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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. 6.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., APRIL, 1873.

No. 4.

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The Household

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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APRIL SHOWERS.

Come, gentle April showers,
And water my May flowers.

The violet —

Bleu, white, and yellow streaked with jet —
Thickly in my bed are set;

Gay daffodillies,

Tulips and St. Joseph's lilies;

Bethlehem's star,

Gleaming through its leaves afar;

My crocuses, which quaff

Sunshine till they fairly laugh;

And that fragrant one so pale,

My sweet lil of the vale,

All are keeping whist, afraid

Of this late snow o'er them laid.

Come then gentle April showers,

And coax out my pretty flowers.

I am tired of wintry days,

Have no longer heart to praise

Icebergs and banks of snow.

When will dandelions blow,

And meadow-sweet,

And cowslips dipping their cold feet

In little rills

Gushing from the mossy hills?

I am weary of this weather.

Wind breezes hasten hither,

Bringing in your dappled train,

Tearful sunshine, smiling rain,

And to coax out all my flowers,

Fall, fall gently, April showers.

TRUE TASTE MORE EFFECTIVE THAN MONEY.

MANY imagine they must relinquish all hope of gratifying their tastes, or the inherent love of the beautiful, if they do not rank among the rich. This is an entirely false idea. There are houses upon which thousands of dollars have been expended that would be quite intolerable to people of real refinement as a permanent residence. The whole arrangement and furniture are so stiff and formal—so heavy and oppressive with superfluous ornament, that simple curiosity to see what strange vagaries can enter into the heads of the rich, and in what absurd manner they study to spend their abundant wealth, would seem to be the only motive which could tempt a sensible person to enter.

On the other hand, we find small modest cottages, which bear unmistakable evidence of necessity for close economy, that have more of real comfort and convenience about them than those splendid mansions; and, at the same time, they are gems, bearing in every part the stamp of true elegance and refinement. They are so beautified by the genuine taste and ingenuity of the occupants, that it is a real pleasure to pass from one room to another or sit quietly and enjoy the sweet enchantment—yet money had little to do towards securing such attractions. It is the fitness of things—the harmonious blending of shape and color, the adaption of the furniture to the wants of each apartment, that make the whole combination so peculiarly delightful. And yet, how and from what was all this tasteful furnishing constructed?

If some of those persons whose lark and gloomy parlors are hung with the costly damask, and their furniture carved and upholstered by the most skillful and fashionable workmen, should by chance find themselves in one of these pleasant homes, they could not help being captivated by the spirit of the place, in the absence of style and fashion. The elegant, airy, graceful parlors, the rest, the peace and comfort which pervade the whole atmosphere, would be to them a new experience, and what would be their astonishment to learn with how little expense all this, which they acknowledge to be so refreshing, has been secured.

No matter if the purse is not very heavy, young people, with good health and a fair share of taste and ingenuity, have great pleasure in store for themselves when they undertake to furnish and beautify a house, which is to be their first joint home. There are so many small conveniences, so many little contrivances that a carpenter never thinks of, because he has never had a woman's work to do, and therefore cannot see how important these little things are. A woman knows just where an hour's work, well considered and planned, can be employed to manufacture some convenient thing, that will save much time and strength, and which, however cheaply and roughly made, she can, in a few spare moments, transform into an object of real beauty.—Mrs. H. W. Beecher.

HOW TO BUILD SIDEWALKS.

Let the ground which is to be covered by the sidewalk be sunk to a uniform depth of ten or twelve inches and well rammed. Lay a course of fine gravel four inches deep over this bottom, and ram it well. Now lay a

course of broken stones, three inches deep, over this; and pour on hot grout, just fluid enough to admit of its working down into the interstices. Let the mass have a few days to harden. Finally—prepare, in suitable boxes, six parts of sand to one part of cement; working the two together thoroughly with as little water as possible, applied with a watering pot. When the mass is thoroughly triturated, pour it over the foregoing preparation and stamp it until all the moisture is brought to the surface, when it will soon set. Smooth off the surface, leaving a gentle inclination towards the street.

Solid moulds might be set down in the material at every junction-line of two lots; which, when removed, would leave a channel or drain from the rain-pipe to the curb-drain or sewer—and indeed this latter could be likewise formed continuously along the street. In ten days a sidewalk such as this might be opened to the public use; and even before it is hard, boards might be laid over it for present use; thus preserving it intact until induration had taken place.

Wherever coal-holes or cellar doors occur, it would be no difficult matter to make provision for them in the course of forming the side-walk. Frost could not affect this coating; for the simple reason, that, there being no joints for wet to lodge in, there could be no chance for this insidious and powerful enemy to take hold as in brickwork and flagging. The slag thrown out at rolling-mills, as well as the clinkers and wasted burrs at brick-yards, would, no doubt prove very beneficial in forming the foundation for this composition sidewalk.

But the greatest nicety is called for in the preparation of the overlaying surface, or finish. The material for this purpose should be worked in a pug-mill. The sand used for it should be in particles three-twentieths of an inch in diameter, and the water-lime cement, the best to be had. The street crossings could be composed of the same material, in a similar manner to the sidewalks; and sufficient breadth should be given to these crossings; at the same time to save horses from slipping on them, it would be well to mould herring bone, or reticulated sections in them. The narrowness of our present crossings is a subject worthy of reformers.

—A light, dry cellar is better for keeping half-hardy, and even tender plants than a pit. A good cellar, having a large body of air, never freezes, while a pit, however carefully tended, may.



THE "BEST ROOM."

There was a parlor in the house, a room to make you shudder with its prodigious gloom. The furniture stood round with such an air. There seemed an old maid's ghost in every chair. Each looked as it had settled to its place. And pulled extempore a Sunday face. Too snugly proper for a world of sin. Like boys on whom the minister comes in. The table fronting you with icy stare. Strove to look witless that its legs were bare. While the black sofa with its horse-hair pall. Looked like the tier for comfort's funeral. Two pictures graced the wall in grimmest truth. Mister and Mistress W. in their youth. New England youth, that seems a sort of pill. Half wish-I-dared, half Edwards on the Will. Bitter to swallow, and which leaves a trace Of Calvinistic colic on the face. Between them, o'er the mantle, hung in state. Solomon's temple done in copper-plate. Invention pure, but meant, we may presume, To give some Scripture sanction to the room. Facing this last, two samplers you might see, Each with its urn and still, weeping tree. D. voted to some memory long ago. More faded than their lines of worsted woe. Cut paper decked the frames against the fire. Though none e're dared an entrance who were wise. And blushed asparagus in fading green. Added its shiver to the Franklin clean. When first arrived, I chilled a half hour there. Nor dared deflower with use a single chair. I caught no cold, yet flying pins could find. For weeks in me—a rheumatism of mind.

—O. W. Holmes.

HOME CONVERSATION.

THE temptation to talk of persons rather than of things lies very often in your way, my sister. The petty details of your life, breakfast, dinner and tea, poultry to-day, and roast beef to-morrow, Jennie's whooping cough, and Fred's measles, Bridget's incompetence, or the heedlessness of Mary Ann, and never-ending demand of fashion, have, almost before you know it, a narrowing effect upon your mind. Theoretically, you despise gossips—practically you add your mite very often to the common fund. You are not ill-natured. The sweet charity that "thinketh no evil," has its home in your heart's core, yet sometimes, alas! it falls asleep, and anger, wrath, and bitterness comes stealthily creeping up to the outposts.

There are many great things which we cannot do, however earnestly we may try. There are some little things which, with faith in God, and sincere resolutions, we can accomplish, and one of these is to reform our conversation.

Every woman should cultivate a nice sense of honor. In a hundred different ways this most fitting adjunct of

the true lady is often tried. For instance, one is a guest in a family where, perhaps, the domestic machinery does not run smoothly. There is a sorrow in the house unsuspected by the outer world. Sometimes it is a dissipated son whose conduct is a shame and a grief to his parents; sometimes it is a discontented and petulant daughter; sometimes a relative whose eccentricities and peculiarities are a cloud on the home. Or, worst of all, husband and wife may not be in accord, and then there may be often bitter words spoken, and harsh recriminations. In any of these cases the guest is in honor bound to be blind and deaf, so far as people without are concerned. If a gentle word within can do good, it may well be said, but to go forth and reveal the shadow of an unhappy secret to any one, even your nearest friend, is an act of indelicacy and meanness almost unparalleled. Once in the sacred precincts of any home, admitted to its privacy, sharing its life, all that you can see and hear should become a sacred trust. It is as really contemptible to gossip of such things as it would be to steal the silver or borrow the books, and forget to return them.

The foundation for this thoughtless sin is sometimes laid in early life. Children coming home from a visit, are interrogated by mother or sister, concerning every little in and out of Mrs. M's, or Mrs. K's house. Don't do it again, dear friend. Just say to the darling child, as he or she skips in, flushed and happy: "Well, have you had a pleasant visit? I'm glad to hear it." Never mind whether they had gingerbread or pound cake, or what dress little Susie M. wore.

If you find a little piquant bit of slander floating about in society, do not roll it as a sweet morsel under your tongue, but if it is in your power, stop it. Drifting on the tide of social talk are often stray scraps of malice or envy. If they come to you, keep them. Let no unkind report be suffered to grow by whisper or word of yours. How lovely is the very presence of a pure, truthful woman before whom evil tongues are silenced.

Talk as little as possible about dress. Make yourself and your children as beautiful as you can, and let becoming and tasteful dress help you to do it, but when once your "things" are on, think no more about them. Nothing more effectually dwarfs the mind than constant thought and conversation about ruffles and frills, feathers and flounces, trimmings and tucks. Prophets and apostles were moved to reproach our sex for our devotion to tinkling ornaments and plaited hair in olden days, and if they were here now, I think they would lift their voices up again. Get out of this rut, dear reader, and find out how much easier and better walking there is on the soft way-side above it.

The world is full of strife and struggle and sin. It is full of joy and triumph and hope. The field grows ever broader for women as for men. New responsibilities are crowding in upon us all; can we be to pure in thought, word or deed? Can we let conversation remain frivolous and trifling?—Selected.

A NEW DECORATIVE MATERIAL.

The slowness of painting operations in buildings, the obstruction caused by workman, and the disagreeable smell from fresh paint, are great inconveniences inherent to the present mode of painting and decorating. To remedy this, M. Jean Marie Lasche, of No. 23 Boulevard de Strasburge, Paris, has just patented an invention, the object of which is chiefly to dispense with painting operations in the house or room to be decorated, and to prepare the painting at a factory or shop, so that it can be applied to walls or other surfaces by ordinary hangers or layers, without giving rise to disagreeable smells.

The invention consists in producing the painting upon tin foil. M. Lasche takes thin tin foil, which possesses great flexibility, and spreads it upon glass, taking care to damp the glass in order to facilitate the spreading and retention of the foil. The foil thus spread constitutes a very smooth surface, on which the inventor paints or colors in oil, either plain or ornamental, as on walls or wainscots. It is allowed to dry, and is then varnished.

This portable painting, when removed from the glass with its lining of tin, is ready to be applied in a house or otherwise. This new covering or hanging is wound on rollers like paper hangings, but it differs from them, inasmuch as the coloring or painting is on tin and in oil; the back or tin lining constitutes a waterproof surface, and the tin, owing to its great flexibility, can be adapted to the configuration of all mouldings or irregularities. Before applying the tin hanging or covering, a waterproof mixture is spread on the wall or surface to be decorated, and the hanging is then cut and applied, being made to follow the irregularities of the mouldings and ornaments.

This tin covering may also replace gilding, the gold being applied on the tin foil with the ordinary preparation. It is dried and cut, and after having had a waterproof mixture spread on the ornaments or surface to be decorated, the pieces of tin gilding are applied to them. The advantage of this tin gilding over ordinary gilding on metals is that it does not oxydize, while ordinary gilding on metals soon becomes spotted or tarnished.

This invention thus constitutes, as it were, a new process of decorative painting, which dispenses with all labor at the place of application, except simple hanging or laying. We have by us some samples of this new material, which are exceedingly appropriate and effective. — *Mechanics' Magazine.*

BE GENTLEMEN AT HOME.

It is cruel and cowardly, in any man, to speak to the woman under his own roof in a manner that would forever disgrace him if heard under any other. And yet how many do it, alas! and even go their way after it, selfishly forgetting the tears and the bitterness they have caused, and selfishly expecting, if they remember it at all, that on their return the domestic sky will be without a cloud. More the pity

when it is! Then, indeed, is there danger in the air; for then too often come deceit, hypocrisy, and indifference.

—If you wish to know how many friends you have, get into office; if you wish to know how many friends you have not, get into trouble.



EARLY VIOLETS.

High through the blue of noon
The clouds move sweet with rain.
Fleecy, and white and pure,
As sheep in a sunny plain,
While sudden drops are blown
And splinter on the pane.

O, for the April woods
That never shadow holds,
Fresh with the shining leaves,
Sweet with the odorous mould!
And O, for primrose nooks
Of greenness starred with gold!

O, for the hedge-row ways
Winding through loamy fields,
Where hazels grow, and fresh
Its scent the alder yields.
And deep in rift and cleft
Its fire the crocus shields!

But dearer far than all
The breezy wold, where hide
In softly nested nooks
The violets, April's pride,
Of their own breath betrayed
Ere in sweet bloom descried.

These to their haunts may well
Beguile the young and fair,
Though sunny gleams were wan,
And breezes chilled the air;
In joy and beauteous things
The beautiful will share.

And seasons bright and brief,
Betwixt the bud and bloom,
Thoughts of thy violet nooks
Will darkest hours illumine,
Will yield thy brightness light
And sweeten all thy gloom!

—*Cassell's Magazine.*

THE FLOWER GARDEN FOR APRIL.

APRIL, the second spring month, is now with us,—

"The month of showers,
The month of flowers,
The month that cheers,
The month of tears,"

as the old rhyme runs. March was true to her proverbs, and gave us a taste of December and January combined, but we hope for better things in this month. New England is so far "left out in the cold," that we cannot do much gardening in the open air at this season; but we can purchase our seeds and plant many of them in boxes, in-doors.

An upper chamber, where the sun lies warm most of the day, can be improvised into a miniature green house. If it has a dormer window in the roof, so much the better; place an old table directly under it, and set your boxes upon it.

The soil for these boxes can be dug up from the richest parts of the garden, and baked in old pans or boxes in the oven till it is thoroughly heated through. This process kills all the minute worms and larvæ, renders the soil friable and loose, and makes it

desirable for seed planting. One-third of scouring sand, to two-thirds of garden loam is a good mixture for such purposes. We listen yearly to complaints that the seedsmen "do not sell fresh seeds; their seeds will not grow," etc., etc. You must learn how to plant before you indulge in murmurings, and complaints. When your soil is prepared — and it is an excellent plan to sift the earth, for then there are no lumps in it to stifle the young life of the seed,—fill the boxes. Old raisin and cigar boxes are the easiest to handle; but starch and soap boxes will hold the most seeds. Fill them up to the top with baked earth; press down the soil firmly with a trowel or the fingers; and sprinkle the seeds sparsely over the place thus made ready.

If the seeds are very small like *Petunias*, *Lobelias* and *Portulaca*, pressing them into the soil with the hand will cover them sufficiently. More than half the failures to germinate these seeds, arise from too deep planting. Tiny, little mites, they cannot grow if covered half an inch deep with soil. Sweet Peas, *Tropæolums* and seeds similarly sized, should be planted an inch deep, — the former flourish better if sown three inches in depth; and they can be planted as soon as the frost admits of a bed being dug for them. If planted early in this month they will bloom early in June. Eight weeks from the time the seeds are sown, will often be time enough to produce the sweetest of flowers. They make a beautiful hedge to a garden and will protect more tender flowers from the cold winds. Frost does not often injure them. The new varieties are exquisite. The scarlet and whites are great additions to every garden. None of us can have too many Sweet Peas.

But to our planting. Sand is a great desideratum in seed planting. It is the lightest covering we can procure; it attracts the sun, stimulates the growth, and no one can raise either cuttings or seeds in perfection without its aid. A pan of it well warmed, must be placed beside us and be used to cover all the seeds we plant. Asters, Balsams, Zinnias, and all our pets must be planted under the sand. The three flowers named above should be planted a quarter of an inch deep.

When all our desirable seeds are stowed away, reserving from each paper about one-third of its contents to plant in the open ground, for a succession of flowers, we must sprinkle the surface thoroughly. If there is not a fine nose watering pot at hand, we can improvise a summer shower with the aid of a small hand broom, dipped in quite warm water. The warm water must be daily used; one watering with cold water from pump or aqueduct might kill the life of young seedlings. When the boxes are all watered, old pieces of flannel or cotton flannel dipped in hot water should be tightly pressed over the surface of them, and water the seeds through the cloths until they begin to germinate. If the seeds are very rare, cut holes for each tiny leaflet, and keep the flannels on until all are started. By this process the most difficult seeds can be forced.

It is nearly equal to a hot bed, and little fault will be found with the seedsmen, if our readers adhere strictly to our directions.

Now our seeds are planted, and many of them sprouted, they will require daily care. They must not be kept so warm that when the seeds sprout they look as though grown on stilts; they must have fresh air daily; an hour between twelve and one o'clock, if the sun shines fairly upon them, will be none too much, and when the plants have put forth the second and third row of leaves, they can be safely stimulated with very weak guano water; one teaspoonful to three quarts of warm water will hasten their growth, if it seems to require it.

All annuals, excepting the tap-rooted varieties, like Mignonette, Larkspur, etc., require transplanting, and produce much finer flowers by such treatment. As soon as they show the second leaves well developed, they should be transplanted into small pots; four plants can be placed around the outer edge and one or two in the middle. By transplanting, a greater growth of fibrous roots is produced, and if the operation is performed at night, the plants do not seem to be aware of their change of base. Last year we transplanted from necessity, a large number of plants after six o'clock P. M.; not one withered.

We would advise our readers to plant biennials and perennials as well as annuals. To be sure, the first named flowers will not bloom until another year, but their beauty well repays us for the lapse of time. Canterbury Bells, Sweet Williams, Foxgloves, and many other varieties are all indispensable in our borders and *parterres*. The new varieties are exceedingly improved and very desirable.

Perennials will bloom the first season if planted very early, and if hardy enough to survive our wintry winds will blossom early the ensuing season. Perennial Larkspur, and Lupin, Pentstemon, Scarlet Lychnis, Columbine, etc., are all very ornamental and desirable, besides hosts of others too numerous to mention.

Our old favorites and stand-bys, Asters, Balsams, and Pinks in all their varieties are indispensable. Asters are nearly unequalled. Among all the annuals of the day they rank supreme. Their coloring is so diverse, their petals so perfect. The Rose Aster is well named; it is as perfect as its namesake; but alas! it lacks fragrance. It is earlier than the large flowering Imbrique Pompon, and Pæony Perfection of Truffaut. It grows two feet in height, the flowers are double to the center, the outer petals are perfectly placed, and of great substance. A plant in full flower is a marvel of beauty. These Asters are produced in every color, from a brilliant red, to a perfect peach blossom, and the purest white. A packet of these seeds sowed and cultivated in a large box, are a garden by themselves, and could be kept during the summer on the roof of a piazza, if there is no garden attached to the house. Twenty-five cents would be the only outlay for the seeds; and the earth can be procured at any greenhouse.

To grow Asters perfectly, the soil should be very rich. Superphosphate of lime dug around the roots of the plants in June greatly enhances their beauty. Guano water should be given them at least twice a week. The plants must be set at least a foot apart, so as to allow the fullest growth of leaf and branch. Each plant should be tied to a small stick, for a heavy wind or rain may break it down. They should always be mulched in July and August with coarse manure, dry leaves or tan bark. The plant delights in a rich, moist situation.

The Dwarf Asters are one of the prettiest of the Tom Thumb plants. They are only six inches in height, and one mass of flowers.

Zinnias have reached a great state of perfection. The flowers are far more beautiful than dahlias, and of every hue of red, crimson, pink and orange. It is claimed that a pure white, fully double Zinnia has been produced by the French florists. Such a flower would be a great acquisition.

There are many flowers which are common in old country gardens and endeared to many of us from the earliest associations of childhood, which are so disguised by the nomenclature of science that we fail to recognize them. Who would look for a Lady's Delight in a Cyams? yet that is the name set down for it in the catalogues.

Tagetes Signata Pampa is a very high sounding name for a Marigold! It would seem as if the florists vied with each other in prefixing the longest possible names on the smallest flowers.

Salpiglossis and Schizanthus are both most desirable annuals, yet their names do not proclaim their attractions. Would it not be better for the purchasers of these beauties of the garden if more attractive yet simple names could be given to the lovely flowers of the seasons?—*New England Farmer*.

SPRING WILD FLOWERS.

In the spring the wild flowers are a wonder and a new delight. When the hard earth softens beneath the warmth of air and moisture,—

"When the cool aspen-fingers of the rain
Feel for the eyelids of the earth in spring,"

and innumerable buds of white, and blue, and yellow stealthily appear along the woodsides, and open their petals to the mild warmth and light—all the mystery of creation is enacted over again, and we welcome these small newcomers as ambassadors from an unknown land. It is then that they quicken the poetic fancy; and accordingly we find spring flowers more than any others adorning the poetic page. We must except perhaps the rose; and oddly enough, the poets seem determined to make that a spring flower also. In the very opening of "The Seasons," Thompson, who ought to have known better, makes this blunder:

Come, gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend."

But we may look on this invocation as a bit of a decorative picture into which the roses are introduced symbolically. When Thompson does come

to draw out a catalogue of spring flowers, he does so quite accurately. We find

"The snowdrop and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue—"

The sweet violet is perhaps the best beloved of all. It is more homely than the snowdrop or the primrose, for it blooms anywhere along the roadsides, and it has the advantage of its graceful perfume, peculiar to it of all the violet tribe. It has always been an especial favorite of the poets, too. When Perdita wishes that she "had some flowers o' the spring" to make a garland withal, she does not fail to include the

"Violets dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes;"

while she hints that there is a touch of melancholy about the

"Pale primroses,

That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength."

Even the joyous Herrick calls them "whimpering younglings," asks them why they weep;

Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby,
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?"

There is no room for the sad primrose in the rhymes of the jolly Autolycus, when he sings of the daffodils coming "in the sweet o' the year." When there is a happy lightsomeness in the poet's lines the primrose is left out in the cold.

When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady's-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight"—

the primrose is supposed to have died in the solitary woods. The violet, on the other hand, has always been invested with tender human associations. It is the robin redbreast of the wild flowers, and has ever a kindly, homely welcome. More than any other flower, too, it has always been considered typical of the finer graces of girlhood—modesty, sweetness and shyness. Everybody is familiar with Wordsworth's verse:

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half-hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky;"

but the opening lines of William Habington's "Description of Castara," (published in 1634,) which embody the same simile, are less known:

"Like the violet, which, alone,
Prosper in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown,
To no looser eye betrayed."

This flowerlike modesty and retirement of a maiden, Tannahill introduces into his picture of "The Lass o' Arranteenie," in lines of singular sweetness; but here the flower is the rose:

"Yon mossy rosebud down the howe,
Just opening fresh and bonny,
Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel-bough,
And 's scarcely seen by ony."

Your true lover of wild flowers is likely to object that the moss-rose is exclusively a garden product, and could by no chance be found "opening fresh and bonny" beneath a hazel-bough. Sometimes, it is true, the small violet has been endowed with the sentimental languor which ought properly to belong to the primrose, and we think without just cause, for the bright little clusters of violets

that dot our meadows are pre-eminently blithe and cheerful.

The erudite Thomas Stanley, writing in 1651, says:

"The Violet, by her foot opprest,
Doth from that touch enamor'd rise;
But losing straight what made her blest,
Hangs down her head, looks pale, and dies."

We should like to know how often that poetic figure of the flowers looking after a maiden who has just passed over them has been used. The light tread of a girl's foot is so prettily conveyed by the notion that the grass just bends and rises again, that nearly every poet has employed the image in more or less of actual truth; although we find Mr. Tennyson adopting a further license, when Maud's lover sings of his darling, that

"Her feet have touched the meadows,
And left the daisies rosy."

And not only does Maud tinge the tips of the daisies, but her feet leave foot-prints of violets:

"From the meadow your walks have left so sweet,
That whenever a March wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes."

Maud, however, with her full-brown English grace and her pert ways, is more of a rose than a violet. She is the "queen-rose of the rosebud garden of girls;" it is a rose she sends as her messenger, and her lover is to meet her at night among the roses, while he cries:

"Rosy is the west,
Rosy is the south;
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth."

Which reminds one of Lovelace's—

"Soe rosy is her bower,
Her floor is all thy flower:
Her bed a rosy nest,
By a bed of roses prest."

To return to wild flowers. Their number is not large, and the flowers themselves are not the most prominent or beautiful of wild blooms; but they gain, as we have already hinted, a wonderfully heightened interest by their charm of novelty—by the appearance just at the time when the winds begin to bring suggestions of summer. The world grows greener, the sun grows brighter and we are led to look forward to the happier time which is fuller of flowers—when the oxeyes whiten the meadows, and the spear-mint begins to scent the marshes, when the wild roses are red and white on the uplands, and

"The lady laburnum shakes
Her treacherous tresses of gold."

All this, we know, is coming; and in the meanwhile, when "the roving spirit of the wind blows spring abroad," we have the thrill of anticipation, and the delight of the new warmth and freshness in the air.

"In these green days,
Reviving sickness lifts her languid head:
Life flows afresh! and young-ey'd health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace
Induces thought and contemplation still.
By swift degrees the love of nature works,
And warms the bosom: till at last sublim'd
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world!"

"Old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good," to quote Master Izaak Walton; "I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age."—*Home Journal*.



GRANDMOTHER'S LACE.

BY FRANCIS COE.

A lace dress exhibited at the late Rutland County Fair attracted considerable attention, being the work of an aged lady who commenced it after she was eighty years of age, for a younger member of the family who died ere it was completed.

A flowing robe of softest lace—

A stool—and an old arm-chair;

Two hands that are wan and old and thin,
Embroidering lilies there.

A silvery radiance round her head

Without—a sea of gold;

She dreams of her youth, and broders it there
Within each snowy fold.

Oh! fair is she as fair can be

Who grandmother's lace shall wear,

And through its folds, as through a cloud

Shall gleam her golden hair.

For years shall come, and years shall go—

Ere Katie's locks shall be

As white as those neath grandma's cap,

Or lie as evenly.

Spotless and fair the snowy buds

Are brodered one by one;

A lily here—a rose-bud there—

Grandmother's work is done.

But oh! the bride—the fair young bride—

The bride with the golden hair;

The bride of Death, alas! was she,

Who grandmother's lace did wear

A lily here—a rose-bud there—

One for the little hand;

Robed in white and crowned with gold,

She entered the spirit land.

THE FASHIONS.

BONNETS.

THE most noticeable feature in the spring bonnets, is the increase in size and the very high, square crown; both rolling and flat brims are worn, also bonnets with brims flat in the back and rolled in front. The sailor hat is still in use, and this, as well as most of the new shapes, is worn either for a hat, or—placed far back upon the head, with strings added to tie under the chin—for a bonnet.

Straws of every style and of many colors are the materials used mostly for hats, and trimmings of straw, or straw and jet, are most fashionable, mixtures of straw and jet placed in clusters of flowers are very pretty and quite new. There are laces, buttons, cords, tassels and fancy braids in buff and white straws. It seems to be what milliners term a straw season; and it is quite surprising to notice how many graceful designs and pretty ornaments are contrived from this simple article. Besides the very white straws and those of the natural color, there are white straws embroidered with black, also sage green and olive colors, as well as a variety of shades of brown hats, suitable for traveling.

A pretty new style of round hat is called the Lynette, and is worn by ladies on the back of the head for a bonnet, but as a hat by misses and school girls. Large leghorn flats are still worn, and are very nice for sunny weather, and becoming to most faces. Simple black trimming of ribbon and lace is the prettiest for these hats.

A pretty new material for trimming hats is a soft repped silk, called gros-de-lueuz, and is to be had in the new

fashionable colors. Light, thin fabrics, such as crape and gauze, are sometimes used. Oxydized leaves, as well as straw and jet trimmings, are the new features in flowers. Blue promises to be a leading color in millinery, as well as in other articles of dress, the coming season.

DRESSES.

Costumes are still made with a polonaise or overskirt, and are quite flat in front and on the sides, with the fullness at the back, but the tendency is towards plainness and simplicity of style, in place of so much looping and draping, which has been in vogue. Shades of the same color are used, but differ from those of last year in being extreme dark and light shades, instead of just a tint's difference. A new feature is that of introducing a bright color with two extreme shades of a quiet color; for instance, a light drab dress is trimmed with a dark shade of brown and light blue, put on alternately, in folds, ruffles, etc.

In linen goods the soft finished percales is one of the prettiest and most durable; it is the same on both sides and can be had in a variety of colors—even in the new Napoleon blue with polka dots, which is said to wash so well. Some of the quiet colors have bright borders to be used for flounces and trimming.

MANTLES.

Mantles are much worn this spring, and are considered the most dressy wraps, and are preferred before sleeved garments of any kind, but the short double-breasted jacket is still used for general wear, and is too comfortable and becoming to be easily superseded.

A new mantle suitable for warm days is the chudda. It is made of cashmere of some quiet color and trimmed with a kind of silk embroidery. The scarf mantle of black cashmere is a favorite. This is merely a scarf adjusted in the back and crossed in front so as to hang over the shoulders gracefully, like sleeves. Dolmans are worn on cooler days, and, as well as mantles, will be used for extra wraps in traveling and at the sea-side.

CHILDREN'S DRESS.

Piques are still mostly used for children's wear, either figured or white. Little boys, not yet in towsters, wear the little kilt skirts, pleated in very fine pleats, with a vest and loose jacket, which is fastened only at the throat, and falls open to show the vest, which is made with two points, and has tiny square pockets on the sides. White shirt waists are worn with these suits. A simpler dress for the little fellows is made with the kilt skirt and a belted jacket. Some of these jackets are cut with a diagonal front, buttoning from right to left. Merino, flannel or ladies' cloth may be used for these suits. Navy blue, gray, brown and maroon are the most suitable colors. Two or three rosettes of black ribbon may be placed down the front of the kilt skirt.

Gabrielle dresses for tiny girls are made of pique and trimmed down the front to simulate an apron. Some of them have little square pockets and a sash of pique. Another pretty pattern for pique is cut with a front similar to that of a gabrielle, and a back with the waist separate from the skirt,

which is laid in two deep box pleats, giving a graceful fullness to the skirt. Simple slips made with a pointed yoke and coat sleeves, and tied down with a ribbon sash, are very dainty dresses for little girls, when made in cambric, Swiss muslin, or some light material.

Dresses for larger girls are made with basques buttoned behind and two skirts. There is but one dart in front of the basque, and it is cut in square flaps, one flap on each side, forming a little square pocket, held by pearl buttons. For plain dresses the trimming is scant ruffles of pique, but more elaborate ones are trimmed with embroidery.

COMMON SENSE vs. TIGHT DRESSING.

The tight bands in early babyhood begin the work of compressing the chest, bringing the floating ribs toward each other, while the bones are soft and pliable. This is continued through the growing age so that the waist of the American lady and the foot of the Chinese woman are formed or deformed by the same heathenish process. Indeed, so accustomed are many to depend upon the dress for support that they can not sit erect without it, and having always been compressed, take it as a matter of course they must be, and seem not to have the least idea that their manifold infirmities are induced thereby.

So much has been said against tight dressing for the last one hundred years, that every one knows that it is wrong, just as well as they know that sinning is wrong, but no one believes they do dress too tightly. I have been mother confessor for all manner of sins against the flesh for many years, and yet have met but few persons who confessed that they had ever dressed too tightly, and still fewer who were not in the habit of so doing. While ladies are proud of a small waist, they regard it as an insult to be accused of making one. The question is not "Is it wrong to compress the chest?" for to find any one who approves of tight dressing would be more difficult than to find a needle in a hay mow. Nevertheless, there are plenty thus dressed, all the way from the grand ladies at the President's levee to the poor serving maid seeking a place.

Now to the question, When is a dress too tight? Whenever one cannot fill the lungs to the utmost without being hindered by bands of any kind. The rule is very simple. When a dress is being fitted or belts being measured, take in a full inspiration, or as we often say, a long breath, and then we are ready for measurement. Many ladies have the waists sufficiently ample, but wear skirt bands and belts too tight, and thus compress the chest at the most compressible point, in the region of the floating ribs. Stricture here impairs the healthful action of not only the organs in that section, but of all those lying above or below the ligature. If the bottom of the waist is snugly bound, the diaphragm is limited in its action, hence the lower portion of the lungs are not fully inflated. The stomach and liver lack their proper play-room and needed motion, and with both di-

gestion and respiration impeded, there is no power to keep health in any part of the body. The system not only lacks due oxygenation, but the lower section of the lungs from being long unused lose their healthful action, and thus is laid the foundation of incipient consumption.

The stomach and liver lack both the room and the exercise needed to perform their functions well, and this invites indigestion and constipation.

The whole twenty-four feet of alimentary canal is also kept too quiet, being deprived of the oscillation which a full, free respiration imparts. Breathing should move all the viscera from the thorax to the pelvis. In most women genteelly dressed, there is but slight motion, save in the upper portion of the lungs. The want of action in the abdominal muscles makes them weak and flaccid, and they fail to give due support to the organs within. Just here lies often the foundation of that long list of feminine infirmities, bearing the disagreeable title of "female diseases," about which we will not speak now, but reserve our words for some private interview when you are so unfortunate as to become our patient.

And now for the corsets! Why are they worn? To improve the figure, many say. And yet some of the finest forms I have ever seen wore no corsets, but were supposed to do so because of the fine bust. In reference to these, I have been asked what corsets or shoulder braces they wore, the inquirer wishing to secure the same, because the chest was so complete in its contour. Now, the peculiarity with these very young ladies was, that they had never worn corsets or been compressed, padded, or braced in any way, but had dressed loosely and taken gymnastics, which are better than corsets to improve the bust.

If one wishes a fine figure, do not encase it in whalebone, so as to limit muscular motion, but rather encourage the free development of every organ within and without by appropriate action; that is, take in the most air possible, so as to make the lungs full and free; throw shoulders back, so as to make the chest broad and erect; give free play to the muscles, so that they will grow strong and support the body well without artificial aid.

When any one depends on corsets or braces of any sort to support the body, the muscles about the back and chest become weak for lack of needed exercise. Some say they wear corsets and braces because they do not feel able to stand or sit erect without them. Such can soon overcome this debility by laying aside any artificial support and taking exercise and rest alternately, as their strength will allow. Others say they wear them to support their skirts, but these allow both the support and the supported to rest on the organs below. All clothing should be suspended from the shoulders and not allowed to rest upon stomach or bowels. Others still, speak of skirt bands and belts giving an uncomfortable sense of pressure, or as they say "cut in," when they are without corsets. If so, they are too tight or not properly adjusted. They should be buttoned to a waist, so that all the clothing may be suspended from broad

and strong shoulders, made to carry all needed burdens. Of course every woman should have the good sense to dress warmly, with the least weight possible. But in matters of dress, ladies are very saving of their sense, if they have any. For instance, they wear light muslin under crinoline and heavy balmorals over it, so as to keep warm. On the same principle one might put blanket shawls over the umbrella, instead of over the shoulders, when going out in a cold rain storm. Long skirts bring weight often unsupported, and give very little warmth. The weariness, the lack of ability to walk, to go up and down stairs, the troubles induced thereby is owing largely to these two faults in dressing—compression in the region of the floating ribs, and pressure on the viscera below, for want of supported skirts.—*Herald of Health.*

FASHIONS FOR THE FEET.

Mademoiselle's little, warm, white feet are struggling into their summer chaussure. Bewitching new boots of vernal make are click-clicking down Broadway, scattering the odor of violet powder as they go. Slippers and shoes are perking up their bows and buckles in a manner assertive of conquest over the leather of some tough masculine heart. Mlle. finds trappings fit for every mood. Here are serious boots of black satin, severely plain; dove-colored boots enchantingly demure; white and rose and sky-colored boots, with youth and merriment peeping from every button-hole. Here's a little waterproof boot, made like "jocund day" to

Stand tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops, to range through Adirondack woods, and pause awestruck, in the Yosemite. It commends itself to the strong-minded, inasmuch that it is made as is a man's, having a top a veritable top, into which the Turkish trouser-locks of wild-wood travelers are tucked. It has a substantial heel, and tracteries of scarlet, and everything handsome about it, and a neater and saucier bit of aggravation never tripped it "through paths of greenery wet with dew."

Behold a pair of buttoned trifles, too stout for idle promenade, but fit for seaside scrambles, pic-nics and boating parties. They cost twelve dollars, are of thick goatskin, quite plain, and their peculiarities are the little brass plates which protect the heels, and the rough soles which are of use in slippery places. Imagine Mlle. lazily sunning herself on some grassy cliff, with these same sly boots creeping from under her ruffled skirts to cross themselves sedately, and stare out to sea in company with her blue eyes. Pretty picture! But she doesn't know that we bashful fellows are admiring those boots. Not she.

Here are boots for the promenade, which every lady views with decisive little yearnings. Dainty they are and perfectly fitting, made of Met kid, the upper cut in one piece and laced at the side. For Fashion decrees that her handsomest boots shall be fastened in no other way. They fit more smoothly than the buttoned, reasons the tyrant, and more space is left for trimming the instep. That is a necessity. Open-

work ornaments in patent leather, cut in fanciful patterns, are sewed on instep and toe. The spaces are lined with kid of different colors—possibly with gilt, but this is too prononce for Mlle's educated taste. The regulation boot is seven inches high, with a one and one-half inch heel. The lowly shall not tumble.

If Mlle. has not an Andalusian instep, one is made for her. Under the innocent patent-leather trimmings are piled layers of kid till the requisite height and shape are attained. Or she wears a pad on her wicked little foot, and charms us with her borrowed beauty. The steel shanks which are useful for children and weighty dames, are rarely introduced into Willis's chaussure. Her soles must be elastic.

Walking and reception-boots, with uppers made of the dress material, are much worn—they are usually plain. Bronze boots are no longer fashionable. Green, blue, and fawn-colored kids should be worn exclusively by children, though they are offered to Mlle. The prices of these boots range from twelve to twenty dollars.

Carriage boots—very handsome ones—are of satin in dark colors. Those of black satin, embroidered with tiny scarlet or gold arrows, are specially pretty. Riding boots are of French kid, with cunning little flaps of embroidered leather about the tops. They are sometimes made of dark-blue or gray ladies'-cloth, soft, silky, and durable. These, too, are laced—twelve to fifteen dollars.

Mlle., having enveloped her throat in the Elizabethan ruff, skips down a decade or two into the Moliere shoe. These shoes, so pretty with high heels, their pointed toes, arched soles, and full bows, promise to become more generally popular this season than they were last. Nothing could be more quaint for home wear, but they are somewhat too conspicuous for the street, where Mlle. longs to take them. They are made for walking of black glazed kid, with delicate embroideries of white, and with substantial soles. These trifles cost twelve dollars. Those in light shades of satin for evening wear are much more expensive. A shoe of the Moliere type, but even more characteristic, is about to be introduced. It is called the Frou-Frou. It has a frill of leather surrounding the instep, and instead of a bow, the side pieces are fastened in front by the old fashioned buckle. The design is very pretty, and we may soon see Mlle. moving about with her great-grandpa's diamond buckles gleaming on her little shoes.

Kid and satin boots in light colors for evening wear are not as expensive as of yore; neither are they made so high in the ankle. They are not ornamented, and are both laced and buttoned. Marie Antoinette has set a permanent seal upon slippers. They are to be worn, but they slightly vary from the make of last season. The heels are not so high, the sole more arched, and leather bows are banished in favor of satin ones. A pair of beautifully-made Marie Antoinette's cost eight dollars. A new "Removable Heel" is somewhat in use. It is gilt or silvered and can be attached and removed at pleasure. It is capped

with rubber, which prevents an undue click of metal.

Two things there are which Mlle. abhors—square toes and rubber overshoes, stamped as "inadmissible." Shoemakers are congratulating themselves upon the fact that American women are yearly becoming more dainty and extravagant in their chaussure. Mlle. certainly does dispose of a great deal of leather. But though all that's bright must fade, there's much that is left, after all. When country lanes are filled with fluttering brown leaves, and the dry grass on the cliff is rattling in the autumn winds, behold Mlle. returning from her Summer haunts with a long procession of dilapidated shoon, each nursing a little story in its worn recesses, each the suggestion of a thousand lovely pictures.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CHANGING CLOTHING.

Many persons lose life every year by an injudicious change of clothing, and the principals involved need repetition almost every year.

If clothing is to be diminished, it should be done in the morning when first dressing.

Additional clothing may be safely put on at any time.

In the northern states the under garments should not be changed for those less heavy sooner than the middle of May; for even in June a fire is very comfortable sometimes in a New York parlor.

Woolen flannel ought to be worn next the person by all, during the whole year, but a thinner material may be worn after the first of June.

A blazing fire should be kept in every family room until ten in the morning, and re-kindled an hour before sundown, up to the first day of October.

Particular and tidy housekeepers, by arranging their fireplaces for the summer too early, often put the whole family to a serious discomfort, and endanger health by exposing them to sit in chilliness for several hours every morning, waiting for the weather to moderate, rather than have the fireplace or grate all blackened up—that is, rather than be put to the trouble of another fixing up for the summer, they expose the children to croup, and the old folks to inflammation of the lungs. The old and young delight in warmth; it is to them the greatest luxury. Half the diseases of humanity would be swept from existence if the human body were kept comfortably warm all the time. The discomfort of cold feet, or of a chilly room, many have experienced to their sorrow; they make the mind peevish and fretful, while they expose the body to colds and inflammations, which often destroy it in less than a week.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

LUXURY OF EASY DRESSES.

Very few know how to appreciate an easy, healthful dress. They think their dresses are loose when a man or boy put into one would gasp for breath, and feel incapable of putting forth any effort except to break the bands. Ladies are so accustomed to the tight fits of the dressmakers, that they "fall

to pieces," when relieved of them. They associate the loose dress with the bed or lounge. To be up they must be stayed up, and to recommend a comfortable dress to them is not to meet a conscious want of theirs.

It is a great pity none the less. If they could once know what luxury it is to breathe deep and full at each respiration, to feel the refreshment which the system takes in by having the blood enlivened and sent bounding through the veins, to have the aids to digestion, which such process gives, to have their own strong, elastic muscles keep every organ in place, and themselves erect: if they could for a good long while know this blessed luxury, and then be sent back into the old, stiff, straight jackets, they would fume and fret and rave in very desperation if they could not get rid of them.

As it is they prefer to languish and suffer dreadfully, and die young, and leave all their friends, and their husband, and their little children; and I do not see any other way, but to let them be sick and die till they are satisfied. If only the sinner were the sufferer, there would not be occasion to make a great ado about it; but the blighting of future innocent lives, which must follow, renders the false habits of our women in the highest degree criminal.—*Laws of Life.*

PAPER HANDKERCHIEFS.

The Japanese paper handkerchiefs are assuredly coming, if a contemporary is right. The paper collar manufacture now has been extended to less prominent but more important garments of great strength and flexibility, which can be sewed with a machine, giving seams almost as strong as a woven fabric. The inventor has particularly applied it to the production of petticoats, which are either printed in imitation of the fashionable skirts of the day, or stamped out with open work of such beauty and delicacy as no amount of labor with scissors and needle could imitate. The marvel is that these really beautiful productions can be sold at retail at fifteen cents each!

Imitation cretonnes and chintz for bed furniture are also made, a set costing at retail about a dollar and a half. The felted material is so flexible that a curtain may be twisted into a rope and shaken out again, showing as little creasing as chintz similarly treated.—There are also table cloths embossed with signs of great beauty. This felted paper may in the end have a serious influence on the production of the woven fabrics it is intended to displace. Imitation leather, impermeable to water, is likewise made of it, and produces a cheap and useful covering for furniture, and even serves for shoes.

—Crimson cloth jackets or sacks, trimmed with jet beads and embroidery, are very fashionable for opera wear, or for afternoon receptions, with dress or bonnet trimmings to match. They contrast well.

—A lady who had a tulle dress made at a fashionable modist's in New York, was informed, when she came to pay her bill, that her dress contained a hundred yards of tulle, and twelve of white silk for trimming and underskirt.



LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Under the hay-stack, little Boy Blue
Sleeps with his head on his arm,
While voices of men and voices of maids
Are calling over the farm.

Sheep in the meadows are running wild,
Where poisonous herbage grows,
Leaving white tufts of downy fleece
On the thorns of the sweet wild-rose.

Out in the fields where the silken corn
Its plumed head nods and bows,
Where golden pumpkins ripen below,
Trample the white-faced cows.

But no loud blast on the shining horn
Calls back the straying sheep,
And the cows may wander in hay or corn
While their keeper lies asleep.

His roguish eyes are tightly shut,
His dimples are all at rest;
The chubby hand, tucked under his head,
By one rosy cheek is pressed.

Waken him? No. Let down the bars
And gather the truant sheep,
Open the barnyard and drive in the cows,
But let the little boy sleep.

For year after year we can shear the fleece,
And corn can always be sown;
But the sleep that visits little Boy Blue
Will not come when years have flown.

—Abbie Sage Richardson.

A WORD WITH CHARLIE, AND A STORY FOR HIM.

WELL, Charlie, after the round-about talk I have been having with your parents and sisters, is it more than fair that I should have a word with you before I am done? And by you, I mean all THE HOUSEHOLD Charlies, as well as their friends and cousins, Tom, Dick, and Harry, or whatever else their names may happen to be. Bless me! what hosts of you HOUSEHOLD boys there must be—and, "God bless you, every one."

There are black-eyed boys and blue; hazel-eyed and grey; loving boys, with brave hearts, unpolished boys, with tender hearts; shy boys, with great hearts, and all sorts of boys, with all sorts of hearts. There are the boys studious, the boys mischievous, the boys undefinable, all belonging to this great HOUSEHOLD of ours.

As for the idle, reckless and vicious boys; the low, cunning, selfish and vulgar ones, we are not for a moment to suppose that such belong to our circle of readers, for it is the home Charlie—not the street ones—God pity the latter—of which we are now thinking and with whom we are talking. Indeed, we do not like to think of one of our HOUSEHOLD Charlies ever growing into weak, unprincipled, sordid men; or men with bad habits, loose morals, hard hearts or callous, dried up souls; but intelligent, noble, and whole souled men, such as each and all are capable of becoming.

But I did not commence this chat for the purpose of moralizing in this strain to you, but to talk in a free way with you, and perhaps stimulate you to become more than you have thought your selves capable of becoming, and to see what we can do to help you by way of enjoyment also.

For my part I like to see boys have a good time, and, to tell the truth, if

there is any class for which I have an especial fondness it is the boys. I know they have to bear the blame of nine-tenths of the mischief done in the world, and often get only one-tenth of the praise which rightfully belong to them; and "boys will be boys," which being translated means, that they will be full of daring, harum-scarum, mischievous freaks, shocking the propriety of their elders, frightening the wits of their sisters, and cutting up capers generally. But give me such a boy as this, with bright wit, true heart, and respectful manners, and they are the ones to make into men, provided they keep true to themselves and to the better impulses of their natures. These are the ones who are quick to learn, and who can work or study, with as much heartiness as they can play, if they once have their energies turned in the right direction.

But I am writing for all sorts of Charlies, and as the first thought in commencing this little series of papers, was to see what we could do for your entertainment these long winter evenings (which are now rapidly shortening) we wish to have a word with you concerning the subject. For whatever your parents may do for you to make home pleasant, to provide recreation, and to lead to studious habits, and how much so ever your sisters may love you, and do for you in a quiet sort of a way at home, it of course depends on yourself to make good your opportunities, or not. Indeed, Charlie, if you are an ambitious, plucky boy, I am not sure but you would do more for yourself if less is done for you, and find for yourself advantages that you would not so readily accept if freely proffered. But if your friends interest themselves for you be grateful for it and profit by it.

These long winter evenings which we have in mind may be the doing or undoing of you—or they may be merely a sort of blank in your life, a dull time, bringing forth neither positive good and improvement to yourself, or actual harm, except as being to a great extent wasted. You want and need social enjoyment, and a large share of it must come from the fireside, to be pure and healthful. If you and Katie spend an evening with some of your young friends or they with you, now and then, it is pleasant and profitable also, but these evenings are only a small part of the whole. There may be occasional public entertainments of a proper kind also for recreation, but most of the evenings are fireside ones to our home boys, unless they have formed idle, lounging habits at the corner store, the billiard room, the public house, or other resort in the way. There is an idle lounging which may not lead to farther bad habit than spending the evening in gossip, cracking jokes, and having a good time generally, in a social way; and yet this is, indeed, most pernicious in its influence as weakening the character, dissipating the faculties, if not the morals, and wasting time by the wholesale.

Now Charlie, I wouldn't do it. Once begun it becomes a habit not easily broken. Only think how much you may make of your long evenings, how much the hours may help you to learn

and lay up mental stores for manhood's use. You need a certain share of recreation, and you, as well as your parents and sisters, can help plan it at home; you need also social intercourse without, but you do not need this to be the end of your existence, as far as your evenings are concerned.

Did you Charlie ever think of how much the mind was worth, and of what it is capable of becoming? You attend school, and the lessons you learn each day help you to become acquainted with your text-books. You are learning lessons of practical value, and at the same time the act of study is tending to the discipline of the mind in certain directions. But Charlie, boy, only stop and think what best treasures of thought, and learning, and literature are to be found outside your school studies, and how much of them you can make your own, by early forming habits of mental industry and of improving a share of your evenings in gaining intelligence and knowledge outside of your school books. And once let a thirst for knowledge, for itself, be created, and you will never know a dull evening, but rather find the time too short for all you would undertake.

The trouble is, in many cases, that boys do not think how much this spare time may be made to yield them, or how the habit early formed will become a part of after life. Education is not merely school book learning, but the drawing out, the quickening and development of all the mental and athletic faculties; and in this, you may to a large extent be your own teacher. Here let me tell you a story.

Willis, Martin and Ira, were cousins, living in the same neighborhood, attending school at the same one-story district school-house, having about the same advantages, and all nearly the same age. At school, when they were small boys, Willis was considered the brightest scholar of the three. Martin got the fewest black marks and whippings, and Ira, so full of mischief that you wondered when he ever found time to learn his lessons, though he usually had them, was always getting into harmless disgrace with his teachers. Out of school there was no boy ever loved play better than he did, or went to more daring lengths to accomplish his ends. He played truant because he was so lazy at play that he forgot to go home, not because he wished to disobey rules, either at home or at school. Willis was his boon companion in sport and mischief, but managed so as to be less often detected and thus escaped punishment more than Ira could succeed in doing.

Willis had the ambition to wish to be first in school, Ira did not seem to care whether he was first or last, though he quite kept pace with his classes, besides carrying on so large a business in play, trading knives, and tearing his clothes for his mother to mend. Martin was a "proper nice boy," kept his face cleaner, his hair smoother, and clothes altogether neater than his cousins, whose mothers were fond of referring them to Martin as a model of what boys should be.

But these boys' evenings was what I commenced my story for. How they spent them before they were some ten or a dozen years old I hardly remem-

ber myself, only I know it was often at each other's homes, cracking nuts, popping corn, playing fox and geese or chequers, which was about the extent of their gaming acquaintances then. But, besides, when the others visited Ira he usually had something interesting to read with them for a little while, and as he and his sisters loved to study out the puzzles in their papers, he often had the boys use their wits at the same practice also, and right merry times they had together. The boys however lived some little distance apart, and between the homes of Ira and his cousins was the country store and post office. Willis and Martin often found it convenient, as they grew a little older and felt less the restraint of home, to happen into the store and spend an hour or two, and sometimes the whole evening there, where there were always, of course, men and boys gathered together, whittling pine sticks, telling stories, and wasting time generally. Sometimes they told Ira of the good times they had and invited him to join them, and occasionally he did so, but as well as he loved play and fun, there was something which kept him from being a frequent visitor there, while if a skating party was proposed or any thing which was live sport, no one was more ready than he to join in it.

Now I think what kept him from wasting his evenings as his cousins and others were doing, was that with all his mischief, he had acquired a decided fondness for reading; that books and study were made a part of each evening's home entertainment, and he could see how time was worse than wasted that was idled and gossiped away at the store.

If Ira's father was not able to purchase all the new books which he would for his children, he made it a point to do what he could in that way, and books could be exchanged or borrowed, so that a few would go a long way. There were histories, not included in school studies, which became interesting indeed, and these led to other works which some young people might think dry, but, while read by one and another in the family and the contents talked over, made them attractive. Then there were newspapers, illustrated magazines, and other general reading, so that with fireside games, Ira found enough to entertain him at home when nothing special attracted him abroad. Not but that he liked society, but he found he could not waste his evenings at some lounging place like the store, and not interfere with his home reading, besides his sisters were disappointed to lose his company, for they all said books were worth double when enjoyed and thought out together.

Meantime Willis and Martin visit their cousins less and less, and spend few of their evenings at home, where to tell the truth, there is less incentive by way of books, papers, and general family interest to keep them there. Willis who was so brilliant at school is becoming less so, while Martin is about so-so, not being half the scholar or half the interesting boy he might be would he only exert himself instead of idling away his evenings as he does. I am not sure if his evenings were spent at home that they would be use-

fully improved, for he is not one of the sort of boys to wake up for themselves, and his parents seem to have little ambition for him, farther than his school education is concerned. This, I think a great mistake either in boys, girls, or their parents. The drill of school can be most beautifully overcome—that is the feeling it is a task—by taking studies or courses of reading in spare hours which exercise the mind differently so no harm is done.

But to go back to the cousins, or rather go forward till they are men. Willis who had more worldly ambition than either of his cousins, and feeling the narrow circle of his country village home too limited, goes out into the world for himself. He has become accustomed to idling his evenings and now when from home what else shall he do with himself but go out somewhere. He had few temptations to bad habits as a boy, but the ground is ready, and now the young man finds himself overcome. For instead of lounging and gossiping at the store, it is some other resort now; he is invited to take a drink, to try his hand at games of chance, to bet, and try other means of dissipation which beset young men on every side. And so, while still brilliant, social, and having in him the making of a great man, he is wasting his energies; bad habits are growing upon him, and he has little real influence in community.

Martin plods along, a mediocre sort of a man, of little strength either of mind or character, and still he loves to lounge away his evenings in village gossip, or sleeping in his chair at home reading little except newspapers and loving a narrow range of ideas, as well as narrow culture and knowledge. Ira, on the other hand, has made the most of his opportunities at home and at school, the mischief in him making him only the more interesting as a man, while his love of books and study have led to investigation in fields of science and literature, so that he was led to a more extended course of study than either of his cousins, though as a lad you would have decided that either of the others would have far outreached him. And lately I heard that he had made himself so useful in scientific and literary research that he was offered a post of honor by his town's people, where he is doing much good, while he enjoyed the luxury of study as much as ever, and both works and studies as when a boy he played—with a will, and yet well.

EARNEST WORDS WITH PARENTS.

Number Three.

Insubordination is an alarming characteristic of our age and country. This is seen in the irreverent and unruly spirit of children in the family, and in the school; in their rude, boisterous and profane conduct in the streets; in their truancy and crime, which have filled our reform schools and houses of correction; in the frequent rebellions in Academies and colleges, throughout the nation, and more than all, in the "great rebellion" which wasted our treasures and deluged our country in fraternal blood.

And what is the cause of this terrible evil? There can be but one answer, parental mismanagement. Some parents, through their own perverseness, have lost the power to minister at the sacred family altar. Their example and influence are wholly unfavorable to wholesome discipline. They sustain the sacred relation of husband and wife, and have been entrusted with the holy mission of moulding the character of childhood, but they have become divorced in spirit and in life. Their little differences are suffered to ripen into open rupture, and their home, which should be the very paradise of earthly bliss, where affection and harmony always dwell, becomes the scene of perpetual strife and turmoil. And how fearful the influence of such example over the immediate and more distant future of these children. Who can doubt that a large proportion of the lawlessness, vice and crime which curse American society, results directly from this course.

Here, then, is a theme for the contemplation of the christian philanthropist, who seeks the elevation of our people and perpetuity of Free Institutions. Let him toll to harmonize, purify and enlighten the homes where our future citizens must be trained.

Other parents do not attempt to govern their children, or believe in the importance or utility of such control, except in cases of absolute physical danger; hence, they offer no restraints and exercise no authority over them. They profess to believe that reproof and punishments result only in moroseness of disposition and perverseness of manners.

Such interpositions disturb the quiet and harmony of the family, and hence, the parents yield to every wish, and gratify every desire of their children, to avoid the fancied evil. But such a family democracy soon resolves itself into a fearful aristocracy, where the children are the rulers, and their parents are the obedient and much abused subjects. How wise, (in their own estimation,) arrogant, dictatorial and ill-mannered such children become, we have frequent opportunities to see. Nor could it be otherwise, under this perverted order of things. The divinely appointed sovereigns of the home, have been deposed, and are in subjection. The natural subjects have never learned obedience under authority; hence, the sad consequences are realized at home, in school and in society. Still other parents attempt to govern, but fail; some from one cause and some from another.

Parental tenderness was designed by God to ensure fidelity. It inspires an undying interest in the child's welfare, and if rightly directed, will secure its object. But sometimes the mother lacks firmness. Her convictions are all right, and her views of government, in the main, correct; but she seems to have no power to resist her child's importunity. He craves some improper gratification, and demands indulgence. The mother refuses. The child persists, because he has learned by experience, that she does not really mean no, when she says it.

Why did not that mother teach her

darling the important lesson, in the beginning, and thus save herself all this trouble and annoyance? She did not, and hence, the child undertakes to reverse her decision, and with the full assurance that he can accomplish his object. It may cost a half hour's teasing, or a "flood of tears," or a violent fit of passion, or a spasmodic display of affection, as the case may be, but the worn out and weary mother will surely yield! The contest is only a matter of time; the result is not doubtful. And what is the influence of this fickleness upon the temper and life of the child? Does he love his mother more tenderly? Is he more amiable, gentle, obedient, and faithful, afterwards? No; he will become more irritable and selfish, more demanding and determined in his efforts to secure his object. Develop the selfish propensities of a child's nature, and his filial love will be diminished in the same proportion. The former is allowed to out-grow and cover up the latter. That mother is the most earnestly loved by her children who governs them with a firm and impartial hand; whose decision always settles all questions, without controversy, and whose promises are sure of fulfillment. Let parents, therefore, carefully consider the requests of their children asking indulgence, and when they have said yes or no, let that always be understood to be the final decision.

Again, sometimes the mother is impulsive and fitful. She acts towards the children as she feels at the time. In her genial mood, she sees no faults in them; will allow no punishments to be inflicted upon them, at home or in school, but grants them unbounded indulgence.

And yet when the fit of passion comes on, she will assail and chastise them in the most unmerciful manner. Pinching, pushing, flogging, thumping and shutting up in the dark, are among the periodical punishments inflicted. The unfortunate children soon learn to enjoy the sunshine and endure the storm, but the influence of such impulsiveness upon the temper habits and life is fearful. They have no confidence in such management, and cherish for their parents but a limited amount of affection. They grow up ill-tempered, fretful, and disobedient and are entirely unfitted for the duties and responsibilities of mature life.

EXPERIENCE.

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. President Grant. 2. Household economy. 3. A quiet spirit. 4. Music Hall, Boston, Mass. 5. Brigham Young, Salt Lake City, Utah. 6. Should we feel inclined to censure Faults you may in others view, Ask your own life, ere you venture, If that has not failings too.

7. F
I R E
T R E S S
F R E M O N T
T R O U T
A N Y
T

8. Longfellow—Sandalphon.

L o s S	2. Y A R N
O meg A	A R E A
N otio N	R E L Y
G our D	N A Y S
F arin A	
E ase L	
L um P	10. R A C K
L arc H	A M E N
O li O	C E R E
W oma N	K N E W

11. Warren. 12. Newton. 13. Tasso. 14. Solon. 15. Anacreon. 16. Cato. 17. Answer next month. 18. Monadnock, New Hampshire. 19. Adirondac mountains, New York. 20. Mountains of the Moon, Ethiopia. 21. Alps, Switzerland. 22. Cameron, Guinea. 23. Ararat, Turkey. 24. Cumberland, Tennessee. 25. Snowdon, Wales.

ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of sixteen letters. My 8, 2, 12, 4, 5 is one of the points of compass. My 9, 11, 6, 16 is a relative term. My 1, 13, 14, 12, 15 is to despise. My 10, 14, 3, 8, 9 is the name of a fish. My 13, 7, 9 is the name given a boy. My whole is the place of residence of the author.

GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA.

2. I am composed of eleven letters. My 1, 10, 6, 8 is a noun. My 11, 9, 11, 3 is an adjective. My 4, 5, 2, 3 is either a noun or a verb. My 7, 8 is a pronoun. My whole is a part of speech.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

3. My first is in love but not in hate; My second is in create but not in destroy; My third is in speak but not in read; My fourth is in idle but not in busy. My whole is useful and also ornamental.

ANAGRAM.

4. How ni verinaj swos taso, lodg tegs nad tarogs, Ow h woss ni amy, segt teltil hatt way, Fi jivaner lencads eb muslermy agy, Lllw't eb terniwy theraew lilt dencals of yam.

CHARADES.

5. My first is a domestic animal; My second is a part of speech; My third is a heavy stick of timber. My whole is useful to florists and gardeners. 6. My first is useful for holding liquids; My second signifies not; My third signifies forever. My whole is useful in war. 7. My first signifies to distress; My second signifies filial affection. My whole is expressive of timidity.

SQUARE WORDS.

8. A dwelling; a measure; wanting dignity; a saxon word. 9. An eastern city; chief of Scandinavian gods; to attend to; the extremes.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

10. Three circles are laid in a field so that a line extending continuously through their centers will form an equilateral triangle each side of which is forty rods. What number of square rods are there between the three circles.

EMMA.



THE CORNER BISCUIT.

When at the bell's most welcome call,
I hasten to the dining hall,
What feast my fancy most of all?
The corner biscuit.

With joy I view the vacant place,
Alternate with the crowded space,
And trust that soon will come to grace
The corner biscuit.

From Indian meal and ginger-bread,
And griddle-cakes deliver-ed,
My dainty taste would fain be fed
With corner biscuit.

Full well I know that plainer fare
Is wholesomer, as men declare,
But still, O! save for me with care
The corner biscuit.

Its dainty crust so nicely browned,
Enclosing its three sides around,—
Where can more tempting sight be found
Than corner biscuit.

I know I do but ill deserve
That those my daily wants who serve,
Should for me with such care preserve
The corner biscuit.

You'll not forget where'er you be,
To tenderly remember me,
And judge me kindly when you see
A corner biscuit.

May Fortune favors o'er you shed;
Through life may you be gently led,
And ever when you like be fed
With corner biscuit.

PORK AND BEANS.

ONE hot noon in August a small unexpected party of us sat down to John Jones' dinner table. The minister, a dignified, pleasant man, had called, hoping to see for a short time, this busy farmer who was laying up treasures on earth, and pave the way to a future acquaintance, and with him was his niece, Mrs. Mason, a delicate little woman whose affability and ease of manner were charming. Mrs. Jones' cousin Robert, who was spending a vacation among his relatives, dropped in suddenly, and Mrs. Fletcher, a woman quick-eyed and curious in her neighbors' affairs, had come to make an afternoon visit. I had come in of an errand, and Mrs. Jones had said: "If you possibly can, do stay and entertain my guests awhile, for baby is fretful and I must get dinner on the table by time John comes. He don't like to be hindered."

So I chatted with them till Mrs. Jones had dished up her dinner and the hired man, Hans Hanson, had come in. Mr. Jones shook the proffered hand of the minister, and said "How d'ye do," as he ducked his head, to the ladies, and then took a chair at his own place at the table, Hans Hanson following the example. Mrs. Jones indicated where we should be seated, and when we were all in our places, Mr. Jones nodded to the minister with an out-of-his-element look, and the minister asked a blessing on the food.

There was a look on Mrs. Jones' face, in the meantime, which I understood quite well. Woman like, she would have been pleased with a nice dinner, suiting the tastes of all, and good it was in its way. Bread and butter not to be excelled easily, and tea that would have

satisfied any lover of it short of a live Chinaman; potatoes, white and mealy, and seasoned with the sweetest cream; a dish of beets sliced in vinegar, buttered and peppered, and a large platter of baked beans with pork—no dessert; no fruit of any sort, although Mr. Jones was a "well-to-do" farmer, and this was the season when fruit was not only a luxury but a necessity. Mrs. Jones had said to me in the cook room: "If I only had time to stew some dried apples!" but dried apples were not eaten every day at John Jones' table. There was a look of apprehension as well on Mrs. Jones' face. Scarcely had the minister raised his bowed head, before Mr. Jones picked up the dish of potatoes, helped himself, then passed it to his right hand man, Hans Hanson, who helped himself and passed it to the next. Then the platter of beans next took a journey in a like manner and master and man were fully in the merits of the cause before the tea had been served at all.

"This looks familiar, Mrs. Jones," said the minister—a discerning man no doubt—as he took the beans, "this is a genuine New England dish, and one my mother rarely failed to prepare for the Sabbath dinner."

"Baked pork and beans ain't to be sneezed at," said Mr. Jones, "that's what will stick to the ribs. Seems to me yer mighty 'fraid of yer pork though, Lucy," looking over to his wife, "I like 'em rich!"

"Have some beans?" said he, suddenly bethinking himself of the hospitality which had been forgotten, and then passing the dish to Mrs. Mason, in his abrupt way. I fancy she had a thought for the hostess, for she did not refuse them, though I would as soon think of a humming bird dining on pork and beans as that lovely little woman.

"Beans are a profitable crop, sir, in this section," said Mr. Jones between his rapid mouthfuls, "they bring from two to three dollars a bushel in market in the fall."

"By whom are they consumed chiefly?" asked the minister.

"Well them pinery chaps take a sight o' beans. Wouldn't be afraid to risk a few bushels there. There's good proof for you that beans' a healthy diet. You won't find a set of men any stouter than they are, anywhere."

"They do an extensive business in these pineries, I learn," said the minister, beginning to wake an interest in political economy. "You're right they do," replied Mr. Jones, pausing ere a chunk of bread went down the hungry cavity before it, "I guess somewhere nigh four hundred millions of logs were drove down Rush River last spring beside sawed stuff! yes, sir! that's what counts. And you can count on beans to help. How d'ye s'pose Hans'n' I'd get through harvest if 't want for a mess of pork and beans every day or two? We'd swamp some of these hot days, eh, Hans?"

"Yes, varm, much varm," replied Hans. Bob glancing over to his cousin heated and utterly at a loss how to get Mr. Jones' mind off from his beans, began to give our side of the table an amusing account of his trout expedition, in the forenoon, but in the midst of it Mr. Jones, who could boast a louder voice bore down on him with:

"Say, Bob just hand over them beans, will you? You're an old soldier and know what beans are made for. That's

all nonsense about yer trout! They ain't to be compared to a slice of pork."

The minister displayed a commendable interest in the subject for a while, adroitly trying to lead him off now and then, but seeing the bent of his mind, quietly left it to its course. Bob, broken off unceremoniously, with disgust lurking around the corners of his mouth, finished his story in a very spiritless manner.

In short, no theme, however happy, was broached, but Mr. Jones was sure to be its executioner by thrusting that fatal dish forward with, "Have some more beans. They're better'n all your knick-knacks," or some remark quite as agreeable, until we rose from the table feeling that all social converse had been a failure.

To the evident relief of some of us, Mr. Jones made a hasty departure to the field, saying to the minister as he went,

"Take good care of your horse and give him a plenty of grain. If I wan't in such a hurry I'd do it myself."

But Bob kindly cared for the horse and then after a brief, but pleasant visit in Mrs. Jones' sitting room, which was also breakfast, dining, and supper room and parlor, all but Mrs. Fletcher took their leave.

I have no doubt that all of this looked much more ridiculous to Mrs. Jones than to us, and in this way does she pay the penalty of breaking the law—the law which says, "Be ye not unequally yoked together." I know of no advisable way of righting such a wrong one does ones self. Although Mrs. Jones and I are great friends, she never mentions this subject.

A day or two after our dinner, Bob, who is free and easy at our house, after a successful search for a needle and thread to fasten one of his buttons, and a vain effort to put one through the other handed them to me with a boyish impatience, saying: "Here will you put this camel through the eye of that confounded needle?" and taking it when threaded moralized thus—

"Ah! Mrs. Piper, it is easier after all for this camel to go through the needle's eye, than for rich cousin John to get into the kingdom of Heaven."

Of course if John Jones should read this sketch, he would not recognize himself, but some other, more acute, drifting John Jonesward, may, and take heed.

—Western Farmer.

SERVING AT TABLE.

The habit that obtains in many families of "leaping" food and giving a little and considerable more than is asked for, has nothing to be said in its favor, and a great deal against it. Unless one has a strong firm appetite that only an earthquake or tempest could effect, a large quantity of food is appalling. It is much pleasanter to send one's plate and have it replenished, than to be obliged to leave food upon the plate. In order to clear the plate one is prone to overeat, from an idea of "saving" the food.

Economy does not signify a lack of plentifulness nor stinginess. It means enough for each and all, and nothing wasted, and when food is served in over abundance waste must be the result, unless, indeed, the surplus is gathered together again—the simple idea of which is disgusting. Moreover, it is a comfort to get just what one asks for—if "half a cup of tea," that much and no more.

THE DESSERT.

—She who can compose a cross baby is greater than she who composes books.

—The woman that maketh a good pudding in silence is better than one that maketh a tart reply.

—A celebrated wit was asked why he did not marry a young lady to whom he was much attached. "I know no reason," replied he "except the great regard we have for each other."

—A Sandusky mother recently reproved her three-year-oldster for eating icicles. The analytical infant replied: "I didn't eat 'em, mamma; I only sucked the juice out of 'em."

—A petulant old lady having refused a suitor to her niece, he expostulated with her and requested her plainly to divulge her reason. "I see the villain in your face," said she. "That is a personal reflection madame," answered the lover.

—A lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great King of Prussia: "Your Majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly." "That's none of my business," said the king. "But he speaks ill of you," said the lady. "That," said he, "is none of your business."

—A Paris paper gives a conversation between a father and his little daughter: "What have you done with your doll?" "I have put it away to keep for my children, when I grow up." "But if you should n't have any?" "Ah! well! then it will do for my grandchildren."

—A Pennsylvania Dutchman, who married his second wife indecently soon after the funeral of the first was visited with a two hours' serenade in token of disapproval. He expostulated pathetically thus: "I sav, poys, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to pe making all dis noise ven dere was a funeral here so soon!"

—A little six year old boy was asked by his teacher to write a composition on the subject of water, and the following is the production: "Water is good to drink, to swim in, to skate on, when frozen. When I was a little baby the nurse used to bathe me every morning in water. I have been told that the Injuns don't wash themselves but once in ten years! I wish I was an Injun!"

—It is suggested by a western paper that Sergeant Bates, instead of carrying the flag of the free through various foreign lands, would be more profitably employed in the alternate propulsion and attraction of a common metallic implement with serrated edges, used for the separation of specimens of the highest development of vegetable growth into convenient lengths for culinary combustion, commonly called a wood-saw.

—Editors make mistakes occasionally, even editors of religious papers. One of these, an Albanian too, called, sometime ago, at the studio of Palmer, the sculptor. The artist had just finished a charming bust of the Infant Ceres. The marble told its own story, for the symbolic corn and poppies had been used to that end. The editor, knowing little of symbols and less of mythology, asked the name of the subject, and was told "The Infant Ceres." Imagine the artist's consternation on reading, a few days after the interview, in the art column of the religious weekly, that he was engaged upon a series of infants, the first of which he had just completed.



LINES TO A SKELETON.

The following lines were found attached to a skeleton in the British Museum many years ago; and although a reward of fifty guineas was offered for the discovery of the author, he remains to this day unknown.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirits full;
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat,
What beautiful vision, filled this spot?
What dreams of pleasure long forgot?
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void;
If social love that eye employed—
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dew of kindness beamed—
That eye shall be forever bright,
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained,
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did those fingers delve the mine?
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth and fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod,
These feet the depths of duty trod!
If from the halls of ease they fled
To seek affliction's humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

LONGEVITY.

BY DR. DIO LEWIS.

LONG life comes of inheritance and good habits. We rarely see a very old person who is not descended from a long lived ancestry. But this old man may have brothers and sisters who died early. For the most part, this difference comes from differing personal habits. In order to live long we must inherit the capacity, and this inheritance must be supplemented by good habits. No matter though a man's parents may have lived a hundred years, if he is a glutton he will not probably survive seventy years.

The person who promises long life is of medium size, good lungs, slow pulse, good digestion, strong teeth, firm muscles, tough skin, coarse hair, with smallish head and quiet, cheerful temper.

It is rather too late to advise a man with reference to possessing these qualities, or with reference to the parents of whom he shall be born, but it is not too late to advise any and every man with regard to his personal habits. These constitute the most important factor.

Among the more important habits I name the following:

One must live in the strong sunlight. Even a slight shadow means bad digestion with plants, animals and men. A plant removed from the window to the back end of the parlor, even though it be light enough to read, soon becomes pale and refuses to grow. A woman

who spends her days within doors becomes pale and sickly.

Good air is important. An unventilated house produces an irritable condition of the tissues. Then instead of that unconscious, perfect working of the several parts, there is a feverish friction which prematurely exhausts the vital forces.

Temperance is vital. Temperance in food is especially important. One may drink wine, or beer, or spirits to occasional intoxication, and live to old age, but a big eater rarely reaches seventy years. A bottle of wine will make a man stagger and talk like a fool, but it will not clog and foul his system like a thanksgiving dinner.

There is no system of diet or class of food which can justly present special claims; it is moderation, temperance. And no definite rules can be given. The food must be adapted to the individual and to his occupation. A young man is at work upon a farm mowing, digging and perspiring. Two pounds of solid food are needed. But he changes to the house-life and sitting of college. His food, as to quantity and quality, must be reduced at least fifty per cent. The food, I repeat must be adapted to the person and his occupation. But I am again asked for some rules. The larger my experience, the more extended my observation, the less becomes my confidence in definite dietetic rules. It is safe enough to say that we eat too much; that our food is too rich, in too great a variety, and badly cooked. Beyond this I do not venture. Every person must observe his own experience, and conscientiously regard their suggestions. A man who won't do this is not likely to follow any definite rules given by another, and at best is hardly worth saving.

Another important condition of longevity is regular and abundant sleep. I have never read the details of a remarkably old person's life in which "early to bed" was not a feature. One may seem to thrive for awhile on six hours' sleep, but his life will not be a long one. To reach ninety years you must have at least eight hours' sleep. More than two hours should come before midnight.

A certain amount of exercise is necessary. Neither hard work, nor great muscular development are needed. Indeed it is doubtful if they are not unfavorable. Great moderation here, as in food, is most favorable to length of life. Gentle labor, in the country, as in moderate farming, is, on the whole, most favorable. It is particularly desirable that the occupation should be an agreeable one, adapted to the tastes, and that it shall satisfy the ambition.

Marriage, with its home-loves and moderate excitements, is particularly favorable to long life.

The absence of all unholy ambitions, of anger, hatred, jealousy, and the presence of an amiable, cheerful, hopeful temper contribute greatly to our stay in this world.

REPTILES IN THE STOMACH.

The Medical and Surgical Reporter, speaking of the alleged cases of snakes and other reptiles living in the stomachs of human beings, says: Such stories are the consummation of folly, and he must be an ill educated doctor (if educated at all) who could send forth such a *farrago* of nonsense. That a very small reptile might crawl into a child's

mou'h may be true; but that any animal, not bred in the human stomach, could live there any length of time, is so utterly at variance with all the laws of physiology and digestion, that none but ignoramuses ever credit them. We have some pious frauds to give on this subject, but not now.

Physicians know that there are certain entozoa that exist in the human organism, and often cause distressing symptoms and continued ill health. But that a "snake," or a toad, or other reptiles, could maintain an existence in the stomach for two hours, much less two years, is a fiction that our profession should lose no opportunity to combat. Cases where reptiles are supposed to exist in the stomach are most likely of a hysterical character, and the contortions of the reptile, its "gnawing," and its violent efforts to escape from its prison-house, all imaginary.

We once had a patient, a very respectable lady, who fancied that she had a snake in her throat that was trying to escape. She could feel it with her finger! Would open her mouth, and wonder that we could not see it and pluck it out. She forewarned us that it was of no use to try to convince her that there was nothing there, for she knew better. Had turned away several physicians because they would not believe her. There was nothing left but to prescribe something. We succeeded in course of time in relieving her partially, at least of the irritation in her throat, but she insisted that our remedies were bringing the reptile away by piecemeal!

We have heard of a case in which the patient insisted that she had a toad in her stomach. Her physician at last admitted her statement, and prepared to relieve her mind in this way: Giving her an emetic, he awaited its operation; in his officiousness, in supporting her head as she vomited, he managed to cover her eyes, while he adroitly threw a live toad into the vessel. It was enough; the patient, with a "I told you so," was cured from that hour.

Such a "pious fraud" was perhaps excusable under the circumstances; but it is always better, and much more in accordance with the spirit of our calling, if we can cure the hallucination by removing the ill-health that causes it.

HOW TO GIVE CHILDREN AN APPETITE.

Give the children an abundance of out-door exercise, fun and frolic: make them regular in their habits, and feed them only upon plain, nourishing food, and they will seldom, if ever, complain of a lack of appetite. But keep them overtaken in school, confined closely to the house the rest of the time, frowning down every attempt at play; feed them upon rich or high seasoned food, candies, nuts, etc., allow them to eat between meals and late in the evening, and you need not expect them to have good appetites. On the contrary, you may expect that they will be pale, weak and sickly.

Don't cram them with food when they don't want it, or have no appetite—for such a course is slow murder. If they have no appetites, encourage, and it need be, command them to take exercise in the open air. Don't allow them to study too much, and especially keep them from reading the exciting literature which so much abounds in our book-stores and circulating libraries. In ad-

dition to securing exercise for the children as above, change their diet somewhat; especially if they have been eating fine flour, change to coarse or Graham flour.

Sickness is the most expensive thing on the face of the globe. There may be instances where it makes people or children better, but generally it makes them selfish, sad, misanthropic, nervous, mean and miserable. The best way to make children happy and good is to keep them well.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

LANCET'S PRESCRIPTION.

Dr. Lancet was a blunt old fellow and an excellent physician, and he never drove around an obstacle when there was need of going through it.

Matilda Jane had just come home from boarding-school, and was not feeling well. She was troubled with a rushing of blood to the head, with dizziness, and loss of appetite. In this condition she called in Dr. Lancet, and asked him if he could help her.

"I have been trying to doctor myself," she said, languidly, as the old physician felt her pulse.

"What have you been doing?"

"Well—I have taken Limpshin's sarsaparilla and Knave's anodyne, and Hummer's pills, and Numbhead's balsam, and Fooler's tonic, and the Nonesuch Expectorating Cordial, and Dr. Flathead's universal vivifying recuperator, and—and—"

"Goodness mercy!" gasped the Doctor; "and haven't any of these things given you relief?"

"No," replied the pining fair one, "they have not helped me at all. O, dear Doctor, what can I take that will be sure to do me good?"

"What can you take?" repeated the old man, moving back and eyeing her from head to foot. "Take!" he exclaimed, with a flash from beneath his shaggy brows; "my dear girl, take off your corsets!"—*New York Ledger.*

COLD CREAM OINTMENT.

This is a most useful application, especially in winter, when chapped hands and cracked lips are prevalent. It may be readily made in the family. The ingredients are one ounce of rose water, two of oil of sweet almonds, half an ounce of spermaceti, and wax in a bowl; set this in a vessel of water, and heat till the ingredients are all melted. Remove from the fire, and add the rose water in small quantities at a time, constantly stirring with a wooden knife, whittled out for the purpose, until cool. It needs a great deal of stirring, and when properly made will be pure white and perfectly smooth. The addition of a small quantity of glycerine will make what is called "glycerine ointment,"—a very soothing application to burns and excoriated or inflamed surfaces.

—Charcoal is a valuable internal palliative in dyspepsia and in many of the disorders affecting the stomach and bowels. Taken in doses of a tablespoonful, night and morning, it is an almost unfailing corrective of costive habit. Mixed with softening poultices it is cleansing, soothing and healing to foul sores. An occasional dose of the powder produces a favorable improvement in sallow or tawny complexions.



WAITING.

BY CHARLES EDWARD.

Down by the sea,
Through summer hours I watch the ships go by,
And wait in vain with many a bitter sigh
My Love's return to me.
Ah, since he went away,
My heart has sadder grown, as year by year
Goes by, and finds me waiting for him here,
Down by the bay,
Sometimes I think him dead,
And vain is all my waiting here alone
And at that thought my poor heart maketh moan,
With grief uncomfited.
Yet, living, dying, he
Is all mine own, and time cannot remove,
From out my heart the tenderness and love,
Or change his love for me.
So by the sea,
I sit in summer hours, and listen there,
To its low moaning, and I breathe a prayer,
That we united be.
And something stills the pain
Within my breast, and I arise and go
About my duties; in good time I know,
My Love will come again.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.

THE records of rejected genius are anything but flattering to the judgment of critics, publishers and managers. Both the plays of Goldsmith "She stoops to conquer" and "The Good-natured Man" — were rejected by the managers, the former by Garric and the latter by Colman. Garric declined the tragedy of "Douglas," and at the same time, pronounced it "unfit for the stage." Sheridan took a dislike to the neatly-written manuscript of "The Honeymoon," saying "genius is never neat." The play was thrust into a neglected corner and never acted during the life of the author.

"The Soldier's Daughter," which, after the lapse of half a century, still keeps possession of the stage, was only accepted by the managers through the influence of Mrs. Jordan, all the plays of the same author, previously offered having been declined. Westland Marston, a dramatist whose "Anne Blake," "Strathmore," and "Marie de Merame" have placed his name on the roll with Bulwer, Knowles, Lovel, and Jerrold, owed the production of the "Patrician's Daughter" almost to an accident. Knowles, with difficulty, and only after a long time had elapsed, induced the managers to put "Virginus" upon the stage. "The Iron Chest" damned at Drury Lane, was applauded at Convent Garden, and has survived the sharp criticism of jokes versified that were showered upon it.

Bunn, in "The Stage before and behind the Curtain," speaks of the farce of "A Good Looking Fellow." Liston had been requested to play the leading character, and thus replies to the applications: "I have read the farce very attentively, and regret that I cannot concur with Messrs. Reynolds, Kenny, and yourself as to its merits. My opinion is that it would be inevitably damned in less than a quarter of an hour, and as I really lack the courage to risk being pelted off the stage, I must beg leave to decline

the favor of Mr. Narcissus Briggs." Yet this farce was received with roars of laughter, and although put upon the stage late in the season, was played for ninety-six nights.

Bulwer's first play, "The Duchess de la Valliere," was a failure, and the critics declared that it was not in his power "to attain the art of dramatic construction and theatrical effect." "The Lady of Lyons" followed. Its authorship was not suspected, nor did Bulwer acknowledge his offspring until it had become an acknowledged favorite of the public. Thompson's "Winter," first published of his "Seasons," for a long time lay like waste paper. The "Spy" which was the earliest, as well as one of the most vigorous of Cooper's novels, and which laid the foundation of his name as a writer of fiction, was offered to and declined by Murray. The same publisher, in a civil letter to Washington Irving, declined the "Sketch Book," but reluctantly changed his opinion upon the urgent representation of Sir Walter Scott, and purchased the manuscript for two hundred pounds. Such was the success of the publication, even before the issue of the second volume, that the delighted publisher requested the author to draw upon him for one hundred guineas beyond the amount agreed upon.

"Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician," which originally appeared in Blackwood's Magazine—the first number in 1830, and the last in 1837—maintained a place during that whole period among the most attractive articles, and afterward in a collected form, passed through a number of editions, both in this country and Great Britain. They had been previously rejected by the conductors of three of the leading magazines of London "as unsuitable for their pages, and not likely to interest the public."

Melville's "Typee" was offered to Harper, who declined it. The book was published by another publishing house, and with such marked success that when "Omoo," the next work of Melville, was written, it was accepted by the Harpers without a line of it being read, and at the author's own price. "The Wide, Wide World" was submitted to Harper, Appleton, and other publishers, and declined, and was finally published by Putnam, and had a most remarkable sale.

Leading publishing firms rejected Dr. Mason's "Handel and Haydn's Collection," of which there cannot have been less than forty editions published. "Robinson Crusoe," one of the most popular works ever written was rejected by the whole trade of London, till at length it came into the hands of a publisher who was more noted for his speculative propensities than his good judgment. He printed it, and cleared one hundred thousand guineas by this venture; and publishers are to this day making money continually by new editions of it in all styles.

UNDER THE ROSE.

There has arisen much petty controversy about the common expression "under the rose," and two different origins have been assigned. Some per-

sons assert that it ought to be spelled "under the rows," for that in former days almost all town were built with the second story projecting over the lower one—a sort of piazza, or row, as they termed it, and which may still be seen at Chester, and some other old English towns; and that, whilst the elders of the family were sitting at their windows gravely enjoying the air, their sons and daughters were making love where they could not see them, "under the rows."

The other is much more elegant. Cupid, it is said, gave a rose to Harpocrates, the god of Silence; and from this legend originated the practice that prevailed amongst northern nations of suspending a rose from the ceiling over the upper end of the table, when it was intended that the conversation was to be kept secret; and this it was according to others, which gave rise to the phrase, "under the rose."

EXPIATION.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR; AUTHOR OF SIBYL HUNTINGTON.

MR. EDITOR,—Dear Sir:—The numerous readers of THE HOUSEHOLD need no word of mine in commendation of Mrs. Dorr's new story, "Expiation." And I hope they will, one and all, from Maine to Oregon, arrange to have "Expiation" on their bookseller's shelves, and find great pleasure in seeing their friends and neighbors follow the beautiful descriptions and sweet thoughts of one whom they have learned to love and respect. By her contributions to THE HOUSEHOLD, running through its entire history, Mrs. Dorr has won hosts of true, staunch friends, who recognize in her the earnest, practical qualities she so eminently possesses.

In her poems she reveals another side of her capabilities as a writer—to us, the highest she has shown.

"Expiation," judged by a literary standard, is the best story our author has given us. The language is pure and the thought clear and concisely expressed, and the charming glimpses we get of nature and of every-day life hold us bound to the book before the plot is to us anything but a mystery. As the story goes on, we recognize the power and tragic intensity of the plan. Dramatic incidents of the most stirring character follow each other without one hint of the final revelation. As a whole, "Expiation" will certainly add to the well-earned laurels which crown Mrs. Dorr. M. J. B.

A SPELLING LESSON.

The following list of twenty words was used for the examination of applicants for admission to the junior class of one of the St. Louis high schools last summer. There were 449 applicants. We print the number who failed to spell each word correctly:

Indelible, 184; lattice, 38; millinery, 151; eligible, 171; sibylline, 415; oxygen, 37; adjacent, 51; business, 56; hyena, 139; weasel, 104; massacre, 35; sulphur, 83; syllable, 17; vermilion, 382; familiar, 96; chimney, 13; vengeance, 315; rhinoceros, 121; valuing, 242; guarantee, 125. With one exception, these are all common words,

liable to be used daily, and together they constitute a very fair test of the attainments of a pupil in orthography.

THE REVIEWER.

JULIA RIED. Boston: H. Hoyt.

To call this a good book would not do it justice, while to call it no better than the majority of those in the market, would do it positive injustice. Its design seems to be to present the various phases of society and human character, illustrate the influence of what are called trifling acts in moulding our lives, making the Christian element always prominent. Its pleasant and attractive style, its clear presentation of the great principles which renovate society, its high standard of moral and spiritual attainment, its many, many good points, and its real worth, should secure for it a place in the library of the Sabbath school, and a prominent position in the family. Sent postpaid on receipt of its price, \$1 50.

STRIKING FOR THE RIGHT. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

One prominent feature of this admirable book is to encourage an increased regard for our "dumb animals"—the enforcement of the religious duty to treat brutes more mercifully. It presents a rare combination of good sense, good principles and a marked literary merit. Its pages overflow with keen wit, refreshing and elevated humor, pathos, and brilliancy, while its delineations of character are rarely equaled. Price \$1.50, sent postpaid.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE FOR MARCH.—This number of our popular "Boys and Girls' Magazine" is unusually attractive in matter and illustrations. Oliver Optic's serial story, "The Yacht Club," presents a lively description of the first regatta, and increases in interest. Elijah Kellogg has a thrilling picture of "The Breaking of the Broom," to illustrate his serial, "The Turning of the Tide." "Lottie Eames," who endeavors to "Do her Best, and Leave the Rest" in each number, has become a favorite. In addition to the serials, Oliver Optic tells the story of "A Bull-Fight in Madrid," which Miss Humphrey illustrates. The poems are, "Ten Golden Years," by George S. Burleigh, "Beyond Repair," by Henry Gilman, "The Winds," by Mary N. Prescott, "A Poem of the Night," by Tom Pinchbeck, Original Dialogue, "Tattlewood Gossip." The first of a series of sketches by B. P. Shillaber, on "Then and Now," which treats of Head-dresses, will be welcomed by the girls. Then there are numerous stories and sketches by other favorite writers. Puzzles and Rebuses, Letter-Bag and Pigeon-Hole Papers. It is well printed and illustrated. It is certainly an admirable number. Published by Lee and Shepard. Price \$2.50, per annum.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH for April, opens with Popular Physiology, illustrated; Medical Systems; The Scientific Era, Methods of Cure; Natural Food of Infants and Children; Crime, its Causes and Cure; Health vs. Fashion, illustrated; Consult your Thermometer; Seasonable Dishes; General Debility; Health of Farmers; The Man of Long Life; What Rattlesnakes are Good For. In Talks with Correspondents we have, Enlarged Liver; Deafness; Fever; Brain Food; Catarrh; Loss of Hair; Effects of Shaving, etc. A capital number, 20cts., or \$2 for a year. Address S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

"YOUNG AMERICA" for April fulfills the promise of its past. It is an excellent Juvenile Magazine, bright, live and instructive, as well as entertaining; full of amusement for the little folks.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY.—The April number of this popular periodical comes to us fresh as a Spring daisy. It is very much enlarged, and every way improved, and we guess the ladies are right when they say it contains as much genuine information as all the other Fashion Magazines put together.

The many beautiful illustrations which adorn the present number of Zell's Monthly Magazine, render it still more than usually brilliant and attractive. The opening article is a masterly study on TITIAN, the head of the Venetian School, and one of the grandest painters that ever lived. That paper, which contains a rich fund of delicate criticism, couched in a style of great literary excellence, is the second of the series of "Great Artists," which began last month with Raphael. It is amply illustrated by wood-cuts, copies of some of the most celebrated productions of the eminent artist, which in accuracy of de-

THE VALE WHERE MY HOME LIES.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. The vale where my home lies, Oh none is so blest; High mountains look down on its

2. Oh vale where my home lies, So fra - grant and green, Where ro - ses, and lil - ies, and

3. Thou vale where my home lies, How balm - y thy breath! Where thick mos - ses grow, there

pure, qui - et rest; The blue sky a - bove, and the val ley be - low, While

blue bells are seen. How sweet 'tis to rest by the mur - mur - ing stream, And

place me in death; Oh, there let me soft - ly my tir - ed limbs lay, And

cres. peace throws o'er all..... her heav - en - ly glow. The vale where my home lies, Oh,

watch on its bo - som the sun's trem - bling beam. *p* The vale where my home lies, Oh,

hop - ing, look for - ward to bright, bless - ed day. *p* The vale where my home lies, Oh,

cres. none is so blest, Oh vale where my home lies in peace and pure rest..... *ad lib.*

none is so blest, Oh vale where my home lies in peace and pure rest.....

none is so blest, Oh vale where my home lies in peace and pure rest.....

sign or beauty of execution have never been surpassed in this country. Among them we have chiefly remarked the "Dana," a work of unsurpassable beauty, probably reproduced for the first time in America.

The combined Catalogues of Seeds and Plants for 1873, of PETER HENDERSON & Co., 35 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK, is just received—numbers 175 pages; is beautifully illustrated, and in addition, contains a colored

plate of the new "Fountain Plant," and also a handsome lithograph of a group of new Fuchsias. These catalogues are mailed to all applicants by Peter Henderson & Co. on receipt of 25 cents. To their customers of last

year they are sent without charge; and to all purchasers of their books, "Gardening for Profit" and "Practical Floriculture" (price \$1.50 each, prepaid by mail,) they also send them annually, free of charge.



THE OLD WASHERWOMAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

With busy hands the linen folding,
Though very old and gray of hair,
Her washerwoman state still holding,
On to her sixth and seventieth year.
She steadily, through pain and fear,
With zeal and almost holy pressure,
Doth fill to perfect round the sphere
That God's decree to her did measure.

Long years ago a winsome maiden,
She loved and hoped, was won and wed;
A woman's lot on her was laden.
With heavy cares aye encumbered.
Her babies' father weak and ill,
Her own poor little ones she cherished,
Then laid him in the grave, yet still
For her nor faith nor hope had perished.

Her children all alone to nourish,
She gave herself right cheerfully,
And made in her abode to flourish
Order and honest industry.
For better fate in far off lands
She let those dearly loved ones leave her,
Now on life's verge alone she stands,
Yet brave and busy now as ever.

With saving hand and heart resolving,
She hath bought flax, and through the night,
With music of her wheels revolving,
Hath spun the thread so soft and light.
The weaver wove the fabric fair,
With scissors then and needle plying,
Her own hand did the garb prepare
To wear when cold in death she's lying.

This linen is her one dear treasure;
Preserved as in a sacred shrine,
She holds it life's supremest pleasure
To keep this raiment white and fine.
When Sabbath comes, God's word to hear,
She puts it on, with thoughts of dying,
Then lays it by with pious fear,
To wear when in her last rest lying.

Oh, when life's evening shades draw round me,
Would that I might, like her, be sure
That all the circling lines that bound me
Were filled with work as good and pure.
I would that I at life's full fount
Had drunk, like her, my cup's deep measure.
On death with equal peace could count,
Could see my shroud with equal pleasure.

—The True Woman.

SPRING HOUSE CLEANING.

NOW comes the season of general cleaning, when all the corners and closets are overturned and hidden things are brought to light. Early in the month—before the moth-millers show themselves—all the woolen sheets, blankets, etc., are to be washed, and the extra ones packed carefully away in deep chests, and cedar boughs or camphor gum strewn over them. If you possess a camphor wood trunk, you can defy the moths, but without that convenience, special heed must be paid to their dislikes, or you may have your blankets destroyed.

Carpets that do not require to be taken up should be loosened at the edges, and with a dust-pan and brush, all the dust can be removed; if there are any traces of moths, wash the floor with spirits of turpentine or benzine, put the carpet down quickly and the moths will have had their quietus. The disagreeable odor will soon disappear, if the windows are opened widely, and you can be certain that your carpets will not be ruined this summer. This same burning fluid will drive out and keep away the moths for upholstered furniture. It can be put on with a cloth, and if pure will leave no stain, but brighten the colors. Before applying it, brush out

the cushions with a hand brush and a damp cloth, to remove all the dust. Straw matting should be washed with a cloth dampened with salt water. Take care to wet it but little, for if the matting is soaked through it becomes brittle. If Indian meal is sprinkled over it, or damp sand, and then thoroughly swept out, it will also cleanse it finely.

In washing windows, a narrow-bladed wooden knife, sharply pointed, will take out the dust that hardens in the corners of the sash. Dry whiting will polish the glass panes nicely; and we find weak black tea with some alcohol the best liquid to wash the glasses. For a week before the cleaning takes place, save all the tea grounds; then when needed, boil them in a tin pail with two quarts of water, and use the liquid on the windows. It takes off all dust and fly specks. If applied with a newspaper, and rubbed off with another paper, they look far better than if cloth is used.

If there are old feather beds in the house, and no steam renovator at hand, put them out in the first heavy, drenching rain that falls. Let them become thoroughly wet, and turn them several times; then dry them in the sun, and when one side is perfectly dry, beat it with sticks to live up the feathers, and turn up the other side to dry; either placing boards under it, or putting the beds on the piazza roof, if one is at hand.

To take out stains from either mattresses or feather beds, make a paste of soft soap and starch, and spread over the spots; when dry, scrape it off with a knife, washing it with a damp sponge, as it falls off; if not clean, put on another paste. This application, if repeated frequently, until all discolorations are gone, will purify any bedding. Cockroaches can be kept away with powdered borax. Keep it in a tin pepper box and sprinkle it wherever they go. Paris green is recommended, but it is a poison; while borax is harmless. Sprigs of wintergreen, or ground ivy, will drive away small red ants, and branches of wormwood will make black ants "vamosé the ranch."

Scald your bedsteads in the hottest soap-suds you can apply; if there are traces of bugs apply kerosene with a small paint brush. It is a sure cure. Tenants of city houses are often annoyed by bugs, and cannot tell whence they come. Perhaps the border of the wall paper might divulge their source, or the cornices of the windows disclose their haunts. Again apply kerosene and they will no longer trouble you. Carbolic acid may be applied; if pure the odor is not as disagreeable as that of coal oil. Papering and painting are best done in cold weather, especially the latter, for the wood absorbs the oil of paint much more in warm weather, while in cold weather it hardens on the outside, making a coat, which will protect the wood instead of soaking into it.

In papering walls, be sure to remove all the old paper and paste, and scrape them perfectly smooth. Dampen the old paper with clothes wet in salaratus water, and it will come off easily; fill up the cracks with plaster of Paris, and if there are any traces of bugs, wash the wall all over with a weak solution of carbolic acid and water; this will purify the air and destroy all mould and vermin. The best paste is made out of rye flour, with two ounces of glue dissolved in each quart of paste; half an ounce of powdered borax will make the paste better. People now generally under-

stand how dangerous it is to paper a wall over old paper and paste. Many deaths have arisen from this cause; the air of many sleeping rooms has been thus poisoned. In some old houses three or four layers of paper have been found upon the walls of the rooms, and their inmates have died, and no doctor could tell whence came the disease.

In whitewashing, a pound of glue dissolved in hot water and diluted with four gallons of cold water, to which is added six pounds of whiting, will be found to answer a better purpose than common lime. Wood-work can be washed with this glue size, and one coat of paint on it would last for years. A little chrome yellow will give a light lemon colored tint to the wash. A cheap paint for the floor can be made, which, a strong, smart woman could apply to any floor; five pounds of French ochre; one-fourth pound of glue, and a gallon of hot water. Dissolve the glue in a small quantity of hot water; when wholly melted add the rest of it, stirring it slowly until well mixed. Then stir in the ochre, and apply while hot, with a good sized paint brush. When well dried apply one or two coats of boiled linseed oil. This paint dries very quickly, hardening in fifteen to twenty-four hours. It is very cheap; the glue is about seventy-five cents per gallon. So it is within the reach of any woman. An oaken hue can be given to new pine floors and tables by washing them in a solution of copperas dissolved in strong lye, a pound of the former to a gallon of the latter. When dry this should be oiled, and it will look well for a year or two; then renew the oiling. Grease can be extracted from floors by applying a paste of wood ashes and quicklime, to be kept on for several days and then washed off. Stains on wall paper can be cut out with a sharp penknife, and a piece of paper so nicely inserted that no one can see the patch.

Ink stains on wood can be removed by a solution of oxalic acid. Cover the spots with bits of the acid, turn on a spoonful of water and place a heated flat iron over it; when the hissing ceases the ink will have disappeared.

Kerosene and powdered lime whiting, or wood ashes, will scour tin with the least labor. Kerosene and whiting will also cleanse silver ware, door knobs, hinges, etc. Wet the flannel slightly in oil, dip in the whiting, and rub hard; wash off with a chamomile skin or newspaper. Wash the glasses of pictures with a damp newspaper, dipped in whiting, then rub with a dry paper. Spots can be taken out of marble with finely powdered pumice stone. Mix with verjuice, cover the spots with it, and let it remain for twelve hours; then rub clean with a damp sponge; rinse with clean water, and wipe with a dry cloth. Soapstone hearths are first washed in pure water and then rubbed with powdered marble or soapstone, put on with a piece of the same stone. Gray marble hearths can be rubbed with linseed oil and no spots will show. If gilt frames are varnished with copal varnish, they can be washed with cold water without injury. Lace curtains should never be ironed. Wash and starch them, using in the rinsing water a table spoonful of powdered borax. This makes them very stiff. When wet spread on a sheet, either on the floor or bed, and pin down every two or three inches. Let them dry for several days and they will look very nice.—Country Gentleman.

A KITCHEN SERMON.

BY PENELOPE.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—A sentence in the letter of a "Friend to the Babies," in the February number of your valuable paper, arrested my attention, and I cannot resist a small sermon on that text: "I do all my own work, washing, ironing and sewing, and find time nearly every day to give the baby a ride."

Now I doubt not this dear little woman—I don't know what makes me think she is little, perhaps I am mistaken—thinks this a feat of which she may justly be proud. And I suppose in one sense she may be. It is certainly a great deal of work for one woman to do, week after week, month after month, and—shall I add year after year? Not so much when it is only "John and I and the baby." But, as the olive branches increase, the labor increases, until, sooner or later, the flag of distress is held out. Some of the innumerable "female complaints," as they are called, either carry her off to an untimely grave, or, what is far more likely, and I had almost said far worse, consign her to the fate of a helpless invalid—the physicians' bills absorbing a large portion of her hard-earned savings.

But this is not quite the point I intended to make. And here I will say that my sermon is not entirely intended for our "Friend." I see so many women with families growing up around them, doing that same thing, that I can no longer be content with personal remonstrance. I must resort to the pen.

Our "Friend" has a healthy baby and seems determined to do her best to keep him so. Her idea of dress, fresh air, etc., are certainly very sensible. I have no doubt as he grows up she will show the same good sense and care in his diet. But how about the diet for the mind? Are all his early impressions to be only of the "work-a-day" aspect of this world? Now, let no one think I despise the practical, or underrate the necessity for economy. Far from it. I believe in the dignity of labor, and despise only idleness, whether in rich or poor, ignorant or learned. But how, I ask, is a woman, whose time is almost entirely occupied with labors for the body, to improve her mind? which I am sure God gave her for some other purpose than to use only for calculating expenses and taking care of the body. Both very important matters in the large proportion of families, I admit. But I claim that a woman owes to herself, to her husband, to her children, to society, and above all, to God, a duty paramount to "rubbing and scrubbing," viz.: the cultivation of her mind. How many women deny themselves a thousand and exquisite mental pleasures for a mistaken duty! Perhaps they have no especial taste in that direction. Then those tastes should be cultivated. Will not our Lord demand the talent hidden in a napkin? Will He be satisfied when you tell Him, "Thou knowest, O Lord, that we were not largely endowed with earth's wealth. To keep my house in order, to take care of my children, to help my husband save money to increase his business, and to lay up for our children, took all my time and mind. I verily thought I was doing Thee service."

Mental employment is agreeable to all, or would be with a little cultivation. It is elevating; it is a rest from the narrowing, wearying cares and toils con-

nected with bread and butter and but-
tonholes.

Remember, mental employment does not mean reading novels, whether religious or otherwise. It may include such, as our physical aliment may include custards, jellies, tarts and cake. But who expects a fine physique nourished only by cake and confectionery? Many works of fiction are admirable in their way. Some of the best lessons I ever learned, except those from the bible and my own experience, were from works of fiction. But beware how you make your mental banquet on these alone. They are too often taken up in moments of leisure when mind and body seem unequal to any other reading.

There will be periods when work is too pressing to admit of much, if any, reading. But women are too apt to become so absorbed in their routine of making and mending, baking and cleaning, that they soon really believe there is no end of it. To borrow an idea of the late lamented Greeley, the only way to end it, is to *end it*. With a little management, if a woman is resolved upon it, she can find time for at least one page a day of the right kind of reading. Something that will carry her out of her narrow channel; make her forget her worries; make her happier and better; and, by conveying to others some of her brightness, elevate them also.

Too much time is lost over newspapers. It is, of course, necessary to keep informed of the important current events. I have come to the conclusion that the daily city newspaper is an abomination. If one would be content to skim the cream from it. But after that is done, one generally sips up all that remains. All the murders, burglaries, fires, etc., that have taken place in the four quarters of the globe; the gossip about balls, weddings, fashions, etc.; the little *on dits*—the innumerable trifles that go to make up the city morning newspaper. Few women rise from its daily perusal with anything but a confused remembrance of the whole mass.

I frequently learn all the current events, both "foreign and domestic," (sometimes including murders and all,) from my husband at the dinner or tea table, or where I have been engaged in sewing or "taking care of baby." Then when my welcome leisure hour came I would devote it to some book that appealed to my intellect, rather than floated me down the tide of imagination, or could write letters to dear friends with whom a correspondence is a genuine intellectual treat.

Without effort on the wife's part to keep up, an intellectual man soon leaves his wife far behind. After a time there is little in common but neighborhood gossip, Bridget's short-comings, and, if the income be limited, the price of butter, and similar cheerful and elevating topics; topics which are agreeable to very few of the sterner sex, however necessary it may be to discuss them occasionally.

So much rushes to the tip of my pen just here, that I might better break off at once and leave my fair readers to follow out these thoughts for themselves. My idea condensed, is: If your husband's tastes are intellectual, strive to be in some degree, a companion to him, and if he is not, cultivate your mind just the same, that by your influence on him you may both live on a higher plane.

The duty to your children is still more imperative. You not only wish, or

should wish to stamp them with noble minds, which can only be done before their birth, and of course necessitates your possessing certain qualities, which must not lie dormant, but be under some degree of cultivation, but you also wish to make an impression which will tend to elevate them, beginning in their earliest years. Do not hug the delusion to your souls that any schools, public or private, college or so-called "boarding schools for young ladies," will do this work. However well they may do their work—and they are, too often, very far from doing it well—they cannot do your work. Even granting that your children come home with finely cultivated minds, where are you? Do they find in you a companion?

O mother! can you estimate the influence, the power you have thrown away? Do you ever look back and wish it were to do over again as you regretfully see "what might have been?"

To me there is something very beautiful in a silver haired mother surrounded by her grown up sons and daughters still retaining her youthful freshness of feeling. She may not be highly educated nor accomplished; she may have spent a large portion of her time in domestic economies, but she would not allow herself to become the slave of circumstances. She has improved her mind according to her capacity and opportunities. She dressed her children plainly but in good taste, following the same rule herself, remembering the superiority of quality to quantity. Dispensing with some of the endless flouncing and tucking she not only saved strength but time—also money, which she wisely thought had better go to pay a washer-woman. Thus again saving precious strength and time. She cooked less pies, cakes and other abominations, which greatly benefited the digestion of all concerned and added to her leisure for reading and society, the latter being a very essential point. She did not carry her worries into her reading or society—making the former a task and the latter thoroughly unenjoyable by the feeling that she is wasting time!

As her children grew up, the afternoon or evening was often varied by reading aloud from the different members of the family in turn, while the other sewed. Sometimes there were charades, tableaux, singing. If there was a piano, the pleasure was greatly enhanced. From time to time a good engraving or water color had been purchased with spare money. As time prospered, now and then, an oil painting enriched the collection, till now, every room in the house was more or less adorned.

My small sermon has assumed formidable proportions. I must draw it to a close, and shall feel well rewarded for the labor, if but a single person is benefited thereby.

LAMPS, WICKS, AND FLUID.

Those who, dwelling in cities, enjoy the blessing of paying exorbitant prices for impure gas, and who, in consequence of large bills and inferior illumination seek a refuge in the next best resource, lamps, and to that less favored portion of the human race who, beyond the reach of gas, mains and monopolies, are obliged to use lamps, and to those who are struggling to devise improvements in these useful household utensils, these remarks may prove useful.

The primary object sought in the use

of lamps is light. Some of them are used for heating, but of them we do not speak at present. That lamp which gives the most light with the least consumption of illuminating material will, if it be safe, cleanly, and convenient, be the best. Safety is best secured in the use of safe materials, and no consumer of petroleum oils should be without the means and knowledge requisite to determine those which are safe from those that are unsafe. Cleanliness and convenience are matters of considerable importance. Lamps for ordinary use should be portable and free from the liability to get out of proper adjustment in carrying them about. But details of this kind need not be dwelt upon at length. Of much more importance is the correct knowledge of the principle of illumination by hydrocarbon fluids in lamps.

No one who has paid much attention to the subject has failed to discover that wide irregularities in efficiency exist in lamps of different construction, and even in lamps of the same general style and finish. In fact no single lamp will perform its office with perfect uniformity. The cause of these variations will appear upon an examination of the common elements of lamps which burn liquids, such as animal oils, melted fats, or the products of petroleum distillation.

The essential parts of oil lamps are a receptacle to hold the material to the place of burning as it is needed. To these essential parts may be added the chimney, which in most lamps is necessary in order to bring the air which supports the combustion to the flame in sufficient quantity to secure perfect burning.

Any known compound of hydrogen and carbon burns with a luminous flame, but, in order that the greatest illumination with the most economy may be secured, it is necessary that the amount of oxygen supplied to the flame should be nicely adjusted. If too much is given, the flame supplies too much heat and too little light; if not enough oxygen is furnished a part of the carbon is not consumed at all, but passes off as smoke.

Now, in stoves and furnaces we make provision for regulating the amount of air supplied to the fuel; but in the majority of lamps used for lighting purposes, the amount of admission is adjusted at the outset, the only change being that caused by the clogging of air passages by dirt, oxidation, etc., so that lamps, which when new work well often fail to give a good light after a little time, and require frequent attention to keep the draft free from obstruction. There have been some fine lamps provided with dampers, yet notwithstanding the scientific and practical value of such an attachment, we know of no lamp in general domestic use that has it.

The quality of wicks is also a matter of no small importance; for, although most lamps provide for regulating the flow of oil by raising or lowering the wick, this alone will not insure a good result. Some wicks do not burn evenly, so that a portion will be too high while other parts will be too low, and the flame streams up from the high parts. This arises partly from unequal admission of air, and also from the want of uniformity in the wick. If the threads which, through their capillarity, convey the oil to the flame be twisted unevenly, so that some are hard and others are

soft, it will be impossible to make use of them with satisfactory results. Wicks, also, which in burning throw off branches of charred material instead of burning squarely down in all parts, always give trouble.

The burning of petroleum oils in lamps without chimneys is a problem presenting many difficulties. It has been solved by the use of mechanism to produce a current of air directed to the flame, but such machinery adds so much to the cost of lamps, and is attended with so many inconveniences that it probably will never come into such general use as to supersede the old method. It is, however, so desirable to avoid the use of chimneys that, barring its difficulties, the problem is a tempting one to inventors. It is needless to say that a device which would accomplish such a result, and not add materially to the cost, or necessitate greater attention than ordinary lamps do would be second in value to scarcely any invention ever produced.

Every year brings forth some new invention pertaining to lamps, which shows, that though the field has been long worked, there yet remains something to be gathered.—*Selected.*

HOW TO PRESERVE ORANGES AND LEMONS.

BY KATHARINE VAN DRAECKEN.

Buy a number when cheap; a dry and damaged lot will answer, by cutting out the rotten spots. Peel them, take out the seeds, cut up the pulp, and boil the peels till soft, changing the water twice, if lemons, take off the peel in as large pieces as you can. Chop the boiled peels fine. Weigh them and the pulp, which may be chopped with them, and take one-half pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. As the fruit is the most valuable, you need not grudge the sugar.

Make a syrup of the sugar, for which you may use a little of the last boiling water from the peel; put in the fruit, and boil about an hour, till it is thick and stirs heavily. Lemons are less juicy than oranges, and require a rather thinner syrup. Use these marmelades either to eat with bread, or to make pies and puddings.

For squash and custard pies, I prepare a panful of the milk mixture, and put lemon marmelade to one half, and orange to the other, about a cupful of each, a little sugar is then required, and no other flavoring. The peels of oranges and lemons should be saved when the pulp is otherwise used, and will make very good marmelade for pies, etc. If dry, soak in water for a night, then boil and chop.

FRUIT SYRUP.

Frequent and alarming cases of poisoning have recently been noticed in Brussels, and on investigation the causes were discovered to be the use of raspberry, currant, and other fruit syrups. The Belgian chemists have analyzed these syrups, and assert that none of them contained a trace of the fruit of which the syrup is named. Many consisted of a solution of glucose, covered with aniline red mixed with tartaric or citric acid and a few drops of fruit essences. Fuchsine, the form of aniline red used, it is stated, is frequently combined with arsenic.—*Ledger.*

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one who knows, please tell me if there is any way to prevent onions from perfuming the breath? I am very fond of them and the odor does not trouble me at all, but two friends have told me at different times that my breath was affected by them longer, and much more strongly than any one else they ever saw. I do not know why it should be, and if any one can give me a practicable remedy, it would be a great favor. Before I was married I didn't care much about it, but I don't like to trouble my husband in that way, and I do like to eat onions. He is willing to bear it rather than have me deny myself the pleasure of eating them, but I don't like to subject him to the annoyance.

Can any one keep lard or any kind of fat in an earthen dish, without having it go through to the outside? I have a little brown earthen mug that I keep grease in for my griddle in baking pancakes, and it greases everything I set it on, no matter how clean it is washed on the outside. What can I keep it in, that it will not go through?

Will the lady who likes to wash on Monday, (like myself when I wash at all,) or some one else who knows, please tell me what the Empire Washer is? I mean how it works, and the expense of it. I have not been able to do my washing for some time, not having sufficient strength to rub dirty clothes hard enough to get them clean. But if I could have a machine that would turn with a crank, (some other motion might answer, but I always liked turning a crank) and would make the clothes clean, without rubbing the dirtiest parts on a board besides the machine work, I might do it.

I would like to tell you something that I read in another paper. It may be of use to some mother who is questioning with herself in what way to punish her children when they do wrong. A visitor was complimenting the mother of five children, on the excellence of her system, whatever it was, because they were so remarkably well-behaved, while at the same time they were bright and intelligent. The mother replied that she had never had but one punishment. When her children did wrong, she told them she should not speak to them again for an hour, for a day, for a week, or whatever length of time she thought best, according to the magnitude of the offence, and she had never found any other punishment necessary. She said they had often come to her in tears, with the words, "O mother, mother, do speak to me, and I will never, never do anything wrong again."

In her July letter, Mrs. Dorr says, "There is no denying that this money question is a perplexing one; that it is a thorn and stumbling-block."

Again she says, "Now it is doubtless true that this ought not so to be. But it is—and what are you going to do about it?"

Allow me to ask, would it be so if there was that love and confidence between husbands and wives that there should be? When I read the remark of Madeline A. that she is not

so afraid to ask her husband for money as some of your writers, I said, neither am I; and it seems to me that if husbands and wives loved each other as they should do, this feeling would soon cease to exist. I know all about my husband's pecuniary matters just as well as he does, and should not feel easy if I did not. Should feel as if I were working in the dark, not knowing what kind of ground I was standing on. We are working together to get out of debt, and then to save money enough to build a home of our own. It would have been better never to get into debt but we cannot help that now. If he was a man who thought a woman ought not to know about her husband's business, and did not like to tell me, I suppose I should let it go, and remain in ignorance, rather than irritate him by asking. But I am sure I should not be as happy as I am now.

I would like to say some other things, but am afraid if I do, you will never let me say anything again, if indeed I have not already gone too far.

Mrs. L. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Many times as I have lingered over your familiar pages have I been tempted to take my pen and ask for admission to your circle, but as often has my courage failed, and I have tried to content myself with standing in the background and listening to the rest. It is with many misgivings, therefore, that I approach the threshold, for, as I look around the gifted assembly and notice the high intellectual powers, the great mind and heart of each one, I think of my own unworthiness, and despair of ever becoming one of THE HOUSEHOLD Band.

It is three years since I first became acquainted with you, and I can truly say that I never expended a dollar which brought me such rich returns. My husband says we will never do without it, and wonders how we used to live before we had it.

It is not only a source of unlimited pleasure to both of us, strengthening and encouraging us, amid the cares and trials of life, but as a matter of economy, we consider it indispensably necessary; for, being a young housekeeper I have derived the greatest benefit from its invaluable hints and recipes. Indeed, nearly all I know about housekeeping, I have learned from its pages, for I was woefully inexperienced (like too many others, alas) when I commenced four years ago, and how in the world I should have got along without it, is more than I can tell, but fear I should have given up in despair long ago. Now—well my husband says "I am the best cook and the most economical little wife in the world;" at any rate I would be happy to welcome to my home any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, and let them judge for themselves.

But I must withdraw, or I shall expect the door closed in my face the next time. With the most earnest wishes for your continued success, I remain

E. E. H. T.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As Mrs. Stowe says in *Hearth and Home*, "Every human being needs to have one thing in which he takes pleasure for itself alone, not as work, not as duty, but as

diversion." I find much of mine in reading THE HOUSEHOLD. It is truly a diversion, yea, a feast to me to read its pages, so full of plain common-sense, words such as we small minds can comprehend when wearied with the toils of the ceaseless round of domestic life.

Many thanks to Mrs. Dorr for her many good suggestions to young housekeepers, but I cannot entirely fall in with some of her ideas. She says, "If you must have a parlor, sanctify it by using it." So say I, but Walker's definition of parlor, is, "A room furnished for reception." I understand by this a room set apart in which to receive our friends, that shall not be common or unclean, one that the flies and fumes of the kitchen shall partially be excluded; why then is it not proper to keep this room shut when not necessary for more than the common family?

When we are about our usual avocations the other rooms in the house are all we need, consequently it saves us the trouble of arranging, dusting, etc., an extra room. Do we not all wish to make our friends just as comfortable as possible when they visit us, and we ourselves wish to be seen in clean garbs, better, perhaps, than we can afford for every day work? Why then not have one room set apart for their comfort and our own during the time they are with us? The door of my parlor I would have thrown open to all my friends, to all my family when need be for their comfort or convenience.

If I could wield the "pen of a ready writer" I would try to give you "mine opinion" upon many other subjects, but as it is I will refrain from saying more, hoping to hear upon the above subject from others more capable.

L. P.

BEANS WITHOUT PORK.

Some families seem not to know that baked beans are delicious without pork if properly cooked and seasoned. We believe in cooking them a long time—four or five hours in all. We often boil a pot of beans until they are cooked thoroughly soft, take half for one day's bean-soup, and use the other half a few days later for baked beans. We pick over and wash the beans as soon as breakfast is over, and put them over the fire, well-covered with cold water, as soon as possible. If the beans are old we drop in a small lump or a half-teaspoonful of soda. When this water boils, we turn it off, and supply its place with clean boiling water.

After the beans have boiled in this water about an hour, we change the water again—sometimes three times, but never after the beans have begun to come to pieces. We set them where they will not boil too hard, and cook them four or five hours, when they are well softened and separated. Then we stir into this soup salt and a cup of cream if we have it; if not, a tablespoonful or two of good butter.

We take out half of the beans (if we have cooked enough for two meals) before seasoning the day's portion, and sometimes thin what is left for soup

with hot water, and then put in the cream and salt, and boil and stir it all together. When we bake the reserved portion, we pour it into a large baking-dish or dripping pan, stir in a spoonful of salt and a cup of cream, or creamy milk, and a bit of butter, and bake an hour.

I cannot believe that any one who tries it would prefer "pork and beans" to this. The most common mistake in cooking beans is to cook them too little. This is the cause of their flatulent tendency, and such results may be prevented by thorough cooking. The frequent changing of the water takes away the strong flavor which is disagreeable to many. Well-cooked beans are among the most nutritious articles of diet.—*American Agriculturist*.

HOW TO CLEAN LAMP CHIMNEYS.

Hold a linen cloth against one end of the chimney and place the other end to your mouth, breathe in it until it is covered inside with moisture, push the cloth into the chimney with a smooth slender stick and rub it around until the moisture is absorbed, repeat the process and breathe over the outer surface also, rub this with the cloth until dry and you have a clean, bright chimney as the result. This method saves time, labor and patience, and gives a result highly satisfactory; soft newspaper will take the place of a linen cloth; do not use cotton cloth on any glassware.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

GINGER SNAPS.—One coffeecup of sugar, one coffeecup of molasses, one coffeecup of butter, one-third coffeecup of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of ginger, and one tablespoonful of soda. Rub sugar and butter together, add cinnamon, cloves and a little flour, then add molasses and ginger, then the soda dissolved in the milk, and last add flour to make stiff and hard. EMMA R. S.

SURPRISE CAKE.—One egg, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one cup of sweet milk, spice to taste, and flour enough to make the batter thick after boiling up well. Bake in a moderate oven. You will be surprised at its beauty. FLORA M.

JELLY ROLL CAKE.—*Dear Household*—A. A. F. wishes for a recipe for jelly roll cake. I send mine, which is very nice. Eight eggs, fourteen ounces of sugar, nine ounces of flour, and one-half ounce of bicarbonate of ammonia. Spread very thin and bake in a quick oven. W. T. S.

BREAKFAST CAKE.—*Mr. Crowell*:—Having been favored with many good recipes from THE HOUSEHOLD, I thought I would contribute one at this time which I consider excellent. Three cups of flour, one cup of Indian meal, one cup of molasses or sugar, one cup of milk, a small piece of butter, and one teaspoonful of saleratus. Bake in gem pans. F. A. H.

BAKED BATTER PUDDING.—To one quart of milk add four well beaten eggs and one cup of flour; stir well together and set it on the stove, and continue stirring until it begins to thicken, then set in the oven and bake twenty minutes. To be eaten with hard or liquid sauce.

BAKED GINGER PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one egg, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, spice to taste, and any kind of fruit preferred. Mix about as stiff as soft gingerbread, and bake it about as long.

Sauce for the above.—One cup of sugar, one egg, four tablespoonfuls of hot water, and a small piece of butter. Stir well together and set it over the teakettle till wanted for use.

CRACKER PUDDING.—Take eight crackers, split and butter them, place them in a pudding dish and pour over them a custard made of two eggs and one quart of milk, set it in the oven and bake about half an hour, or until the custard is cooked. Place an old plate on the top of the pudding to keep it under the custard while baking.

SUGAR GINGERBREAD.—One cup of sugar, one cup of sour milk, a piece of butter half the size of a hen's egg, one scant teaspoonful of saleratus, and flour enough to make it as stiff as molasses gingerbread. Flavor with lemon or nutmeg.

ONE EGG CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one cup of sour cream, one teaspoonful of saleratus, a pinch of salt, and flour enough to make about as stiff as pound cake. Flavor with lemon.

JENNIE'S CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and two cups of flour. Beat the ingredients well together, and bake in a moderate oven. A cup of raisins improves it. Use any kind of flavoring preferred.

RYE DROP CAKES.—One cup of sour cream, three cups of sour milk or buttermilk, one-half cup of sugar or molasses, two teaspoonfuls saleratus. Mix stiff enough for the spoon to stand erect. A little salt improves it. **MRS. WOODBRIDGE.**

NICE BROWN BREAD.—Two and one-half quarts of Indian meal, three pints of wheat flour, one quart of stewed pumpkin, one teaspoonful of ginger, one and one-half cups of molasses, and two teaspoonfuls of soda. Mix with sweet milk or water, and bake over night in a brick oven.

WASHINGTON PIE.—One cup of white sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar worked into a pint of flour, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, one egg, one tablespoonful of melted butter, and a little nutmeg.

CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—Two cups of white sugar, one-half cup of sour cream, one-third cup of butter, one and one-half cups of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, and a little nutmeg. Mix pretty stiff. **E. H. T.**

FEATHER CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, one and one-half cups of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and flavor with lemon. **M.**

TOMATO PRESERVES.—**Mr. Crowell.**—In the January number of THE HOUSEHOLD one of your subscribers asks how to make green tomato preserves. I will send my recipe. Take the small pear tomato and scald them by pouring boiling water over them, let them stand till cool, then make a syrup of white sugar and when boiling hot put them in. One pound of sugar to one pound of tomatoes, and simmer till they become transparent, and flavor with cinnamon. **J. M. B.**

COCOANUT CUP CAKE.—**Mr. Crowell.**—I saw a request in one of your late issues for a recipe for making cocoanut cake. I send one I have used for several years with success. One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, four cups of flour, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and about a wineglassful of the cocoanut milk. Grate the cocoanut and mix about two-thirds with the cake, reserving the remainder for the frosting, which make with the white of one egg and one cup of powdered sugar.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.—Boil together a pint of milk and a piece of butter the size of an egg, when cold turn over it a quart or more of flour, add a little salt and half a cup of yeast, stir slightly, and let it rise over night, in the morning work in flour as stiff as for bread, and leave it to rise through the day, occasionally cutting it with a knife. About an hour before baking roll out and cut in round cakes, fold one side over and put in

the baking pan. To be very nice they should be made twenty-four hours before baking, but may be made on the same morning. Bake in a hot oven. **L. M. R.**

SMALL PUFFS.—One pint of flour, a piece of butter the size of an egg, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, and mix with cold water to the consistency of a stiff batter. This is sufficient for four cups. Steam twenty minutes. To be eaten with sweetened cream.

RAILROAD PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one cup of cream, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, nutmeg for spice, and three cups of flour. Steam two hours. To be served with sour sauce. This makes very good ginger cake by using ginger for spice and baking.

EXCELLENT DOUGHNUTS.—Three well beaten eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of cream, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt and nutmeg.

CREAM CAKE.—Break one egg into a teacup and fill with cream, one-half teacupful of sugar, one and one-half teacupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda.

For the Cream.—Take one teacupful of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of extract of lemon, and one egg. Boil the milk, beat the egg, sugar and lemon together and stir into the milk while boiling. Bake in two round tins. I let the cakes get nearly cold before spreading the cream between them. **M. A. P.**

CANNING APPLES.—**Dear Household:**—I have found so many nice recipes in THE HOUSEHOLD that I should like to add my mite. To-day I have been paring and cutting apples to can, which I do as I would any fruit, filling the can with apples and a few pieces of lemon cut into each can. They are very nice just before fruit comes in summer, and as I often have empty cans during the winter I fill them right up with apples.

FEATHER CAKE.—I also make a cake we call feather cake, that is quite nice and cheap. One teacupful of sugar, (I always use granulated sugar,) one tablespoonful of butter, one egg, scant half teacupful of sweet milk in which is dissolved a heaping teaspoonful of royal baking powder. It makes one large loaf. **MRS. E. S.**

GINGER SNAPS.—One-half cup of melted lard, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus with just enough water to dissolve it, one teaspoonful of ginger, and just enough flour to roll out. **COM.**

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Please tell S. R. M. that the easiest and most satisfactory manner of doing up a shirt and collar, is to take for each shirt and collar one-half teaspoonful of starch, moisten with cold water, mix smooth, then add enough of cold water to wet the bottom and collar, and roll up tight. Iron in one hour. **LETTITIA.**

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of your readers inform me how to bleach and press straw hats? **C. G. J.**

Can any of THE HOUSEHOLD Band furnish recipes for cooking oatmeal, more particularly as it is used in Scotland for porridge, cakes, etc., and much oblige, **A SUBSCRIBER.**

MR. CROWELL.—**Dear Sir:**—A Subscriber asked what was the proper size, width and length of pillows and shams. The size of the pillows depend upon one's taste, but the most stylish are large and square, stuffed very full. Shams are made of linen, a very little larger than one side of the pillow, and finished by a ruffle also of linen, as it then all wears alike. The ruffle should be at least three inches deep, hemmed on the edge, and set in with a facing as deep as the ruffle and stitched on the right side by a machine. Twice the length around will suffice to flute the ruffle. A sham of linen five-eighths of a yard deep should be made for the sheet, finished with a fluted ruffle across one side. For each of the shams to have a monogram or initial worked in the middle is a handsome finish. **EFFIE L. W.**

Marion, Iowa.

Will some of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please favor me with some instructions on *papier mache*, about obtaining moulds and the way of using them? **H. E. M.**

Will some kind reader of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me how to pickle cabbage? and oblige, **A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.**

Will some one tell me, through THE HOUSEHOLD, why my begonia leaves nearly all drop off while they are looking green, and leaving the stalks nearly naked, while the rest of my plants, over thirty in number, are looking splendid? **A LOVER OF FLOWERS.**

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As I have read so many of your contributors' good recipes, and have proved them so I know they are good. I thought it would be no more than fair that I should contribute my mite, for I feel an interest in your paper which I have for no other. This is the third year I have taken it, and shall always take it as long as I can raise a dollar, which I think is little enough for it.

I will endeavor to tell Mabel how to make a wall-basket of cast off crinoline, as I have made two, and they are ornamental as well as useful. Take a piece of hoop wire and cut it in pieces of the same length, remove the outside, and bend the ends together and tie them with a cord, (I used cotton yarn,) bend the center in the shape of bows, like spectacle bows, tie strongly, and so on until you get the required number to make your basket; then tie these bows together, varnish the basket all over, inside and outside, and glue tinsel paper over the places tied to cover up the strings, and you will have a basket worth having. It is very pretty as well as convenient.

If M. S. wishes to make apple jelly, she can make it without any cost whatever except the sugar. Take ripe apples of any kind, pare and slice them, (use the slices for pies or anything else,) then take the parings and cores and stew them until they are done, strain the juice, put equal quantities of sugar and juice together in a pan and cook a few minutes. It makes the nicest of jelly, and the seeds seem to give it a delicate flavor.

If you think this is worth inserting in your columns, you will do me a favor by publishing it. Wishing you many years of prosperity with the ever welcome HOUSEHOLD, I remain your friend, **E. A. S.**

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Have any of your readers any experience in cultivating the calla? I bought one last June that had two leaves and a third unfolding, but as fast as a third unfolds the oldest dies, so there are never but two perfect leaves, and mine has had seven or eight new leaves since I bought it. What particular cultivation is necessary to more foliage? Any instruction from any of your numerous readers will be gratefully received? **O. K. H.**

Will some of your readers oblige me with recipes for preserving oranges, either in sections or in marmalade. **L. M. R.**

Will some one give me a good rule for making tarts? and oblige, **M. A. P.**

Will some one please to send me a recipe to make Vermont puffs? **J. B. M.**

I would like to inquire, through the columns of your paper, if any of your correspondents can inform me how to cook macaroni? **S. A. M.**

MR. EDITOR:—If Rheta will scour the tops of her kerosene lamps with Bristol brick, then rub them with her oil-lamp cloth, and polish with writing paper, she will get a "shine" better than new.

If C. R. M. will put her cream jar beside the stove, stirring the cream occasionally until it sours and smells warm, she will get her butter all right. If it should come a little soft turn in a pail of cold water and it will be hard enough. I think winter butter is better to come a little soft, it works better and cuts better.

I wish some of your many readers would tell me how to mix and cook dumplings in soup so that they will come on the table light and spongy. **RUTH.**

MR. CROWELL.—**Sir:**—Will some member of THE HOUSEHOLD tell what is a safe and effective depilatory? and oblige, **A SUBSCRIBER.**

Will some one furnish me with a recipe for Washington pie that will be soft with jelly between the layers? I am obliged to use a corn starch and milk preparation to soften the cake, and have tried several recipes. **J. E. L.**

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please tell me what I shall do with my amaryllis bulbs? Some of them are four years old, but they are no larger than those a year old. I keep them in a temperature of about 70° and they do not seem to grow at all. Please answer and oblige, **A NEW SUBSCRIBER.**

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the kind readers of our many wants and desires please inform me, through your columns, how to make ornamental leather work for picture frames and other things? and very much oblige, **L. D. MC.**

MR. CROWELL.—**Dear Sir:**—Will some member of THE HOUSEHOLD send me a recipe for bluing for clothes without the use of vinegar? Also how to color white kid gloves black? and oblige, **A SUBSCRIBER.**

GEO. E. CROWELL:—Will some of the many good housekeepers who take THE HOUSEHOLD send a recipe for making good pie crust which will not become hard after being made a day or two? **MRS. S. C. C.**

MR. CROWELL.—**Dear Sir:**—Can any of your contributors inform me whether there is a sort of wall basket that can be made to hold pipes and other articles of smoking? If so, will oblige me very much. **MRS. F. F. K.**

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—**Sir:**—Allow me to ask if any of your readers can tell me how to take ink out of a part of the body where it has been pricked in after the fashion of tattooing? of which practice sailors are guilty, as well as the South Sea Islanders. **T. B.**

MR. CROWELL.—**Dear Sir:**—Will some of your many subscribers please tell me how to make rustic baskets? Also how I shall make nice rustic vases for my front yard? and oblige, **MRS. S. D.**

MR. CROWELL.—**Dear Sir:**—Some one asks if afghan stitch is the best to crochet a gentleman's scarf? It is not, as it will very soon curl badly. "Scarf stitch," or the common stitch of putting over the thread, is better, unless one wishes a very heavy scarf, if so knit on small ivory needles, backward and forward.

Will some one tell me why my oxalis does not blossom? I have two baskets, one white and one pink. The leaves look well, but they blossom very little, and the white one not at all. They were started last summer. **M. East Grundy, Conn.**

MR. CROWELL.—One of your correspondents wishes to know what will take rust off an iron sink. If she will wipe it perfectly dry after using, and take a few drops of kerosene on a clean cloth and rub thoroughly for a few times, she will be paid for her trouble.

Another asks what will keep a kitchen stove bright. Mix your blacking with strong, clean suds, and add a little cold coffee. This is more harmless than kerosene.

Mrs. A. M. H. wishes to know how to make fish chowder. I send her my mode of preparing, which I think very nice. First, slice three or four good sized pieces of pork, place it in a deep iron kettle in which you are to cook your chowder, fry quite brown, remove the pork, leaving the fat, have ready about a dozen good sized potatoes cut in pieces, (not sliced thin, but quartered and cut in two,) put in a layer of potatoes and one of onions, then sprinkle with a little salt a pepper then another of potatoes, and so on, laying your fish on top. Have ready some boiling water and pour over enough to reach the fish. When done, or nearly so, lay in your pork, and over the whole put Boston crackers and place in a deep dish. It is prepared in this way for our shore dinners. I prepare mine in this way and find them very nice. **HATTIE.**



DINNA GROWL.

Dinna growl,
Fret, nor scowl,
If the work goes wrong;
Work the harder wi' the hands,
And use the less o' tongue,
Or, ye see, that will be,
What a waste o' time!
While a song will help along
With its merry chime.

Ye can see
The ant and bee
Gathering in their store;
Greater needs have you and me,
And we should work the more.
Or, ye see, that will be
Wasting precious time;
While a song will help along
Wi' its merry chime.

If ye've health
Ye have wealth
Money canna buy;
If ye've naething else besides,
Ye've nae need to cry.
For, ye see, that will be
Just a waste o' time,
While a song will help along
Wi' its merry chime.

Health should be
Thankfully
Used for every good;
A little pains wi' use o' brains
Makes it understood.
Or, ye see, that will be
Waste o' life and time,
That will drift ye far away
From the better clime.

Keep the soul
True and whole,
Wi' an honest heart,
And where duty calls the reil,
Bravely do your part.
Or, ye see, that will be
Wasting precious time,
That will drift ye far away
From the better clime.

—Anna Linden.

MRS. RIPLEY'S EXPERIENCE.

BY U. U.

AND you never did any cooking before you was married and commenced housekeeping for yourself?"

"Scarce any," was the reply, "if you except the proverbial sponge cake and custards, that every young lady is supposed to know how to make."

"And yet you always have everything so nicely cooked, better altogether than does Mrs. Easton, who boasts of having been an expert cook when a young girl, and is always lecturing we girls upon the duty of learning all sorts of cookery, whether we know anything else or not."

Mrs. Ripley smiled, for evidently she recalled some of Mrs. Easton's rather doubtful experiments in the cooking line, as well as her boasted perfection in the art.

Lura Saxton and I had been spending the afternoon with Mrs. Ripley, who was still only, as you might say, a young housekeeper, and we were just setting our chairs back from the tea-table, when Lura made the remark quoted in the beginning of my story. She had been thinking to herself, as she afterwards told me, how delicious everything was upon the table, and having remembered that some one had told her that Mrs. Ripley knew

no more than a child about housekeeping when married, the inquiry came out before she had time to think that she might be impertinent in her questionings.

But Mrs. Ripley evidently did not think so, as she said pleasantly, "come, let us go into the parlor, and we will talk the matter over if you like."

Now I may as well tell you here, that Lura was intending soon to be married, and, as she had told me, knew next to nothing about cooking, such as she should want to come on to the table. She might perhaps have some help, but she could not expect a skilled cook, and indeed, did not wish to feel that it would be needful to depend on one and to have a meal of food prepared, which she ought to know how to do herself. And so when she saw what a "splendid" cook Mrs. Ripley had become, the question arose if it were possible for a novice to acquire such skill in time, what might she not do, after all. Howard would not think of waiting for her to learn before being married, for he was going to a new place to settle in business, and declared he was not going alone. And now there was sewing and everything to do, so no time for household lessons beforehand.

She wished she had left off teaching French and music, and chemistry and mathematics a term sooner, and learned the language of cook-books, and the music of spoons and sauce-pans, with a little practical kitchen chemistry, and applied mathematics to domestic problems and calculations. She had intended to in good time, but her soul was in her work as a teacher; she was fitted for that, and a lucrative salary was not to be resigned till she felt it must be to prepare for her new life. Howard had his way to make in the world, and what she had laid aside from her wages was to do so much to help make their new home as cosy as could be. And, in truth, she hoped to do her own work at the outset, or gladly would, were it not for that bug-bear—the cooking. What little she knew of it, she declared she had forgotten during the years engaged in study and teaching.

But to go back to when we went into Mrs. Ripley's parlor. This lady evidently had a suspicion, if she did not surely know, of how it was with Lura, and thus was the more willing to be communicative upon her own experiences.

"There, now tell us all about it," said I boldly, in Lura's behalf, for I saw she could tell us some things, if she was requested to. "Begin to the beginning—to the first sour loaf, and muddy coffee, and burnt steak," said I, quoting the blunders laid to beginners since the first story of woman's woes in housekeeping was written.

"I did not have those to begin on," said Mrs. Ripley with a musical laugh, "I had a cook-book to begin with."

"What! had that for your first dinner?" asked Lura returning the laugh, "Why that must have been more indigestible than sour bread and tough steak, by all odds."

"And besides a cook-book, I recalled what little experience I had, and used all the common sense I was master of to help me master the situation."

"And succeeded at once?" queried Lura.

"No, not at once, if success means what can only be obtained by practical experience, and yet I am sure I did not so entirely fail, as some pretend must be the inevitable result of the unpracticed hand. It really makes me out of patience," she went on, "to read some of what are called the mishaps of young housekeepers in attempting to make, say a loaf of bread. They know that there is to be yeast mixed with flour, and raised, and kneaded into loaves, so they put a pint of yeast in for a loaf of bread to be sure and have it light, with plenty of saleratus, to avoid a sour loaf, and what, but disappointment, is the result? And the stories go on and tell of other about as great blunders, with as ill-success. Now I believe in a practical knowledge of housewifery, yet I do affirm, that any woman of ordinary intelligence, and the use of her judgment, and, what we call, plain common sense, may, by her best endeavors, with the instruction she will find in almost any good cook-book, do something in the way of cooking that is presentable, if it cannot be at first all that could be desired."

"But," said I, most "treatises of this kind have so many elaborate preparations, and such a multitude of recipes that are of no use to plain housekeepers, that they seem almost worse than nothing."

"But," said Mrs. Ripley, because there is much you do not need, it is no sign that the simplest instruction, in more common dishes, is overlooked. It is as with fashion journals, you are bewildered by the trimmings and many styles you do not wish to adopt, but does that prevent your finding plainer styles, or others, which, less trimmed are just what you need? You must use your own reason and judgment in adapting the thing to your taste or needs, and so it is with cooking. After the rudiments are mastered, then you can experiment on some of these elaborate dishes, if you choose, and perhaps something better than the rule gives you. For instance, you will find onions, or celery, or some other commodiment for savory dishes gravies, soups, etc., which you may not like. Now if the soup of itself is desirable, you can follow the rule except in substituting something in place of the rejected article, and so it is with many other things. You must reason, practice, and learn if you would succeed."

"But to go back, Mrs. Ripley," said Lura, "had you never cooked before you was married, and did you learn, of yourself, from books afterwards?"

"I am ashamed to say I knew almost nothing of cooking or any kitchen work. For, know, my mother was an invalid, and though experienced in housewifery never went into to the kitchen herself, and we had an old housekeeper who did all things required in that line of business. I used to keep the house in order, wait on mother and sew when not in school, and marrying young, I scarce had the time, had I felt as I do now, the benefit it would have been to have taken an apprenticeship in the kitchen beforehand."

"But did you commence housekeeping without a girl, and then have all to learn?"

"No, for a little time I had experienced help, and as soon as the first round of wedding visits were paid, I was determined to learn of my housekeeper, who was older than myself, and would be a teacher without being impertinent. But she was called home on account of illness among her friends, and I was left alone. She might not return in weeks, meantime I resolved to fill her place myself, at least, make the experiment. I must divide myself into half teacher and half pupil, and see what could be done."

"O dear," said Lura, "that is it, and one's self is often such a one-sided teacher."

"But often, my dear girl, better than one who has been housekeeper all her life, if you depend on learning everything by rote, instead of thinking and judging for yourself. An old housewife is often a poor guide for young wives, because they can do only just so, and if that way is not the best, no matter, it is all the way they believe in for themselves or others."

And most certainly," continued Mrs. Ripley, "there are many who have cooked all their lives, yet can hardly be called passable cooks, as you say of Mrs. Easton. She does just as her mother did, without studying for herself, whether or not more tempting and healthful dishes might be made of the material at hand. Now if her daughter, who is a bright girl, were left to learn for herself, I verily believe that in a few months she would be a better cook than is her mother. She goes from home more, sees how new dishes are prepared, at least guesses something of it, and with one's wits awake, and making inquiries as to how things are cooked (that is of friends or intimate acquaintances,) one can be learning all the time, if they once have an object, in attempting to do their best in that line of business."

"And so," said Lura, "it is not so dreadful a thing, as some think, for a girl not to be experienced in cooking?"

"It is rather a dangerous expedient," said Mrs. Ripley, "with most girls to attempt housekeeping thus, for as a usual thing, those who have never learned will fail to take hold of the business with sufficient interest to learn by their own experience. I think no girl who remains at her father's home ought to forget her duty in this matter, or be so indolent as to forego the needful household exercise it will give her. But many a young woman must do for themselves outside of home, and may, in other duties, lose what little knowledge has been acquired. To such, I would say, let them not despair; if they really have their heart in their work, use every means at hand to help, and test the skill and judgment and taste, they will succeed."

"About bread making," said Lura, "that which is most difficult to do well, and about which young housekeepers have sent up so many doleful lamentations; did you have no trouble there?"

"The first loaf I ever made," replied Mrs. Ripley, "was not a decided success, or kneaded quite enough to prevent rather large holes in some places,

but really it was not bad bread, and I occasionally, in haste or from some mishap, have a poorer loaf now than that was."

"It never is when I happen to be at your table, at any rate," replied I "for your bread seems perfect. But did no one show you at first?"

"Only my cook-book," was the reply, "I obtained good yeast for trial and then followed the rule given altogether more exactly than I follow rules now. It needed some experience to have the sponge raised just right before kneading, and also get the 'knack' of doing that part in a workman-like manner, but honestly, it was not so serious a difficulty as I had supposed it would be."

"There is a first time to do all things," said Lura. "I have made bread under another's supervision, but am not sure I could go to work now, and make no mistake. But do you always do alike about such things, or vary the method?"

"I do not follow the same rule now that I commenced using, and indeed, have several times, in some respects, followed different plans, and find I keep learning some better or simpler method, which is quite as good as a former one. For instance, one rule I used, for a time required the bread to be kneaded at night when the sponge was first made up, and there are persons that always prefer that method. But for me, it was a serious trouble, for I do not like to get about my board then, while I wish to be dressed in the afternoon more than I care to be when I am to be up to my elbows in dough. At the same time I find a sponge set at night is quite as good, at least, by my method, and so prefer it. There are many good recipes given in THE HOUSEHOLD, from time to time, different ways of making the yeast often involving different processes from the beginning, and a novice might have success with most any of them."

"You did not have THE HOUSEHOLD to learn from in the commencement," said Lura.

"No, but I find it valuable as an assistant, as will any old or young housekeeper. But it is not a cook-book, and makes no such pretence, and while its worth is scarce to be estimated, yet it does not undertake to be an elementary treatise in house-keeping, or go to the beginning of everything, in order, as a new learner requires. A really valuable book of the kind does this—it tells the whys and wherefores, and lays down fundamental principles, that need to be studied and understood before experimenting upon."

If the book tells you," continued Mrs. Ripley, "that soup should be made by putting your meat into cold water and letting it heat slowly and not boil hard, as thus the albumen is to be extracted, you understand why, and the necessity of so doing, if you want a savory broth or soup of any kind. On the other hand, to have meat retain its juices and richness, you will see it needs to get to cooking quickly to close up the pores, not have all the flavor go into the water. And so it is with other things, you have rules, and a young housekeeper

determined to excel will study cooking something as a science, instead of doing it hap-bazzard, or trying to think how her mother or aunt used to do, when she has really no definite idea of their method. It is, I verily believe, want of real studious application that makes so many learners give up in despair."

"But do you always cook by rule now?"

Mrs. Ripley shook her head, saying, "I fear not for I have in many things become a sort of rule to myself. And yet, were I to undertake to instruct a young girl in these things I would set her to studying for herself in the first place, then put good recipes before her and have her follow them to the letter till she was sufficiently experienced to take the risk of 'going by guess.' By the way, girls do you remember that young cousin who was here last summer from the city-boarding school?"

"Yes, we remembered her, a pretty, gay girl who we thought never had done a stitch of work in her life."

"Well," said Mrs. Ripley, "she took it into her head that it would be a fine thing to learn how to bake, and roast, and concoct all sorts of dishes here under my care. 'At home' said she, 'cook does not like me bothering in the kitchen, and besides, no one would think that insignificant me could make anything eatable if I tried.' So I agreed to help her if she would only help herself, and as making cake was the first trial, I set her to reading all the preliminary directions for that work, then selected a simple rule which she was to follow, with no word from me about it. This she did and the result was as beautiful and good a cake as one need have, ever though we more experienced hands often have mishaps with the best rules."

"But rules for cake," said Lura, "are more definite than most others, and most any one can make a cake."

"But not all do make good cake," was the reply, "and that because they were careless in the matter. Next, however, I let her make two apple pies, for which I had a rule, (only sugar must be varied according to the acidity of the apples,) then after that bread."

"Didn't you tell her about the bread-making?"

"No, only to show her just the rule to use, with the yeast such as I had on hand. And after she made yeast, which article, if it is not always a necessity to know how to make in the city or larger towns, is certainly a convenience, and most of us like home-made yeast the best."

"I do," said Lura, "the brewer's is too sharp or something, and cakes we buy often rise slowly. But what next with your learner?"

"O, cooking meats, vegetables, and almost all sorts of dishes, till she really became interested in the work, as well as successful, and was only the more so because she studied out and acted upon her own responsibility, instead of my telling her, step by step, as though she were a child. We had a few funny blunders, but I would warrant her now as capable of going to housekeeping, and if she did not

know everything needful would trust her wit and judgment, and perseverance to accomplish the rest."

"Well, really," said Lura, what you have told us encourages me, for," she added, blushing, "I may learn as well as others, and in time, succeed in spite of my fears, and all the blues and night-mares I have had when thinking of my own inexperience in domestic affairs."

"That you may," replied Mrs. Ripley, "if you begin aright, study your work as you would rules at school; that is, till you understand something of the subject, and not be discouraged by a little bad luck at the outset. With your ready intelligence, only believe yourself capable of success, use your brains with your work, and, take my word for it, you will be a better cook than many a girl who has had years of experience in a certain way, yet without understanding the rudiments of the science or doing the best ways, and by good rules and method."

"Well," said I, "by about that time I shall be visiting her in her new home, and then will report progress. Only I hope Howard will be patient while she is learning, as surely he ought to be for getting her from us before we have time to teach her all these things."

NEWSPAPER GRUMBLERS.

Grumbling about newspapers, says the Boston Traveller, is as ancient as newspapers themselves. And notwithstanding the multiplications of these modern conveniences, and the sleepless efforts of publishers to adapt their paper to every variety of taste, and every grade of sentiment, affording, one might think, ample opportunity to readers to suit themselves perfectly—yet there is still, perhaps, as much grumbling about newspapers as there ever was.

We suppose it does not often occur to the grumblers that possibly they themselves may be at fault, may be unreasonable, may except impossibilities, may be out of humor, may have a fit of indignation or spleen, or may be stupid or unappreciative. It may never occur to them that the men who toll night and day to furnish them with the latest news, and the greatest variety of information and entertainment, are mortal, and sometimes tire themselves and get sleepy, and cross and stupid, and forgetful and careless, and need, and deserve too, some consideration and even sympathy from those for whom they unceasingly work.

Fault-finding readers do not consider that everything that is made by human hands and brains, must of necessity, be imperfect, however strong the desire, and earnest the effort may be to have it faultless. And above all, they forget that a newspaper cannot be made for general circulation, and yet in everything exactly suit any one person. A thoroughly good, enterprising newspaper is really like a well spread dinner table; it contains variety as well as quantity. Something for every taste, and enough of each kind to satisfy any reasonable appetite.

It is not expected that any guest of a table should eat of every dish provided. It is not supposed for a moment that every dish will be palatable to every guest, or agree with everyone's digestion; but it is thought, and reasonably, too, that from the abundant bill of fare every guest can select enough that will be digestible and agreeable to make a substantial and satisfactory meal.

Just so it is with every well edited paper. No man is expected to read everything in the paper, or to like everything if he reads it, but every man is expected to find enough that is good, and useful and acceptable and agreeable in the ample columns spread out before him to be a full equivalent for what the paper cost him, and if he happens to find on the *carte* an article which offends his taste, or is in opposition to his views, he has just to let that alone and leave it for another, whom it will just suit, and for whose taste it was gotten up. In choosing his restaurant, he should select one whose general style suits him, and when his taste changes, or the character of the paper deteriorates, he should change and try another; but never fret himself or vex his neighbors by grumbling and scolding about his newspaper, which, after all, is about as necessary to his comfort as his dinner.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Thirty-five.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Much has been said and written of the blessed ministry of sorrow. For countless generations men and women have caught up the inspired utterances of the men of old, until "tried as by fire,"—"Made patient through suffering"—and other phrases of a like significance have become as familiar household words to all of us. We know that the words have their own peculiar truth. Probably there is no one of us who cannot recall instance after instance in which the ministry of sorrow has been so marked—and marked for good—that "he who runs may read." We have seen hard natures softened, selfish ones made unselfish, the weak strengthened, the indolent aroused, the reckless subdued and melted. Our lives have been singularly ordered, strangely moulded, if even the happiest of us have not more than once had occasion to cry out,—“It is good for me that I have been afflicted!”

But, so engrossed are we with one side of the picture that we forget it has another side. Are we not too much inclined to overlook, or to underestimate, the blessed ministry of joy? Are we not too apt to feel as if there was some special sanctity in sorrow, and as if we were a great deal better and holier—a great deal nearer heaven—when in a depressed frame of mind? Do we not—some of us at least—make it a part of our religion to talk dolefully of this vale of tears, of the trials of life, of being "scourged" and "chastened" and "beaten with many stripes?" Do we not—some of

us—feel afraid that those around us are too happy, too comfortable, too greatly blessed, they will not feel as good as they ought to be?

Well—I think we may safely leave this last point to Divine Providence, and console ourselves with the reflection that it is not necessary for us to interfere. Pain and death, whether they were originally a part of the Divine plan or not, *have* come into the world; and there is but little danger but that we shall all drink our allotted portion of the cup that the one will surely offer us,—as it is certain that we shall succumb to the poisoned darts of the other. Our loved ones will have pain enough, care enough, grief enough to save them—if suffering is the salt that is to accomplish that desirable end,—even if we teach them to extract from life all the happiness it will yield; and so order their steps as to make it as glad and joyous as may be.

Do you think God delights in long faces, and is glad when his children weep?—Do you think the thanksgiving of a happy heart is not just as dear to him as the confession of the penitent, or the “Thy will be done” of the patient sufferer? Do you not believe that he rejoices—that the great, loving, infinite nature that we call God—rejoices even amid all the glories of His heaven when some young, happy girl on this poor little earth of ours, comes to him and says, “O father, I thank thee for all the bliss that thou hast given me! I bless thee that I am myself so blessed?” Do you not believe this? Why, what sort of a God do you take him to be? The God whose holiest name is Love—or some Baal who delights in bloody sacrifices and burnt offerings?

We frighten our children away from God—away from the tender, outstretched arms that yearn for them and are so ready to clasp them—by this picture that we have drawn of him. We dethrone him, and set up a bugbear in his place—and then wonder that the little ones stand afar off. Let me tell you a little tale, “as it was told to me”—touching this point.

Once on a time—to begin in the old orthodox way—once on a time there was a little girl about ten years old. She was a sensitive, earnest child—with a quick conscience and a religious nature. I mean by this simply that she had one of those natures that are not conscious of a natural enmity between themselves and God—and are not aware of any existing antagonism. Believe as we may in natural depravity—the fact that such natures do exist cannot be denied. But this little girl had been taught that she was an alien from God—a stranger to him—and that she could approach him only after, or by means of, such fierce throes as should be like the tearing asunder of soul and body. To be “converted” seemed almost worse than to be a sinner, so great was her dread of the process of conversion. One day, however, she heard a sermon from the text—“They shall call on the rocks and the mountains, etc.” You are all familiar with it. It frightened the child and that night in the grief and terror of her little heart, she wrote, in her cramped, childish hand, a note to the sincerely religious wo-

man in whose charge she was. She told her, probably in bad grammar and misplaced capitals, but using some of the stereotyped phrases of the schools, that she felt that she was a sinner and in need of forgiveness; that she wanted to be a Christian and to “flee from the wrath to come;” and that she was going to try henceforth to be God’s child. This she placed where she knew the lady would find it and went to bed greatly relieved. The next morning the sun shone, the soft airs blew, the flowers blossomed at her feet; birds sang, trees waved, waters sparkled. There was no sign of the “offended God,” the thought of whom had so frightened her the night before. At first she looked a little shyly at the lady—but the latter made no sign. What wonder that the wee girl forgot her terror as the day wore on, and romped and played as usual?—Was God angry at her, when he loved the little birds and the lambs and made them so happy? She could not believe it.

But before she went to bed that night, the lady called her, “Mary,” she said, “I found the note you laid on my table last evening. I have been watching you closely all day—and I cannot feel that you are sincere in your wish to become a Christian. If you were, you would not have been playing and laughing to-day just as usual. When you are in earnest you will be serious and thoughtful.”

The woman was a good woman. She said just what she thought the exigencies of the case demanded. But oh! I think the angels up in heaven looked over the battlements pityingly,—and that a voice sweeter than a seraph’s cried, “suffer the little ones to come unto me, and forbid them not”—as the child shrank away abashed, wondering if she was indeed a hypocrite or only a self-deceiver.

How she settled the matter I do not know, but I do know this. Many a long year went by before she again admitted to any living soul that she recognized her obligations to God and would fain be his. Whose fault was it?

But to go back to the ministry of joy. Is it not as powerful, as all-pervading, as blessed as the ministry of sorrow? Why, just think of it! The sun shines on the evil and the good through the long June days, quickening every tree and flower and blade of grass into greener, brighter and more beautiful life. Soft summer showers drop gently, dews fall, cool brooks glide between emerald banks and the quiet beneficent work of nature goes on unnoticed. But let a fierce storm darken the air—let the sun be blotted out and the wild winds become ministers of wrath—and lo! all tongues are unloosed! how we talk about it, and how we moralize!

A city grows by small degrees;—costly piles of brick and marble and granite take the place of “man’s first temples;” commerce sends her white-winged messengers from shore to shore, from sea to sea; religion, science, art and literature grow and thrive, and the whole world is the richer, the better, the happier for that one town. We take it as a matter of course—perhaps as only our just due. But let the wild devouring flames

sweep over it, let its palaces crumble and its busy streets become a desolation, and how much we find to say about it! A thousand times the crowded steamers cross and re-cross the ocean in safety—a thousand times the trains run from one end of the continent to the other, bearing lover to lover and friend to friend. Who speaks of it? or thinks of it as cause for gratitude? Let but one ship go down with its precious freight—let but one train leap from the narrow track—and the very dumb speak. We talk of the pestilence when it stalks abroad at noonday and the land crouches at its feet in sackcloth and ashes; but we forget, or leave unnoticed the long days and weeks and years that the air is as pure as the blue sky above us, and when health and strength are borne to us on every breeze that sweeps down from the mountains.

And all this is equally true of the moral and spiritual world. I think of the countless peaceful, loving, happy homes that are scattered up and down the land? No—that is not strong enough, I should have said that *through* the land. Homes from which want stands afar off, into which death has not entered, and in which virtue and intelligence sit by the hearthstone. We don’t talk about these—we hardly notice them. Happiness is unobtrusive; it is sufficient unto itself. We do not say—or we seldom say, “How light it is to-day!” but let there come an exceptionally dark night, and we all cry out “How dark it is! this darkness can be felt.” There you have the truth in a nut-shell. The night of sorrow is more directly tangible than the day-light of joy. Let death—or something worse than death—come to one of the homes of which we have been speaking, and the whole world—its world—knows it. And if the sorrow be nobly borne, if there be a grand patience, a meek submission exhibited by those so deeply tried, the world in its supreme wisdom says, “Behold, the blessed ministry of sorrow! See how these natures have been ennobled, strengthened, purified by suffering!”

Ah, friends! may it not often be true that the suffering was more sweetly, more grandly borne because of the joy that went before it? May it not well be that the human soul grows in the sunshine with which God has flooded it—thereby gaining the strength it will need when the dark hours come?

Let us not forget, then, that joy and sorrow are alike the servants and ministers of Him to whom the secrets of the heart are no secrets, and let those of us who are happy thank him and believe that he rejoices with us.

“MARDI GRAS.”

“Mardi Gras,” or Carnival day, is observed in New Orleans with something of the wild gayety and abandon of its great prototype at Rome. For weeks beforehand it is the one theme of conversation in parlor and kitchen, shop and street. Households are rife with masks and mystery. Private mansions as well as boarding houses enlarge their borders. Carriages and bouquets are engaged for the festival—the former at ruinous prices—and

steamboats and railway trains arrive with their precious freight of merry-makers.

The “St. Charles,” “City Hotel,” and “St. James” are constantly receiving telegrams for rooms, from as far north as Chicago, from St. Louis and scores of intervening towns, villages and plantations; while from the shores of the Gulf, the bayous of the Mississippi and lake Ponchartraine come a thronging crowd of country visitors.

The night before “Mardi Gras” the city is full. The morning of the fete it is crowded. Business is neglected, offices are closed, and domestic life suffers demoralization. For what is breakfast, when the out-door fun may have already begun? and dinner may as well be ignored, since Dinah herself is out. Mistress and maid, lawyer and clerk, everybody takes part as spectator or performer in the great show. In short, “it is the merriest, maddest day in all the southern year.”

If the weather be fair, the first few maskers usually appear soon after breakfast, and as early as ten o’clock you see them by the dozens mingling freely with promenaders in Canal street. Men dressed as women and women as men. White people as darkies, and darkies as whites. Camels, elephants, apes and other animals are plentiful enough to suggest the breaking loose of a menagerie. And everywhere the spirit of fun and practical joke rides rampant.

At a stated hour in the afternoon a discharge of artillery from the levee, is the signal for the King of Carnival and his train to begin their march. The procession headed by the police, is composed of costumed companies mounted and on foot, Indians, Bedouins, Cossacks, what not; vans of groups representing comical scenes from all sorts of subjects, mythology, domestic and public life; trades, advertisements, in short, every absurd personification and device which could enter the heart of man to conceive. Any one who will go in costume is at liberty to join this democratic cortege and high and low jostle each other in unwitting proximity.

By nightfall the prescribed city rounds are made, the immense crowd is dispersed, the broad streets cleared of all obstructions, and curiosity and expectation are on tiptoe for the great event of the day—the grand parade of the secret society of the “Mystick Krewe of Komus.”

About seven o’clock P. M. the procession—gathered mysteriously from no one knows where—appears in some unexpected quarter, and brilliantly illuminated with torches, passes slowly through the day-bright streets, amid the cheers of the curious thousands assembled to witness the pageant. Well-dressed crowds—for every one is in his “Sunday best”—line the streets and fill the gaily draped balconies and windows, while white and colored gamins in sociable fraternity possess every possible *pied-a-terre* bordering the street, the “*via sacra*” of King Komus and his train.

Deploying through a few of the principal streets, the gorgeous retinue repairs to Opera House or theatre, where tableaux representing the different scenes of the procession are given.

At their close the Krewe solemnly

marches round the stage, and exactly upon the stroke of midnight, silently, mysteriously disappears, and the Royal Ball of King Komus, the culmination of the Carnival, begins.

This "Mystick Krewe,"—from its magnificent pageants, the pet feature of the fete,—was inaugurated in 1857, and its first exhibition then given to the public. So secret, so almost incredibly secret is the organization, that now, after seventeen years of existence, its very membership is a mystery. And to this day—we are told—no New Orleans wife, or sweetheart even, knows whether her husband or lover forms one of the charmed circle. It is reported that vacancies occurring therein are never filled, and that consequently the society is doomed to extinction. In fact all sorts of things are surmised and said of the "Mysticks" and their rites, some of them absurd and eerie enough.

That the members of the Krewe are wealthy and cultivated is known from the costly splendor and the exquisite, often classic taste of their representations. Our personal friends in New Orleans receive annually a dainty note of invitation to the court ball of King Comus, but no amount of masculine or feminine curiosity, shrewdness and ingenuity has ever succeeded in ferreting out the source of these much-valued missions.

We were told that upon the day following the fete of '72 the morning's Picayune announced that the King of Carnival had lost the jeweled head of his yataghan and that the finder would be rewarded by leaving it at such an office. "Now certainly" we said, "there must have been an opportunity of discovering something, for whoever should come to claim the property would be sure to reveal himself." "By no means," was the reply, "for the man who came to ask permission to have the gem left at the place, and the one who called for it when found were, masked and otherwise wholly disguised. Whether one and the same friend or stranger, the gentlemen of the office had no means of learning."

The subject of the yearly exhibition of Comus is always chosen from some striking episode or salient feature in mythology, history or romance. And the ingenuity in selecting, the skill, taste and lavish expenditure of time and money in carrying out even the minutest details of the design, are alike marvellous.

In 1857 Milton's "Paradise Lost" furnished the theme. In 1858 the van was led by Comus himself, followed by Momus, Janus, the Muses, Juno, Diana, Jupiter and other deities. In 1859 "Mardi Gras" falling upon the 18th of March, the Lord of Misrule, attended by the Abbot of Unreason, Jester and Court, came from the revels of Twelfth night to lend their aid to the festival; while the line was closed by Christmas Tree, Plum Pudding, Champagne Bottle, Mince Pie and other substantial of a good Christmas dinner. Figure to yourself if you can, the several appurtenances of a well-furnished table, represented by actual people; a living soup-tureen for example; a gigantic carving knife and fork occasionally diverting themselves by pitching into the mountainous turkey between them; a castor of

twelve men disguised as pepper, mustard, vinegar, etc.; while from time to time a Hercules of a bottle hobnobs with his neighbor the glass.

Subject of 1860 the "Historic Sculpture of America," requiring fifteen large vans to contain the notables represented. Among them were Columbus, De Leon, Miles Standish, Washington, with a host of lesser lights, and the great trio Clay, Calhoun and Webster.

Even the war did not, for the first year, interrupt the operations of the energetic Krewe, for in 1861 they presented tableaux of "Innocence of Childhood," and similar scenes; and a local journal of the period remarked that the closing ball was never finer or gayer than upon that occasion. During the four succeeding years the National Calamity did silence the Krewe, but it re-appeared in 1866 to delight the people with appropriate scenes from their own "Past and Present," such as Destruction, Grief, Want, Terror—Industry, Science, Commerce, Art, etc.; Comus and his beasts bringing up the rear. In 1867 the Feast of Epicurus delighted the classic taste, while the comic features of the procession and tableaux hugely tickled the "Great Unwashed." Eighteen hundred and sixty-eight produced perhaps the greatest spectacular success,—Lalla Rookh affording splendid possibilities in the way of oriental scenery and dress, which were made the most of in the tableaux of "Paradise and the Peri," "Fire Worshipers," "Light of the Harem," etc.

Sixty-nine personified the Five Senses. A difficult subject ingeniously treated; Venus representing the sense of Touch, Orpheus, Sound, Phoebus, Light, Flora, Smell, and so on. 1870 told the "History of Louisiana" in the most noted of its early settlers, and the principal products of the state. Spenser's "Faery Queen" triumphed in 1871.

Seventy-two gave "Dreams of Homer" in scenes from the Iliad and Odyssey. And no man, woman or child who was in the Crescent City that day will be likely to forget it. To begin with, it dawned bright and beautiful, with the fresh, sweet air and warm sun of a Vermont June day. The Grand Duke Alexis was there at the City Hall with his suite, and his presence, indicated in several places by the amicable intertwining of the Russian French and American colors, added interest and excitement to the scene.

Long before the hour announced for the assembling of the monarch of the day and his cohorts at the City statue, the principal streets in the vicinity, Canal, St. Charles, Royal, and Camp were densely packed. The statue itself was alive with people, and the amphitheatre of seats erected near the City Hall was a surging mass of heads. Upon our balcony, with fixed umbrellas to shield us from the direct sun-rays—on the 13th of Feb. bear in mind—we Northerners, coming two thousand miles to witness the festival, sit prepared to enjoy it to the full.

Before us, beautiful Canal street, broad as the Boulevards of Paris. Within its noble amplitudes three "Broadways" might be set side by side without jostling; and, few tall

buildings to dominate and darken it, this great thoroughfare with its wide, free space and almost country wealth of sky, affords a royal arena for public parades. Through its grass-paved avenue of trees, the mule-drawn street-cars are moving steadily by, more burdened than usual to-day, for birds and beasts are added to their human freight. Upon the top of one perches a melancholy looking stork. At the rear of another a dromedary rests his fore feet upon the steps. On the roof of a third, behold the millenium has come, for a lion and lamb lie down together.

The monkey seems to be the popular character of the day. And presto! while we look, comes a huge baboon with long leaps across the street, dashes in among the promenaders, seizes a young, colored woman by the waist, whirls her around in a wild waltz, and before she can recover breath, is back again, climbing a moving car with the agility of a gymnast, upon the top of which he sets and gibbers and whacks his tail with immense satisfaction. Almost within our reach from the second story, rolls along a huge elephant with an empty howdah upon his back, followed by an Arab driver. The long trunk moving from side to side, suddenly snatches the cap from the woolly head of a wondering young darkie whose eyes show whiter than ever at the unexpected loss.

What is this? Oh! a French *carrosse*—some old Creole family out in the hereditary carriage, themselves dressed in the costume of a century ago, with liveried coachman and outriders. Close behind, all unguessed by its aristocratic predecessors, comes a caricature of the same—an old cart with a numerous darkie family, powdered coachman and tiger, each and all grinning from ear to ear. Suddenly an unearthly scream, and we rush to see a frantic gorilla wrenching his tail nearly off in a desperate endeavor to rescue it from the grip of a brother ape.

A gigantic negress dressed in the height of fashion, with bared, black bosom, is undoubtedly a man in disguise. Among the many carriages we noticed one filled with representatives of the demi-monde half of them dressed as men; one of the women, a pretty, curly blonde, crazy drunk, goes screaming by. Cock-a-doodle-do! lustily crows from his eight feet of altitude, the head of a family, his hen-wife upon his left wing, with a pecking brood behind, dodging nimbly in and out among the hurrying feet of the pedestrians. The sight and sides fairly ache with looking and laughing, while bouquets and bonbons fly between balconies and carriages in lavish profusion.

Promptly at three o'clock an artillery discharge breaks the silence and heralds the procession. The chief of police with his assistants leads off, followed by the Lord, Chief Marshal and attendants. Then comes the King of Carnival with twenty-three Lords of Yeomanry dressed as Bedouins. A crowd of devils, saints, harlequins, birds, beasts and fishes precede a band of music. A pack of cards represented by oblong transparencies and led by a pair of "heathen Chinese" came

next. Advertisements, living representations of plantation life—as, a whole family of dark-eyes peering out of one of Carre's cabins; blacksmiths and boxers plying their several vocations; Dan Rice's circus band in a ten horse wagon, the troupe dressed as Indians, clowns, monkeys, etc., etc. A motly crowd, just as they happened to fall into procession brings up the rear.

In the evening the city itself is a splendid spectacle. The shops the *modistes* establishments, the theatres, the hotels are all lighted in the most fanciful manner with immense stars, crosses, wreaths and triangles. And in the midst of the almost day-light brilliance, appears the illuminated procession of the "Mystick Krewe" representing "Dreams of Homer." The first car bears beneath an elegant Doric temple, a bust of the "blind old bard." The next eight vans contain scenes from the Iliad, followed by ten more bearing the principle characters of the Odyssey. Then the "Batrachomyachia" or "Battle of the frogs and mice." The "Hymns," generally attributed to Homer, close the pageant with "Comus," "Castor and Polux," "Pan and Dryope," "Esculapius and Ceres."

About ten o'clock the Krewe enter the theatre and disappear from the vulgar gaze.

Three hours before this—the happy possessors of notes of invitation firmly and conspicuously held in our hands—we are pushed, crowded, crushed up the broad stairway of the handsome vestibule of the "Varieties," and take our seat in the gallery, whence we have a fine view of the whole house. It is a brilliant scene increasing in splendor as the vacant *loges* fill. Looking from the stage along the sweep of glittering curves to the third tier of the auditorium, the coup d'oeil is dazzlingly beautiful. Brilliant Creoles, gay toilets, bright eyes and gems and waving fans are swaying in kaleidoscope confusion. You think of "hanging gardens," rivers of diamonds, galaxies of rainbows—all bewilderingly bright things impossible to describe. And in the midst, the first sad notes of the Russian Hymn announce the arrival of the Grand Duke with his suite. Soon after the gay tinkle of the stage bell precedes the rising of the curtain, and four successive tableaux are given, including the celestial and terrestrial personage of the outdoor representation. The curtain falls to rise again upon gods, goddesses, warriors, giants, mice, frogs and crabs, who, to the music of "Jaeger's" band—join in a grand march led by Comus, and finally mingle with their guests in tantalizing incognito. From time to time a shrill whistle is heard, and, gradually as the "witching hour" approaches, imperceptibly, one by one, the "Mysticks" vanish; and the places that knew them, know them no more until the resurrection morn of another Carnival. But, if Comus be gone, Orpheus remains, and to his witching tones souls thrill, hearts beat, and light feet keep merry time, until warned by aurora that gay King Carnival is dead, and the new Monarch, ashen-eyed Lent, sits upon his throne. "Le Roi est mort. Vive le Roi!"

MRS. ANNIE H. FROST.



EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—It is a great pleasure to travel in foreign parts. To reside abroad for a few months or, perhaps years, but to live and die away from our native land, is a thought which fills one with terror and abhorrence. Heaven preserve us that we may return to America, is the prayer of many a homesick traveler.

Strange to say, when fairly landed on the happier shore, they are apt to forget their former trials and tribulations and either speak in glowing terms of all they saw and heard, or else very little is said about it; at last, people cease to question and there remains only the notable fact that they have traveled in Europe. It is time that our students, at least, should know plainly that in leaving the United States, for their studies abroad, they leave not only home and kind friends, the opportunities of teaching with fine salaries, in case of necessity, etc., but they must also leave behind all luxuries, nearly all comforts, all the cheerful customs of home life which pertain even to the well-kept boarding houses in America—for these sacrifices, they must either spend their days in study and profitable sight seeing or their time and money are wasted and their pleasant anticipations unrealized.

This can be done, however, as many an American lady in Milan has tried with success. At first there comes a fearful homesickness occasioned in part, by many changes in living: the cold damp apartments in winter months, and the extreme heat and inadequate protection, during the summer, the different ways of preparing food, and above all the lack of virtue and cleanliness among both men and women. "We must get used to it," they tell us; so after many tears shed and frantic vows uttered, the student settles down to study. If a true lover of art, there can be found for him a great deal of enjoyment.

The teachers of Milan are many and well qualified. Among music teachers, San Giovanni stands first in reputation as a finishing master for the voice. Many singers, after years of study in Paris or London, come to him for a few months study in "passing operas," which signifies rapid study of operas not included in their repertoire. Lamperti, once a teacher of Jenny Lind, is now an old man but still busy in giving lessons in the conservatory. His method resembles that of the old Italian school. He first reduces the voice, gradually bringing it out again with splendid effect, but he is a very slow master and inclined to favoritism, so that the younger teachers are crowding him out.

Perini is the favorite master among the Americans. He has fully two-thirds of those studying in Milan. He is kind and conscientious, requires his pupils to apply themselves strictly to voice development for the first six months or a year. Then they may commence the study of opera. Of course there are exceptions to this rule but with the student whose voice has been incorrectly trained, this method is strictly enforced. Miss Annie Cary, so favorably known in the United States was, at one time, a

pupil of his, as was also the lamented Miss Whitten of Boston. Miss Edith Abell of Boston has been a pupil of Perini for sometime. Mr. J. E. Perkins was among the first of his American pupils and although himself now known as one of the best bass singers on the Italian stage, he still visits and occasionally reviews an opera with his respected master. Miss Annie Bernard of Boston, another of his pupils, after two years study in Milan, has made a successful debut in Savona, Italy.

Of language teachers—Italian, French and Spanish, there are many. In three months one can obtain a fair insight into the Italian language and at the end of six months, with a residence among Italians only, one can speak it with tolerable ease. It is absolutely necessary to avoid English conversation, however. Tuition in music, both vocal and instrumental, is much less than in our large American cities, or in London or Paris. The highest price is not much over twelve francs (\$240) a lesson of one hour. Perini charges seven francs only, although if his class continues to increase as rapidly as during a year past he will doubtless raise his terms. Piano lessons, from the best teachers, are only three francs each lesson. Teachers of Italian and French receive two francs an hour. Pianos can be rented for twelve francs per month. We pay for sheet music the same as in America with not half the facility for selecting good from bad. Most of that offered for sale consists of selections from Italian operas, Verdi being the favorite composer. We can get no English songs, and German music is regarded very lightly if not unkindly by the Italians.

Next to music, the lover of the beautiful can feast his eyes long and well upon the numerous works of art which are found in every city of this once gifted land. The Milan Cathedral, or Duomo, as it is best known in Italy, is the pride and glory of Lombardy, indeed it is noted throughout Europe for its richness of design and superabundance of statuary. It is of vast size being, next to St. Peter's at Rome, the largest Cathedral in Europe. It is of white marble and although the lower exterior walls are now of an iron grey from the damp and mould of many years, yet the spires or pinnacles are still fair and white; seen in the moonlight they lose all the blemishes of time, and the picture is surpassingly fine. It contains between 4000 and 5000 statues and yet the work is not completed; many sculptors are still employed in supplying the empty niches and chapels. The building is in the form of a cross and occupies an extent of ground equal to that upon which might rest, perhaps, a half-dozen of our New England churches of ordinary size. Its high altar is magnificently decorated in bronze and rich woods. There are many sacred relics in the various chapels that are ranged on each side of the vast space within. A large number of worshipers and visitors from all countries walk up and down each day, the beautiful tessellated aisles. Prominent above the high altar is a lovely, sculptured cross and the lights were so arranged in the construction of the roof that a beam of yellow light always falls upon the cherished emblem of Catholic faith. It would be a piece of absurdity to attempt to describe the architectural designs of this wonderfully constructed edifice; when one reflects that five hundred years have passed

since the first stones were laid it becomes evident that only an accomplished architect could appreciate its elaborate details.

At La Scala, the first opera of the season, "Ruy Blas," had but a brief existence. "Roberto, il diavollo" is now meeting with fine success. Carnival is coming—and then, Lent.

J. E. B.

Milan, Italy, Jan. 1873.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

—The prodigal robs his heir, the miser robs himself.

—The great secret of success in life, is for a man to be ready when his opportunity comes.

—The greatest men live unseen to view, while thousands are not qualified to express their influence.

—The wise man stands firm in all extremities, and bears the lot of his humanity with a divine temper.

—One of the most important rules of the science of manners is an absolute silence in regard to yourself.

—In proportion as we ascend the social scale, we find as much mud there as below, only it is hard and gilded.

—By united effort, the theorist and the practical man may accomplish much, which neither could effect alone.

—True liberty consists in the privilege of enjoying our own rights—not in the destruction of the rights of others.

—Envy is strongly characteristic of littleness of mind; a truly noble and generous man feels no enmity towards a successful rival.

—The triumph of wit is to make your good nature subdue your censure; to be quick in seeing faults, and slow in exposing them.

—The reason why more homage is paid to wealth than wisdom, says a Russian poet, is because one can borrow wealth, but not wisdom.

—Difficulty excites the mind to the dignity which sustains and finally conquers misfortune, and the ordeal refines while it chastens.

—The only gratification a covetous man gives his neighbors is to let them see that he himself is no better for what he has than they are.

—Drunkenness is the parent of most other vices. It quenches the salutary power of reason, and makes us the sport of raging passion.

—To be well spoken of, you must die. Even a pauper, when dead is mentioned without asperity, and that is as much as any pauper can expect.

—Motives are better than actions. Men drift into crime. Of evil they do more than they contemplate, and of good they contemplate more than they do.

—Ill nature is a contradiction to the laws of providence and the interest of mankind; it is a punishment no less than a fault to those that have it.

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

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure Cough in one-half the time necessary to cure it with any other medicine, and it does it not by drying it up, but by removing the cause—subduing irritation, and healing the affected parts. For all cases of Hoarseness, Suppression or Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Severe Chronic or Lingular Coughs, it will be found to surpass any medicine that has ever before been offered to the public. While it cures the severest Coughs, it strengthens the system and purifies the blood. By its great blood purifying properties, it cures all Hemorrhoids from the worst Scrofula to a common Itch or Pimple.

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Night Express leaves Ogdensburg at 12:00 m., Montreal at 3:30 p. m., St. Johns at 4:50 p. m., St. Albans at 7:20 p. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 3:25 a. m., Brattleboro at 4:30 a. m., South Vernon at 4:45 a. m., Grou's Corner at 5:15 a. m., and New London at 11:05 a. m.

Mixed Train leaves White River Junction at 4:50 a. m., Rutland at 4:30 a. m., Bellows Falls (accommodation) at 4:45 a. m., Brattleboro at 5:41 a. m., South Vernon at 5:10 a. m., Grou's Corner at 5:50 a. m., arriving in New London at 5:10 p. m.

Express leaves Brattleboro at 2:00 p. m., South Vernon at 2:22 p. m., arriving at Grou's Corner at 2:50 p. m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.

Mail train leaves Boston via Lowell, at 7:00 a. m., via Lawrence and Fitchburg at 7:30 a. m., St. Albans at 8:30 a. m., New London at 9:30 a. m., Grou's Corner at 9:35 a. m., South Vernon at 10:45 a. m., Brattleboro at 10:35 a. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 11:50 a. m., for Burlington and St. Albans. This train connects at W. R. Junction with Boston Express train for Montreal and Ogdensburg.

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

Accommodation leaves New London at 8:10 a. m., Grou's Corner at 8:30 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 Rutland at 8:30 p. m.

Night express leaves New London at 2:45 p. m., Grou's Corner at 3:00 p. m., South Vernon at 3:58 p. m., Brattleboro at 10:30 p. m., Boston (via Fitchburg) at 5:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 11:20 p. m., Connecting at W. R. Junction with train leaving Boston (via Lowell) at 6:00 p. m., at Rutland with trains from Troy, etc., arriving in St. Albans at 6:20 a. m., Montreal at 9:45 a. m., Plattsburgh at 12:00 m., and Ogdensburg at 12:45 p. m.

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A full description of the Premium is given in a circular which will be sent to any address on application. Specimen copies of THE HOUSEHOLD are sent free to those wishing to procure subscribers.

It is not necessary for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states and sent as convenient. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted, send a copy of this list and name the premium selected. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver.

The Household.



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

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

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

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS. Those who receive March number and have not received any others will understand that our edition for January and February is exhausted and we can no longer supply back numbers.

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

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

NEW PREMIUM. For seven yearly subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD we will send a copy of Great Industries of the United States, a book of 1200 pages and 500 engravings, retail price \$3.50. This is one of the most entertaining and valuable works of information on subjects of general interest ever offered to the public.

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

PERSONS who neglect to inform us of any change required in the direction of their papers until several copies have been lost must not expect that we will send others to replace them. We mail the papers in every case to the address as given us, and make all changes in the direction of them that may be required of us, but cannot make good any losses which may occur through any neglect on the part of the subscriber.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD have been appointed in several states as follows: P. L. Miller, East Holliston, Mass., for the state of Massachusetts; H. M. Fletcher, Newport, N. H., for New Hampshire; G. W. Jenks, Quindnick, R. I., for Connecticut and Rhode Island; O. E. Goodrich, Allegan, Mich., for Michigan and Indiana; and J. Ransom Hall, Waverly, Iowa, for that state. Persons desiring local or traveling agencies in those states will apply to the General Agents for the same.

WE TRUST OUR SUBSCRIBERS will bear with us another month when we hope to be out on time again. The new subscriptions came in so abundantly that the January issue was completely exhausted soon after New Year's, and we had to re-set that number entirely and print an extra edition to supply the demand. Of course this addition of a month's work to our ordinary supply was the cause of great delay in getting out the succeeding numbers, but we hope by perseverance on our part and patience on yours to have every thing working satisfactorily soon.

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

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

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

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The subscribers would ask the attention of all CARRIAGE MAKERS, BLACKSMITHS, ETC., who buy or use best quality of stock, such as Concord Axles, Patent Axles, Palmer's Springs, Bolts, Nuts, Washers, Rivets, Malleable Iron, also Trimming Leathers and Cloths, Wheels, Hubs, Spokes, Hubs, &c., &c., to the fact that we make a specialty of

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By Mail, Postpaid, for \$2.25, viz: Two finest Double Geraniums; two finest French Hybrid Gladioli; one superb Monthly Rose; one Monthly Carnation; two finest Bouquet Dahlias, including Little Herman, the finest in cultivation. For catalogue, address, (enclosing 3 ct. stamp.) DEAN E. SNOW, Chicopee, Mass. 4-1f

SENT FREE! Catalogue of JEWELRY, &c. Great inducements to AGENTS and purchasers. (Enclose no stamp.) Address, 4-1f P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Seeds, Plants, Trees,-- PREPAID BY MAIL.

My new priced descriptive Catalogue of Choice Flower and Garden Seeds, 25 so its of either for \$1; new and choice varieties of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Evergreens, Roses, Grapes, Lilies, Small Fruits, House and Border Plants and Bulbs; one year grafted Fruit Trees for making; Fruit Stocks of all kinds; Hedge Plants, &c.; the most complete assortment in the country will be sent gratis to any plain address, with P. O. box. True Cape Cod Cranberry for upland or lowland, \$5 per 1000; \$1 per 100; prepaid by mail. Trade List to dealers. Seeds on Commission. Agents wanted.

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The Peruvian Syrup AN IRON TONIC. Vitalizes and Enriches the Blood.

Tones up the System, Builds up the Broken down, Cures Dyspepsia, Debility &c.

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Ground Beef and Pork Scraps, Ground Oyster Shells, Ground Bone, and other varieties of feed for Fowls.

Fowls and Eggs from all the leading varieties.

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A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF FLORAL PROGRESS. Samples and Catalogues free.

TERMS:—One Dollar a Year. Every Subscriber entitled to one dollar's worth of flower seeds or bulbs from our catalogue. BEACH, SON & CO. (PREVIOUSLY C. L. ALLEN & CO.) Seedsmen, Bulb Merchants and Florists, 76 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 4-1smpry

MME. PESCHKA LEUTNER

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GENTLEMEN—Having had the opportunity to listen to your Pianos under the playing of Herr Franz Bendel and Mademoiselle Arabella Goddard, at the World's Peace Jubilee, and also used them as accompaniment to my voice in a room of less size, it gives me pleasure to add my testimony to THEIR SUPERIORITY OVER ANY OTHER PIANOS I HAVE HEARD OR USED. Boston, July, 1872. (Signed) 4-1

MINNA PESCHKA LEUTNER.

WANTED, first-class canvassers for *Albion's Life of Napoleon III.* New Edition, with accounts of the Prussian War, and the last hours of the Emperor; making an elegant octavo of 700 pages. The times and the theme renders it the most popular work of the day. Exclusive territory with no competition. B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, Boston, Mass. 4-1smpry

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SOMETHING BETTER THAN CHROMOS. Smith's Celebrated DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

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Gives better satisfaction to Subscribers and Canvassers to give a good Book (worth \$3.00) and 16-page journal for one year, combined, only \$2.50. No money to be collected till Book is delivered. Write to 4-1adv

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COUGHS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and every affection of the THROAT, LUNGS and CHEST, are speedily and permanently cured by the use of DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, which does not dry up a cough and leaves the cause behind, but loosens it, cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of the complaint.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED

by a timely resort to this standard remedy, as is proved by hundreds of testimonials it has received. The genuine is signed "I. Batts" on the wrapper. SETH W. FOWLE & SONS' PROPRIETORS, BOSTON, MASS. Sold by dealers generally.

For One Dollar.

We will send FREE by mail, on receipt of One Dollar, 25 Packets of choice Flower Seeds and our Catalogue, containing upwards of 1000 varieties, with full directions for culture, to any address in the United States. Catalogues free on application. 4-1n

DEE & DOYLE, SEEDSMEN AND FLORISTS, 57 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.



I PRESENT to public notice a medicine which has performed so many wonderful cures in my own town, and among my neighbors and friends, that I am happy in being able to give a more extensive reputation to the Prairie Weed as the best Cough and Lung Remedy ever discovered.

As its name implies, it is a "weed" accidentally discovered and providentially used. Its ingredients all grow on the prairies of the Western States, and have been known as possessing valuable healing-properties for many years.

The Prairie Weed

Appears to act specifically on the throat and lungs, and generally on the circulation, and excretory organs, more particularly the kidneys and skin; thus carrying off much effete matter from the blood, and arresting the tendency to decay in the interior tissues, to which we apply the name "consumption;" so that, if taken when a cough first begins, it allays irritation, heals the throat and bronchial tubes, and stops at once any tendency to that dire scourge to our race.

CONSUMPTION

Is the prevalent disease of our climate, and it is as necessary to aid the blood in its efforts to build new tissues as it is to allay the cough and weariness attendant upon it. This is what the Prairie Weed does so completely: the interior operations of the body are renovated, and the irritation at the lungs allayed, and a cure speedily follows.

BOSTON. DR. KENNEDY: My Dear Sir,—I have no language to express the gratitude which I feel that I owe you; for your new remedy for consumption has cured me. I am now in good health. I think it is your duty to make your discovery known to the world, as there are so many people all over the country suffering from consumption or other pulmonary affections. Most of them might be cured by this new remedy, if they only knew of it, and could get it. I will give you a statement of my own case; and I hope you will publish it in every newspaper in the United States, so that every consumptive person who reads it may be induced to obtain some of the medicine, and give it a fair trial; for I feel sure that it will help them.

For several years, I was troubled with a bad cough, which finally reduced me so low that I was obliged to give up business. I employed physicians, and made use of many medicines, without any benefit. My cough grew worse every day; and all the symptoms of a seated consumption manifested themselves. I had severe pains in my chest and sides, and often bled at the lungs; my appetite failed; and I had night-sweats. To make a long story short, I was sick all over. I thought I had but a short time to live. Accidentally I heard that you had discovered a wild plant in the Western country, that had cured you of consumption. I called upon you, and you stated your case, and kindly gave me some of the medicine. I commenced taking it according to your directions; and very soon my difficulties began to pass away like dew before the sun. I continued to use it until it cured me. I am now in good health, and able to do as much business in a day as any man of my size. I advise all persons who are in consumption, or troubled with any consumptive difficulties, not to abandon the hope of recovery until they have given this new remedy a thorough trial.

Yours truly, B. F. HALL.

DR. G. G. KENNEDY. Dear Sir,—This is to certify that I have used your Prairie Weed in my practice with the utmost success; and I believe it to be the best remedy ever discovered for the difficulties for which it is recommended. I have cured more throat and lung troubles with this remedy than I ever have with any other.

Last April, I cured two very bad cases of pneumonia after they were given up to die. They were small babies, not over one month old, and so near dead that they were of a dark purple color; pulse small and trembling, scarcely to be felt. I gave the Prairie Weed in half-teaspoonful doses every half-hour, and put warm applications to the lungs, and, to the astonishment of every one, they recovered rapidly, and soon got well.

Knowing as I do its efficiency, I feel it my duty to acknowledge it to you, and recommend it to the public.

Yours respectfully, DR. C. FARNSWORTH, West Topsham, Vt.

My particular advice to persons with any tendency to consumption is, keep warm. I intend to write an advertisement on the baneful effects of cold, and give a little advice to young and old people about the careless habits of life in houses, dress, food, and amusements. But for the present bear in mind that any chill, no matter how slight, may lay the foundation of serious disease. The Prairie Weed is a warming, nourishing medicine, and a dose of it after exposure to cold will restore the natural heat of the system.

The Prairie Weed will soon be on sale in every town in the United States, but for the present I propose to send to any address two trial bottles for \$1.00. Address

DR. G. G. KENNEDY, 120 Warren St., Roxbury, Mass. Price, \$1.00 a bottle.