pepper, and last of all two spoonfuls of vinegar. Beat the white of the egg to a stiff froth and lightly stir in.

J. K.

TEA CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup of white sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of cream, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Beat the sugar, eggs and a pinch of salt together.

MRS. BARBER'S GINGER COOKIES.—One cup of molasses, half a cup of butter, half a cup of water, two teaspoonfuls of soda, a pinch of salt, ginger to suit the taste. Bake rather quick.

MRS. G.

POOR MAN'S PUDDING.—Take stale pieces of bread, pour boiling water over them and cover tight. Mash to a pulp; add when

cool one egg, a cup of milk, a tablespoonful of cornstarch, a few zante currants, sweeten and season to the taste. Bake one hour.

MRS. BRADLEY.

SPONGE CAKE.—Four eggs, a little salt, two cups of sugar, two cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half cup of water, flavor with lemon.

R. A. C.

FLOATING ISLAND.—*Dear Household:*—I am a subscriber of your excellent paper, and as I am of quite a domestic turn, find it of great value to me in many respects. One of your subscribers asks for a recipe for "float," I suppose she means floating island. I send her mine, which I think very nice:

Yolks of seven eggs to one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, a little salt, and flavor with lemon. Beat all together and set in a kettle of water extra from the kettle it is boiled in. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and pile in heaps on top of the boiled milk after it has been put in the float glasses. This will make twelve glasses full. They look very pretty set in a circle round a bouquet of flowers in the center or at each end of the table.

LOUISE W.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Some one wishes to know the best method of preserving eggs for winter use. I think my method is attended with as little trouble as any:

TO PRESERVE EGGS.—Take a nailkeg, or anything more convenient, and put a layer of salt in the bottom, about a quarter or half an inch deep, then, as the eggs are gathered, place them point downward on the salt. When the layer is complete, fill all the interstices with salt and put a layer of salt over the eggs, then another layer of eggs, and so on until you have enough, finishing with a layer of salt. If your eggs are fresh when packed, they will be as good as fresh ones in six months. Keep in the cellar or an equally cool place.

Another has asked for a good method of pickling cabbage. Here is mine, the real Dutch method:

PICKLED CABBAGE.—Cut the cabbage quite fine, leaving out the hearts, and put from one pint to one quart of salt to a barrel of cabbage. Sprinkle the salt in layers while filling the barrel and use a pounder quite freely, so that when filled a nice pickle is formed. Place a board on the cabbage and lay on a weight so the pickle will cover the board. In ten days or a fortnight it will be ready for use. Keep in the cellar. To be eaten cold or fried in a spider where pork has been cooked, and a little vinegar poured over it.

A very nice way to prepare a small jar of cabbage for present use is to cut it very fine and cover with cold, strong vinegar; then add sugar until it tastes quite sweet, and ground cinnamon until it is quite peppery. It is very nice and will keep a long time.

I will send my method of preparing jars for canning fruit: Wet the inside, then wrap a wet cloth around the outside and across the bottom, and you cannot break them.

LIBBIE.

TOMATO PRESERVES.—I see an inquiry for tomato preserves, and I send one which I have tried for years with excellent success: Six pounds of tomatoes prepared as for canning, five pounds of sugar; stew the sugar through the tomatoes, let them remain over night, then put in a preserving kettle over a slow fire and cook slowly for two hours, or until the tomato is transparent; put in the cans hot. I have some preserved in this way, the yellow pear tomato, put up in white sugar; they retain their shape and color, and are an ornament to the table and delicious to all tomato lovers. I find it impossible to keep them in open jars without cooking them to a mash.

J. A. B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Your valuable paper has come to us for some months past, and after reading all the good recipes I have concluded to send you a few of mine. Mattie E. B., I think, will like my recipe for

WASHINGTON PIE.—Take one coffee-cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, two eggs, butter the size of a hen's egg, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. When well mixed bake in two tins.

For the Cream—take one-half pint of milk, and when it comes to a boil stir in one tablespoonful of cornstarch mixed with a little milk,

one egg and three tablespoonfuls of sugar beaten thoroughly; when cold season with lemon. When the pies are cold put the cream between. If jelly is used instead of cream, make three pies instead of two.

We have a pie recipe which we all think very nice:

LINE TWO PIE-PLATES with rich crust, and stir together one teacupful of sweet cream, one teacupful of molasses, one teacupful of sugar, and nutmeg to taste. Fill the plates with this mixture and add an upper crust. S. W.

CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE.—*Mr. Editor:*—I have a recipe for chocolate blanc mange that I think some of your readers would like: One quart of milk, one-eighth pound of unsweetened chocolate made fine; boil a few minutes and sweeten to taste; put in while hot one-third of a box of gelatine and stir until dissolved, strain and pour into a mould to cool. To be eaten with cream and sugar.

A SUBSCRIBER.

CRACKER PIE.—I would like to give Mrs. G. W. C. my way of making cracker pie, which I think is very good:

Six soda crackers stirred twenty minutes in two cups of cold water, the juice and rind of two lemons, two and a half cups of sugar. Will make two pies. Bake in puff paste. A. C. T.

BROWN BREAD.—*Dear Household:*—I send a recipe for brown bread which I think your readers would find excellent:

Three cups of meal, two and one-half cups of rye, one cup of hot water, one cup of molasses, three cups of new milk, one large teaspoonful of soda. Steam three and one-half hours.

C. C. T.

CORN CANDY.—*Editor Household:*—I saw a request for a recipe for corn candy in a former number of your paper. If that is what is sometimes called "corn cake," the following is a good recipe:

Prepare the molasses candy, viz.: one cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar, a piece of butter the size of a walnut; boil fifteen minutes. After the corn is nicely popped, pick it over, and remove all kernels not popped, then chop it rather fine. Take just enough of the molasses to mix the corn thoroughly. It will mix better if rather warm. Place the mixture in a pan to the depth of about an inch; place another pan in this with a heavy weight, so as to press the corn nicely. In a few hours it will be quite hard and can be cut into any desired form.

COD-FISH BALLS.—Mollie H. asks for directions for preparing cod-fish balls. This is our recipe: Soak the fish over night, then place it in cold water and let it cook till it boils slightly; remove all bones and mash fine. Prepare the potato and fish as for hash, and season with cream and butter, or fried pork with the rind removed, chopped fine. Make into balls, roll in Indian meal and fry brown in hot pork fat.

ALVARA.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—In reply to request of L. W., I will give my method of curling hair, after it has been cut from the head. Wind the hair on smooth round sticks about as large as a curling iron, fasten the ends firmly to the stick, then wind over the hair a strip of cloth, which must also be fastened at the ends, put in a dish of warm water sufficient to cover and let it boil two hours, remove from the water and place in a moderately heated oven to remain until nearly dry, when they should be placed in the sun or near the stove until they are perfectly dry, when they may be unwound from the sticks and brushed over the finger.

If too dry or not sufficiently glossy, put a little oil on the brush. Care should be taken while the hair is in the oven that it does not become too warm.

MOLASSES CAKE.—Pour a cup of boiling water on a cup of molasses, with a tablespoonful of any shortening you may wish; to this put a tablespoonful of vinegar, a teaspoonful of ginger or ground cinnamon, a teaspoonful of soda, and flour sufficient to make a stiff batter. This makes one loaf.

CAKE.—Beat two eggs with a cup of white sugar and a piece of butter the size of a walnut, add one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda in four

tablespoonfuls of cold water, add flavoring if you like.

I have a calla lily a year old, two feet in height, which is in a pot ten inches wide and ten and three-quarter inches deep; it blossomed last winter, and is in a thriving condition. I renew the soil every six months and keep it very moist.

C. M. K.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Ella B. wishes some one to tell her why she cannot make nice sponge cake. I will send her my recipe and wish she would try it. I think she will find it nice.

Three cups of powdered sugar, three cups of flour, ten eggs, juice and grated rind of one lemon, and one tablespoonful of water mixed with the lemon. Beat the yolks of the eggs with the sugar until light, and the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, pour in with sugar and beat together, add the lemon, stir in flour lightly, but do not beat after the flour is stirred in. This will make two large, square loaves.

Hattie E. P. asks for a remedy for chapped hands. Vinegar and thick cream rubbed over the hands by the fire until dry will make them smooth.

CREAM CAKES, as used by confectioners, for Many Readers. **Biscuit**—Two and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of butter, one-half pint of water. Boil the butter and water together, stir in the flour by degrees while boiling, let it cool, add five eggs well mixed, one-half teaspoonful of soda, drop on tins, and bake in a quick oven. **Custard**—One-half cup of flour, one-half cup of white sugar, one-half pint of milk, one egg. Beat the egg, flour and sugar together, stir in the milk while boiling, flavor with lemon. Cut a slit in the biscuit and fill with the custard.

For A Young Housekeeper, who wishes a recipe for soda bread: Sift two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one teaspoonful of soda in one quart of flour, one tablespoonful of lard rubbed in the flour, and a little salt; mix with milk, pretty soft, or so as to roll out an inch thick, cut round and put two pieces together. Bake in a quick oven. S. P. L. Central Falls, R. I.

A subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD wishes to inquire of its readers if they know of any way to whiten old flannel? and also to make green ginger sweetmeats? A prompt answer earnestly requested.

Could any one furnish through THE HOUSEHOLD a good recipe for blackberry wine? and oblige. A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one please inform me how to make good pieplant jelly? also how to put up green corn in tin cans? and oblige, MRS. J. H. T.

MR. EDITOR:—Nannie J. asks for a remedy for hair falling out. Wash the scalp twice a week in castile soap suds, then rinse thoroughly in tepid water. Use no dressing for the hair whatever. The same remedy is also used as a preventive of dandruff; as the scalp is cleansed, the hair soon grows rapidly, and you are well repaid for your trouble in seeing the fine new hair starting.

If Josie will take nice Indian meal, in a large pan or wash bowl, and rub her white furs in it, they will look like new; no water, nothing but the dry meal.

RAISED CAKE.—Five cups of raised bread dough, two cups of sugar, two eggs, one cup of butter, one nutmeg, one pound of seeded raisins, half a teaspoonful of soda, beat the whole well together and set to rise in a warm place. Be patient, as it will rise slowly. Bake in a slow oven.

To Constant Reader about bedbugs: If there are any holes or cracks in the walls of your rooms, have them filled with plaster, and if possible then paper tightly, covering any suspicious places with cloth before papering; then with Dutcher's bedbug poison, go over your bedsteads thoroughly several times through the summer. Use the poison freely, as one good application is worth far more than two half done. Do the same next summer, and you will not probably after that see only one or two poor miserable bedbugs a season; yet it is the best way to keep it on hand and apply every spring. You can get this in almost any drug store. It ought to be advertised in your paper, beside this free mention.

Another article we will name which your paper is the appropriate medium of advertising,

is Hostord's Baking Powders. I would advise Young Housekeeper, and all others, to use them in preference to cream of tartar for biscuit. It is cheaper and healthier. Directions with each package. The goodness of all such biscuit depend a great deal on making them very soft, so that you must slip a knife under them to lift them from the board to the tin.

TO REMOVE IRON RUST.—Get an ounce of oxalic acid, and dissolve a teaspoonful of it in a teacupful of boiling soft water; dip the spots in it, keeping the water hot by setting the earthen dish in a tin one with water in it. It will rust tin dishes, and turn the tin. Bright, brass kettles are good. If too strong of the acid it will eat the cloth, but it will bear good strength. I often dip whole articles that have become yellow or stained. I have a white dress which has been dipped in spots several times, but is not injured at all by it. I should not think I could keep house without it. L. L.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me to say to Sub, that she can preserve her food from the attacks of the troublesome red ants by placing it upon a table or bench, and placing the legs of this piece of furniture in saucers or small dishes filled with water. Care must be taken to keep the saucers well filled.

Can any of your readers tell me the cause of the formation called bark lice upon the oleander? Is it of an animal nature, or merely something which exudes from the leaves? Is it injurious to the plant?

Please inform me, also, how to destroy the bugs upon the German ivy and other house plants.

A. M. G.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please inform me, through your columns, how to make toilet soap out of common hard soap? and oblige a subscriber, MRS. M. E. G.

Omaha, Nebraska.

I see in your paper some one wishes to know what will prevent the disagreeable odor in milk yeast. I find omitting the salt, using only milk and water, is a sure way of preventing it.

S. T. R.

MR. CROWELL, Dear Sir:—It any of the lady correspondents of THE HOUSEHOLD can give a recipe for chocolate cake, and also for chocolate frosting, she will greatly oblige, ADDIE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please inform me through your very interesting and useful paper how to make lilies of the valley and heliotrope in wax? I have had the most trouble with these of any I have undertaken. I have met with fine success in making flowers, having made them from nature and without a teacher.

I would also like to know how to make a handsome cross to frame. I have been much interested in Mrs. J. L. B.'s lessons, and hope we may hear from her often. Any information on this subject will be thankfully received by, CORA A.

MR. EDITOR:—I would like to be informed through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD how to lay down cucumbers for pickles. I put down a bushel, last summer, in salt, and in a few weeks they were all shrunk up, and I should think spoiled. Is there any way to reclaim them?

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Will some of your readers please give directions for making baker's rolls, and tell us how to make them keep their shape? E. C.

Will some of my sister readers please inform me if there is anything that will entirely destroy the small snake-like worms that infest the roots of house plants? I have lost several very fine plants in consequence of them, and would like very much to know how to destroy them.

LILLIE L.

MR. EDITOR:—I am a new subscriber to your paper, but have already become deeply interested in it. I wish to give Alice Moore my method of taking iron rust out of white goods of any kind. Wet the stain in cold water, then put on a little salts of lemon and lay it in the sun; in a few minutes it will disappear, then rinse well in cold water. I have used it for several years and have never known it to fail. It will not injure the cloth if rinsed soon. She can get the salts of lemon at the apothecary's.

MRS.



THE PARTING HOUR.

There's something in the "parting hour" / Will chill the warmest heart— / Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends, / Are fated all to part; / But this I've seen—and many a pang / Has pressed it to my mind— / The one who goes is happier / Than those he leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be, / Adventurous, dangerous, far, / To the wild deep or bleak frontier, / To solitude or war— / Still something cheers the heart that dares / In all of human kind, / And they who go are happier / Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home / With doubtings and with tears, / But does not hope Her rainbow spread / Across her cloudy tears? / Alas! the mother who remains, / What comfort can she find, / But this—the gone is happier / Than one she leaves behind?

Have you a friend—a comrade dear? / An old and valued friend? / Be sure your term of sweet concourse / At length will have an end! / And when you part—as part you will— / O take it not unkind, / If he who goes is happier / Than you he leaves behind.

God wills it so—so it is: / The Pilgrims on their way, / Though weak and worn, more cheerful are / Than all the rest who stay. / And when, at last, poor man subdued, / Lies down to death resigned, / May he not still be happier far / Than those he leaves behind?

ONE EVENING.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

FAITH polished the last teacup, counted the spoons, brushed a little lint from one of the tumblers, and then, arranging them upon the closet shelf to her entire satisfaction, closed the door upon them with an air of relief. Then she straightened the crumb-cloth, spread the crimson table-cover, placed the lamp upon it ready for lighting, and laid her father's daily paper beside it. This done, she went to the door and looked out.

It had been a sultry summer day. The heated air in the meadow had seemed to vibrate visibly; and the cows had stood all day knee-deep in the water lazily brushing away the flies, and browsing the thick herbage upon the bank, and the tender shoots of the overhanging willows. Faith was tired. The children had been troublesome; and her young step-mother—herself only ten years older than this girl of eighteen of whom I am writing—had had a headache. To tell the truth, she always had one—or some other ache—whenever it was hot, or the children were cross, or any unpleasant domestic exigencies arose. Miss Ophelia might have pronounced her "shiftless." She declared herself a martyr to feebleness and to her nerves.

But now the sun was lying low in the west; a bright breeze was dimpling the river, and the tree-tops nodded and beckoned invitingly. Tom and Janet would not want to go to bed for an hour, and Faith caught her little white sunbonnet from the peg behind the door. She wanted to be alone for a while, to be free, to think her own thoughts, and

to open her heart to the sweet ministries of nature. She needed rest and medicine such as she could find nowhere else. No. I am not speaking at random. I mean just what I say—such as she could find nowhere else. God reaches a young girl's heart more nearly through his woods, his flowers, his dews, his stars, his sacred solitudes, his holy calms than through the lore of books, or even the revelations of his Word. These things touch it as with a human tenderness, and the closed doors fly open at their approach.

She had just got to the gate.

"Faith! Faith! Tom says he wants to go to bed," called Mrs. Harris. "Come and get him. He is driving me crazy."

Faith went back to the house, and hung up her bonnet again, casting one lingering glance at the cool, leafy recesses beyond the river.

"You will not go to sleep yet, Tom," she said. "It is a whole hour before your bedtime. Where's Janet?"

But Miss Janet was not ready to go to bed. She was slowly shaking the sawdust out of her dolly, sitting with her face to the wall in a dark corner.

"Oh! leave Janet for the present," said Mrs. Harris. "She's quiet enough, and I'll send her up by-and-by. If Tom doesn't want to go to sleep just yet, you can tell him stories."

Tell him stories! Faith knew just what that meant. She repeated "Mother Goose," and the "House that Jack Built," and "London Bridge," and "Who Killed Cock Robin?" until her head swam. Then she began with "Noah's Ark," and went straight through to "Malachi." But all to no purpose. The great brown eyes still looked at her unwearingly from over the low foot-board, and the persistent little voice still pounced upon every omission, and demanded the correction of every blunder.

"Ah, Tom!" she cried at last; "I knew you were not sleepy—and I am so tired! Do be a good boy now, and let me go down stairs. You can go to sleep without me if you have a mind."

"No, I ain't a-going to sleep for ever so long," said Master Tommy, kicking his feet against the wall. "Not for six or fourteen hours; and there's lots and lots of stories you've got to tell me! If you don't, I shall holler and holler, and that makes mamma's head ache."

Faith resigned herself to her fate, and began to improvise a fairy tale. That was at least better than ringing the changes any longer upon "As I was Going to Sell my Eggs," or "Little Jack Horner." But just then a lady and gentleman upon horseback swept by, the latter raising his eyes to the window as he passed, and then, lifting his hat with a smile, bowing until his dark hair nearly touched his horse's chestnut mane.

The color flashed to Faith's face, and for an instant she drew back and hid herself in the shadow of the curtain. Then, as the riders swept round the corner, and commenced a more leisurely ascent of the hill, she leaned forward and watched them—watched them with a look of pain and longing.

"What you stopping for, Faith?" came a voice from the bed. "Why don't you tell me what became of the princess? Did she ever find—"

"No," cried Faith, suddenly, "she never found what she was looking for, never, never! Oh, Tom, Tom! do let me be! I can't tell you any more stories to-night."

"But you must, you see; because if

you don't I shall cry and scream and get sick, and then—"

Faith rose in her desperation and went up to the bed.

"Tom Harris, you will do no such thing; and I shall not tell you another story this night. Do you just turn over and go to sleep, or I shall go straight down stairs."

Astonished out of his wits, for Faith had never dealt with him before, Tom turned quietly to the wall and said never a word. Faith went back to the window.

They were still going slowly up the hill—slowly, like those to whom the present moment is golden, and who would prolong its sheen. The lady was young, only a year or two older than Faith, probably, and very beautiful; so beautiful that the child who sat cowering there behind the window-curtain gazed at her with a strange sinking of heart; for the gentleman who rode by her side was—Kenneth Marston.

As they reached the brow of the hill they reined in their steeds, and Faith knew by the wave of Kenneth's hand that he was pointing out to his companion all that was worth seeing in the valley below—the wide sweep of the hills, the uplifting of the mountain peaks, the glories of earth and air and sky. She knew just how his eye dilated, how his form seemed to expand, how his voice grew deeper and tenderer. There was the sting of it.

But how could he help it? How could Faith help it that this beautiful, cultured, graceful woman had dropped down, out of the clouds, as it were, and for three or four weeks had sat beside him at the board, walked with him in the dim old woods, read with him out of the self-same book, rode with him over the hills and through the valleys, and knelt by his side in the same pew on Sunday? No one was to blame; but that did not make it any easier.

Faith looked at her as she sat there on her white horse, outlined against the sky, with her dark blue drapery falling in graceful folds. She was not so far off but that it was easy to see how "her wavy hair, so wondrous fair, was with the sunset glowing," and how white were the little ungloved hands that were fastening back some stray tresses that had become loosened by the rapid motion.

Poor Faith! "There is such a difference in people," she sighed, as the riders passed out of sight. "Now my dresses will never fall like that, every fold in the right place. If my hair comes down it will not wave and twist and coil itself until its disorder is prettier and more picturesque than another's painstaking. And just look at my hands!"

The sun went down, and the gray twilight crept over the earth. Janet came sleepily up stairs, holding dolly clasped to her heart, bottom upward, and scattering sawdust all the way. Faith undressed her, and in two minutes she was in the land of Nod, to which place Tom had already betaken himself.

Faith was free now, for the baby was already asleep, and Mrs. Harris was reading the last magazine, undisturbed by nerves or headaches. But she had lost the desire for a walk. She wanted to think.

It was all over between her and Kenneth Marston. Of course it was. Or rather it had never been begun. Only she had thought—she had hoped—she had been sure—

But she did not blame him. Oh no! Why should she? Shall a man stoop to pick up a pebble when a diamond has fallen in his way? Shall he prick his fingers in attempting to pluck a wild sweet-brier when there is a moss-rose, dewy and fragrant, blooming at his feet?

Ah, Faith! Men have preferred sweet-briers to moss-roses. But you have not learned that yet.

She had always known she was not good enough for him. She had always wondered why he sought her companionship. He was so much wiser than she—he knew so much more of books and of the world. He had been—why, everywhere; and she had never been farther than Burlington in all her life.

When she came home from her one year at Mrs. Worcester's school, which was all his father could afford, she had intended to do so much. There were her French books on the little shelf, and her Botany, and Ancient History, and Literature, and she meant to have gone on with them. She had come home with all a girl's eager ambition—her desire to do and to be. But she had washed dishes, and tended baby, and skimmed the milk, and put Tommy to bed, and darned stockings, and hemmed ruffling for Janet's aprons; and the French books were unopened, and she was forgetting who built St. Paul's, and in what year Shakespeare died. That was the end of it. Her time was all frittered away, and there was nothing to show for it.

Yet she had thought—she had really thought sometimes that Kenneth Marston loved her; and she had dreamed—she was ashamed of it now, but she acknowledged it bravely as she communed with her own heart, sitting there with her head buried in her arms—she had dreamed of a beautiful home with him, where her innocent tastes and fancies might find free indulgence, and where a gentle, guiding hand would lead her in the flowery paths she loved. And now the dream was over. She had awakened the first time she saw him and Judith Grant together, and she should never dream again.

If she could only go away somewhere and do something!—teach, or make bonnets, or go into a shop, or keep books, she did not care what—anything that would take her out of herself, and open a new life for her. But there was no escape. She must just stay there and listen to her mother's complaints, and tell stories to Tommy, and mend Janet's doll, and grow old and homely and fretful, maybe! That was the worst of it. To feel that she was growing down rather than up. Dwarfing herself, when she had so longed to grow to the full stature of a perfect womanhood.

She stopped thinking for a moment and listened. There was a strange, preternatural hush abroad—a portentous silence that startled her. She raised her head. The soft, rosy tints had faded from the sky, and dense black clouds were gathering overhead. Presently window-blinds swung to with a crash at the other side of the house, and the trees swayed and bent before the couriers of the approaching tempest.

Faith went down stairs to close the windows and fasten the doors. Just as she did so a heavy peal of thunder rattled overhead, and lightning seemed to dart from every quarter of the heavens. This little girl of ours was physically brave. She did not know the meaning of fine-lady tremors, or what it was to shrink from real or imaginary dangers.

In her present mood she rather enjoyed this fierce convulsion of the elements, and deliberately seated herself upon the door-step to watch the progress of events. Not a drop of rain had fallen; but now the rumbling of the thunder was incessant, and the black clouds were rent and riven by the fierce forked lightning. At one moment the darkness was intense—the very blackness of the densest midnight; the next both earth and heaven were lit with a lurid glare that seemed to come straight from the regions of everlasting flame.

She had forgotten Kenneth Marston, forgotten Judith Grant, forgotten Faith Harris. Her thoughts had gone on the wings of the lightning to the uttermost parts of the earth. Man's voice is so small, so weak, when God speaks. But just then the sultry fires lit up the brow of the hill, and for one moment she beheld a vision.

A flying steed, white as the driven snow against that back-ground of ebony clouds, a mass of tossing drapery, a gleam of golden hair streaming out upon the night wind, a white face fixed in terror and despair, and two hands clutching the silvery mane.

Faith took it all in at a glance. She thought as the drowning think. A lifetime was condensed into one moment's space.

Straight down the hill came the frightened horse. At the bottom of it, if he kept the road, there was a short turn, sharp and sudden as a right angle. If he did not keep it, there was a deep ravine straight ahead, and stones at the bottom. Faith Harris knew that Judith Grant was riding right into the jaws of death either way. For one instant she clasped her hands over her eyes, as if to shut out some fearful sight, then she darted across the road as if borne on the wings of the wind.

She said afterward that she could not account for it—that it was like an inspiration; but during that one moment of doubt or irresolution she seemed to see herself standing upon the smooth stump of a tree that had recently been cut down close to the road-side, with her left arm wound around a large sapling, an off-shoot from the parent tree. That gave her the thought upon which she had acted. In far less time than I have been writing this paragraph—in less time, perhaps, than you have been reading it—she had taken her position, and was awaiting Judith's approach.

On swept the horse. A second more and she shouted, standing there like a young pythoness upon the tripod, with the lightnings darting about her:

"Judith! Judith Grant! I can save you! Turn him this way!"

The sharp accents pierced the nearly deadened ears, and, looking up, the white-faced rider saw Faith almost within reach. Instinct rather than reason taught her to give a sudden pull upon the mane upon the side nearest to the stump. The horse swerved. Faith's arm was extended, and clasped Judith's waist; the steed rushed onward, and the two girls fell to the ground stunned and senseless.

A while afterward—Faith never knew how long—she sat up in the darkness. Her clothes were wet. The storm had spent its fury, and the moon was breaking through the clouds. At first she could not tell where she was or what had happened.

The girls had not fallen together. Judith, breaking from Faith's clasping

arm, had dropped upon the side of the stump nearest the road. Faith, clinging to the little tree, had swayed around and fallen behind it. As she sat there now, trying to collect her senses, she heard footsteps and voices and the rumbling of wheels.

"Here she is, Mr. Grey," said Kenneth Marston's voice. "Oh my God!"

Faith saw him drop upon his knees beside the body that looked so like death as the dim rays of the lantern fell upon it. She saw him place his hand upon Judith's heart; she heard his murmured words of thanksgiving as he found that she yet lived; she saw him put the hair back from the forehead with a tender touch; she saw him stoop over and kiss the pale brow, ere he listed the slight figure in his arms and bore it to Mr. Grey's carriage; she heard him speak a few low words, and there was something in his voice that she had never heard before.

The wheels rolled away in the distance, and Faith got up, went home, and to bed. She had saved a life—that was all; for the next day Judith's horse was found in the bottom of the ravine.

The next morning Faith was paler than usual, and there were dark circles about her eyes.

"Mother," she said, "if you are willing, I will put the baby in her carriage, and draw her up in the woods. I can sew just as well there as here, and—I can't breathe this morning."

Mrs. Harris looked at her in some surprise.

"Go, if you want to," she answered. "But I expect the baby'll get all stung up with the mosquitoes."

Faith went, nevertheless; and before long Kenneth Marston joined her. He did not speak at first, but held out his hand silently, and looked at the patient little face very much as one might look at a pictured saint.

At last he said:

"Where were you last night, Faith, when I found Judith and took her away?"

"I was—there," said Faith, hesitating, "on the other side of the stump."

"And you did not speak to me—would not let me thank you! Oh, Faith!"

She did not answer, but her face was hidden in her hands. He removed them with gentle violence, and held them close prisoners.

"Judith has told me all about it," he whispered. "How brave and noble you were, and how you saved her from certain death. You know where they found the horse?"

Faith nodded, shuddering.

"She wants to know you better," he went on. "She told me to bring you to her to-day, for she is not able to sit up, and wants to thank and bless you."

Faith shook her head.

"You won't refuse, Faith. It is not like you—you who have given her her life. See, she has sent you this," he added, slipping a costly ring upon her finger as he spoke.

Faith drew it off and laid it in his hand again, while her face grew white as ashes.

"I do not wish to be paid for what I did," she said while her lips trembled painfully.

"Paid! Faith, she never dreamed of such a thing. How could she? She sent the ring simply because she could not come herself. She said, 'It means less than my simplest word, Kenneth. But place it on her finger, and beg her

to come to me.' She has the gentlest, truest heart, Faith. Do not misjudge her."

A shade of color had stolen back to Faith's face. But at these words it blanched again to the very lips.

"I cannot wear your wife's ring," she said, presently, in a low, self-contained voice. "It is impossible. But tell her I am glad that I was able to be of service to her, and that I hope there are many years of happiness in store for you both."

"My wife—my wife's ring!" exclaimed the young man, detaining her as she was about to leave him. "My wife! Why, what do you mean, Faith?"

Her eyes flashed, then fell as they met his.

"I mean that I saved your wife's life last night, Kenneth Marston, and—I want to go home now. I am tired."

She looked so, poor child!

"But, Faith, dear Faith," and he twined one arm about her waist, while he tried to turn her face toward him—"look at me and listen to me. Judith Grant and my brother Hal are to be married as soon as he comes back from South America. They have been engaged these two years. Did you not know it?"

What could our little Faith do but to shake her head, while the soft color went and came upon her cheek, and her heart fluttered beneath his hand like that of a frightened bird.

Kenneth Marston read the sweet face for an instant. Then clasping her closer, he kissed her lips.

"Faith, I love you, and you only!"

And the baby looked on in wide-eyed wonder.—*Harper's Weekly.*

PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Number Six.

THE OLD FOLKS' ROOM.

I am looking all around in THE HOUSEHOLD to find the "Old Folks' Room," and though I do not see it anywhere distinctly labeled, yet, as there is such a room in so many homes, I suppose that you take it for granted that we all know about where to find it, without a sign at the door. For if we follow the children when they come in from school, the first thing, after they have laid aside their hats or wraps, will be to go into grandmamma's room. Charlie will have to tell grandpa how far he has ciphered, show his last trade in "swapping" jack-knives or tops, and brag how he threw Ned Williams, though Ned is a year the oldest; all of which grandpa listens to as though he was interested and himself a boy again.

If it is summer time, Susie, quite likely, has a bunch of flowers she has gathered for grandma, and as grandma likes old fashioned field flowers, Susie has no trouble of finding plenty by the way, while she has so many little things to tell, which the rest of the family are too busy to care for, and which of course is interesting to grandpa and grandma. And then if they have any little troubles, or if they cut their fingers or jam their toes, who can soothe them like grandma? or who else always has a salve or something ready at hand to cure all the ills flesh is heir to? So in following the children, we have found the "old folks' room," the most attractive, the most charming room in the house, if we are to judge by the resort it is made by each and all the family. To be sure, the furniture is somewhat antiquated, but it is good solid mahogany; worth twice as much, grandma says, as the new fangled knick-nacks, called furniture, of the present day. And those easy old arm-chairs! no wonder the children love to curl up in them better than the smooth, stiff, hair-cloth, slippery chairs and sofas in mother's sitting room or parlor.

And so their father seems to think when he comes in from work, even if he has but a few moments to wait while his good wife is getting on the dinner. There is something to discuss with the old folks, and he must tell all about how things are getting along, while grandpa thinks if it is a good day to-morrow he can get out and do a little of something, "enough," he says, "to keep his old bones from getting useless entirely, if it does not help much."

And then in the evening, where is there so cosy or interesting a place as this room? Here politics and matters of the day are talked over, a season is spent by some one in reading aloud, and as grandpa and grandma have never lost their interest in the progress and improvements of the day, they are as awake as any one to all that is transpiring in the world, and know as well as anybody how to enjoy rare and new books from the most cultured minds of the age. And so the "old folks' room" is worth quite as much as the school room, perhaps, to the young people, and is attractive to all.

And here, too, if you follow the family visitors and friends, it will likely lead you to grandpa's and grandma's room, where they meet with such a hearty shake and cheery welcome that the parlor is left unused, because this room is so much more cosy. It is just what Harriet, the good daughter-in-law, thinks too, and when the children are at school and her work done, so she can take her mending or darning, or anything that does not require her sewing-machine for a little time, when she slips into the "old folks' room" and keeps grandma's knitting needles company, or perhaps grandma can take a share in her work and let her rest or read aloud a little time, as these fine print newspapers of the present day do try old eyes so badly.

And even kitty, purring on the rug, seems to say this is the best place in the house, and so you see by following others of the household we have surely found the "old folks' room." And what pleasanter picture than this is needed to fill out the household, and to give added charm to the whole? These, with whom the hurry and bustle and cares of busy life are mainly over, spending the evening of their life with those who love them fondly, and who strive to brighten the infirmities of age by the more ready attention to their wants! And here in their declining days they are dwelling in the home that in busy life they made their own, but as in too many cases, our aged friends have not given up their property on condition of being cared for as long as they may live. No, they manage more wisely for themselves, and more wisely also for their children. John, with whom they live, has the farm—has it to all purposes as though it were his own—yet he pays grandpa a fixed stipend per year, while, on the other hand, the old folks pay their board, have money to use as disposed, and while they are not obliged to feel they are beggars, the son in no way feels that he

may not be doing his full measure to supply their wants on the one hand, or, were he niggardly, he could not feel that he was giving more than due.

Thus the old folks are left to be independent, and are not in danger of being defrauded of their living through the, often, injustice of others. Here the "auld wife" looks to her husband as still "John Anderson my Joe," and as they talk over olden days the children think they are almost listening to fairy tales, so different were those times from to-day.

Perhaps it is a single grandparent, left, as it were, to finish life alone, that has place in the household, and in that case all the more love and attention needs be lavished, that the declining days be not lacking of all that is possible to render them pleasant and attractive, as well as all due charity and forbearance for the oftentimes childlessness or querulousness of an infirm old age. Children, who have been brought up in the house with aged relatives or having them near them, will always in after life show careful thought for years wherever they meet the aged, and even the old way-worn beggar will have a claim to their sympathy as no other beggar can.

And oh! there is such richness, such a somber, tender beauty oftentimes in the autumn of life, as to make it seem the most charming time of all. Cares are laid aside, the hurry, the bustle and busy work of life is over, and now is the Indian summer glory, with its ripened fruits and grateful harvest, theirs to enjoy! Grandchildren are petted as the fond grandparents never had time to pet their own children; their neighbors boys and girls also become their especial favorites, and every one has something pleasant to say to the old people, or are ready to do them favors, and anything to add to the cheer of what remains of life. And this is especially the case where those now old were industrious while young and whose lives were not spent for self alone, but also in the endeavor to do good and to make others happy. It is this, as well as laying by stores of wisdom and building up a character that neither time nor misfortune nor infirmity can ever destroy, that makes age most truly beautiful.

But from our pleasant picture of the "old folks' room" that we have drawn from, we hope, not a few homps, we turn with reluctance to others, where the aged parents or grandparents are treated with anything but tenderness or even due respect. In some cases there is merely carelessness or indifference shown them—a something that seems more like obtuseness than real disrespect or selfishness; and yet this is enough to render the days of the aged, certainly if they be sensitive, anything but comfortable. But when they are allowed to feel that they are a burden, when the "old man" or "old woman" is spoken of in the family with a tone of contempt, and even the little ones, from the example of their elders, learn to show disrespect or indifference to their grandparents—then alas! the picture is reversed, and there is a melancholy connected with age that makes one almost ready to pray that they may be taken from life ere its autumn days arrive.

"Yes, mother is gone at last," said a man in a cool, worldly manner, "she was no comfort to herself or anyone else during her last years, for her mind was most gone, and she so helpless; you see

she had out-lived her usefulness." And then the man went on to tell what a good mother she used to be, and added that the children had agreed each to care for her a year at a time, "but you see," said he, "that when her year was out, more than three months ago, at my house, she was too ill to be moved, so we have had to care for her since, which is so much more than our share."

"Poor man!" we involuntarily say, "to have such a poverty-stricken soul as this! Poor mother! to have such a son! How she loved and cared for him in his infant, helpless days, how she sacrificed, as mothers only can, to be a good mother to her children, as the heartless son owned she had been, and then the care and comfort necessary for her existence so grudgingly doled out to her in her last days!"

We turn from this sad leaf to a pleasanter record, when a helpless parent says, "I am sure I do not know why I am left so long to be a burden to you all, though," he added with a sweet smile, "you will not let me feel that I am a burden, as I know I must be." "Why father," was the reply, "you do not know what a comfort you are to us, and only think, how worldly and selfish we might grow had we only ourselves to live for. Even the children are more patient and thoughtful for being thoughtful for you, and just as long as God spares you to us there will be no duty so pleasant as striving to make your suffering days as cheery as possible."

Often it is that some single one of the family, more kindly disposed than the others, is left to assume all the care of the aged parents, besides bearing the expense of their maintenance. "Why," says a selfish, well-to-do son, "Mary and her husband can get along with mother better than anyone else can and she is happier there than elsewhere, so it is best for her to stay."

But does this son forget that Mary's husband, with their large family, is far less able than he is to bear the expenses of making old age comfortable, and that if they tenderly assume the care, he and others might, at least, assist them from their purses?

Here, in a local paper, we read a well-authenticated case of a smart old lady of eighty being sent to the poor house, merely because none, among her four well-to-do sons, are willing to give her a home and provide for her few wants. Will M. Carlton, in his touching ballad, did not draw wholly from imagination, when he put in the mouth of the old mother these words:

"Over the hill to the poor house—I can't quite make it clear!
Over the hill to the poor house—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken a toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go."

* * * * *
"Over the hill to the poor house—my children dear, good-bye!
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh.
And God'll judge between us; but I will al'ays pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day."

—So act that men shall speak well of you now. I am always suspicious of the man who prides of being ahead of his time, who talks much about going into the martyr business for posterity. Usually such men are as offensive as exposed gas-pipe to all around them. They serve their cause and country decidedly the best after they get put into the ground.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Twenty-one.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

We talked about the divorce question last month; and our evening ended with a tacit understanding that when next we met we were to consider the case of John and Mary. But "man proposes and God disposes." Even as we write there comes to us from hundreds of miles away a long, low cry—a woman's appeal for help and sympathy. It is impossible to respond to it directly. It would neither be prudent nor advisable to repeat the young wife's story here; and it is impossible to speak words of counsel or of encouragement that will precisely meet her needs.

Yet how can we be utterly silent when, reaching out her arms to us over so many miles of space and telling us that she has neither father, mother, brother nor sister, she cries, "Can you give me any encouragement? Am I the only afflicted wife in the world? Give me, I pray you, a few kind words."

Poverty, hard work, loneliness, a feeble child, a husband more thoughtless than deliberately unkind, who, educated to believe, or feigning to believe, that "a man must have his dram," puts an "enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains"—these form the staple of the story that she tells us. Good friends of THE HOUSEHOLD what shall we, what can we, say to her? How shall we answer her when she says,—"Tell me how to win my husband back to his former paths?"—For it is the same old story that we have all heard a thousand times. This young husband was not always an intemperate man. The "former paths" were paths of innocence and sobriety.

Alas! Alas! that the question she asks us should be so hard to answer! No riddle propounded by that dreadful Sphinx of our old mythologies was half so difficult of solution. We stand appalled before its mysteries, and placing our hands upon our mouths can only lift our eyes to the hills from whence cometh our help, and cry "who is sufficient for these things?"

Yet—there are some things that can be said; and the first thought that suggests itself is this. As there is "no royal road to geometry"—so also is there no royal road to the reformation of offenders of whatever sort. There can be no general rule laid down, that will apply in all respects to individual cases. Each wife, each mother, each friend, must be a "law unto herself." She must mark out a plan of life, a course of action, fashioned not only according to the peculiar needs and idiosyncrasies—the caprices, even,—of the subject with which she has to deal, but, also, in accordance with her own peculiarities of thought and temperament.

What one woman may do or say to advantage, another may not. An elephant cannot gracefully dance a Spanish bolero—neither can a butterfly wield a crusader's lance. Much also depends upon associations, circumstances and surroundings. It is easy to say that an effort should be made to break up all old entanglements whether of position or relationship. But in this strange world of ours, where lives interlace and interlock in such an inexplicable way, this is often simply impossible. It generally happens that the battle with evil, if fought at all, must be fought upon the

enemy's ground—and often in single handed combat with his serried hosts.

And after she has made out her programme and laid down rules of action for herself, she must expect that circumstances and the opposing fates will, perhaps, compel her to depart from the one and break the other, every day of her life. Life delights to confound and startle us by sudden turns and unexpected changes. Just as we have fancied that such a course would work out such a result, just as we have exultingly made up our minds that at last we are upon the right track, and that the sought for goal is but just around the corner—lo! there is a sudden whirl, a quick shifting of the elements, and the kaleidoscope of fate wears a new and, it may be, an unwelcome aspect.

Existence brings us few lessons that are harder to learn than this—the necessity of submitting unrepiningly to the unsettling of our plans of action, whether those plans are laid for our good, or for the good of others.

Yet though our plans may be unsettled, our works shaken to the very foundations, they are seldom wholly destroyed. We may be compelled to go around Robinhood's barn, when we would fain go straight onward. But if our general course is due north, if that is the point of the compass toward which we are steering, if we are aiming steadily at the north star—no matter how roundabout our way may be, we shall assuredly make some advance in the right direction. So when life thwarts us in a thousand ways; when we are perplexed and hindered and harassed, let us try to remember that he who moves steadily forward, however slowly, or however indirectly, must *advance*; he must be nearer the goal this week than he was last, even though he may hardly be able to mark his progress from day to day. Should not this thought strengthen and encourage us, when, over borne by the burden and the heat of the day, we are tempted to lie down by the wayside and give up all for which we have been toiling?

But this far-away, unknown friend of our HOUSEHOLD says,—"God knows no wife living loves her husband better than I do mine."

Then, Lizzie, you hold in your hands the strongest, surest weapon that can be placed in the hand of any woman. Love rules the world, and the world is beginning, at length, to know and to acknowledge it. There was a time when this great truth was denied or ignored. But now each generation is proving more surely than the last that love is the great motive-power, the divinely appointed regent, the chief, I had almost said, the only ambassador between heaven and earth.

Far be it from me to say that there are no exceptional cases. We all know that there are; for we have seen them. We can all, probably, think of instances where loving wives have loved even unto the end and have died in dumb silence, receiving no sign that their love has borne golden fruitage. But as a rule it is undoubtedly true that the axiom of the ancients, "*Amor vincit omnia*"—Love conquers all things—is indeed an axiom; a truth that cannot be disputed and needs not to be proved. And it may be—thank God!—that even in these seemingly exceptional cases where wives and mothers have gone down to the grave believing that the rich treasure of their love has been vainly lavished, and that its

tears and prayers have been of no avail, the great Hereafter shall teach a different lesson. "Finis coronat opus"—the end crowns the work—and the end is not yet. The end reaches beyond time and space and grasps eternity. The love that "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things;" the love that is tender and patient and willing to wait, is sure to receive its reward sometime and in some way—though perhaps not in the hoped for or the expected way.

"Am I the only afflicted wife in the world?"—O my child! how easy it would seem to make the crooked paths straight, if you were indeed the only one! Will it help you any to be told that one cannot have much to do with men and things, cannot know much of life and its experiences without hearing stories far sadder than yours? There is many a wife whose husband stands high in church and state, with whom you would hardly care to change places; many a wife who underneath robes of satin and costly lace carries a heart far heavier than yours. It is well to remember when our own burdens seem peculiarly heavy, that those of others are doubtless no less so. It is well to believe in the law of compensation. You do not want to hear commonplaces, nor I to write them. But it may well be questioned whether in human life that same law of compensation does not prevail more universally than a casual observer would at first suppose. You have your peculiar sorrows, but you have also your peculiar joys. It is true that every heart knows its own bitterness wherewith the stranger may not intermeddle. But it is just as true that every heart knows its own joy, in which no other heart has part nor parcel. I know a woman who ought, according to rule, to be very wretched; and at times she is wretched. But she has exuberant health, she hardly knows the meaning of the word fatigue, she is blessed with nerves upon which the jar and fret of life make slight impression. In this lies her compensation for much in her lot that it is hard to bear.

No one at this distance, dear Lizzie, can tell you what to do. But I want to tell you what the love and patience of one woman did. Will you listen for just another moment?

A man of wealth, of high standing in the community and of hitherto unblemished character—a man past the prime of life and the father of nine children, turned aside from the safe paths of honor and rectitude and plunged headlong into the abyss of intemperance. The natural consequences followed. His business was ruined, his property squandered; poverty and distress stared in the face those who had never before seen them save "afar off." Worse than this, he who had been the loving husband, the tender father, became sullen, morose and bitter; adding personal ill-treatment to his wife's other burdens.

She was urged to leave him; she was told that he had forfeited all claim upon her love and tenderness.

But the brave, true heart of the woman answered,—"I will win him back. By the strength of my love I will yet save him; by the might of my tenderness, by my unwearying patience, I will yet prevail!"

And she won the day at last. At last, after sore conflicts, after tears and prayers and watchings, after the long

anguish of hope deferred, after the night of sorrow and despair, the heart of the woman triumphed and her husband "clothed and in his right mind" was restored to her.

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A WORD TO HUSBANDS.

BY KITTIE CANDID.

Husbands! this article is for you especially. I'm sick and tired of humdrum articles for your wives' eyes, lectures to the poor things about their shut parlors and musty guest chambers, and think it quite time your ears were tingled a little. Now it's of no matter whether I have a husband or not. I'm sure I shall not tell you anything about it. Suffice it to say, if I am so happy as to call one master, he will read or hear this read. If I owe no such king wifely obedience, it detracts not from the truth or value of this little sermon; but of this fact be assured, I have never shirked life's burdens by a divorce, nor advertised my superior claims to the presidency—two merits of womanly existence I cannot lay claim to.

But of this thing I am morally certain, there's blame among the husbands, or why so many jaded wives and care-worn daughters? The fact is, you are not enough mindful of the little stones that have to be stepped over every day in your wife's pathway. Fact is, you have forgotten your "courting days." One great secret lies there.

Now follow me a little way. Here you come from your work at night. I'll allow you have worked hard. Perhaps you are a laboring man—work in a gang of twenty men or more—building, mayhap. (I'll make the case as common as possible.) Working hard and patiently, toiling for the wife and little ones, and doing much for them, more than can be measured; but think a moment. You are working in God's sweet sunlight, pure, bracing air to expand your lungs and invigorate your system; jolly men around you, a song from one, a joke from another, a refreshing little argument from another, a bit of information from this one, a dash of wit from that one, passing men, women and carriages to rest the eye upon, and a thousand and one other little diversities of mind that cheer and rest the working-man. And Mary, what of her? Oh, after she had prepared your early breakfast, she tidied the dining-room, and began to prepare the children's breakfast; baby awoke and she ran to still him, but he was fretful and half sick, so she carried him around till the children's meal was ready. Then down came the little rosy-cheeked sunbeams.

Charlie must be dressed—there goes a button! never mind, mamma's needle is ready. Nellie's straps are broken and Jessie's pinafore "doesn't pull round good;" snap goes a string! Mamma hushes baby and restores string and strap; boots are buttoned and laced, faces washed, hair combed, books looked up, multiplication table listened to, Jessie's "piece" rehearsed to save the disonor of distorted words, Nellie's geography lesson "picked out," and three year old Minnie quieted with broken dishes and dolls till the luncheon is packed and the three blessings kissed and sent to school. Then baby is soothed to slumber, Minnie coaxed into stillness, dishes washed, stove blacked, kitchen floor mopped, lamps trimmed, beds made, rooms swept, and there stands a large basketful of clothes to iron. Baby is

awake, Minnie has cut her finger, and after another half hour spent in restoring quiet, the ironing is begun.

Mamma gets flushed and hurries faster and faster, for dinner must come from somewhere. Husband likes good dinners. Down goes the iron, meat is set boiling, turnips and potatoes pared and a pudding prepared for baking. Iron flies over the clothes again and John's shirt is about half finished when the door bell rings. Hair and collar are hastily smoothed, and lo! an enterprising old spinster of the parish is ushered in "on an errand of charity, mercy," etc., etc. Mary pities the destitute children so touchingly described, and away goes another half-hour for rummaging old chests and boxes for children's garments. That item of interruption disposed of, the dinner must be set upon the table. We won't count the number of interruptions from baby and Minnie, nor the tax upon imagination for stories for their diversion. "Mothers expect such things and ought to learn just how."

John comes—fine man this John, but hale and hearty; never had a sick day; doesn't know how a pain feels; but remembers one time he cut his finger, and so does his wife. (The amount of fuss deemed necessary by him to commemorate the occasion, fixes the date for her.) So John sits down; he is hungry; "Everything tastes good. Mary is a capital cook, and economical, too, but what is the use of telling her so? Women mustn't expect praise for everything they do, besides it gives them bad ideas. They get to expecting, and bother the labor such acknowledgements make!" so John goes whistling off, and Mary, with stomach too tired to demand food, resumes the same hackneyed round of dish washing, knife cleaning, sweeping, etc., while John takes his "nooning" mid new scenes and gets fairly rested for the afternoon's labor, and begins again about the time Mary resumes her ironing, which by dint of extra exertion she succeeds in finishing, then prepares the supper, and with a fearful headache, hooks the dress that John once said he liked, about a weary body and awaits his coming.

Supper over, the endless dish-washing, children washed and settled in bed and baby crooning in lap, the little frocks are cut and sewed upon till late at night. John lights his cigar, elevates his feet upon a chair, or the mantel, and reads aloud? No, sir. He used to do so when he was courting, but he can't do it now. He didn't use to smoke in her presence, and "how can a fellow smoke and read?" Or mayhap he tells her it is lonely, and goes out to pass the evening somewhere else, and wonders "why Mary can't go out just as she used to, or as other women do—umph! 'Squire Dawson's wife is always ready to go." (Sub rosa), 'Squire D.'s wife keeps five servants, and his income is more than double John's earnings. But he secretly congratulates himself for his patience and is glad he "didn't speak cross to Mary."

So am I, but I am sorry you didn't speak pleasantly; that is, I am sorry you didn't say some "foolish things." She hasn't forgotten how attentive you were as a lover, how you delighted to read to her, how you hung upon her words and doted on her smiles. Has she changed to you, John? Not a particle, but her cares have increased. She has only the same two hands and is nurse, housemaid, seamstress, cook—and for what? An increase of salary? No, just your name, her beard and clothes, and if you were

lover John, instead of husband John, the pay would be adequate. When your work increases so does your pay. If your work is done well you know it from your employers, and it is not the same old tread-mill round, either, and that alone is a great consideration. If you pause to think, can you wonder that the parlor is kept darkened, when more than every moment is needed to tidy the kitchen and attend to the family needs? Do you marvel that her hair is not curled as it used to be? that she doesn't embroider but one pair of slippers a year for you? that she fades? that her complexion loses its fairness? that her voice has lost its joyous ring?

Don't feel above acknowledging her manifold wisely attentions. If the bread is good, the room tidy, the children prettily dressed, house neatly arranged and kitchen matters economically managed, don't be ashamed to say so; not to some neighbor, friend or relative, but right square to Mary. It is nothing to conceal if your wife is a gem of a housewife. Bring her home some little bit to brighten her up occasionally. Your salary won't allow it? A flower doesn't cost you much that blooms on your way home. Sacrifice your three or more cigars even one day, and she can have a new collar or a bit of bright ribbon; two days, and a new book can be hers. But it is useless to enumerate; there are countless ways; the doors stand open, walk right in and set to work performing these nameless little pleasures.

Now I have not taken an overdrawn picture; it is a fair sample of woman's round of duty, and a common one, and let me add, with due deference to your majesty, if one-half of the care, the nameless interruptions and pack-horse burdens were imposed upon you, you would soon be a fit candidate for the lunatic asylum, while your more favored brethren would look upon you in abject wonder that you had ever submitted to such burdens, forgetting that they are imposing similar ones, nor putting forth so much as a finger to relieve. Read and consider.

• • •

WATCH FOR THE SUNBEAMS.

BY OLIVE OLDSCHOOL.

I have read, within a few months, two anecdotes which struck me quite forcibly. One was this: A drove of cattle, while being driven along the highway, came to a covered bridge. They were somewhat afraid of the darkness, but on being urged by their drivers they traveled along until they came to a sunbeam that found its way through the covering of the bridge. Then they stopped; more afraid of the bright ray of light than of the darkness. They tried to turn back, but were met by the lash—there was a power behind impelling them onward. Finding they could not retreat they leaped over the sunbeam and all began to run. There were other sunbeams streaming through the cracked walls, but as they came to them they leaped over them and passed on their way.

The other incident was of a little child which crept into a darkened room: One ray of sunlight shone through the blind and came down in a little bright spot on the floor. The dear little boy espied the bright ray, and with a crow of delight crept along to the light, and putting down his little head, with his sweet lips he kissed the tiny ray. He gave no heed to the surrounding darkness; his little

mind was all absorbed and made glad by that bit of sunshine.

There are a great many people like that drove of cattle. They have dark places to go through, as everybody has who travel in this vale of tears. They don't like the darkness, they complain bitterly of that, but still they leap over what few bright spots there are in their path. There are but few whose lives are so dark and bitter that there are no bright spots; there is a little sunshine beaming through the dark clouds, a few choice blessings mixed with their sorrows; but they skip these and walk in the shadows. They are suspicious of their blessings and can realize their sorrows.

Sometimes people have real trouble; for awhile their path is shrouded in gloom; they are walking under a covered bridge. After a time the cloud breaks and they come out into sunshine, but instead of walking along joyfully in the light, they turn and look back into the darkness, and make themselves miserable thinking of what they have passed through.

I once v'sited a woman who was walking in darkness. Clouds and storms beset her pathway round, and she seemed, truly, to be in a dark wilderness. She had worked hard and brought up a family of children but, now her health had failed, and she could not work. Her husband was continually reproaching her, because, as he said, "she was good for nothing." I pitied her and tried to find a sunbeam for her. I told her she had one thing to comfort her, and that was this: "Your children have all grown up moral, respectable, and are good citizens." "Yes," said she, "they are all good, likely children, I know, but they are now able to take care of themselves, and I have nothing to live for. I wish I could die out of the way." Poor woman! she could realize nothing but darkness.

There are a few precious souls like the sweet child who kissed the sunbeam. They have their trials and sorrows, but these only make them appreciate more highly the blessings they receive. They go through dark places, but are always on the watch for every ray of light that creeps into the darkness; and as they discover the tiny rays they sing a song of thanksgiving, and in their rejoicing forget the surrounding darkness. In this mortal state all have more or less of disappointment and sorrow, and there are but few, if any, who are without blessings. How much better to be singing glad anthems for present favors, than to be always chanting a solemn requiem over departed joys. Let us kiss the sunbeams, and the darkness will, in a great measure, flee from our vision.

TASTES DIFFER.

—A celebrated author once wrote: "A French woman will love her husband if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German woman, if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman, if he don't disturb her ease and comfort; a Spanish woman, if he wreaks terrible vengeance on those who fall under her displeasure; an Italian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman, if he calls her native country the fairest and happiest on earth; a Russian woman, if he holds all Westerners as miserable barbarians; an English woman, if he is of the nobility; an American woman, if he has plenty of money."



ONLY A GLIMMER OF SUNLIGHT.

It was only a glimmer of sunlight,
But it came with an angel's face,
And it seemed like an angel's mission
That it had in that needy place.
For it came with its sudden brightness
Into a crowded room,
Where the men's and the women's faces
Were dark in the gathering gloom.

It fell on the head, thought-silvered,
Of the man who struggled there
To awaken in weary spirits
An eager delight in prayer.
And it fell upon world-worn faces
Over troubled and sad,
And it brought to them hope and comfort,
Making their spirits glad.

It was only a glimmer of sunlight
But it spoke of loftier things
Than the sordid care and the worry
Which life in the dark world brings;
And the people thought of their Father,
Thought of the heavenly song,
Thought of the Saviour's pity,
Till their hearts were subdued and storn.

It was only a glimmer of sunlight
That came through a little rift,
But many a grateful spirit
Thanked God for His timely gift.
And even the preacher's message,
Given in His great name
To the souls of the waiting people,
With a holier sweetness came.

Only a glimmer of sunlight,
So often our Father sends,
But it cannot be guessed by strangers
What pleasure to lie it lends.
For it comes to our souls in darkness
Thrilling them with delight
As it tells us soon, and for ever,
We shall live in His perfect light.

WAY NOTES.

Number Six.

ALBERGO ST. MARCO, MILAN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD: — Leaving the pleasant village of Baveno, I descended Lake Maggiore to Arona, a thriving town of some 4000 inhabitants, the principal attraction of which is the bronze statue of St. Carlos Barromeo, erected over two centuries since. It consists of a pedestal of stone some thirty feet in height, upon which stands the statue representing a monk in priestly robes, the height of which is over seventy feet.

Some of the proportions of this remarkable figure may not be uninteresting. The arm is twenty-seven feet in length, the forefinger six feet, the nose and ears two feet, while the head is upwards of twenty-five feet in circumference.

Being one of the great wonders of this part of Europe, I thought it worth while to make the ascent, which is accomplished with some little difficulty. By means of a ladder from the outside I reached the lower fold of the robe, some fifty feet from the ground. From this point by means of iron rods one is enabled to climb to the neck, from which, through an open window, a magnificent prospect of the lake and surroundings is revealed. After remaining a few minutes for rest, I ascended by a short ladder within the head, and by raising myself on tip-toe was able to look upon the scene below through the eyes of the statue. Standing thus upon the chin my uplifted arm fell short from one to two feet of the crown of the head.

From a distance one does not realize

the gigantic proportions of this relic of the middle ages, the symmetry being so perfect in every detail as to deceive the eye, but looking down from the head one feels the distance which separates them from *terra firma*, and a vague feeling of insecurity comes over one lest the fragile work of hollow bronze might prove unequal to the weight of the human frame.

The ascent is comparatively seldom made, being considered unsafe for those troubled with weak nerves or dizziness, while the bronze interior, during the summer months, reminds one forcibly of the purgatory in which the venerated saint, according to the belief of his faithful followers, may still be lingering.

From Arona, two hours by rail, brought me to Milan, the capital of Lombardy, a city scarcely counting 300,000 inhabitants, yet in architectural beauty and artistic finish hardly equalled by any city on the continent. In the railway station and the cafe one sees elaborate frescoes in oil representing historic and mythological scenes, which would do honor to our capitol.

This profuse and lavish abundance of art is to an American amateur a great luxury. With us everything must necessarily yield to the practical development of the material resources of the country, and art must find its patrons and its encouragement among the few, who, freed from the engrossing cares of active business, can devote their leisure to the refining influences of the study and cultivation of what we popularly call the "fine arts."

The evening of my arrival I devoted to a stroll through the principal "piazas," or squares, and thoroughfares of the capital; first of all visiting the famous "Duomo," or cathedral, which, with its marble spires, its thousand statues and vast interior, has too often formed the theme of poet and historian to require a detailed description here. Crossing the "piazza" we enter the "Galleria di Vittorio Emmanuele," which in elaborate design and perfection of detail is conceded to be the finest covered passage in Europe. It is built in the form of a Latin cross, the whole covered with an arched roof of glass, the center rising in a dome, the apex of which measures 150 feet from the mosaic floor.

The buildings comprising this gallery, or passage, are of the most elaborate architectural finish, ornamented with statues in stone and marble. The four semi-circular spaces under the dome representing in beautiful frescoes, America, Europe, Asia and Africa. In the foreground of the former a large medallion with the heads of Washington and Columbus. The smaller spaces in the wings contain similar works of art representing the arts and sciences. These buildings, I am told, were erected at an expense of \$4,000,000. The lower stories are occupied by cafes and stores, the tasteful arrangement of whose wares, under the gas-light, adds not a little to the pleasing effect of the "ensemble."

Having a few days to spare before the opening of the Industrial Exhibiton, I passed the interval at Como, at the foot of the lake of the same name, and about two hours distant by rail. It is a thriving place of about 20,000 inhabitants, and during the summer months is thronged with passing tourists, among whom American and English, as elsewhere predominant.

Como has given birth to two popes, Clement XIII and Innocent XI, Canova

the sculptor, Pliny the historian, Volta the philosopher, and others famous in the annals of Italian history. To the latter a statue in white marble was erected in the public square in 1838. The cathedral, too, is well worth a visit, being one of the few remaining specimens of Italian gothic architecture of the middle ages.

The following day I took the little steamer and sailed up the lake as far as Bellaggio, on a promontory at the junction of lake Lecco. This point is considered the most picturesque on the lake and well bears out its reputation. On the heights above the little village are the beautiful grounds of the "Villa Serbelloni," accessible by an excellent though somewhat steep footway. In the villa one sees a collection of portraits by the old masters, but which offer little attraction compared with the picture of nature which is revealed from the higher portions of the grounds. The three branches of the lake are here in view, the villages Menaggio, Leuno and Colonna nestling at the foot of the mountains, dotted here and there with pretty villas and hamlets, some of them at least a thousand feet above the surface of the lake.

On one portion of the grounds an artificial grotto has been constructed, the view from the interior of which is beautiful beyond description; the lake with its crystal waters; the tiny craft with their pretty awnings and colored ensigns, and the mountains beyond forming an animated picture through the jagged opening of the grotto. G. W. T.

THE WOOD-SLED IN THE KITCHEN.

One winter evening, some months since, I went to call upon a neighbor who was in very feeble health, and in whom I had taken great interest. She was a simple and humble Christian woman who manifested great patience through her sickness, though she enjoyed but few of the comforts and none of the luxuries which an abundance of this world's goods can bestow.

On receiving the answer, "come in," to my knock on the "keeping-room" door, I entered the humble apartment, and what was my surprise to see about half the room taken up with a great double-sled, such as we often see drawn by oxen in the winter, working upon which the husband of my friend was vigorously employed.

"Excuse me, madam," said the honest man rising and making a very civil bow, "my wife was feeling pretty poorly this evening, and the little ones are in bed, and so I thought I would bring my wood-sled in here to paint, so as to keep her company, as I have promised to have it finished to-morrow."

"That is right, Mr. Ellis," I replied. "Please make no apology, for I am delighted to see you so sociable. And how much more pleasant for both of you; for here is my friend Janette sitting by the fire with her knitting in the big cosy chair, and you working away at your sled, and you can chat together more merrily, I dare say, than if you were sitting in some elegant drawing-room with nothing to do."

After making a very pleasant call, I bade my friends good evening, and on my way home I thought, "Here is the secret of the happiness of this unprepossessing couple. They are dependent upon each other for all their comforts

and pleasures, and in their simple way, they enjoy life because they do not go beyond their own limited circle for all their enjoyments."

This simple picture of my friend, Mr. Ellis, painting his big wood-sled in the room, so as to keep his wife company, has become almost like a proverb in our family, "Can't you bring in your wood-sled, and come and sit by us?" is often said, where some slight occupation comes in the way of a social meeting.

And often this humble home picture has been brought to my mind, when I have witnessed how far apart the employment of husband and wife seems to be. "I must go to my office, this evening, my dear," says the husband to the delicate wife, who has been very lonely all day. I say to myself, "Why can't you bring your wood-sled into the house, and sit by your wife, and be a happy couple in each other's company?"

Ah, if more men were like my friend, Ellis, and would make it their duty as well as pleasure to devote more time to their homes and the comfort of their families, the bar-rooms, the billiard-rooms, the card-rooms would not be so well filled, and happiness would reign where now are weariness and discontent, all for the want of mutual dependence, which alone can make the home be it ever so humble, a heaven upon earth.—*Christian Weekly*.

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

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Runs so easy a Child
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Has Moulton's Patent
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Is so light any lady can
handle it with all ease.

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The frame is all made
of finely galvanized metal
and brass. Can never
rust, rot, shrink, swell or
wear out.

We invite comparison, and will bide your decision
after a trial. Agents wanted.

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With Cogs.

Turn so hard, it takes
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they are constantly fall-
ing on the shaft.

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stout men ought to han-
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taking time and labor.

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bolts and screws to rust
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9-

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New London, May 12, 1871.

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Leave Hoo-ace Tunnel for Boston at 7 A. M., and 1:20 P. M. Leave Greenfield for Boston 6:30, and 9:35 A. M., and 2:30 P. M. Leave Brattleboro for Boston 9:00 A. M., and 1:50 P. M.

Trains leave Greenfield for Turners Falls at 6:40, 9:30 and 11:35 A. M., and 4:30 P. M. Leave Turners Falls for Greenfield at 7:30 and 11:10 A. M., and 1:50 P. M.

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

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

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Commencing Monday, May 22, 1871.

TRAIN GOING SOUTH.

Mail train leaves Ogdensburg at 6:00 p. m.; St. Albans at 6:20 a. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 2:25 p. m., Brattleboro at 3:30 p. m., Grout's Corner at 4:35 p. m.

Night Express leaves Ogdensburg at 1:00 p. m., Montreal at 3:45 p. m., St. Albans at 7:30 a. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 4:25 a. m., Brattleboro at 4:20 a. m., South Vernon at 4:45 a. m.

Mixed train leaves White River Junction at 4:50 a. m., Rutland at 4:30 a. m., Bellows Falls (accommodation) 1:40 a. m., Brattleboro 8:41 a. m., South Vernon at 9:26 a. m., arriving at Grout's Corner at 9:45 a. m.

Express leaves Brattleboro at 2:00 p. m., South Vernon at 2:30 p. m., arriving at Grout's Corner at 3:00 p. m.

TRAIN GOING NORTH AND WEST.

Mail train leaves Boston via Lowell, at 7:00 a. m., via Lawrence and Fitchburg at 7:30 a. m., Springfield at 8:00 a. m., New London at 5:00 a. m., Grout's Corner at 9:25 a. m., South Vernon at 10:30 a. m., Brattleboro at 10:30 a. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 11:45 a. m., for Burlington and St. Albans at 12:20 a. m., and Ogdensburg at 12:30 a. m.

Express leaves Grout's Corner at 11:20 a. m., arriving in Brattleboro at 12:20 p. m.

Accommodation leaves Grout's Corner at 3:30 p. m., South Vernon at 4:00 p. m., Brattleboro at 4:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (mixed) at 5:35 p. m., arriving in W. R. Junction at 8:30 p. m. and at Rutland at 8:40 p. m.

Night express, leaves Grout's Corner at 8:20 p. m., Brattleboro at 9:14 p. m., Boston (via Fitchburg) at 10:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 10:20 p. m. Connecting at W. R. R. Junction with train leaving Boston (via Lowell) at 6:00 p. m., at Rutland with trains from Troy, &c., arriving in St. Albans at 2:42 a. m., Montpelier at 9:00 a. m., Plattsburgh at 11:40 a. m., and Ogdensburg at 12:30 p. m.

Mixed Train leaves Grout's Corner (Saturdays at 10:00 p. m., Brattleboro 11:35 p. m., arriving in Bellows Falls at 1:35 a. m.

Connections at Grout's Corner with trains over Vt. & Mass., and New London Northern Railroads; South Vernon with trains over Conn. River R. R.; at Bellows Falls with Cheshire R. R.; at W. R. R. Junction with trains to and from Boston, via Lowell, and Conn. and Pass. Rivers R. R.; at Rutland with Rensselaer & Saratoga, and Harlem extension Railroads; at St. Johns with Grand Trunk Railway; also at Ogdensburg with the Grand Trunk Railway, and the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg for the west; with St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway for Ottawa.

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St. Albans, May 22, 1871.

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