



## The household. Vol. 6, No. 2 February 1873

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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., FEBRUARY, 1873.

No. 2.

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## The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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CROSBY BLOCK, -- MAIN STREET,  
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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### THE OLD HOME.

The roof stands as ever it stood, the jasmine stars the wall.  
The great westeria's purple blooms o'er dark gray gables fall.  
The roses that our mother loved, blush 'neath her window s'il.  
And the clematis our father trained, droops, as he taught it, still.  
The August sunset lights the panes where we were wont to watch.  
Its rays of crimson and of gold on baby's brow to catch.  
On the wall where your first nest we found, the grand old ivy waves.  
As when we chose to plant a shoot upon our sacred graves.  
The thrushes that we paused to hear are dead long summers gone.  
Yet the sweet rose thicket echoes now to the self same ringing tone,  
The flowers a fuller glory show, and the trees a deepened shade.  
Naught else on Nature's face is changed, since hers of yore we played.  
Naught else on Nature's face. Oh, life, can ever seasons pass  
And leave our hearts renewed as fair and bright as meadow grass?  
Death's icy shadow rests for us, on the home that once was ours,  
We see through tears, the bairns that sport among our childhood's flowers.  
The stranger's shadow flits across our old familiar floors.  
The stranger's footstep as of right seeks our old open doors.  
With a dim sense of loss and wrong, like one from death returned,  
We look on all for which for years our faithful fondness yearned.  
Better to keep the fancy sketch of all it used to be, Better than blurring by the truth the hues of memory!  
Oh earth has no abiding place, but the mighty word is given,  
No clouds, or care, or change will vex the countless homes of heaven!

—Ex.

### CARELESSNESS ABOUT HOME.

HOW little many of our people consider the subject of making home attractive. What utter neglect of everything about the home of many of our farmers, is every day seen.

How completely repulsive even the approach to the houses of more than two-thirds of our farmers, is presented. If any trees were ever planted in front of the dwelling, they are untrimmed, twisted, half dead and ill-looking objects.

There is no gate to the approach; a low rail fence, rails scattered about both sides, a pair of rickety bars, offer you ingress and egress—often there is no alternative but to scale the fence to gain admission. Pigs have a "wallow" under the kitchen window, where the slops are thrown; chickens run on the old front porch and go down between its boards, half broken out, to lay, and at night roost upon the porch railings; calves and sheep are browsing the poor stunted trees and bushes in the front yard.

The windows have pillows, pants and dresses as substitutes for glass; pieces of weather-boarding are hanging loose or entirely fallen off; a few bricks are off the chimney top, and a few shingles are loose upon the roof; the paint has long since disappeared from the boards, if indeed, they ever had a coating of the same. The hogs and dogs occupy the space under the dwelling, to hide from the heat of the noon-day summer sun or the cold of winter.

The old well has never been cleaned out, is uncurbed, and the water is drawn by a rope or chain, attached to the old brass kettle owned by their grandmother a hundred years before. The wagon and wood sled are immediately in front of the house; the wood pile is scattered thirty rods along the fence, and is in complete association with old plows, harrows, rakes and everything else used on the farm—here "laid up" for future use.

The inside of the house for the sake of womanhood, we will not describe, but only say that the idea of rearing a family in such a place and having them intelligent, reasoning and responsible beings—cannot for a moment be entertained. There are no flowers, no graveled walks, no beautiful thrifty trees for shade or fruit, and no conveniences to illustrate to the children growing up, that cleanliness, correct habits and a love of the beautiful, are essential requisites to living well. Many, very many, American homes, are nothing more to the family than real prison houses, to be left as soon as age or convenience will permit.—*Exchange.*

### PRESERVING SHINGLES ON ROOFS.

Some people paint roof shingles after they are laid, which makes them really decay sooner than they otherwise would. Others paint the courses

as they are laid, which is a great preservative, if each shingle is painted the length of three courses. But the simplest, surest, and least expensive plan is that recommended by an old farmer, who says:

"There is one thing more, that nearly all people know, if they would only attend to it; that is to sprinkle slaked lime on the roofs of their buildings, in rainy days. Put it on considerably thick, so as to make the roof look white, and you never will be troubled with moss, and if the shingles are covered ever so thick with moss, by putting the lime on twice, it will take it all off and leave it white and clean, and will look almost as well as if it had been painted. It ought to be done once in a year in my opinion, the shingles will last almost twice as long as they will to let the roof grow over to moss.

I tried it on the back of my house ten years ago, when the shingles were all covered with moss, and they appeared to be nearly rotten. I gave the roof a heavy coat of lime, and have followed it nearly every year ever since, and the roof is better now than it was then, and to all appearance, if I follow my hand, it will last ten or fifteen years longer. The shingles have been on the roof over thirty years. There is no more risk about sparks catching on the roof, than on a newly shingled roof. Those who do not have lime near by, can use good ashes, and these will answer a very good purpose to the same end." The action of the lime is to cleanse the surface of all impediments to the free and rapid passage of the rain water off. This enables the shingles to dry very soon, and consequently prevents rotting. Moss-covered roofs will rot very rapidly.

### EXCELLENT WHITEWASH.

As the house-cleaning season is approaching, it may not be amiss to say a few words in regard to whitewashing. There are many recipes published, but we believe the following to be the best. Sixteen pounds of Paris white, half a pound of white transparent glue, prepared as follows: The glue is covered with cold water at night, and in the morning is carefully heated—without scorching—until dissolved. The Paris white is stirred in with hot water to give it the proper milky consistency for applying to walls; the dissolved glue is then applied with a brush like the common lime whitebrush. Except on very dark and smoky walls, a single coat is sufficient. It is nearly equal in brilliancy to "zinc white," a far more expensive article.



### POVERTY'S HARP.

ONE of the characters in a French story is an over-anxious householder who is full of cares while preparing for a journey. He writes out rules for his wife and servants in case the house is on fire, or robbers come to plunder his goods. And his precaution against the latter danger is an admirable one. It is this: "Put Aeolian harps in the window at night, and any rogues prowling about will think I am at home amusing myself on my instrument, and will not disturb you."

Could there be a lovelier way to drive off wicked men from a good man's home than by sweet strains of music? Even if burglars knew that the protector of a house was absent, they could hardly bring their minds to such meanness and sin with such notes in their ears, from the wind of heaven across the simple strings of an Aeolian harp, which any boy can make with a jack-knife, a bit of pine wood, and a yard of sewing-silk.

Nor need we wait to scare away burglars; we can have one of these sweet-toned instruments at any time. We had thought that every boy knew how to make these harps, but having recently met with one who knew a great deal else, but who had never heard of one, we thought there might be others in this generation who knew all about pianos and organs, trombones, cornets, and flutes, who had not heard of this simplest and sweetest of all instruments. So at the risk of telling what you all may know, we will tell you how to make this little bearer of the "music in the air."

Form two little wedges of wood about the size of your thumb—whittle one end thin enough to be pressed between the upper and lower sashes of the window. Draw a line round the other end with your knife: and then cut out enough wood to allow a silk thread to lie in the cavity. Cut off your silk to a length equal to the width of the window and enough more to tie round the wedges. Wax it well, tie it at each end to one of the wedges. Insert the bits of wood, drawing the silk very tight, into the crevice between the sashes; and the harp is made and in place.

You may hear no music at first; but as soon as a fresh wind rises there will float through your room the softest and clearest notes, purer than those of almost any costly instrument.

Dressings House

And this may remain in your window or be renewed at any time without costing you a cent. It can be put into the poorest garret where other music is never heard. Would it not be a pleasant work for happy boys to prepare this little harp to cheer the dull hours of the poor and sick?—*Watchman and Reflector.*

THE RING OF RINGS.

Where or when the ring was first adopted as a badge of matrimony it is utterly impossible to say. We have a shadowy recollection of reading somewhere that Tubal Cain fashioned the first ring, and not knowing what to do with it, when he had made it, consulted Adam on the matter, and by his advice gave the ring to his son, that he might espouse a wife with it. It is very doubtful, however, if the ancient Hebrews used marriage rings, although the words of the Jewish betrothal service, "Behold thou art betrothed unto me with this ring, according to the rights of Moses and Israel," almost assert that they did.

An old writer, says the ancient Jews, acknowledged the planet Jupiter to be a star having favorable influences, and it was customary among them for a newly married man to give his bride a ring with the planet's name engraved upon it, so that she might be delivered of all her children under Jupiter's benign auspices. If the wedding ring was still an Israelitish institution, it is strange that it is never alluded to in the Holy Writ or mentioned by the Thadmodists.

Selden goes so far as to declare the Jews were the very last people to adopt the use of it; nevertheless, the nuns of St. Anne, at Rome, believe themselves blessed in possessing the marriage ring of their saint the mother of the virgin—a rudely made silver ring—and according to monkish legends, Joseph and Mary were married with a ring, onyx and amethyst. This ring was found by somebody in 990, and given by a Jerusalem jeweler to a lapidary living at Elusium, who, from lack of faith, set no value upon the relic until a miracle opened his eyes to its genuineness. He presented it to a church, where it worked wonderful cures upon ailing believers. In 1473, some sacrilegious rascal robbed the church of its treasure, after which as such things are wont to do, it increased and multiplied, and was exhibited at divers churches in different parts of Europe.

At her actual marriage, the Roman bride usually received a ring bearing the figure of a key upon it, in token that henceforth she would be charged with the keys of her husband's house; and sometimes the keys themselves were handed over to her at the same time.

When an Anglo Saxon bachelor and maiden were betrothed, they exchanged presents or "weds" and the gentleman gave his lady love a solemn kiss when he placed a ring upon her right hand, to remain there until he himself transferred it to her left hand, when the second and final ceremonial took place.

In later times, wedding rings were hallowed before being put to their proper use, by sprinkling with holy

water, and the offering of a special prayer for the benefit of the wearer. When the bridegroom spoke the words endowing his bride with all his worldly goods, he put the ring upon her thumb, saying, "In the name of the Father;" then upon her forefinger, saying, "In the name of the Son;" next upon her middle finger; "In the name of the Holy Ghost;" finally placing the ring upon the woman's fourth finger as he said, "Amen!" and there he left it.—*Transatlantic.*

VALUE OF SMALL COURTESIES.

Civility costs nothing, and is often productive of good results. Here is an instance:

A local doctor of medicine at Bath, England, has just had a legacy of twenty thousand dollars, and a comfortable house, left him by a lady who was only known to him by his once offering her a seat in his carriage.

A gentleman known to the writer once assisted a very old and feeble man to cross from the London Mansion House to the Bank of England. This crossing is a very dangerous one, especially at mid-day, when the city is full of cabs, omnibuses, drays, and other ponderous vehicles. When the old gentleman had got safely across, he exchanged cards with his obliging young friend; and there the matter rested.

Some four or five years after this incident occurred, a firm of London solicitors wrote to the young gentleman who had taken pity on the old man, informing him that a legacy of five thousand dollars and a gold watch and chain had been left to him by a gentleman who "took the opportunity of again thanking him in his will for an act of unlooked for civility." It is not likely that all will have gold watches and chains left to them, or neat little bundles of crisp notes; but it is certain that acts of civility are productive of sufficient results to our inner selves to make it worth our while to practice them whenever we find the opportunity.

WHINING.

There is a class of people in this world—by no means small—whose prominent peculiarity is whining. They whine because they are poor; or, if rich, because they have no health to enjoy their riches; they whine because it is too shiny; they whine because they have "no luck," and others' prosperity exceeds theirs; they whine because some friends have died and they are living; they whine because they have aches and pains because they whine, and they whine no one can tell why.

Now we would like to say a word to those whining persons. First, stop whining—it is of no use, this everlasting complaining, fretting, fault-finding and whining. Why, you are the most deluded of creatures that ever lived! Do you know it is a well-settled principle of physiology and common sense that these habits are more exhausting to nervous vitality than almost any other violation of physiological law? And do you not know that life is pretty much as you make it? You can make it bright and sunshiny, or you can

make it dark and shadowy. This life is only meant to discipline us—to fit us for a higher and purer state of being. Then stop whining and fretting, and go on your way rejoicing.

—There is an ugly kind of forgiveness, shot out like quills. Men take one who has offended and set him down before the blow-pipe of their indignation, and scorch him and burn his fault into him; and when they have kneaded him sufficiently with their fiery fist then they—forgive him.



CULTURE OF BULBS.

THE treatment of bulbs is so simple and the result so satisfactory that it seems exceeding strange that they are not far more generally cultivated. Not in one garden in a thousand, even

of those of some pretensions, do we see a dozen good tulips, and those who invest a dollar or two in good hardy bulbs are pretty sure to eclipse all their neighbors. This is not so in Europe, for almost every little village or city garden has its tulip bed, almost as beautiful as the rainbow, every spring. Some care and skill are often required to cause flower seeds to germinate, but with a little care in planting and covering after obtaining sound bulbs of fine varieties, the most gratifying results are almost certain with hardy bulbs.

The gay crocus, the fragrant hyacinth, the brilliant, dashing tulip, can be grown, and well grown, by any amateur—by any farmer's wife or daughter—and may decorate every humble cottage garden. A rod or two of ground, a little taste, and some attention to the simple directions given, is all that is needed to ensure success.

One reason why bulbs are not more

cultivated, is that they must be planted in the autumn, and the majority of amateur gardeners do not wake up to

the importance of providing plants for

their gardens until the pleasant days

of spring woo them to the gardens;

and then, when many of the bulbous

plants are in full flower, and should

not be moved, often send their orders.

Those who wish a show of bulbous

flowers in the spring must make their

selections, prepare the ground, and

plant in the autumn.

Any fair garden soil will grow bulbs well; but it must be drained, so that the water will not lie on the surface for any length of time, or the bulbs will be likely to rot. If the soil is poor, enrich it with well rotted stable manure, or with the surface earth from the woods. Cow manure is excellent for bulbs. Manure should be mixed thoroughly with the soil; and if the ground is stiff and the manure fresh, it is well to put a little sand around each bulb at planting. A still better plan is to plant the bulbs in the ordinary soil without manuring. After all is planted, a week or two before winter sets in cover the bed with a coating of manure about four inches in thickness, and allow it to remain on the bed until late in the spring—that

is, until the young shoots appear above ground. Then rake off the coarsest of the manure, leaving about one-third of the finest. This, besides manuring the soil, furnishes a good winter covering, as suggested further on, especially if there is considerable straw with it.

The soil for bulbs should be dug deep; and if stiff from too much clay, an addition of leaf-mold scraped from the woods, or a liberal dressing of sand, will be of great benefit. After planting, and before winter sets in, cover the beds with a dressing of leaves—say five or six inches in depth, or more. Over these throw a little brush, or boards, to prevent blowing off. If the leaves cannot be obtained readily, coarse manure will answer. In the spring, as soon as the hard frosts are over, rake off the covering. Nothing more is required except to destroy the weeds as fast as they appear. More specific directions, including planting, the distance apart, the depth, and the treatment after flowering, will be given in the remarks introducing each family.

As a general rule, beds should be made so narrow that the weeds can be destroyed and the ground kept mellow without walking among the plants. Any breaking or wounding of the leaves causes injury to the bulb, but the flowers can be cut at pleasure, and all should be removed as soon as they fade.

It is in the house, in the winter, that bulbs afford the greatest pleasure. A few dozen hyacinths, tulips, crocuses, etc., will furnish useful recreation for months. From the planting of the bulbs, until the last flower has faded, there is continued excitement. The unfolding of each leaf and bud is watched with the most pleasurable and unabated interest by all the members of the family. By the exercise of a little taste a great deal of pleasure can be derived from the cultivation of bulbs in water, at very little cost.

The Duc Van Thol tulips may be grown in ornamental pots, or in baskets or boxes of any form. A very satisfactory arrangement is to obtain a common shallow box, and ornament it with sticks or bark, and fill it with sandy earth, mixed with moss finely broken up. Then plant a row or two of crocuses on the outside, and fill up with tulips, narcissus, hyacinths, etc., making a miniature bulb garden. After planting, the whole can be covered with moss, such as is found on logs in damp woods. The plants will find their way through the moss.

Another very good plan is to have a box, similar to the one described, as a kind of little nursery, or reserve. Fill it almost entirely with broken up moss, with a very little sandy soil. Plant this with crocuses, hyacinths, etc., and keep it in any convenient, pretty cold room, where it will not freeze. As fast as the plants come into flower you can take them up and place them in glasses of water, and thus keep up a supply for the parlor or sitting room for a long time. If preferred, these bulbs, when in flower, can be placed in pots or baskets filled with damp moss. In fact, they can be used in almost any way desired, and will be found to produce the greatest satisfaction, furnishing flowers for a

long time. If placed in moss, it must be kept constantly moist or the flower will suffer.

Bulbs, when flowered in the house, should be kept in as cool a room as possible—a few degrees above freezing will answer. If placed in a living room, which is kept at the usual temperature of such rooms, from 70 to 75 degrees, they will bloom too early, and the flowers will soon fade. A good arrangement is to keep them in a parlor or some spare room not frequently used, and which is usually kept cool. They will then mature slowly and keep in perfection a long time. A few may be brought into the sitting-room, placed on the dining table occasionally, or may be even taken to church, for special occasions, where floral decorations may be needed, and returned to their places as soon as possible. Nearly all failures, I think, result from keeping the plants in too dry an atmosphere and too high a temperature, supposing, of course, that sound bulbs are used. I have referred to this before, but it is so important that I fear it will bear repeating several times, and it would not be strange if I should say the same thing again somewhere before I get through.

Any bulbs that it is desired to flower in glasses of water may be grown in pots of sandy earth until the bulbs are formed, and then they can be taken up carefully and placed in the glasses. They will bear this change, or almost any change that may be desired, if handled with care.—James Vick.

#### IMITATION CORAL BASKETS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. J. R. D. asks for information concerning coral imitation baskets. I willingly send the directions for those I have made. Make a frame of bonnet wire by bending the wire for the sides into six scallops one inch and a half high in the narrow place, sew a wire around the lower part, leaving a space of about two inches between the sides of the scallops, run two wires across the centre, and another wire around the lower edge in small scallops to correspond with those of the sides.

The handle is made by crossing two wires at equal distances, two inches perhaps, and have seven loops, then sew on raisin stems, one long one on each side of the handle; short ones, two or three inches long, on the sides; one on each scallop. Melt two-thirds of a cake of wax in a tin plate, color it with Chinese vermillion, and apply it to the basket when hot.

As it cools quickly it needs to be returned to the fire often. Hold the basket with one hand and pour the hot wax on with a teaspoon, being careful to just cover the frame and no more. Like nearly everything else more than one trial is necessary to attain perfection.

H. A. W.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—I like THE HOUSEHOLD more and more, in fact it is almost invaluable to me; I hope we may long welcome its coming. Mrs. J. R. D. wishes to be informed how to make imitation coral baskets. I will tell her as nearly as I can, how a friend of mine made a very pretty one.

The basket is formed of wire of any

shape, size, or style you wish; the more twisted and irregular the wire, the more natural it will look. Have ready prepared some beeswax, melted and colored the required shade with red analine, which is done by dissolving the analine in a little warm water and pouring it into the melted beeswax. Be careful of the analine, however, as it is poison. Dip your wire basket in this and remove it to a cold place where it will cool immediately, and when sufficiently hardened repeat the process, if necessary. Will Mrs. D. inform us how she succeeds?

LILLIE S.

#### DRYING FLOWERS IN SAND.

There are many of our brilliant-colored flowers, such as dahlias, pansies, pinks, geraniums, sweet-williams, carnations, gladioli, etc., which may be preserved so as to retain their color for years. White flowers will not answer well for this purpose, nor any very succulent plants, as hyacinths and cactuses.

Take half-shallow dishes, of sufficient depth to allow of covering the plants an inch deep with sand. Get the common white sand such as is used for scouring purposes; cover the bottom of the dish itself with a layer of about half an inch deep, and then lay in the flowers with their stems downward, holding them firmly in place while you sprinkle more sand over them, until all interstices between the petals are completely filled, and the flowers buried out of sight. A broad dish will accommodate quite a number allowing sufficient sand between.

Set the dish in a dry, warm place, where they will dry gradually, and at the end of a week pour off the sand and examine them. If there is any moisture in the sand, it must be dried out before using again, or fresh sand may be poured over them in the same manner as before. Some flowers require weeks to dry perfectly, while others will become sufficiently so to put away in a week or ten days.

By this simple process, flowers, ferns, etc., are preserved in their proper shape, as well as in their natural colors, which is far better than to press them in books. When arranged in groups, and mounted on a card or in little straw baskets, they may be placed in frames under glass.—*Pacific Rural*.

#### A BEAUTIFUL EXPERIMENT.

The following beautiful chemical experiment may be easily performed by a lady to the great astonishment of those at her tea party:

Take two or three leaves of red cabbage, cut them into small bits, put them into a basin, and pour a pint of boiling water on them; let it stand an hour, then pour it off into a decanter. It will be a fine blue color. Then take four wine glasses; into one put six drops of strong vinegar; into another six drops of solution of soda; into a third put a strong solution of alum, and let the fourth remain empty. The glasses may be prepared some time before, and the few drops of colorless liquid that have been placed in them will not be noticed. Fill up the glasses from the decanter, and the liquid poured into the glass containing

the acid will become a beautiful red; the glass containing the soda will become a fine green; that poured into the empty one will remain unchanged. By adding a little vinegar to the green it will immediately change to a red, and on adding a little solution of soda to the red it will assume a fine green, thus showing the action of acids and alkalis on vegetable blues.

#### POISON OF THE OLEANDER.

The oleander, so popular as a house and yard plant, is extremely poisonous. Dr. T. L. Wright, in a communication to the *Bellefontaine Republican*, says that he was called to attend a child a few days ago who had eaten some small fragments of an oleander bush that had been clipped off. The symptoms were sudden and violent, and the result nearly fatal. Deathly prostration, sunken eyes, great pallor, incessant vomiting, extreme thirst and purging were the predominating symptoms.

An old medical work quoted by the doctor, after describing the poisonous qualities of the plant, adds: "When handled in a close room, when the stomach is empty, causes a numbness, coming by degrees, which shows that something poisonous belongs even to the smell." The *United States Dispensatory* mentions the fact that it is used by the French peasantry as a poison, and that while the deadly principle exists both in the leaves and bark, it is more active in the latter.

#### AIR PLANTS.

In a late number I noticed an inquiry about the air plant. There are a great many varieties of them, but the kind mentioned is like one that we have. I am told it bears no flowers, and there is no beauty in it as a plant. It will grow with a straight stem nearly to the ceiling, and the only interesting thing about it is the curious way of growing, viz.: Pluck a leaf, fasten it by a needle to the window-casing, in a few days little, tiny fibres will be seen starting out from the projections on the edge, and in a short time leaves will grow, and if no accident happens there may be quite a plant grown. It is not to be watered, or anything done to make it grow, only to be let alone.

COM.

#### SMILAX.

If Minnie R. P. will keep her smilax in the shade during the summer, giving but little water, then in September repot in rich, light soil and water freely while growing, I think she will not fail to have a vine of rich, glossy foliage.

It propagates itself by offsets from the parent bulb and can also be raised from seed, but will not grow from slips.

EINNA.

#### FLOWERS AS DISINFECTANTS.

Professor Mantegazza has discovered that ozone is developed by certain odorous flowers. A writer in *Nature* states that most of the strong-smelling vegetable essences, as mint, cloves, lavender, lemon, and cherry laurel, develop a very large quantity of ozone when in contact with atmospheric

oxygen in light. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it, and generally the amount of ozone seems to be in proportion to the strength of the perfume emanated. Professor Mantegazza recommends that in marshy districts and in places infested with noxious exhalations, strong-smelling flowers should be planted around the house, in order that the ozone emitted from them may exert its powerful oxidizing influence. So pleasant a plan for making a malarious district salubrious only requires to be known to be put in practice.

#### TWO GOOD GERANIUMS.

The two best Geraniums received yet are Madam Vaucher and Beauty of Oulton. The first is of short growth, thick, stout stem; leaves dark green, with a broad bronze-colored band; flowers pure white, with scarlet center. The other has yellow-colored leaves, marked with a very distinct band; flowers bright scarlet, and flowers large. Both produce abundance of leaves, which do not shrivel and fall off like many varieties. Plants that cast their foliage soon look lank and scraggy, but these have not yet shown a withered leaf, and herein is their beauty. Both thrifty and dense, entirely covering the pot. Geraniums make admirable house plants, and all keeping such should get the finest.

#### CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

As usually grown these plants are anything but attractive. Allowed to have their own way in the garden, when taken up and potted in the fall, their leaves fall off and disclose long ragged stems, with a few flower buds on the top. The best way is to start plants from cuttings, and keep in pots all summer. To form dense, bushy plants, pinch off the tops when the desired height is reached and this will cause branches to start out below. These branches may be made to branch again by pinching out their extremities. Thus treated, the plants will be handsome and flower abundantly. They should be housed before frost.

—A correspondent of the *New England Farmer* says that double zinnias are as effective a flower as can be raised. Their perfectly cupped petals have quite eclipsed those of the dahlia. The white varieties are now an established fact. They are very beautiful, being of a paper whiteness, and every petal is perfectly formed. In order to grow them in perfection they should be pruned and pinched in, and prevented from straggling. A well-grown plant, properly trained and pruned, is as fine an object as the flower-beds can exhibit. This season striped zinnias are the novelty.

—One of the most important points in window gardening is watering. There should be plenty of cracks in the bottom of the pot so as to let the water pass off rapidly, and thus ensure perfect drainage. This is one of the few rules without any exception, as there is not a single plant suitable for window culture which will flourish if the water be allowed to stagnate in the bottom of the pot.



## HIDDEN THREADS.

The loom is busy, the shuttles fly fast,  
The figured fabric out-lengthening lies,  
And many a thread of many a hue  
Its needful part in the pattern supplies.  
  
But right in the midst of the crossing lines,  
By the weaver placed, are coarse, heavy strands,  
Surely too dark to add beauty or grace  
To the pattern formed by the twining bands.  
  
Nay, covered by layers of netted thread,  
They will never be seen by searching eyes;  
Twixt warp and woof through the whole they will  
run,  
And in them the strength of the fabric lies.  
  
Fear not, O friend, when by the Master's hand,  
As the shuttles of life are moving fast,  
Cords heavy and dark, which no eyes will see,  
Into the quick forming pattern are cast.  
  
Deep hidden from sight, and sombre and dark,  
Too fearful in anguish for tongue to say,  
Needing heaven-braced strength to wear the night,  
And gathered courage to battle the day.  
  
But like bands of iron inwoven deep,  
Each strand toward a truer endurance tends.  
'Nath the lifelong web their course they may take,  
But on these the strength of thy soul depends.  
  
The loom is busy, the shuttles fly fast,  
The figured fabric out-lengthening lies,  
And many a thread of many a shade  
Its needful share to the pattern supplies.  
  
But right in the midst of the mingling lines  
Are threads of brilliant and radiant hue;  
So dazzling bright, can they harmonize  
With the simpler tints they are passing through?  
  
Ah! not on the surface shall these be seen,  
But still shining on 'neath the veiling shreds,  
A softened brightness shall spread o'er the whole  
From th' up gleaming gold of the hidden threads.  
  
O friend, if a Heavenly Father's grace  
Uplift thy soul to unspeakable height,  
Thrilling with glory, and rapture, and love,  
And flooded with waves of heaven-sent light,  
Rejoice! for these threads of refined gold,  
Too gloriously bright for outward gaze,  
Though running unseen through thy web of life,  
Such color even thy commonest days.  
  
Rejoice! nor moan out in weakly complaint  
That gri'f is unpitied, unshared, unknown;  
That thy highest, happiest, hours of life  
Are useless because to others unknown.  
  
Like flowers and fruit from an unseen root  
Let strength and beauty outflowing from these,  
Enabling each path through which the soul treads  
Compel thee to recognize clearly at length  
One of life's grandest gifts in "hidden threads,"  
—Watchman and Reflector.

## LOU'S BALLOON.

I WAS sitting quietly in my room one morning, when a note from my old friend, Lou Livermore, was brought in. I am very fond of Lou, as, indeed, all her friends are; though she still remains, like Holmes' aunt—

"The sole ungathered rose  
On her ancestral tree."

She lives far up in the country, but occasionally comes to Boston on a visit. Her note was as follows:

DEAR HEPSEY: Here I am in the Hub, at the west end of it; is that the hubbiest part, I wonder? I am coming over to see you on Thursday. I meant to go to-day, but I can't; I'm all used up—"clear tuckered out," as aunt Polly used to say. "What has done it?" Why, my new dress, and such a dress! It will give you fits to see how my back is hunched up and puffed out. I'm a regular balloon; a fashion-plate; a anything that is huge and hideous—a camel or dromedary, for example;

only they, poor things! were born with humps on their backs, and I wasn't. "How came I so deformed?" In an evil hour I listened to the voice of the tempter, and put myself in the hands of a city dressmaker.

"She's very stylish," quoth the tempter. Little recked I in my ignorance what that meant; and I went to her rooms in sweet, confiding simplicity, bearing an innocent-looking dress pattern under my arm. I had three *seances* with Mrs. Cuttit, a most imposing personage, of whom I stood in mortal terror; and at length emerged, transformed. I went in slim; I came out stout; I went in erect; I came out humpbacked; I went in plain; I came out bedizened; I went in with forty dollars in my purse; I came out with just enough to pay my fare home on the street-car—the collapse having been transferred from my purse to my person with incredible celerity and ease.

Verily, fashion "doth make cowards of us all!" yea, and puff-balls also? I wish I had the courage to go through the world in a gored gown without a pinch, or puff, or pucker in it; but I haven't; so I am a balloon, that by some incomprehensible machinery is raised into mountainous ridges. Surmounting these ridges, at right angles to my body—if there be a body inside this corrugated globe, of which I am in serious doubt, to say nothing of an immortal soul—projects a fan-shaped, be-fringed, be-puckered basque, looking for all the world like a spread turkey-tail. On top of this projection a good-sized trunk could be comfortably seated; only it might fall in! I wonder if a pappoose couldn't be inserted somewhere; I do so long to blend the useful with the ornamental!

Now, Hepsibah, you are a sensible married woman, competent to give good advice, and I ask you, what am I to do? Go round the world in this harlequin guise, or give the whole thing a great smash? I should be glad to preserve a modicum of self-respect; but how can I, inside of a balloon?

I shall appear in full spread on Thursday to spend the day. I can't sit down; but I should like the loan of a bed-post and a cord. I might go up, you know. Till then, in every fibre of my stiffening, yours truly,

THE GREAT EXPANDED.

I sat laughing over this, when in walked Hester Graywood, another old friend. After the first salutation, she slowly twirled herself round and sank into a chair, exclaiming:

"Behold the woman who dares!"

Ah! I saw; she, too, had on a new dress. It was of silvery-gray silk, made with one skirt, without a particle of trimming on it, and a sacque just bound with a bias fold of the same. Yes, she had dared. It was really a refreshing sight, and she looked perfectly bewitching in the Quaker-like costume. But, then, Hester Graywood is such a pretty little creature, she can't help looking lovely in anything, and she knows it, so it don't require so great courage in her to dare. Yes, she looked charming. Yet, on a second glance, there seemed a kind of bareness about her, as if something were wanting. Was it because I had looked so long on mountains of frip-

pery that my eye and taste had both become corrupted? Ten years ago we all wore such plain, single skirts, and considered ourselves elegantly dressed; why should they look mean and skimpy now?

I read Lou's note to Hester, and she promised to join us at dinner on Thursday.

"Extremes should meet," she said. She staid on a while, and we had a little talk on dress and the bondage fashion imposes; or how the taste of the community is corrupted by the overloaded, ungraceful styles in vogue now, and on many other things, such as sensible women do talk about when they get together.

"One of the greatest evils of this absurd overloading," said Hester, "is that it so fearfully overworks women. We hear a great deal about the hardships of the poor skirtmakers in our cities; and they are to be pitied, I know. But there are other women to be pitied, too. Look, for example, at my neighbor, Mrs. T. She is a fair representative of a large class, and not an exaggerated case. Her husband is a hard-working mechanic, who earns a good living, and ought to lay up something for a wet day; but he can't support a wife and six children in luxury, especially as four of them are girls. Mrs. T. is an ambitious woman, and says she will have her children decently dressed, that means fashionably dressed. She can't afford to hire her sewing done; so, in addition to all her housework, she makes their dresses; and if you have seen Gracie, the eldest one, you can judge what that implies."

"She's a very stylish-looking girl," I said.

"Yes, and her mother is very proud of her, as is natural. She is just seventeen; and what wonderful costumes she does bloom out in! They are all afloat with puffs and ruffles, quills and frills, till there's scarce an inch of untrimmed space about her; and Clara and Nellie go by to school every morning, each with another set of furbelow'd upper skirts and under skirts, basques and sacques; while baby Belle—bless her dear little heart—is all afloat, too, with tiny ruffles on her tiny skirts."

"Isn't she a darling?" I cried.

"Yes, lovely, with her blue eyes and apple-blossom cheeks; but wouldn't she be just as pretty in a plain white dress with a bit of edging round the neck and sleeves, if it were the fashion? And the pretty Gracie—is the charm in her, her lovely complexion and fine expression, or in her furbelow's and finges?"

"In her, of course," I said. "Children and young girls are never so pleasing as when simply dressed."

"Certainly; and our taste is corrupted when we do not see this. But there's poor Mrs. T. thinks it's absolutely necessary to follow the last fashion-plate; so she works like a slave from morning till night, and her sewing-machine is often going till after midnight. No wonder she looks broken down, and has neuralgia and a diseased spine. She has done the work of two women, and it is the hardest kind of work, too. Every inch of all these interminable yards of hemming and binding, gathering and

fastening, passes through her fingers, to say nothing of the contriving and fitting and basting and ripping. I wonder the woman is alive. I don't believe there is a sewing woman in this city harder worked."

"But why don't the daughters help her."

"Those in school haven't any time. Gracie does all she can; but, with her calls and callers, practicing and picnicking, croquetting and coqueting, it would be cruel to expect her to do more than make the plainest portion of her underclothes."

"But it's absurd," I said, "for a mechanic's wife to go into such extravagances."

"I don't know as a mechanic's wife can be expected to be more sensible than other women," said Hester dryly. "A reform must begin somewhere else, I fancy."

"I suppose so," I said with a sigh; "but the whole subject is full of difficulties."

"All of which might be overcome if women had a spark of independence. Here is a tangible evil for them to grapple with, now they have waked up to a sense of their strength and capabilities."

"Yes, they may as well begin a reform here, as of the nation at the ballot-box," I said, laughing. "But how to do it is the question. Is there any standard by which dress can be judged and regulated?"

"Not now," said Hester; "but I believe the principles of art, true art, might be applied to dress as to other things, that there is an essential, intrinsic beauty or ugliness in our garments, entirely irrespective of fashion; in other words, that it is one thing to be well dressed, and another to be fashionably dressed."

"Yes," said I; "but what is it to be well dressed?"

"I can tell what it isn't," said Hester. "It isn't to wear a huge protuberance on your head or on your back, which, if you had been born with it, would have been considered a shocking deformity. It isn't to conceal all the lines of the human figure, or to make it one mountain of trimming, when trimming should always be subservient, adding grace and defining outlines. And then, too, it must be something permanent. It can't be the changing thing fashionable dressing is. Art wouldn't make a balloon of us this month and a scantily-draped statue the next; she wouldn't tilt us up on heels that agonize our toes, and pitch us down-stairs to-day and to-morrow set us on the ground like so many flat-footed Indians."

"That would be a comfort," I said. "If, when a dress was made, it would stay made, and look well till it was worn out, it would lessen half our labors."

"Well, Hepsey, I believe the good time is coming—the time when we shall have a higher civilization, and break the chains fashion fitters us with now. Then we shall distinguish between true beauty and deformity; and our milliners and dress-makers will be *artistes*, and not *modistes*; and, instead of looping and stretching us all on one iron bed, they will study adaptation to age, complexion, and character, till we come out of their hands

individual, as well as comfortable and attractive. When we think of it, isn't it strange how it ever came about that we let ourselves all be worried into exactly the same shaped garments, no matter how different we are in size and figure?"

"Very strange and absurd," I said, and Hester went away.

Exactly at one o'clock on Thursday the Great Expanded arrived. She was a good deal puffed out, truly, and made all manner of fun of herself. When Hester Graywood came in, wearing her untrimmed gray silk, she made a low obeisance.

"I do thee homage, thou most heroic of womankind!" she cried. "I cast myself in the dust at thy feet, I envy, I adore thee, thou woman who dares!"

Finally we got a little quieted; though naturally enough, our thoughts still ran on dress.

"I am disgusted with myself," said Lou; "I really am. I don't want to be fashionable. I couldn't afford it if I did; but my tastes are all plain and simple. I consider such an overloaded, puffed-out concern as this not only ridiculous, but vulgar; yet here I am wearing it, and I lose my self-respect in consequence. But how could I help myself? How in the world did you manage, Hester, to get a sensible dress made?"

"Just by my horribly obstinate temper," said Hester, laughing. "First I had a pitched battle with Mrs. Cuttis, and came off victorious; then I ran the gauntlet of her twenty sewing girls, who opened their forty eyes in holy horror at 'the trying-on.'"

"I should as soon think of fighting Hercules," said Lou. "There's no place where I am so thoroughly cowed as in a dressmakers' rooms. I don't dare to peep or mutter."

"Yes, amiable people like you rather submit than make a fuss."

"But they ought to make a fuss," said Lou, "it's sheer cowardice in my case, not amiability. Every lady's dress should be an expression of her own individual taste and character; but look at us! we are all turned out just alike, like so many ninepins."

"Well, what is to be done about it?" I asked.

"Why not form an anti-fashion society," said Hester, "and get all sensible women to pledge themselves to dress according to their own ideas of propriety, without regard to fashion?

"Union is strength," and organized effort the order of the day."

"Capital!" cried Lou; "we'll draft and sign a declaration of independence; and you, Hester, shall put down your name with a great dash, John Hancock-like."

"I'll make out the list of grievances," said I.

"Easy enough to do that," said Lou; "worn-out mothers, bankrupted fathers, neglected babies, disgusted husbands"—

"Hold there!" I cried. "Husbands are as fond of dress as wives, so far as my experience goes."

"Why do they keep up such an everlasting fault-finding with our extravagances, then?"

"Well, my dear, men are not always severely consistent; they are eloquent on that theme, I know; but put a plainly dressed girl on one side of a

man, and a fluttering piece of millinery on the other, and ten to one he will be enchanted with the latter. John Seymour is not the only victim of 'pink and white tyranny.'"

"Then men are in a measure responsible for the evil," said Hester.

"So I tell Tom," I said. "Let every man who approves of simplicity and economy, devote himself to the plainest dressed girl in the room, turning a cold shoulder on those who wear diamonds and such like sinful things, and he will do more to effect a reformation than by years of preaching. Girls like to please nice young men, and no harm done either, just as young men like to please nice young girls. The influence is mutual and wholesome. Let young men frown on extravagantly dressed young women, and young women scorn all dissipated, fast young men, and a vital change in manners and morals would soon follow."

At this point in our discussion I heard Tom's step in the hall; and with him came Prof. Downing, an old friend of his, whom we had asked to dine with us. The professor is a fine-looking man, besides being learned, agreeable, and a bachelor. Now, Tom and I never made matches; but having had such a good time together ourselves, we do sometimes wish certain of our friends would take a fancy to each other; and the night before we had spoken of the professor and Hester, saying how nice it was he should happen to be in the city just then to meet her!

Moreover, knowing his refined, almost severe taste, and his dislike of all display, I had all the morning inwardly chuckled over Hester's untrimmed dress; it was so exactly the thing to suit his fastidious taste. How lucky it was she wore it!

The dinner passed off delightfully. Tom was in his most hospitable mood; Lou and Hester brilliant; the professor genial; and, the salmon and roast lamb all being done to a turn, the hostess serene. The learned professor and the pretty Hester could not have come together under more auspicious influences; and Tom and I had great complacency in our little plan.

"Well, what is to be done about it?" I asked.

"Why not form an anti-fashion society," said Hester, "and get all sensible women to pledge themselves to dress according to their own ideas of propriety, without regard to fashion?

"He said this; 'Miss Graywood is certainly quite pretty; but what a pity it is she doesn't dress better. Your friend Miss Livermore, sets her a good example there.'"

"The horrid man! and he pretending to have classic tastes!" I cried. And (will you believe it?) Tom and I are now both quite sure that the professor, who detests fashion and frippery, who admires only "chaste designs" and "classic outlines," is actually in love with Lou. And the balloon did it!—Yes, the balloon did it!

"Oh, the consistency of men!—*Old and New.*

#### THE FASHIONS.

##### BONNETS.

The sailor bonnet is the style most in favor at present. It is worn far back on the head and fastened with broad ribbons. Opera bonnets have soft, round crowns of pink or blue

silk, with high brims of black velvet, piped with the color of the crown; they are trimmed with ostrich tips and loops of the silk.

Among round hats, the Ruben is thought most becoming. It has a pointed brim, is low on the forehead and turned up only on one side. Simply shaped fur turbans are seen on cold days.

The most stylish veils are of black tulle, with thick dots at wide intervals. They are cut with a deep point in front, and long tabs to fasten behind with a jet buckle or shell. Gray grenadines or even dark green veils are commonly worn in preference to the brown and blue tissues, so long in favor.

##### THE HAIR.

A new way of dressing the hair, is said to be a revival of the coiffure worn by the Empress Josephine. The back hair is combed high up from the neck, and a high circular effect is given by a cluster of finger-puffs on top of the head; this is surrounded by a plain, smooth tress of hair, neither coiled or braided. For dressy occasions, tiny, short curls are added to the back hair, and it is surmounted by a tortoise-shell band or comb.

The front hair is parted in the middle and smoothly arranged. Sometimes two or three light finger puffs are placed lengthwise above the forehead. For evening coiffures, flowers are fastened flatly on top of this structure.

##### CRINOLINE.

As fashionable dress skirts are absolutely flat in front and at the sides, with great fullness massed at the back, and held there by strings underneath; of course the crinoline must be arranged so as to obtain this effect, and is accordingly made without hoops in front and very bouffant behind. These skirts are of cross-barred muslin and perfectly plain in front and at the sides, but furnished with whalebones, arranged in a half circle behind; there are also stiffly starched flounces all down the back. A deep kilt flounce buttoned on just above the knee, forms the lower part of the skirt.

##### JACKETS.

Black velvet spencers or sleeveless jackets are much worn. These have the advantage of being economical, as they can be worn over frayed waists, the sleeves of which are still in good repair.

Sleeveless jackets of black, blue or chocolate colored velvet are also very much seen over fine striped and plain silks for opera and house dinner wear, the basque cut small, and made perfectly plain, only edged with a double piping, the inner piping the color of the dress.

Cashmere bodices with silk revers are much used for morning and house toilets. Pale blue, pink, or buff cashmere bodices, are worn with skirts of black, or other dark silk. The garment is merely a blouse cut long enough to fall over the hips underneath the dress skirt. The front is double breasted with revers of silk. Half a dozen buttons are placed in two rows down the front. The tight sleeves have a rounded cuff of silk. Sometimes a tiny pocket is on the left breast.

A sash of doubled cashmere, fringed out at the ends and knotted on the left side, is sometimes worn with these waists; a pale buff cashmere blouse, looks pretty with revers of black velvet and a black velvet belt, fastened with a jet buckle. Crimson cashmere is pretty trimmed with black yak lace. These waists save the basques of silk dresses and are far more dressy than house jackets.

##### MISSES' SUITS.

Nearly all colors in flannel and cashmere, are now made into Sailor suits for young girls. These suits were formerly made only of navy blue flannel, but are so becoming and popular, that other colors are made in the same style. The Sailor blouse is very loose, falling over the hips, and the dress is made either with one skirt or with an over-skirt. Black flannel suits with square sailor collar, square cuffs and pockets, also bands around the skirt of scarlet, look very bright; sometimes a sash of scarlet cashmere is worn knotted at the left side. Bands of muslin or lace, with ends, or standing ruffles complete the dress around the neck.

Dressy costumes for young girls are made with a polonaise over a kilt pleated skirt, or with simple jockey basques and graceful upper skirts. Sleeveless basques of velveteen of the same shade as the dress, are often worn and are very comfortable and inexpensive, requiring only a yard of velveteen, and being simply trimmed with a thick cord of silk.

The felt Tyrolienne hat is universally worn by young girls.

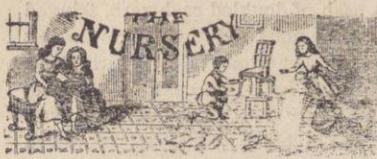
##### EVENING DRESSES.

A new silk for evening wear, imported in all the new evening shades, is called by the rather blind title of satin de leon. It is very much like what used to be called satin leonantine. It has a fine, thick satin upper surface and silk under surface. It is softer and not so glossy as ordinary satin, but has a very rich appearance. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this fabric in the new, creamy buff, pearl, lavender, light peacock, blue and green tints. Add the appropriate trimming of choice white lace, and the toilet is perfect.

Fine silk gauzes are also in special favor this winter. Pure white gauzes are much admired, and instead of stripes, clouded damask gauze or lustrous dots on a dull surface are preferred. A lining of silk is necessary for the waist and skirt of this transparent material. The flounces and puffs of gauze are mounted on the silk, and a separate skirt of gauze is not necessary. Side pleatings of tulle are the most effective trimming for edging this material. Garlands of flowers in profusion are used for trimming these dresses.

Polonaises sometimes form parts of dinner and evening dresses. The polonaise is usually of a dark shade of velvet, while the sleeves and demitain are of silk of some lighter shade.

A favorite for such costumes is the vest polonaise. A splendid costume in this style has the skirt and sleeves of pale sky blue silk, while the polonaise is of velvet of the darkest sapphire hue. The trimming is of wide valenciennes lace.



## DAISY'S WISH.

LITTLE DAISY MAY stood at the parlor window watching some soft, fleecy clouds which were floating across the sky, "I wish—I wish" the voice stopped there but the eyes went on and on, way into the deep blue of the sky as if bent on following out the unexpressed desire.

"What is it Pet?" asked a cheery voice, and a bright faced lady came across the room.

"O Aunty, I should like to be an angel!"

"An angel?" softly stroking the golden head. "Well, didn't I hear uncle Ben say you were his good angel this morning, when you reminded him that he had not kissed grandma nor said good bye to Bridget?"

"I mean a real angel."

"And uncle Ben meant a real angel, too," answered aunt Edith smiling pleasantly.

"No, no, aunt Edith," with a gesture of impatience at not being understood. "I mean a real angel up in heaven with wings, and a white robe, and a golden harp and—" she broke off here, was silent a moment, then suddenly asked, "What else do angels do beside singing and play on harps?"

"I trust much. I hope that is but the least of their blessed work."

"But what?" asked Daisy eagerly.

Aunt Edith kissed the earnest face upturned to hers. "Come sit down, deary, and we will talk about it. Now," lifting the child to her knee, "can my little girl tell me why she wishes to be an 'angel up in heaven'?"

"I—don't—know," hesitatingly, surprised at what seemed to her a strange question, then brightening "only it would be so beautiful there."

"Very beautiful, no doubt, but would it not be better to stay and make it beautiful here, too? We need angels on earth much more than they can in heaven."

"But we can't be angels here you know, we have to die and be carried off like mamma," said Daisy, her sweet eyes filling with tears at the thought of the dear mamma.

Aunt Edith's eyes filled in sympathy. She pressed the little figure closer and answered cheerfully, "But we can do angels' work darling, and that is just as well, nay, better?"

"What?" and the child's face wore a look of earnestness rarely seen on older faces.

"If you were an angel in heaven, and looked down upon earth and saw hundreds of poor little children without father or mother, home or friends, who didn't have clothes enough to keep them warm nor food enough to keep them from being hungry what would you wish to do for them?"

"Oh, I would bring them—" a sudden thought brought her to a stop. In a moment she went on sadly, "They don't have anything to eat in heaven, Jessie says, and the white robes wouldn't be warm enough and oh, dear," with an outburst of tears, "I

couldn't do anything!" This thought was too much for the child's gentle heart and she fell to sobbing bitterly.

"There, there! darling," said aunt Edith soothingly, brushing the tears from her own eyes meanwhile, "You can do something now if you could not as an angel. Listen a minute and I'll tell you what we will do this very afternoon."

But Daisy could not listen just yet, like her grown up sisters she must have her cry out—after a few minutes, however, she was able to lift up her head. Then while she dried the little face with her soft handkerchief and her own kind kisses, aunt Edith told of a sewing-society that was to meet that afternoon where the ladies were to make clothes for the poor children, "and you shall go, sweetheart, and help," she concluded.

"What can I do? I can't sew much, though I did hem papa's handkerchief."

"Yes, and very nicely too. We can find something for you I am sure. There will be needles to thread and spools to pick up—you know how spools always will drop!" and aunt Edith made a little laugh which brought an answering smile on Daisy's sad face.

Daisy went to the sewing-society, threaded needles, picked up spools and beside that had a pretty pink and white apron to hem, and the baby who wore it afterward was so pleased with the bright new apron that she never knew there were a few long stitches in it.

"Well, Daisy," said aunt Edith that night as she "tucked up" the little girl in her cosey bed, "did you like the afternoon and shall you want to go again?"

"Oh, yes! and aunty I hope I shan't be a real angel for ever so many years." Aunt Edith's kiss said that she responded heartily to this wish.

All through the long winter following Daisy went week after week to the sewing-society and many little garments did she help make. She told some of her girl friends about it and one by one they followed her until there was a company of eight little women who met each week with the older ones, and their help was by no means insignificant.

Daisy lived many years but she never forgot aunt Edith's lesson. Her life was spent in "angel-work" and many a suffering one sent blessings after her, and many a loving heart to which she carried comfort and hope, thought of her as a "real angel."

## A STORY ABOUT BONES.

The children, with eager, expectant faces, grouped themselves around Mrs. Stanley, who had seated herself in the comfortable armchair, and taken the youngest pet of the household, darling little May, up in her lap. After hesitating a moment, she pleasantly asked:

"What say you all to a story about bones?"

"Why, mamma, what kind of a story can bones make? I never heard of anything so queer, unless you intend to treat them scientifically, and tell us their use," said Willie.

"No, Willie, for I do not think any of you are exactly in the mood for a regular treatise on the subject of bones.

Still I agree with you that they do seem a rather strange thing to make a story out of, for one would suppose that they knew nothing whatever about everyday affairs; but let me assure you they do. Now, for instance, you have all, perhaps, at some time, during your lives, heard persons say, "There, I knew something strange was going to happen, for I felt it in my bones." Well, somehow children's bones also often seem to make a great fuss and commotion, and usually at the wrong time.

I will not say a word as to what I have seen doing among the bones of my own little flock, for in telling a story it is never best to be personal; for this reason, most persons, I fancy, begin a story with "once upon a time." Well, once upon a time, when visiting where there was quite a large family of children, who, I am sorry to say, were not very kind or obliging to one another, but may, perhaps, have been spoiled by being allowed to have their own way, I noticed something rather odd about their bones.

Mary, the eldest daughter, was very beautiful in outward appearance; she was very fond of attending parties, could dance till late at night, and 'never feel tired,' she said. But the next morning Mary would lazily declare her bones were not rested enough for her to get up until a late hour. Breakfast was kept standing, and the servants put to trouble on her account. She was never kind or obliging to her mother when called upon to do anything about the house, for her lazy bones were ever ready to make some excuse; and yet they were always equal to walking miles when out shopping in search of ribbon to match an evening dress, or when out calling with some of her young friends.

Fred Croswell, who was two years younger than Mary, was a strong, stout-looking boy, and his bones were all well covered with flesh; nevertheless they were wide awake, and ready to ache through and through at every stroke of the school-bell. If he had brought in a few sticks of wood, or lifted a scuttle of coal, it was a sufficient excuse to beg to stay at home, loll about, and appear half sick. After school hours, however, his bones were as quiet and comfortable as possible; in fact, seemed to be taking a rest among their soft cushions, for you heard nothing more about their 'aching so hard,' while Fred would be as bright and ready for fun as any one.

His brother Charlie also had the most knowing bones imaginable. No matter how hard he might be playing; only put before him, ever so quietly, an Arithmetic, with a rather long lesson marked out in it, and remind him that he must prepare his lesson for the morrow, and at once the bones over his eyes would set up such an aching, and the lips would wall forth, 'O, I can't do these sums now, for my head aches.' Books were then thrown aside, and the next day his indulgent mother was coaxed for an excuse to take to his teacher.

Ask him to go on an errand for you, and, presto! not a bone remembered that it had ever been used; for Charlie would stretch, and yawn, and make the greatest fuss possible, instead of at once running off in an obliging manner.

And yet these very bones were all active enough when the boys wanted him for any out-door sport. Then he could fly around as briskly as any one, play tag, and be the spryest among them all.

Susie's bones often seemed to act in the same singular way. She was usually a merry hearted creature, play, sing, or romp about as lively as any child; but if seated at her work, or reading an interesting book, and she was kindly asked to go up stairs for something, her bones would suddenly remind her that she was altogether too tired to stir, and a fretful voice would say, 'Ma, I am too tired; do send Kate!'

Kate was the youngest one in the family except the baby, and had not yet learned to listen to what her bones had to say; and being a good-natured, obliging child, she was kept upon the trot pretty much all the time by her less obliging brothers and sisters.

Now, dear children, I think I have told you quite enough about bones. Have you ever heard of their acting in such a strange way?"

"Why, mother, I think, after all, you have told us a pretty good story out of an odd subject. I guess, too," replied Willie, "we all of us know what it means to have our bones, at times, make a fuss after the same fashion; but for the future, when mine begin to grumble at the wrong time, and in such a ridiculous manner, I shall recall your story, and laugh at them."

"That is right, Willie; for, with a good resolution, bones can be brought into subjection to carry out the will with kind, courteous promptness. And in doing so, the heart will be far more light and happy than in yielding to what disobliging, grumbling, lazy bones may have to say."

Now I must leave you to play a while till tea is ready, when Carrie, I know, will be glad to divide her birthday cake, that has a ring in it. Finger bones, I guess, will soon be active enough in searching for it."—Our Boys and Girls.

## THE LITTLE MESMERIST.

Grave Uncle Nathan was respected as one of the most dignified and decorous men in the town. Neat to primness, not a strand of his long, straight hair was ever displaced, nor a speck of dust seen on his glossy coat; but five-year old Gay, with her winning ways, soon turned his stiff propriety into the irregular lippiness of a Supple Jack. One Sunday evening, half an hour before church time, she climbed upon his knee, and wove her soft fingers in and out among his whiskers, until the good man bowed his head on his breast, and went to sleep, dreaming of angels.

On the corner of the mantle near which they sat, and within reaching distance, stood her "dolly's clothes-basket," full of ribbon sashes two or three inches in length, of every color of the rainbow.

A brilliant idea visited her. Reaching for the basket, she took out the sashes, and forthwith began to separate bunches of her uncle's smooth hair into queer little twists or tails, tying the end of each one with a bit of ribbon, until his head looked as gorgeous and variegated as a Hollander's tulip-

bed. The church bells rang out their last warning just as she had completed her labor and consecrated it with a kiss of the purest love on his eyelids.

"The bell is wingin' for church, uncle, and you look so sweet," said the admiring Gay.

"Bless me! I'll be late," said the punctual deacon, seizing his hat, and clapping it on his head. "You mesmerized me, you little witch. Now, run off to Aunt Tacey," and kissing her tenderly, he was in another instant on the street.

"I duess I did memri uncle, and he looks splendid," soliloquized Gay, as she sought her aunt, who was in bed with a headache.

The organ was sending out the soft strains of a solemn voluntary as Uncle Nathan, hat in hand, walked slowly and solemnly up the long aisle. The light ends of the ribbon fluttered gently with every motion of his body, and his head looked like a pyramid of butterflies. Those who saw him passing stared after him, amazed. Handkerchiefs were pressed to lips which would laugh because "they had to."

"Why, brother Barker, what does all your head?" said his pew chum, in a low whisper.

"Nothing, thank you; I'm very well, but my wife has a severe headache."

"He's going crazy," thought Mr. Wells. "What shall I do? My dear friend, who fixed your hair?" For by this time the attention of half that side of the church had been attracted.

"My hair? Nobody. What does this mean?" as rubbing his pate hurriedly, bit after bit of ribbon descended like snowflakes. Snatching his hat, he vanished through the side door like a shadow, and next morning the innocent little mesmerist was sent home.—*Wood's Magazine*.

#### SKIPPING THE HARD POINTS.

Boys, I want to ask you how you think a conqueror would make out who went through a country he was trying to subdue, and whenever he found a fort hard to take let it alone. Don't you think the enemy would buzz wild there, like bees in a hive, and when he was well into the heart of the country don't you fancy they would swarm out and harrass him terribly?

Just so, I want you to remember, will it be with you; if you skip over the hard places in your lessons, and leave them unlearned, you have left an enemy in the rear that will not fail to harrass you, and mortify you times without number.

"There was just a little bit of my Latin I hadn't read," said a vexed student to me, "and it was just there the professor had to call upon me at the examination. There were just two or three examples I had passed over, and one of those I was asked to do on the black-board."

The student who is not thorough is never well at his ease; he cannot forget the skipped problems; and the consciousness of his deficiencies makes him nervous and anxious.

Never laugh at the slow, plodding student; the time will surely come when the laugh will be turned. It takes time to be thorough, but it more than pays. Resolve when you take up a new study that you will go through

with it, like a successful conqueror taking every strong point.

If the inaccurate scholar's difficulties closed with his school life it might not be so great a matter for his future career. But he has chained to himself a habit that will be like an iron ball at his heel all the rest of his life. Whatever he does he will be lacking somewhere. He has learned to shirk what is hard, and the habit will grow with years. Now nothing we get in this life is to be had for nothing. Success is not to be thrust upon a man. If you want any good you must work for it. The eye that never falters and the nerve that never quails are the true elements of victory in the mental and moral, as well as the physical world. Don't skip the hard points.—*School-day Visitor*.

#### A TEXT FOR BOYS.

A man of very pleasing address, but very dishonest in his practices, once said to an honorable merchant, "whose word is as good as his bond," "I would give fifty thousand dollars for your good name."

"Why so?" asked the other, in some surprise.

"Because I could make a hundred thousand dollars out of it."

The honorable character, which was at the bottom of the good name, he cared nothing for; it was only the reputation, which he could turn to account in a money point of view, which he coveted.

But a good name cannot be bought with silver; it, of all other possessions, must be fairly earned. When it is possessed, it is better business capital than a great sum of money. It is a capital any boy or girl may secure. Honesty must be its foundation, even in the smallest particulars. When an employer says, "That is a boy I can trust," he will always find himself in demand, provided he joins with it industry. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

It seems hard at the time, may be,—this ceaseless round of work, while other boys are lounging about store-steps, or playing on the green. But the reward will come if you are faithful. While loungers are dragging out a miserable lifetime in privation and poverty, the hard-working boy lives at his ease, respected and honored.

Remember this, if you desire to make your way in the world. There is nothing that can serve your purpose like a name for honesty and industry; and you will never acquire either if you are a shirk at your business. Everybody suspects a lad who is often seen about saloon-doors or tavern-steps. It undermines a boy's character for honesty very rapidly to mix with society he finds there; and such habits tend to anything but industrious ways.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." Print that text on your heart, and carry it with you in all your walks and ways. It is worth far more than silver and gold to you.—*Presbyterian*.

—Every human creature is sensible to infirmities of temper, which it should be his duty to correct and subdue particularly in early life.

#### 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. Hosea W. Parker, Claremont, N. H. 2. The Master is come and calleth for thee.

3. I love the friends who laugh with me,

When pleasure decks my brow;  
But dearer still that friend must be,  
Who weeps with me in sympathy.

4. Aristocrat. 5. Eel, Lee. 6. Deer, reed. 7. Part, trap. 8. Rail, liar. 9. Leer, reel. 10. Garb, brag. 11. Metropolitan Hotel, New York. 12. Calro. 13. Merida. 14. Naples. 15. Lyons. 16. Erie. 17. Lyme. 18. Rattlesnake. 19. Waterloo.

#### ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of forty letters.  
My 5, 32, 36 is a small animal.

My 12, 17, 18, 26, 27, 9 is a fruit.

My 23, 13, 33, 2 is a beverage.

My 4, 3, 39 is a girl's name.

My 28, 2, 14, 15, 35, 24 is a color.

My 6, 37, 16, 26, 8, 22 is a vegetable.

My 25, 39, 20, 21, 40 is a boy's name.

My 10, 19, 1, 38 is to dote on.

My 11, 30, 1, 34, 28 is a bay east of New Brunswick.

My 28, 29, 7 is a pronoun.

My 81, 9, 20, 1 is a kind of grain.

My whole is one of Thomas Jefferson's rules.

2. I am composed of thirteen letters.  
My 5, 12, 8 is a substance obtained from pine trees.

My 7, 6, 12, 3 is to peruse.

My 1, 9, 3 is to be angry.

My 13, 2, 12, 7 is not far.

My 10, 11, 9, 5 is to be tidy.

My 4 is a letter.

My whole is a sea on the Eastern Continent.

#### CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

3. My first is in John, but not in Hugh; My second is in old, but not in new; My third is in laugh, but not in cry; My fourth is in ground, but not in sky; My fifth is in oath, but not in vow; My sixth is in dog, but not in cow; My seventh is in hate, but not in love; My eighth is in martin, but not in dove; My ninth is in scales, but not in weight; My whole was a president of the United States. HATTIE N.

#### ANAGRAM.

4. Doebr ni sti latnem fo driave ueh, Grpeien ni gryod het eruza uble Fo ve'shane trhbig, suaobuee eomd dree'cha, Mutuna mocos, clewmoe, hiwt yutslnir etrad. NELL.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

5. A painter and one of his pictures. A kingdom; a fleet; completed; a character in "Hamlet"; forsake; smooth; the mother of two of the chief Roman deities.

#### ADDITIONS, DECAPITATIONS AND TRANSPORTATIONS.

6. To nothing add five hundred, one, and five, and get an empty space.

7. Add one-third of six, one hundred, one-half of four, and one-fourth of five, and get twenty.

8. To two-thirds of a meal, add three-fourths of a building material, and get an amusement.

9. Entire, I am small; beheaded once, I am a thoroughfare; beheaded twice I am complete.

10. A flower; transposed, a look; again, the sign of grief; again, charges.

11. Whole, we are found in every house; beheaded, upon every person; beheaded twice, we are often put on; beheaded again, and transposed, a title. W.

#### HIDDEN COUNTRIES AND CITIES.

12. "As we deny him so will he deny us."

13. Andrew Flynn died in Kilkenny, Ireland, at the advanced age of 90.

14. The shop-keeper thought it a Lyonese silk.

15. "Parceque—because"—is all the French I know.

16. The Land of Canaan, or way thither, was the land of their pilgrimage.

17. In an arc, or in that which is so called, is laid the foundation of a Geometrical problem. GERTRUDE.

#### CHARADES.

18. Behold my first, its snowy folds,  
Shield weary hearts to-night,  
Breathe but a word the spell is past  
They mingle in the fight.

Heard ye my next, its muffled call  
Speaks of the spirit fled,  
They fought the fight, in victory fell,  
Sleep on, our soldier dead.

My whole—the stately harp is rent,  
The echoes died away  
But Albyns cliff still lift their heads  
In pride to guard his clay.

19. Sad, wrinkled and poor,  
She sits at her door  
And my first is all she can do,  
As she sits in the sun  
When her labor is done  
My whole she eats thankfully, too.

20. Away with my first, its trappings  
and gilt,  
Its varnished veneering away,  
Under my second all safely and snug  
My whole sleeps awaiting the day.

21. A zealous friend at Jesus' side,  
whose courage failed at last;  
The home of innocence, whose light  
by saddest gloom was soon o'ercast;  
And he who tilled the soil, fresh  
moulded by his maker's hand;

A Grecian city famed of yore, the  
fairest of the land;  
A Jewish matron on whose son the  
Jordan's waters sparkled bright;  
A prophet, who beheld the burning  
visions 'n the night;

A Syrian leper sent to bathe thrice in  
the Jordan's wave;

An elder son from whom his father  
the first-born blessing gave;

A patriarchal chieftain, whose faith  
by sacrifice God chose to try;

A wise king's son, whose counsellors  
were filled with vanity;

A city fair, the birth place once, of one  
whose fame grows brighter even  
now;

The mother of the Prophet old who  
poured the oil on David's brow;

Take of the initials only, and behold

God's precious blessing given;

The chorus that the angels sang, one

night, beneath the arch of heaven.

MARY B.



## THE VACCINATION QUESTION.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

**H**AVING no w'sh to enter the arena of the conflict on this vexed question, and having still less wish to encounter harpy fingers, the writer will content himself by presenting a few plain facts for the consideration of the thoughtful, thoughts of the importance of which the unprofessional reader may form a definite opinion.

That the small pox is a most loathsome and dreaded disease, often very malignant, will not be questioned. And that in the past its ravages have sometimes been of a fearful character, the bills of mortality have amply demonstrated, while it is equally certain that a marked improvement, a radical modification of the more malignant features of the disease have been effected within comparatively few years. Indeed, for the last half century it has been as a caged lion, more under human control than any of the ordinary forms of disease. For most of that time with the exception of an occasional brief period; it has rarely outcropped in any ordinary community in the rural districts and smaller villages, but has been controlled, confined to certain localities, the filthier and more degraded portions of our cities, the companion of the vicious, the low and degraded, as a principle, though of course exceptional cases must exist.

Whenever it has made its appearance periodically, it has ordinarily been developed among the vicious, the intemperate, (by no means exempting the users of tobacco,) the filthy, those occupying low, dark and damp cellars, the victims being those deprived of the pure air of Heaven, the sunlight, with other means of promoting health. This is true beyond all dispute, the most loathsome of diseases clinging, so to speak, to the grog-shops, the brothels and the purlieus of the cities, while fevers, pulmonary diseases and the more organic forms of human ailments extend into the rural districts, reaching all grades of society, none of which have been modified by human appliances to the extent of this loathsome scourge.

And how modified if not by vaccination? The improved methods of treatment, the increased cleanliness, with a better supply of air and sunlight may have produced marked improvements, yet we fail to see a corresponding modification of other diseases by the same means. Indeed, the disease as now modified by vaccination, when not aggravated by habits of intemperance, need not be particularly dreaded, at least so far as the remote results are concerned, since it rarely proves fatal, and generally renovates the system, removing many forms of "humors."

In proof of this statement we have simply to consult the bills of mortality and notice the small per cent. of deaths from this disease, particularly in the

rural districts and the villages, as compared with the mortality from fevers, consumption, dysentery and kindred diseases. Deaths from this disease are exceptional, so rare as to excite special notice if not alarm, while fevers rage in all communities, more fatal very often, as a matter of course, but far less so than that most fearful of all maladies in civilized society—pulmonary consumption.

But what kind of vaccination has produced such beneficent results, such almost miraculous modification of the disease? Manifestly, that by the humanized virus, since that only, with a few exceptional cases, has been used, at least until within a brief period. (If the kine had been used during this period might we not have had a blissful paradise in this fallen world, according to the theories of the advocates of the "better way?")

Again, one vaccination seems to effect about all that can be done by way of protecting against the disease. That the second vaccination occasionally seems successful is not doubted, yet these instances are comparatively rare, indicating that the general principle is that the first is effectual with but few exceptions. It is also true that we do not observe in the re-vaccination the usual features of the first case, the pustules being more flattened in re-vaccinations, with less lymph and less clearly defined "pit marks," the indication of the effectiveness. But since there are some cases in which the first "runs out," there is no means of ascertaining that fact save by re-vaccination. It is proper to remark, however, that the non-professional may easily mistake a humor sore for the true, a sore simply resulting from the wound, as in any other case, of course leaving no pits like the true vaccine sore. And it may also be remarked in this connection that many if not most of the supposed cases of the contraction of "humors" from vaccination are imaginary, the "humors," already in the system being aroused by this temporary disturbance, while in many instances these supposed victims have had similar eruptions from a variety of other causes, as cuts, wounds, etc., the flesh healing with great difficulty.

## REMEDY FOR DANDRUFF.

There are doubtless few persons, especially among gentlemen, who do not suffer from the inconvenience of dandruff. Physicians seem to consider it not of sufficient importance to engage their attention, and the poor victims are left either to practice their virtue of endurance, or for a cure, to try some of the many nostrums advertised in the public prints. The intolerable itching which frequently accompanies the troublesome complaint is not the only unpleasant feature, as to persons of any pretensions to neatness the appearance of the white scales on the coat-collar and shoulders is very objectionable.

The writer, during a number of years, tried the different alcoholic solutions of castor oil, and many other preparations without permanent benefit, and as a last resort was led to adopt the plan of cleaning the scalp

with borax and carbonate of potassa. This proved effectual, but after a persistent treatment of some months the hair became sensibly thinner, and perhaps would have soon disappeared altogether. The belief that dandruff arises from a disease of the skin, although physicians do not seem to agree on this point and the knowledge that the use of sulphur is frequently attended with very happy results in such diseases, induced me to try it in my own case.

A preparation of one ounce of the flower of sulphur and one quart of water was made. The clear liquid was poured off, after the mixture had been repeatedly agitated during intervals of a few hours, and the head was saturated with this every morning. In a few weeks every trace of dandruff had disappeared, the hair became soft and glossy, and now after a discontinuance of the treatment for eighteen months, there is no indication of the return of the disease.

I do not pretend to explain the modus operandi of the treatment, for it is well known that sublimed sulphur is almost or wholly insoluble, and the liquid used was destitute of taste, color, or smell. The effect speaks for itself.—*Journal of Pharmacy.*

## CHECKING THE PERSPIRATION.

The danger of risking the stoppage of the pores by sudden change of temperature is terribly illustrated every day. A case which fell under our personal observation we remember with very painful feelings. A leading New York gentleman, exerting himself on a vessel somewhat unusually, found himself, at the end of an hour and a half, pretty well exhausted, and perspiring freely. He sat down to rest. The cool wind from the sea was delightful, and, engaging in conversation, time passed faster than he was aware of. In attempting to rise he found he was unable to do so without assistance. He was taken home and put to bed, where he remained for two years; and for a long time afterward could only hobble about with the aid of a crutch. Less exposures than this have, in constitutions not so vigorous, resulted in inflammation of the lungs, "pneumonia," ending in death in less than a week, or causing tedious rheumatism, to be a source of torture for a lifetime.

Multitudes of lives would be saved every year, and an incalculable amount of human suffering would be prevented, if parents would begin to explain to their children, at the age of three or four years, the danger which attends cooling off too quickly after exercise, and the importance of not standing still after exercise, or work, or play, or of remaining exposed to a wind, or of sitting at an open window or door, or of pulling off any garment, even the hat or bonnet, while in a heat. It should be remembered by all that a cold never comes without a cause, and that, in four times out of five, it is the result of leaving off exercise too suddenly, or of remaining still in the wind, or in a cooler atmosphere than that in which the exercise has been taken.

## A WHISKEY SWEAT.

A western paper furnishes the following, which is about the best told story of the season: It appears that Sergeant Samuel Fifield has been troubled with a fearful cold, which settled on his lungs, and his friends held a consultation, and decided to give the gallant sergeant an old fashioned sweat. He was wrapped in a blanket, and placed upon a cane-seat chair, and about a pint of whiskey put under the chair, and a match touched to the whiskey.

It is evident that too much confidence had been placed in the fact that Madison whiskey was never before known to burn; but singular as it may seem, this particular whiskey did burn, and Mr. Fifield, with his well-known astuteness, discovered the fact as soon as anybody. Without stopping to argue with his friends as to the singular phenomenon, Mr. Fifield arose as one man, and with his hand on his heart, thanked the audience for the warm and genial manner in which he had been received, kicked the chair over and jumped up. He jumped—well, it is said that if the ceiling had been higher he would have increased his leap at least eight feet. On his return to earth, elocutionary powers were brought into requisition, and he made a speech that for blistering sarcasm and burning pathos has never had its equal in the annals of legislative experience.

Dr. Walcot was telegraphed for from Milwaukee, and came by special train, but gave it as his opinion that amputation would not be necessary. The party with whom Fifield boards, the telegraph informs us, has raised the price of Sam's board three dollars a week, because it is necessary to set the table for him on the mantel-piece.

## WASH FOR THE SICK ROOM.

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

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

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

Another mode of using it is to wash the face and hands with it before exposing one's self to any infection. It is very aromatic and refreshing in the sick room; so, if it accomplish nothing more, it is of great value to housekeepers.—*House and Home.*

—It is an error to suppose that wherever a light will burn a man can live. A candle may burn in a mixture of carbolic acid and air, which is incapable of sustaining life.



## THE BELLS.

BY WM. WINDSOR, JR.

Hear the loud breakfast bells,—Tavern bells! What a quick awakening their voices loud compel! In the bracing air of morn, to the traveler forlorn, How the beefsteak has appealed—almost to his sight revealed

By the clamor and clangor of the bells, Of the bells, bell's, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, By the clamor and clangor of the bells.

Hear the merry dinner bells, brazen bells! What a good hot repast their melody foretells, In the bracing air of noon when the morning work is done,

And we sit down on our coats in the shade full of fun,

Hear the merry jingle, ding: of the bells. Of the bells, bel's, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells.

Hear the mellow supper bells, silver bells! What a view of mutton chops their harmony foretells.

In the golden sunset light how we dance with delight,

At the tintinnabulation that so musically wells From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,

From the swinging and the ringing of the bells!

—*Western Farmer.*

## ABOUT THE DINNER FORK.

VIEWED in a good many lights, an ordinary dinner fork is a tolerably practical sort of an institution, and a rather small one, too. Nobody would suppose that the fork had much of a personal history, or that anything more important than beef and potatoes were ever attached to it. Nowadays, pretty nearly everybody who is not a vagabond, uses a fork in the manipulation of his meals, and yet, no farther back than the days of Queen Elizabeth, the little implement was practically unknown to the masses of the people, and was a novelty but partially tried and appreciated among the court and the aristocracy. The sixteenth century was, in fact, going out when forks came in. The great Earl of Leicester, the sage Burleigh, that "gliss of fashion and the mold of form," the genial Sir Philip Sidney, all lifted the roasted meats to their bearded mouths with their fingers; nay, the Queen herself dipped her delicate digits in the dish, and wiped them with a napkin, when she sat in state at the head of the banquet.

A feast of those days would be a singular spectacle, if we could see it now, and somewhat different from our modern festival assemblies in the items at least of delicacy, and the decorums of cleanliness. Then the table-cloth was a refinement unrecognized by the middle classes, and even at the tables of the higher ranks, where it was common enough, it was considered to be the appropriate receptacle for all the refuse of the platter or trencher, such as bones, cheese-parings and contemporaneous disjecta. Every now and again, during the course of the meal the serving man came round with a square basket, called in the language of the time, a "voider," and "swept" the table with a wooden dagger, or in other words, scraped off the accumulated bones and other fragments with the lath-like voiding knife. Fancy

such a table nowadays! 'Twould be as bad as a board of trade inauguration banquet or a military reunion, to say the least of it, and would spread consternation and disgust through the mind of every hostess in the land.

The civilized world owes the substitution of forks for fingers to the delicate taste of the Italians, though it seems doubtful whether in Italy the institution can be traced back any farther than the time of Elizabeth. Certain it is, that forks were not too well known in Venice in the days of England's virgin queen, for Fynes Morrison, in the account of his travels, tells us that on making a bargain with the master of a Venetian vessel that was to convey him to Constantinople, and stipulating among other things that he was to be allowed the use of a fork as well as a knife and spoon at his meals, he found that the worthy captain had never heard of forks. Whereupon the better informed traveler had to describe the article in question and to add to the skipper's stock of information by telling him that "the fork was an implement to hold the meat while he cut it, as he considered it ill manners to touch the meat with his hands."

Like most other new things, the use of forks was vigorously opposed upon their first introduction, and the implement "had to make its way by degrees." Being convinced that fingers were made before forks, people considered that it was the better thing to stick by them. What had been good enough for their fathers was certainly good enough for them. The congregation of St. Maura, one of the Ionian islands, set their faces against the innovation, as an article of useless luxury and sinful indulgence, and for a long time said article was rigidly interdicted by the elder brethren. In time, however, the odd fellows had to give in, and tolerate the custom that had been adopted by the more fastidious ones, who desired to keep their fingers clean. In some parts of Germany the opposition took a more serious form, while the common people looked on the introduction of forks as a piece of absurd and preposterous affectation, the pastors reprobated their use as an insult to Providence, who had bestowed upon the people wholesome food, which they, "forsooth, were to be ashamed to touch with their fingers." It was different in France, where forks were at once gladly welcomed, and where, from the more cosmopolitan character of the populace, the use of them speedily became popular.

The first introduction of forks into England is claimed by one Coryat, a traveler, and an exceedingly odd character, withal, who once enjoyed an equivocal sort of reputation among the wits of Ben Jonson's day, who, with true old-time kindness, made him the butt of their merciless humor.

Coryat makes the boast that he introduced the fashion of "the forked cutting of meat," and it does not appear that his pretensions to the honor of having done so were ever disputed. In England, however, the custom of eating with the fork was of very slow growth, and there is sufficient mention of it made by writers in the time of James I. and Charles I. to show that

even then it was an instrument of very partial use.

Under the commonwealth forks had a sort of divided reign with fingers—the royalists enthusiastically adopting them, and stabbing them into "Old Noll," represented by anything on the trencher that might be transfix and swallowed at a mouthful. At the restoration the use of them became general, though the people were not quite agreed as to the proper mode of handling them, and ere long rules began to be circulated governing the "nice conduct of the fork," and genteel people to pride themselves on manipulating the new weapon after the manner followed at court. Some of the genial satirists of the day amused themselves by describing the awkwardness of bumpkins from the country, who, coming to see their cousins in town, and using the fork for the first time, thrust the morsel they had transfix over the shoulder, the fingers, from their sheer force of habit, meandering into the open mouth.—*Exchange.*

## PRESIDENT MONROE AND THE WAFFLES.

If Mr. Monroe did not share the peculiar taste of Marshall, Henry and Tyler, it is more presumable that he was more than suspected of the love of good eating which characterizes every Virginian, as may be inferred from the following remarkable occurrence: On his return from abroad with his beautiful bride, he tarried for a number of days in the capital of his native state, and while there, was entertained magnificently by hospitable citizens of that place.

By far the finest entertainment given him, was at the house of a very wealthy, highly connected, and eccentric lady. The fashion, the intelligent, and the chivalry of Richmond, then in her palmiest days, were gathered in the ample parlors. Under the blazing wax lights in the chandelabras moved a throng of dames and demoiselles, resplendent in diamonds, laces, silks, and feathers. In due time came the hour for supper, and presently a number of servants entered, bringing with them a quantity of small tables which were distributed about the rooms. Chairs, also were not wanting, with plates, etc.

This proceeding excited some comment. But what was the amazement of the whole company, when the fat negro cook belonging to the eccentric lady walked in, holding before her an immense tray of batter, while behind her came a negro boy with two or three pairs of old-fashioned, long-handled waffle-spoons! Nothing abashed by that goodly company, the old cook walked straight up to the fire-side, in which a fine wood fire was burning, and then, and there, proceeded to make her waffles with a dexterity, quickness, and perfection which some other Virginian cooks might have equalled, but none could ever hope to surpass. They were served "hot and hot," with superb butter and other accompaniments, and enjoyed intensely by all present, but by none more than Mr. Monroe.

The lady of the house confessed that the proceeding was rather odd. "But," said she, "I knew Mr. Monroe—poor

man!—hadn't had any waffles fit to eat since he left Virginia, and I was determined he should have some. And what account are waffles if they are not hot? and what's the use of eating if you don't sit down and eat comfortably like a Christian?"

## THE DESSERT.

—A California man tied one end of a lariat around his waist and lassoed a cow with the other. He thought he had the cow, but at the end of the first half mile he began to suspect the cow had him.

—An inquiring man thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had. The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

—“My son,” said a fond mother to her young hopeful, “did you wish your teacher a happy New Year?” “No, ma'am,” responded the boy. “Well, why not.” “Because,” said the youth, “she isn't happy unless she's whipping some of us boys, and I was afraid if I wished her happiness she'd go for me.”

—A gentleman handed up a ten dollar bill in one of the Boston Red Line coaches, from which one fare, five cents, was to be taken. “Look a' here,” said the driver, down through the hole, “which of these horses do you want to buy with this ten dollars?” “Well,” coolly replied the gentleman, “I thought I might get both for that.”

—While the fire was sweeping through Pearl street, a shoe-dealer seeing that his stock must go, told the crowd to help themselves. A policeman who had not heard the order soon after came up, and seeing a man deliberately pulling boots pair after pair, from a case before him, thundered out, “Villain, what are you about?” “Trying to find a pair of eights,” was the mild response.

—A compassionate lady passing a child crying in the street, stopped and asked him what was the matter. The child replied: “Cos I've lost a penny mother gave me.” “Ah, well never mind,” said the lady, “here is another for you,” and proceeded on her way; but had not gone far when she heard the little urchin bellowing more lustily than before. She turned back and again asked the cause, upon which the little urchin answered: “Why, if I 'adn't lost the first one I should 'ave twopence.”

—A minister who, after a hard day's labor, was enjoying a “tea dinner,” kept incessantly praising the ham, stating that “Mrs. Dunlap, at home, was as fond of ham as he was,” when the mistress kindly offered to send her the present of one. “It's unco' kin' o' ye, unco' kin'; but I'll no put ye tae the trouble o' sending it, I'll just tak' it home on the horse after me.” When, on leaving, he mounted, and the ham was put in the sack, some difficulty was experienced in getting it to lie properly. His inventive genius soon cut the Gordian knot: “I think, mistress, a cheese in the ither end would make a grand balance.” The hint was immediately acted on, and, like another John Gilpin, he moved away with his “balance true.”



## DEAD LEAVES.

The dead leaves strew the forest walk.  
And withered are the pale wild flowers.  
The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,  
The dewdrops fall in frozen showers.  
Gone are the spring's green, sprouting bower,  
Gone summer's rich and mantling vines.  
And autumn with her yellow hours  
On hill and plain no longer shines.  
  
I learn'd a clear and wild-toned note,  
That rose and swell'd from yonder tree—  
A gay bird, with too sweet a throat.  
There perch'd and raised her song for me.  
The winter comes, and where is she?  
Away—where summer winds will rove,  
Where buds are fresh, and every tree  
Is vocal with the notes of love.  
  
Too mild the breath of southern sky,  
Too fresh the flower that blushes there:  
The northern breeze that rustles by  
Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair.  
No forest tree stands stript and bare,  
No stream beneath the ice is dead.  
No mountain top, with sleety hair,  
Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.  
  
Go there with all the birds—and seek  
A happier clime, with livelier flight;  
Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek;  
And leave me lonely with the night.  
I'll gaze upon the cold north light,  
And mark where all its glories shone—  
See—that it all is fair and bright,  
Feel—that it all is cold and gone.

## THE ART SIDE OF BOOKMAKING

BOOKMAKING must be classed among the Fine Arts, for indeed it is an art in itself, whether we consider it in its exterior or interior decoration. The English excel all others in the tasty arrangement that is required in a really exquisite work. They understand it in all its minutiae. The very title page is a model of neatness and elegance; and of such importance is the superintendence of their labors, that artists, "trained men in their vocation," are employed in most of the large establishments to attend to it in all its artistic capabilities. Contrast an English with a French or German work of equal pretensions—how quiet, yet how genial is the one in its superior refinement above all the others.

Bookbinding is an art of great antiquity. It is two thousand years and more since Phillatius, a Greek, divided the rolled volume into sheets, and glued these together in the form which is familiar to us. The rolls had been preserved from dust and injury by being kept in cylindrical cases, and a protection for the book in its new shape was found to be more necessary than before. This was supplied by securing the leaves between stiff covers, probably of wood at first, and thus began the modern art of bookbinding.

Soon the board was covered with leather, making in external appearance, a still nearer approach to the workmanship of our day; but it was not until the close of the fifteenth century, or the beginning of the sixteenth, that the stout pastboard, called mill board, which unites lightness with sufficient strength, was used as the foundation of the book cover.

When the sheet of paper of which a book is made is folded into two

leaves, the book is called a folio; when into four leaves, it is called a quarto; when folded into eight leaves, it is called octavo; when into twelve leaves, duodecimo, or 12mo; when into sixteen leaves, 16mo; and when folded in eighteen leaves, 18mo, etc.

The ancient Romans ornamented the covers of their books very elaborately, Those of wood were carved, and upon some of these, scenes from plays and events of public interest were represented. About the commencement of the Christian era, leather of brilliant hues, decorated with gold and silver, had come into use. In the Middle Ages the monks exhausted their ingenuity, and frequently, it would seem, their purses, in adorning the covers of those manuscripts which they spent their lives in writing and illuminating.

In the latter part of the fifteenth century, and the beginning of the sixteenth, kings, princes and wealthy nobles, expended much money upon the binding of their libraries, which were in many cases, very extensive. Carved ivory covers, protected by golden corners, and secured by jeweled clasps, were common, as were also those of velvet, silk brocade, velvum and morocco, elaborately ornamented after designs made by great artists, and protected with bosses, corners, and clasps of solid gold.

The precious stones and metals upon these book covers, cost us the loss of many a precious volume, for they frequently formed no inconsiderable part of the plunder of a wealthy mansion in a captured city. Mr. Dibdin tells us of one library of thirty thousand volumes—that of Corvinus, king of Hungary—which was destroyed on this account by the Turkish soldiers, when Buda was taken in 1526.

Quite an era in the history of bookbinding in England was formed by the publication of the Great Bible by Grafton in 1539. His first edition was of two hundred copies, and within three years there were seven editions. A substantial binding was thus needed for nearly twenty thousand volumes, and from this time there was a noticeable advance in the art in England; chiefly, however, in the mechanical department; for Henry VIII. had many books richly and beautifully bound. In his reign the use of gold tooling was introduced, and the designs for some of the rolls are attributed to Holbein. Queen Elizabeth herself embroidered velvet and silk book covers, some of which were also tooled in gilt.

The art has been carried to a high degree of excellence and finish in France. Many have acquired great renown there, in this department of handicraft. They hold themselves far above their brethren of England; and

Duru once said that he should consider himself insulted if he were told that he could bind as well as Hayday. Their prices were enormous—three times as great as those of the best London binders, large as those were. The French books are remarkable for the firmness of their boards, the smoothness of their leather, and the delicacy, the richness of design and the sharpness of outline of their gold tooling. The designs upon one of

leather, but rather to be inlaid in it. But for pleasure and convenience in use, the work of the French binders is inferior to that of the English. Books bound by the former are very stiff; that is, they open with great difficulty, and require constant pressure to keep them open.

The father of the English school of binders was Roger Payne, who lived toward the close of the last century. The great modern English binders are Hayday, Clarke, Bedford, Reviere and Wright. The Remmants have a very large establishment, and bind richly and substantially. The work of Charles Lewis was highly prized, and merited its reputation.

The fitness of the binding to the character of the volume which it protects, though little regarded by many binders, and still less by those for whom they work, is of the first importance. Many a good book is mercilessly sacrificed by an incompetent binder; persons of fastidious taste will prefer the service of one who is possessed of artistic taste and feeling.—*Salad for the Social.*

## THE REGISTER AT THE ANN HATHAWAY COTTAGE

This book has been kept only about twenty years, but from the penciled condition of the plastered ten by fifteen walls, it was long ere that a necessity. Even the little window looking out in the garden is cut to pieces, and the panes covered with names. The low roof, in easy reach of a tall man, is black with pencil marks. There are many odd, and egotistical, entries in the book. As a specimen of the latter, Armstrong read me this: "Reverend Thomas Gray, of St. Johns, Newfoundland, son of General B. Gray, M. P., and his wife, daughter of Lieutenant-General Burnell, first Govenor of Hongkong." And this from a Bostonian: "Rev. S. Wilbur Brown, servant of our Lord Jesus Christ, and son of Edward Brown, the famous missionary of India." "Ah, that man," said Mrs. Baker; "I remember he acted a little queer when he came here; in fact, ministers often do act a little queer here; for he fell on his knees when he got to the door, and prayed and prayed till the people got tired enough, I am sure." She told us of many strange people who had visited her. Among others, she told of a German enthusiast, who brought his lunch and blankets, and entreated to be allowed to eat and sleep on the hearth with the cat. The old lady gave her permission; but, fortunately for her, the first night was a very cold one, which sent her visitor to the doctor next morning with neuralgia, and she has not seen him since.

While she told us these things, Armstrong came to the name of Dickens, Collins, Mark Lemon, and a host of other celebrities. Observing that the name of Dickens was dimly and awkwardly written, the old lady said: "Ah, yes, I remember the way that came. Mr. Dickens seemed sad and out of sorts when here the last time, and kept out of the crowd by himself, so that when they came to write their names he was not with them. Then I took the book and pen, and went to hunt him up, to have him write his

name, too; and I found him sitting alone on the big stone down by the well, looking into the water."

When she had told us these things, we laid some pieces of silver on the table, arose, and went and sat on the big stone by the well, where Dickens had sat before us, and looked at the blue sky down in the well.—*Overland Monthly.*

## THE REVIEWER.

NEW PICTURE READING BOOK. BOSTON: H. Hoyt.

This well known house has recently issued another splendid juvenile, occupying about the same place among the larger classes of children that the *Nursery*, that prince of juveniles, does among the younger class. It has 150 good pictures, illustrating admirably the short sketches—really an attractive volume. Both Mr. Shorey and the publisher of this volume are doing a good work among the children by furnishing them with such attractive and good books, the former of which is first published as a magazine.

APPLES OF GOLD. Published by the American Tract Society, Boston.

This pleasing little book, which will be so acceptable to children, is composed of the numbers of a weekly paper, prettily bound and containing a variety of pictures; some of them are highly colored, and will delight the little folks, who cannot fail to be interested in the charming stories and poems which are filled with useful lessons, and show that "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Price, \$1.

SHELL COVE. BOSTON: D. Lothrop & Co.

This is a very fine "story of the sea-shore," amply filled with stirring scenes, startling incidents, useful information, etc., written in a style to please and instruct both young and old. Indeed that house would not issue a book not well calculated to benefit the reader and exert a good influence. It has well earned its unusual success—the success of an extensive patronage.

GEMS OF STRAUSS.—Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, have recently issued a collection of the best dance compositions of Johann Strauss, with a few additions from his father and brother. It comprises eighty-nine of these popular compositions, which find their way into nearly every concert programme, and which have been made as familiar as household words in all musical circles of the land, through the Jubilee, and their talented, vivacious composer and interpreter. The collection includes the "Beautiful Blue Danube," "Wine, Women and Song," "1001 Nights," "Pizzicato Polka," and all his well-known dances, with a large collection of minor, and not yet as popular compositions. The book includes his waltzes, polkas, quadrilles, mazurkas and galops, all arranged with good effect, whilst dropping difficulties; thus placing them within the reach of a larger circle than could otherwise be done. The work has a good portrait of the composer; is durably bound, and sells for \$2.50 in boards. \$3.00 in cloth. For sale by Cheney & Clapp.

SCRIBNER'S HOLIDAY NUMBER.—The third installment of Dr. Holland's new novel, "Arthur Bonnycastle," appears in the January (holiday) number of Scribner's, accompanied by a very beautiful design from the pencil of Miss Hallock. The same number is rich in short stories and sketches, the most striking of the former being Saxe Holm's "One-Legged Dancers." The list of names in the table of contents is altogether the most interesting and distinguished yet given. William Morris, George MacDonald, Bret Harte, Philip Gilbert Hamerton (author of "Thoughts on Art," "The Unknown River," etc.), Charles Dudley Warner, Edward Eggleston, Christina Rossetti, Edmund C. Stedman, C. S. Calverly (author of "Fly-Leaves"), Edward King, and William C. Bryant contribute characteristic poems, stories, sketches and essays. Particular attention should be called to Mr. Morris's poem (we believe the longest he has ever published in an American magazine); Macdonald's exquisite rendering of a "Spiritual Song," from the German of Novalis; Mr. Stedman's scholarly essay on "Victorian Poets"; "Col. Higginson's important suggestion in the matter of "Intercollegiate Scholarships;" the splendidly illustrated article on Virginia; and Mr. King's graphic account of the "Finding of Livingstone." Mr. Warner's "Nights in the

## THE DARKEST CLOUDS HAVE A SILVERY LINING.

Words and Music by G. H. ROWE.

Slow.

1. When drear - y seems the world, And fond - est hopes lie dy - ing, And o'er the tor - tured  
 2. When toss'd on waves of woe, And for - tune seems de - fy - ing All thine ef - forts to con -

soul trol The clouds of doubt are fly - ing, A pre - cious thought breaks thro' the veil, And  
 The an - guish in thee ly - ing, A ray of hope lights up the way, And

still stills this dull re - pin - ing, — Tho' dark the clouds may sometimes seem, They have a sil - vr'y lin - ing.  
 stills this dull re - pin - ing, — Tho' dark the clouds may sometimes seem, They have a sil - vr'y lin - ing.

Ritard.

Ritard.

Garden of the Tuilleries," and Dr. Eggleston's "Christmas Club," are both rather marvelous stories, but we suppose will not lack believers. In "Topics of the Time" Dr. Holland discusses the Popular Capacity for Scandal; Criticism; and the Free Church Problem. The "Old Cabinet" contains A Visitor; Relics; and Something I found in the Cars. In "Home and Society" we find Rand and Raiment; Window Gardening; and Listen! "Nature and Science" tells of a Substitute for Coal, etc.; and in "Culture and Progress," besides the Book Reviews, there are notices of the late Opera Season and Thomas Moran's Water-color Drawings. The Etchings are particularly good this month. They are by Hoppin, and are entitled, "A Mat. lynomial Stock Operation."

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for December, is a capital number of this most excellent monthly, and a worthy completion of its fifty-fifth volume. Let us note a few of the topics considered: William B. Astor, the noted millionaire, with a fine portrait; Ancient Human Crania; Man as an Inhabitant of Two Worlds; Expression—the conclusion of this most valuable series of essays; Some Familiar Views of Society; The Pretty Man, and the Doll-Faced Woman; Mr. Froude in America; How the Organs of the Brain were Discovered; William H. Seward, with a splendid portrait; On the Formation of Character; "The One-Eyed Conductor," again; "Fanny Fern;" Origin of Metalliferous Deposits; Freckles and Beauty; Christian and Infidel,

etc. 30 cents for the number; \$3 a year. Now is the time to send your subscription to S. R. Wells, 339 Broadway, New York.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for January contains a feast of good things. The first article, by the editor, on "The Inquiring Mandarin," gives us a new view of the awakening intelligence of China, and of the results to be expected when modern machinery and the products of modern industry become common in that great country. This is followed by an entertaining story from the pen of Mrs. H. C. Gardner, and by an amusing and pathetic sketch by Joseph R. T. Gray, on "The Strike of the Ministers." Mrs. Lester's "Los Angeles" will be read with absorbing interest, and Prof. Wells's "Women of the Paris Com-

mune" is a new chapter in the history of the siege and overthrow of Paris. The Editorial Department is fresh, racy, and piquant—especially in its Foreign and Art Notes and Literary Table.

THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET AND PICTORIAL HOME COMPANION.—The especial attention of our lady readers and flower lovers is called to this beautiful new journal. It is a gem in its appearance, being filled with an abundance of tasteful illustrations; and its contents are so varied and agreeable as to suit every member of the family circle. Price, 75 cents per year. Published by Henry T. Williams, editor of The Hor 'iculturalist, 5 Beekman street, New York.



## TROUBLESOME NEIGHBORS.

First, Mrs. McGinty came over to know  
If a pailful of coal she could borrow,  
Her husband had ordered a ton from the yard:  
She'd surely return it to-morrow,  
  
Then came Mrs. Martin from over the way,  
Who said she stepped over to see  
If I could oblige her till that afternoon  
With only a drawing of tea.  
  
Next came Mrs. Johnson, who'd like very much  
I'd lend her, an hour or two,  
A couple of irons, as she had on hand  
Some work she was hurried to do.  
  
Then came Mrs. Thomson, a neighbor next door,  
A troublesome, cranky old dame,—  
Who wanted to borrow for that afternoon,  
The loan of my large quilting frame.  
  
Scarce had she gone when old widow Jones,  
Who said she was going to scrub,  
Came into the room and wanted to know  
If I'd lend her the use of my tub.  
  
When Mrs. Wilson came over in haste,—  
In her hand a pitcher she bore;  
Her molasses fell short, she hadn't enough,  
And would like to borrow some more.  
  
Next came Mrs. Hernando, who wanted to know  
If the late paper I had read through,  
And would feel much obliged to me if I would  
But loan it an hour or two.  
  
And even at night, when going to bed,  
There came to my door Mrs. Doyle,  
Who had to sit up,—her daughter was sick,—  
And wanted some kerosene oil.  
  
With patience exhausted, I'm forced to declare  
That in future I'll lessen my labors,  
By refusing to lend everything I possess  
To improvident, troublesome neighbors.

—Ex.

## INFERIOR MEATS.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

**I**N these days of various adulterations, to secure, in the general market, articles of food of a prime quality, is more a matter of accident than otherwise, the exception rather than the rule, at least in some localities. Some of these adulterations are relatively harmless, as in many of the spices, with which articles less objectionable than the pure goods are employed, as ground rice in mustard, the real objection being the fraud. But when such adulterations are connected with articles of prime necessity, staple foods, the deception and fraud have a still more important significance.

Passing by the thousand and one frauds and compoundings, I purpose to speak at this time of the condition in which so much of our meat comes into the market. And here it may be stated that inferiority and even actual poisonous elements are not always easily detected. If a potato, apple or any of the grains, are unfit for food, the defects are generally easily observed, quite apparent to the smell, taste and sight. But, as the barrel of beef is opened, even an expert may be unable to decide the condition of the creature just before the slaughtering, while he may know nothing of the frauds connected with the curing process, whether good salt was the only article used or whether a harmful substitute may have been employed, still less are the ordinary people able to judge correctly of such articles.

Again, we may know but little of the time which has elapsed before the curing of our meats. The process of decomposition commences in the flesh of the animal immediately after the slaughter—although the flesh may not become offensive to the senses for a few hours, unless the weather is quite warm—while this process of destruction continues until the whole mass becomes putrid, if allowed to remain a sufficient time. This disorganization necessarily impairs the quality of the food, rendering it less and less valuable for nourishment, unless it is frozen, or in some manner protected against such decay. The unusual tenderness of some meats is attributable to this decomposition or semi-putrescence,—only another name for a disorganization of the fibers. It follows that if this putrid meat is eaten, especially if the digestion is so slow or imperfect that the decomposition or putrefaction, continues in the stomach, of course making very imperfect blood, it is not difficult to account for the offensive breath of some persons—so falsely referred to decayed teeth—while the whole current of the blood, as it reaches the lungs, is loaded with putrescence.

And it may be remarked in this connection that this putrefactive tendency is materially enhanced by the imperfect bleeding of the animal, since the blood very soon becomes putrid, on account of the fact that, in addition to nourishment, it contains waste and worn out matter, effete portions of the decaying body. (The consumers of "blood puddings," etc., can not but devour the excrementitious particles of decayed bone and muscle, always flowing to the lungs for purification.) Therefore, the law of Moses (repeated in the New Testament, in the words, "abstain from things strangled, and from blood,") was based on correct physiological principles. As an additional precaution after the necessary bleeding, the flesh was soaked in water for a half hour and then placed in salt that all of the blood might escape.

The rapid fattening of animals, as poultry, for example, by which the liver becomes monstrously enlarged, can but render not only the liver but the flesh unfit for food. This enlargement of the liver, known in medical language as "fatly degeneracy," necessarily results from confining an animal or fowl, in a dark and warm place, forcing food and charcoal into the stomach, by which barbarous custom the liver may be increased enormously. When the human liver is thus diseased, or becomes ulcerated—like that of very many of our slaughtered animals, especially the swine—we regard such as evidences of disease and the same principles apply to the brutes. So important an organ can not become diseased without affecting the whole body, of course resulting in general disease and a deterioration of the flesh if not an actual poisoning of the whole body.

But a still greater evil is connected with the slaughtering of animals for food when they are actually diseased—suffering from some of the various forms of disease with which our cattle, sheep, etc., have been affected within the last few years. While it is so easy to slaughter these cattle and put the

beef into the general market especially when barreled and avoid destruction, it is by no means strange that the unprincipled and avaricious should choose to do so rather than suffer the loss from their death, especially when the products are sold at a long distance from home, diminishing the probabilities of detection.

From the various Agricultural Reports, it is an easy matter to secure something like an approximate estimate of the extent of diseases among our cattle, though it is scarcely to be expected that all cases will be reported. These Reports, in speaking of the prevalence of such diseases as the "pleuro-pneumonia," "Spanish fever," "black-leg," etc., give far more startling statement of these diseases than the ordinary reader supposes. One reporter says, of one disease, that the "animals refuse food; the secretion of the milk ceases and death follows in from five to ten days, the mortality being almost universal." Extracts from these reports, like the following, will give some idea of the extent of the deaths, though not of the disease. "Some farmers lost all they had, and no less than thirty per cent of the cattle have died;" "fully one-half of the native cattle died;" "I lost one hundred and fifty, nearly all I had." Still greater ravages are reported among the sheep and hogs,—of the sheep they say, as seen by a few extracts: "One in every twenty have the foot-rot;" "a disease among the sheep whereby one-third died;" "entire flocks have been destroyed;" "the loss has been excessive—no remedy;" "rot has destroyed three-tenths of the sheep;" "two-thirds of the sheep of this country have died with the scab, etc;" "the sheep of this country are dying off rapidly. After death the carcass is found full of small, mattery, white pimples."

Such extracts from all parts of our country indicate too much disease, and diseases of too putrid a character to induce one to be careless in the selection of barreled meats, especially while so many unscrupulous dealers are in the business. The remedy is difficult unless we use only such meats as we know to be slaughtered and sold by honest, intelligent and reliable men.

## HINTS AND AIDS FOR HOUSE-KEEPERS.

It is by far an easier matter to write upon the subject of housekeeping, than it is to, in an easy, quiet and systematic manner, perform the labors of a household. By means of the pen, however, many valuable hints and aids may be given to housekeepers which if properly used will lighten their labors and lessen their cares. As good housekeeping is a matter of the utmost importance in all communities and to all classes, so a good housekeeper is a person to be loved by the household, and respected by all.

The weather is cold, the winter having set in early, and much care is necessary to preserve fruit and vegetables from freezing. As apples are not keeping well, many are canning them for use during the spring and summer months. The cans that are emptied during the winter can be filled

with well cooked apples and set away for use when needed. As apples are usually much cheaper in the fall than in the spring, many purchase and can them in the fall for summer use. For this purpose Gates and Spitzbergens are excellent, as they are spicy and retain a beautiful color.

At many places where I have called during the fall, I have found the ladies engaged in preparing rags for carpets. These carpets are warm, neat, heavy, and usually wear well. The following is a cheap way of coloring cotton rags a beautiful and permanent blue: Take a large brass or copper kettle, have it dry and rub the whole inside with soft soap, taking care to cover the sides and bottom well with the soap. Let the kettle stand until the following day, then pour in water, wash the soap down into it and let it boil a half hour, then add one-fourth of a pound of logwood chips and boil one hour, then put in the cloth and boil or keep hot until a proper color is produced. This will usually take about two hours, and will color five pounds of rags. They should be dried before washing.

To live within the limits of the income, and promote the health and comfort of the whole household, should be the aim of the housewife, and she should strive continually to accomplish these ends. Cheerful countenances and pleasant conversations, with pleasant and laughable anecdotes happily related, conduce to both health and happiness. During the long winter months when people must remain so much in doors, one often gets tired of the surroundings, or weary of looking at the same arrangement of surroundings. This tiresomeness can often be relieved by changing the places or arrangement of the heavy articles of furniture. Beautiful pictures, vases, and winter bouquets of natural flowers that often cost but little save the time taken in gathering are all helps to relieve this weariness, especially in the rooms of aged people and invalids. Beautiful and bright-colored table and stand covers, chair cushions, etc., all help to make rooms look cheerful and pleasant.

Very beautiful and serviceable rugs may be made in the following way: Procure an old coffee sack of some grocer, then gather up all the scraps and bits of worsted and flannel, and tear or cut them into desirable lengths, thread them into a large darning needle and draw them through the cloth, taking only three or four threads of the coarse cloth, in such a way as to leave both ends of the scraps on one side of it. The scraps should be drawn in so closely as to cause them to stand straight up. The bits must be short enough to stand up and so closely drawn in as to cover all the canvas, which must first be bound or hemmed. These can be drawn in so as to form diamonds, squares or flowers. These being made of the bright rags, the spaces about them are filled with more sombre colors.

Many people, during the autumn and winter months, suffer exceedingly with that most painful disease, neuralgia. For this cream of tartar is a safe, cheap and speedy remedy. Enough should be taken at a dose to act as a mild cathartic, which for

adults will be a heaping tablespoonful. The dose must be repeated every six hours until the pain ceases, and afterward resorted to every time it returns. It can be taken in water by adults, and mixed in syrup for children. The simplest remedies often effect the most permanent cures. Few people ever give a simple remedy a thorough trial simply because it is simple, and easily procured or tried, but go on using poisonous drugs which after a time cause more pain than they have ever relieved. Remedies that relieve without leaving any injurious effects in the system should be the first used, and thoroughly tried before sending for a physician.

There are a great many things that are invaluable that most housekeepers can prepare and keep constantly on hand, that save both expense and suffering. One and one-half ounces of cayenne pepper, pulverized and put in one quart of common whisky, will cure nearly all cases of jaundice. Dose, one tablespoonful three times a day. The bottle to be well shaken before pouring out. It must be a case of long standing that two quarts of this preparation will not cure.

The common red pepper broken up in a pitcher, and the pitcher filled with cider and let stand until the cider has extracted the strength, is an excellent remedy for liver complaints. Drink half a teacupful three times a day.

PATIENCE POPULAR.

Portage Co., Ohio.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—This is the fourth year I have received your valuable paper. I cannot tell you how much I like it, nor of the many difficulties it has helped me out of. I would not be without it if it cost twice the sum. Many single articles which it contains are alone worth the price of subscription.

This month I notice a short piece on "How we dress our Children." I know it is true in the majority of cases. But I want to tell you how I dress my baby, and perhaps some young mother like myself, may get an idea from me, and do likewise.

Our little boy was born last February, he is now nearly eleven months old and has never been really sick, though his teeth have been troubling him for the past four months. I think it is because he is warmly clothed, perhaps not altogether, for he is a healthy child anyway, but I know it's the way to keep him so.

In the first place he never had on a low-necked, short-sleeved, dress; all his baby dresses were made with high necks and long sleeves, and very often he wore a little sacque besides; always a fine flannel shirt next to the skin. (Linen is too cool for infant's shirts even in summer).

At the present time he wears a long sleeved, high-necked shirt, made of all wool flannel, and reaching below the knees; an all wool skirt with cotton waist, and then a white skirt also with waist. (In very cold weather I shall add another flannel shirt,) outside of all a flannel dress. Opera flannel is best as it washes well, and does not full up. They are cut Gabrielle, lined throughout with cambric and

made to reach just to the bottom of his feet, by the time he walks they will be about the right length; long merino stockings attached to the underwaist by tapes (not elastic) to keep them up, and soft-soled shoes, finish his dress, excepting the little apron or bib which nearly every baby wears.

At night everything he has worn through the day is removed, a similar flannel shirt put on and then his nightgown, and lastly if he is not going right into bed, a flannel wrapper made longer than the nightgown; one of his is made out of his old pinning blankets, they were not long enough and so had to be pieced across the waist.

When he goes out in his carriage, his extra clothing consists of a cloak made with a long sacque and talma; woolen cuffs, mittens, leggings, scarf and cap.

I have lined his Aghan with red twilled flannel and sheet wadding, and no matter how cold the day is, he enjoys being out, does not take cold and is a perfect picture of a happy, healthy baby. It pays to keep a child well and healthy, for if it feels comfortable it will not be cross.

I do all my own work, washing, ironing and sewing, and find time nearly every day to give the baby a ride. Of course every mother cannot get time to go out every day with the little one; but I think if they would, they could dress it warmly, and open the windows and let the pure air come in, that God made for babies as well as their fathers and mothers. Don't keep the poor little thing shut up in a hot room, but take the money that would be used for ribbons to tie up its sleeves or a sash for its waist, and get something to keep it warm, and then give it air. A FRIEND TO THE BABIES.

MR. CROWELL.—Sir:—My husband not being a Mr. Small soul but being one who likes me to have birds, plants, and THE HOUSEHOLD, you will find enclosed the dollar for next year's subscription.

A subscriber asked a while ago how to make lemon jelly; here is a very simple way which I like. Take the juice and grated peel of one lemon, one cup of sugar and one egg, mix them together and put into a bowl and set it in the tea-kettle and let it steam two hours.

Another lady says she has an iron sink that rusts badly. I can sympathize with her, for so does mine, but a friend says paint it black and I will not be troubled with rust any more, and I think I shall try it.

I can add my testimony to that of many others, that I consider THE HOUSEHOLD a very useful, readable paper, and one that I cannot give up for the next year at least.

MRS. FRED. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I read with interest the various methods of washing and would like to give my plan:

The white clothes are put to soak Sunday night (for I am one of those who must wash on Monday,) in clear, cold water; in the morning wring them out and soap the wristbands, collars, and places most soiled. Have a boiler half filled with water, and when at a scalding heat, put in one

common teacupful of washing fluid; when the water boils up, stir and put in the clothes and boil for half an hour. Then rub lightly through one suds, rinse them well in blueing water, and they are finished. For each additional boiler of clothes add only half a cup of the fluid; of course boiling in the same water through the whole washing. If more water is needed in the boiler for the last clothes dip it from the tub.

This plan saves over one-half the rubbing which is usually given to clothes and also half the soap. The fluid does not injure the clothes in the least as it has been used in the family many years with no bad result. The following is the recipe:

One pound of sal-soda, one-half pound of unslacked lime, five quarts of water; boil a short time, stirring occasionally; then let it settle and pour off the clear fluid into a stone jug or old glass bottles and set away for use. I will also give a recipe for making Gold Cake which was wanted in a late number. One cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, the yolks of eight eggs, half a cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda, two cups of flour and half a nutmeg. Silver Cake is made by using the whites of the eight eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, three-quarters cup of butter three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream-tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful extract of lemon.

One thing we must remember this cold weather, and that is, the temperature of our rooms is very different down where the cradle and little ones are from what it is on a level with our heads. Nearly all common rooms vary from twenty to thirty degrees from the top to the bottom. I keep a small thermometer hung on the cradle and when I am busy and think how warm the room is, I find it hardly 65° down on the cradle.

ALICE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have sat so long at the hearth that is becoming very dear to me—sat silent and listened to the pleasant and profitable conversation of others, that an irresistible longing to put in an occasional word myself, comes over me.

So much, so very much has been said and is still being said on the subject of housekeeping and living in general, that it appears to me it never will, never can, never ought, to be exhausted. Verily it is a mighty question; how shall we best employ the life God has given us? how can we best improve the time—short enough at most—that is allotted us here? So many shoulders once erect and beautiful, have grown to stoop; so many hearts have broken beneath their load of care; so many fair brows have been furrowed by the incessant fret over household duties that it becomes us all to seek

diligently, if amidst the rough tanglewood through which we may be obliged to walk, there may not be found some sweet wild flowers that it were better to pluck and wear upon our bosom, than to ruthlessly crush beneath our feet; and let any who may have found such, impart to his fellow traveler the secret of its hiding place, that others may inhale its fragrance or refresh their hearts by its beauty.

There are very few who would not welcome such tidings—some there may be who utterly disregard all hints at an easier way—who choose to go through and over all obstacles at whatever cost of life or limb. By them the mountain of difficulty must be crossed; they scorn all valley roads as allurements of the evil one. This recalls to mind, my neighbor Mrs. Delorous, she took occasion this afternoon by my tube-roses to preach me a sermon on the awful waste of time that such things involve; but because she believes it to be her duty to trample under foot all that is sweet, and bright and beautiful around her, and to cultivate only good-bearing trees of care and hardship; it does not follow that I must do the same. If I, by turning to the right or left a little, have found a way round a part of my difficulties, while she chooses to exhaust her strength and waste her heart in useless endeavors to fight them down, I thank God that it is not absolutely necessary that I must join her in the combat. "Discretion is the better part of valor," and is it not sometimes more discreet to elude the enemy than to meet him? So while she is vain of her reputation of being the best housekeeper around, I rejoice in the belief that the year will leave me better than it found me.

I have learned something. I have brought "grim care" to subjection, not but that I sometimes meet him, but at my command he retreats. If when my sweeping, dusting and other household duties are over, I have set down with my book or sewing, and on raising my eyes to the corner I espied a spider busy weaving his web I do not now as formerly drop book or sewing and run for the broom to destroy him and his work, ere I can go on with my own; I quietly bide my time, not that I let it hang till in its accumulation of dust it becomes disgusting to every one; but there are worse things than spider-webs and this everlasting fidget about housework is one of them. All things have their use, and even a spider may be turned to account for the amusement or instruction of the little one who comes to my side with its eager pleadings for a story.

"The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment." Then let every mother, sister or wife, seek how they may make home beautiful and attractive, even though by so doing, she may have to sacrifice one ruffle or fold of her dress; for the life depends much on a happy home and the success of life almost altogether. Let us strive to feed the hearts and minds of our children even though their bodily raiment may be a little more plain.

And now dear HOUSEHOLD friends if I am permitted to talk, as well as listen to you, I shall be most happy.

SISTER MOLLIE.

THE OYSTER PLANT.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—One of your subscribers wants to know all about salsify or oyster plant, so I will tell her all I know of it.

It is a vegetable to be housed in winter, like carrots or parsnips. I cook it by slicing it in small pieces and boiling in a little water till it seems done enough, or cooked soft;

then drain off the water and pour in milk, as much as you would for the same quantity of oysters; season with butter, pepper and salt, and heat.

Some, boil the vegetable—mash and season it, then roll into balls and fry—I understand it is very nice so, but have never tried it. H. M. P.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir*:—Some one asks about the oyster plant. I have cultivated what we call the vegetable oyster they have to remain in the ground all winter, the same as parsnips, and in the spring dig them as they are wanted for cooking. I slice them and use just water enough to cook them in, and seasoned the same as oysters they are a good substitute. MRS. J. ELLIS.

Janet asks about cooking the oyster plant. I send my way. Take as many roots as required, varying of course according to their size and that of the family—I generally take from eight to twelve for a half dozen persons. Wash, scrape, and cut into round pieces a quarter of an inch or more thick; put them into a quart of cold water and boil ten minutes, then put in salt, pepper, and a liberal allowance of butter—as large a ball as you can afford—and stir in half a pint of sweet cream or milk and a couple of rolled crackers. Eaten with crackers and good company, or with toasted bread and alone if one can do no better, they are nice. L. M. B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Janet wishes to know how to take care of and cook salsify or vegetable oysters. I would advise her to leave them in the earth until she wishes to cook them—they are quite as good in the spring if left in the earth through the winter. To cook them, dig and clean them nicely, cut into very thin slices, cover with cold water in a deep dish and boil twenty minutes, then add three pints of milk, butter the size of a hen's egg and a piece of any kind of salt fish the size of the palm of the hand, picked into very fine pieces, pepper and salt to taste, and boil one minute, crumb in crackers and you will have a dish good enough for a king. CANADIAN.

#### CANNING AND BOTTLING FRUIT.

Every intelligent housewife who has had any experience in bottling and canning fruit, understands the superiority of glass vessels for such purposes over either tin or stone ware. It is true, glass jars are a little more expensive and somewhat liable to crack when filling in the warm fruit. On the other hand fruit in glass jars is at all times in a condition for inspection, so that the slightest fermentation, which sometimes occurs, may at once be detected; and, as for the cracking, that has been overcome. Glass is more easily washed and cleansed than either stone or tin ware, and proof against corrosion—a very serious objection to tin. A lady correspondent of Gardner's Monthly gives the following as her experience and views on the use of glass and tin vessels:

It used to be customary and is for that matter, customary yet, to put the glasses in cold water, and gradually heat them up to near boiling point,

when the heated fruit is put in and closed up. But with all my greatest care glasses often broke. Now I get a wet towel, double it four or five times, and set the jar on this while pouring in the warmed fruit. I adopted this plan all the last season, and did not have one glass to crack. I saw the hint in some newspaper, but cannot recollect where. It seemed so unreasonable to cool them, that I was at first afraid to try it, and very reluctantly experimented with two.

As they succeeded well, I did all that way last summer, and shall continue to do them in the same way. This objection against my favorite glasses is thus entirely removed, and there remains nothing in favor of tin but the first cost. I use many different patterns of jars, all of which have elastic bands around the stoppers, some tightened by screwing, others by a clasp. All this is soon done, and the bottles soon opened when wanted, which is an advantage over tin, for which cement has to be prepared, and which takes time to open—and then the superior cleanliness of the process in the jars, is I think much in their favor over tin.

#### COOKING VEGETABLES.

Why should vegetables be washed in warm water first, then cold, to cleanse them from sand and insects? The hot water, which must be hotter than tepid, causes the insects and sand to fall out at once. Insects do not always dislike cold water and salt, but hot water kills them.

It must be understood that only a small handful of greens or one head of cabbage at a time must be washed, and then instantly thrown into cold water, which crisps and thoroughly cleanses them. Spinach, leeks, celery and sea-kale, are thus rendered very clean, and, moreover, are very rapidly cleansed.

It is worse than useless to attempt to cleanse vegetables in salt and water. The hardness which salt creates in the water prevents all cleansing properties. The salt may kill the insects (it does not always do this), but they stick on hard and fast; the hot water makes them fall out at once, and the cold water crisps and also blanches the vegetables.—*Mrs. Warren*.

#### DILATORY BUTTER.

Mrs. C. R. M. wishes to know what makes her butter so long in coming, while X. Y. Z. tells her to keep on churning and not be discouraged. That advice wouldn't satisfy me at all, for I have churned two days on cream without producing butter; at such times some salt in the cream will cause the butter to come very soon. I also find that keeping the cows salted, helps the matter.

I know of an Indian boy who has to do the churning where he lives, and who churned all one evening and all the next morning, finally he thought of the way milk punch was made, how the milk would curdle if care wasn't used in mixing it with the brandy, so watching his opportunity he seized the decanter and poured in about a gill of brandy, the butter came in a few minutes, after that he always tried it

when the butter refused to come and it never failed. The brandy didn't leave any taste in the butter either.

KITTE.

#### AMMONIA FOR STAINS.

I am not much acquainted with wine stains, but in any case where an acid has taken the color from a fabric, ammonia will restore it, and I would suggest to A. H. W. that washing a carpet in ammonia water, say a tablespoonful of concentrated ammonia to a quart of warm suds, will take almost any stain out of it. I don't know but I could keep house without my bottle of ammonia, but I shouldn't like to try. In cleaning paint glass, silver or gold, it is invaluable, as well as for keeping the hands soft and white after cleaning all these other things. For cleaning windows, I put a teaspoonful of strong ammonia in a half pint of clear warm water, wring a cloth out, and rub sashes and glass, then rub with a dry cloth.

Stains, pencil marks, fly specks, and all manner of dirt, disappear under the ammonia treatment, with no injury to paint or varnish if not used too strong

S.

#### A GOOD FISH CHOWDER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I send Mrs. A. M. H. a recipe for fish chowder. Cut some slices of pork very thin, and fry it out dry in the dinner-pot; then put in a layer of fish, cut in slices, on the pork and fat, then a layer of potatoes, cut in thin slices, then fish and potatoes again, till your materials are all in; putting salt and pepper on each layer of fish and put in water enough to cover; split some crackers, and after dipping them in water put around the sides and over the top; boil about half an hour, or until the potatoes are done, add about a pint of sweet cream with a little flour stirred in, five minutes before taking it up. Many people (myself among them) prefer butter to the pork and fat; you can put in onions if you like them. AMANDA.

#### FOR RE-SHARPENING FILES.

The following is given by an exchange as useful and effective, but we have not tried it: Wash the files in a solution of warm water and potash until thoroughly cleansed, after which wash them in warm water; then put one pint of warm water in a wooden dish, in which place as many files as the water will cover; add to this two ounces of borax and two of blue vitriol finely pulverized together.

Stir up the files well and add two ounces of sulphuric acid by weight; to this add one-quarter ounce of vinegar. The files will turn red. When they again resume their natural color, take them out and wash them in cold water, after which they must be thoroughly oiled with sweet oil, and wrapped singly in brown wrapping paper which will absorb the oil from the files.

#### SYRUP OF COFFEE.

This preparation is of great use to those who have long journeys to make: Take half a pound of the best ground coffee, put it into a saucepan containing

three pints of water, and boil it down to one pint. Cool the liquor, put it into another saucepan, well scoured, and boil it again. As it boils, add white sugar enough to give it the consistency of syrup. Take it from the fire, and when it is cold, put it into a bottle, and seal. When travelling if you wish for a cup of good coffee, you have only to put two teaspoonsfuls of syrup into an ordinary coffee-pot, and fill with boiling water. Add milk to taste, if you can get it.

—Ink spots on floors can be extracted by scouring with sand wetted in oil of vitriol and water. When the ink is removed, rinse with strong pearlash water.

—To remove stains on spoons, caused by using them for boiled eggs, take a little salt, moistened, between the thumb and finger, and briskly rub the stain, when it will soon disappear.

#### HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

HARD SOAP.—I have a recipe for making hard soap which I know to be nice, and I think many of your readers would find it convenient to make soap without ashes. Pour four gallons of boiling water over six pounds of sal soda and three pounds of unslacked lime, stir it so as to get the strength, let it stand over night, pour the liquor off carefully, add six pounds of soap fat and boil until it becomes like honey in thickness, which may require two hours. Stir it occasionally while boiling, and stir in a handful of salt just before taking it off the fire. It can be cooled in any kettle that is a good shape to slip the cake out of. After pouring off the liquor from the sal soda and lime, pour on more water, as it may be needed to fill up the soap, if not it is useful to clean up grease. The soap must not freeze while drying. MRS. J. T. H.

HOW TO COOK GOOD BEEF STEAK.—Have your steak cut thick, put it on your meat board and with a sharp pointed knife prick it every imaginable way to make it tender, put it on your gridiron over a clear fire, turning it very often. Put a lump of butter, and some salt and pepper into a tin dish. Put your steak dish where it will get warmed. When the steak is cooked, put it into the tin dish and double it over, pressing out all the blood you can, and lay the steak on your plate. Set the tin dish with the blood, pepper and salt on the stove, and as soon as it boils up and thickens, pour it over your steak. You can add a can of mushrooms to the gravy. This recipe was never known to fail. COM.

GOLD CAKE.—*Dear Household*:—In a late number I noticed that Modern Martha asks for a recipe for gold cake. I will send you one that I have never known to fail. The yolks of eight eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sour cream, in which put one-half teaspoonful soda, having previously dissolved it in water, two cups of flour. Flavor with lemon extract. SAL.

GRAPE JELLY.—*Editor Household*:—Modern Martha will find this a nice recipe for grape jelly. Stew the grapes a few minutes in a porcelain kettle with just enough water to keep them from burning. Mash them gently with a silver spoon. Strain through a sieve and use only what juice runs through without sifting. Add a pint of white sugar to every pint of juice, and boil twenty minutes. Make a cranberry jelly in the same way.

FISH CHOWDER.—Here is a recipe for Mrs. A. M. H. Fry three or four slices of salt pork in a deep kettle. When crisp take it out and put into the kettle, first, a layer of sliced potatoes, and then one of fish until all is used. Pepper it, add one or two onions cut fine, pour in boiling water enough to cover the whole, and boil half an hour. Put in half a pint of milk and cook it five minutes longer, gently, to prevent burning. The fish should be freshly caught. The best for a chowder is haddock. M. L. Y.

**DRIED APPLE CAKE.**—One cup of dried apple cut fine, (I use a pair of shears,) soak over night, add one cup of molasses, and boil till it looks clear; cool, and add one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, cinnamon and other spice as desired, stir in flour to make a stiff batter, and bake in a moderate oven. This makes two loaves. Some prefer one cup of sour cream in place of the butter, and I do.

**MOLASSES GINGERBREAD.**—Two cups of molasses, two cups of sour milk, one cup of cream, one egg, one tablespoonful each of soda and ginger, four cups of flour, and bake in shallow pans in a quick oven. It is nice eaten warm for tea, but is good for lunch or any time.

THE HOUSEHOLD is cordially welcomed in my western home, and its contents eagerly perused, especially the Letters, which I enjoy reading much.

LOU.

Cherokee, Iowa.

**SUGAR CANDY.**—We have what we think a splendid recipe for making candy out of white sugar, which we have not noticed in THE HOUSEHOLD. Of sugar, one-third; of water, two-thirds. For one pint of sugar put in one tablespoonful of vinegar, being careful not to stir it while boiling or it will grain. To tell when it is done put a little in cold water, and when it breaks off short and brittle it is boiled enough. Flavor with anything you please just as it is ready to take off. Have ready buttered pans to pour it into, and be very careful it does not get very cold or it will not pull. Hickorynut kernels in part make an excellent variety. Be careful to boil it in tin or new porcelain as it is easily colored.

SUE D. T.

**CHINA PIE.**—Make crust short, roll out thin, and put it in a deep pie plate. Put in a layer of thin sliced apples, a layer of sugar and spice, so on until full; put on the top layer sugar, spices and little lumps of butter. No top crust. Bake from three-fourths of an hour to an hour.

MARY E. N.

**STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.**—*Mr. Crowell.*—*Dear Sir.*—Noticing the request of M. A. B. in the September number for a recipe for strawberry shortcake, with pleasure I give mine: To two teacupfuls of sour milk add one teaspoonful of soda; when this is dissolved, add one cup of butter or lard, and flour enough to make a soft dough. Roll into thin cakes large enough to fill the pan in which they are to be baked. Dust a frying pan with flour, place in the cake and bake over the fire, turning as soon as the under side is done. Split the cakes while hot, and butter well. Lay on a plate a slice of the cake, put on a layer of well-sugared strawberries, then another slice of the cake, more strawberries, and so on until there are five or six layers, and serve.

ELLA.

**APPLE JELLY.**—A nice, wholesome, palatable and economical jelly may be made in the following manner: Cut or chop up a quantity of good apples, parings, core and all, if free from defects, and boil thoroughly in water sufficient to cover them. When soft press through a coarse cloth, allowing most of the pulp to pass, and let this stand till cool. Pour off the clear liquid, add a small quantity of tapioca, (dissolved in cold water and slightly cooked, thin,) with sufficient white sugar, and then boil away sufficient to make a jelly of the right consistency, and you have as nice a preserve as an epicure desires, clear and beautiful.

The bottom, or the pulp, of the first, cooked with some nice molasses, makes a very fine apple butter, both of which will keep a long time.

J. H. H.

**SOFT MOLASSES COOKIES.**—*Mr. Crowell.*—*Dear Sir.*—I noticed in a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD one of your readers wished for a recipe for soft molasses cookies. Here is mine: Two cups of molasses, one-half cup of cold water, two heaping teaspoonsfuls of soda, two teaspoonsfuls of ginger, two-thirds cup of lard, a little salt, and flour enough to roll out. Keep in tin and they will grow soft.

MRS. E. T.

**CANNED FRUIT.**—*Editor Household.*—*Dear Sir.*—I have noticed in your paper

several recipes for canning fruit, but think I have one that is much better, as it requires so little time. I cook the fruit in a porcelain kettle, same as for immediate use; then take the cans, (without any previous heating,) put a silver tablespoon in the first, and fill up with the fruit while boiling hot, take out the spoon, put on the cover, and seal, and so on with the rest. I have not broken a single can by this method, while by the old way I frequently lost some.

A. C. E.

**MR. EDITOR.**—I noticed in a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD that one of your subscribers asks for a recipe for ginger snaps, and another for cookies. Being anxious to contribute my mite to your excellent paper, I send the following recipes, which I have used with success, and my cakes have always been praised.

**GINGER SNAPS.**—Two cups of molasses, one cup of butter, two tablespoonsfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of alum, and flour enough to roll out.

**COOKIES.**—Two cups of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of boiling water, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda, three eggs, and a piece of alum the size of a walnut dissolved in the hot water.

MRS. F. P.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Will some one tell me how to restore black lace which is rusty?

QUERE.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.**—In the July number of THE HOUSEHOLD the recipe for coloring catechu brown reads four pounds of blue vitriol, it should be four ounces instead. Please correct, and any one using it will find it perfect.

EVANGELINE.

Will some one of your contributors give the exact method of bleaching, pressing and coloring straw hats? I would like the entire process.

ROSE.

**MR. EDITOR.**—I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD only a short time, but like it very much, and am much pleased with The Puzzler. I love to read the Questions and Answers.

I would like to ask through THE HOUSEHOLD two questions: Can any of my friend cooks tell me how to make the crust for tarts? Also, how to make roll jelly cakes?

A. A. F.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD.**—I wish to ask some questions to be answered in THE HOUSEHOLD, and in return will send some recipes which we think good.

Will some one please tell me how to scramble eggs? Can black currants be made into wine, or anything else made of them? I wish to know how to make nice frosting that will not crack and crumble when the cake is cut.

H. E. B.

**MR. EDITOR.**—Will some of your readers inform me, through THE HOUSEHOLD, the best way to make popped corn puddings? and oblige a reader.

MRS. A.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD.**—Will some of the experienced ones give me a plain recipe for coloring sheep's wool on the skin, red, yellow, or any other color? and very much oblige.

LANNIE.

Janet will find that smilax is propagated from very small bulbs.

Aaron's rod bears small, yellow flowers, a common weed and flower; it loves old and desolated gardens, and grows by the wayside.

FIDEE G.

**MR. CROWELL.**—*Dear Sir.*—If not too much trouble for you, it will oblige several subscribers to publish a recipe for making raised loaf fruit cake.

I would like to ask what will remove oil or grease spots from marble?

**MR. EDITOR.**—In your last number Katie asks what will take the rust off an iron sink. Mother says: "If she will oil her sink at night with kerosene, and in the morning scour with Bristol brick, she will doubtless find the rust removed."

In answer to Mrs. D. S. concerning her question regarding clove stains upon white pique, I would say, take a teaspoonful of chloride of lime, dissolved in a pint of warm water, and soak the stains in this mixture, until they are removed.

Will some one inform me how to cleanse hair cloth furniture? and oblige,

MRS. M. A. L.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD.**—Will you inform a new subscriber what is the proper size, length and width, for pillows and shams? and oblige,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Rheta would like to inquire how our tidy housekeepers keep the tops of their kerosene lamps looking bright and new.

**MR. CROWELL.**—Through the kindness of an aunt in New Hampshire, your excellent HOUSEHOLD has since last January found its way to our New Jersey home, where it is appreciated. We consider it a treasure, and intend never again to be without it. I am much interested in Mrs. Dori's talks, and feel almost acquainted with Kitty Candid.

If Mrs. S. M. B. will allow her stove to cool, and grease it thoroughly before blacking, I do not think she will be troubled with its burning off so quickly.

A Subscriber asks how to restore faded hair to its original color. For mine—faded by measles—I am using cold tea, as I have been told that would restore it. If any one knows a better remedy will they please give it?

Will some of your numerous readers inform me how to make good molasses candy and have it brittle and light colored?

EVA.

J. H. W. will find the leaves of scrap books will be quite smooth if the margins around the slips are wet with clear water, and allowed to dry with the paste.

E. D. will perhaps like this way of making an omelet: Take the desired number of eggs (allowing an egg to each person) and beat them thoroughly. I beat the whites and yolks separately if I want it particularly nice. Add two tablespoonsfuls of milk to each egg, stir up and pour into a buttered iron basin, not hot enough to scorch the butter. Raise the edges as it cooks so that what is on top may run underneath. Do not put in a particle of salt or anything else. When it thickens and is brown on the under side, fold it over and slide it out carefully.

BRIDGET.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD.**—I wish some of your many readers would send me a rule for making both peach and cherry pickles, and oblige,

EVA C. J.

Will some of your many readers inform me how to make good tomato pudding? and oblige,

SADIE A. M.

**MR. EDITOR.**—*Dear Sir.*—The Reader who, in the August number, desires a recipe for good ginger snaps, can be sure and "truly grateful" when she has made (and her husband is praising) the following: One cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter and then filled with hot water, one-half teaspoonful of ginger, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and stir in flour enough to roll.

The very same for A. M. N. who asks for molasses cookies, except use caraway seed in place of ginger. And let me add, cream of tartar is good in every species of flour cooking, even in lard and water pastry, as a dear old lady, now gone to her well earned reward, once whispered in my ear, and as she belonged to one of your old Battleboro families, I give the echo back to you.

Mrs. M. C. H. can have the best of raised cake by the very easy way of taking a pint from her bread raising, add one cup of milk or water, then, with or without eggs, proceed exactly as for plain fruit cake. This makes two loaves of nice cake, such as the writer makes each week for the every-day supper of the family, and good enough for any surprise company, in short, the real old Granita State "election cake" for excellent.

Accept this upon the principle of receiving much, much also is required. Receive, also, much thanks for the many nice recipes. But, oh, sisterhood of the flour-barrel, ye who like the writer, must, sick or well, cook up a barrel of flour each three months of your lives, do

ye never long for a "rest for the weary" over just one baking day?"

MRS. H. A. B.

**MR. EDITOR.**—I like THE HOUSEHOLD very much, and cannot tell which department is the best where all are so good, but usually turn first to the Household Recipes. I often see many questions I would like to answer, but my time is so occupied—with other things that I always leave them for some one else.

Now I would like to ask if any one can tell me how I can have a wine-colored Tibet dress colored to look nicely? What color will it best take? Almost anything will do except black.

I must tell the ladies how I restored a cotton and wool table cover, that was once blue and brown, but had been colored crimson and faded a pale purple. We dipped it in strong cold tea, and dried it in the shade, and it looks "as good as new, and better too."

S. C.

**MR. EDITOR.**—A subscriber wishes to know how to curl a feather. Hold it over a fire and shake it briskly, not so near as to scorch, and you will be surprised at the improvement it will make.

Another wishes to know how to curl hair. Get some smooth sticks, wind the hair smoothly around them, then wind a cloth around and fasten it nicely, and put them in a kettle and boil them an hour or more, then put them in a warm place to dry. If you have a tin oven to your stove it is a grand place to dry them, but care should be taken not to burn them. Let them be on the sticks several hours, so they may be thoroughly dried.

Another wishes to know how to color cotton cloth. You can color slate or drab with common white birch bark, boil it in an iron kettle half an hour or more, take out the bark and put in a little copperas, boil and skim, wet your cloth or garment, put them in the dye (do not have them too much crowded) and scald, take out, wash them in a good soap suds to set the color, rinse and dry, and they are ready for use. It will color woolen or silk just as well. I have colored ribbons that looked nice. Do not wring silk when wet for it creases it so you cannot iron it out. If you wish to stiffen ribbon, wet it in a little sugar and water, and iron wet.

If you wish to color corn or nankeen color, take wood ashes ley, put in copperas, and let the cloth stay in until it is the color you wish. It does not fade like some colors.

M. A. P.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD.**—Your bright face has gladdened our home with three visits, and already we regard it as a warm and most welcome friend.

A Reader asks for some way to make lamp-mats. They are quite pretty made of two contrasting colors of half inch alpaca braid, say crimson and white, or any other bright lines the taste or fancy may suggest. Cut of muslin a round piece the size you wish your mat to be, now tack on evenly to this one color of your braid, each piece touching the other, until you have covered the muslin; then with your other color weave in pieces alternating across, over and under, same as in darning. Having done this, bind the edge with a piece of braid, and ornament with rosettes made of loops of the same braid tacked closely on to a circular piece of muslin. Six rosettes and six bunches of braid, three of either color, are sufficient for a good sized mat.

I send you my recipe for blackberry wine which I have found excellent: Measure your berries and bruise them, and to each gallon of berries add one quart of boiling water; let this mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally. Strain through a flannel bag and to each gallon of juice add three pounds of good brown sugar, and pour into a cask or keg. Beat to a froth the whites of eggs, allowing two or three eggs to each gallon of wine, stir in and let it stand lightly covered with a thin cloth for six or eight weeks. The egg will most perfectly clarify your wine, so the longer it remains upon it the clearer your wine will be. When clear, remove the scum, drain off and bottle, sealing hermetically.

Will some of your readers tell me how to clean chromos?

MRS. A. C. G.

Can any one tell me how rubber boots, which have cracked around the top of the sole, or in other places, may be repaired? If some one will, they will greatly oblige,

Lou.



## UNspoken WORDS.

The kindly words that rise within the heart,  
And thrill it with their sympathetic tone,  
But die ere spoken fail to play their part,  
And claim a merit that is not their own,  
The kindly word, unspoken, is a sin;  
A sin that wraps itself in purest guise.  
And tells the heart, that doubting, looks within.  
That not in speech, but thought, the virtue lies,  
But 'tis not so; another heart may thirst  
For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild—  
Poor, banished Hagar—prayed a well might burst  
From out the sand to save her parching child.  
And loving eyes, that cannot see the mind,  
Will watch the expected movement of the lip;  
Ah! can ye let its cutting silence wind  
Around the heart, and scathe it like a whip?  
Unspoken words, like treasures in the mine,  
Are valueless until we give them birth;  
Like unfound gold their hidden beauties shine,  
Which God has made to bless and gild the earth;  
How sad 'twould be to see a master's hand  
Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute;  
But oh! what pain, when at God's own command  
A heart-string thrills with kindness—but is mute!  
Then hide it not, the music of the soul,  
Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly voice;  
But let it, like a shining river, roll  
To deserts dry—to hearts that would rejoice.  
Oh! let the symphony of gentle words  
Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the weak;  
An! He will bless you—He who struck these chords  
Will strike another when in turn you seek.

## AUNT ELLEN'S ADVICE.

DEAR! I hate this very room,  
I hate housework—nothing but  
delve, delve from morning till night—  
no time to one's self, or to anybody.  
A woman is nothing but a slave, and  
gets no thanks for it, either."

And Mrs. Merton glanced around  
the large, roomy kitchen in which she  
sat with a most unamiable frown on  
her bright, rosy face.

The room was well furnished and  
well lighted, cheerful, and always  
fitted for comfort, serving as a dining-  
room as well as work-room.

But alas! my office as a faithful his-  
torian compels me to say that it was  
wretchedly untidy. The bright carpet  
littered with crumbs of the morning  
meal, the table still standing with the  
breakfast dishes untouched, although  
nearly dinner hour; and the far from  
snowy cloth all awry, while the mis-  
tress of the house discoursed most  
eloquently of her trials. Her auditor  
was her aunt, who had arrived by the  
morning boat for a short visit, and  
they were discussing the merits and  
demerits of Mrs. Lizzie Merton's con-  
dition in life.

"Charles never appreciates anything  
that I do," continued she, giving the  
fire a spiteful poke, overturning a  
basin of milk on the stove hearth as  
she did so. "There, that is just my  
luck! I wish men had one half to end-  
ure that falls to the lot of woman.  
Charles grumbles continually; nothing  
in its place, or ever to be found. I'm  
sure it is not my fault. I get so tired  
picking up, and doing the same thing  
over and over day after day. A wo-  
man's work is never done."

Just then she glanced up, and seeing  
the eyes of her aunt regarding a torn  
curtain somewhat attentively, flushed  
crimson and hurriedly exclaimed:

"I meant to have got those curtains

put up right before you came, but  
somehow it didn't get done. I can't  
do everything. I wish Charles would  
allow me a girl; I am sure that he  
could afford one. I can't get time to  
dress or to get out at all. Before I  
was married I was well off, if I had  
only known of it. Just think of it  
aunt Ellen, I have been out to but one  
ball since, and I have been his wife  
eight years! Charles will not leave  
his store, and I will not be seen without  
him."

"Let us wash up these dishes, Lizzie,  
and get things somewhat in trim  
for dinner; the clock is now on the  
stroke of eleven, and I believe you  
dine at one." And aunt Ellen rose  
from her seat with a smile. "We  
will see what light work two pairs of  
hands will make of it."

"O never mind; don't worry your-  
self; I can get the dishes done, some-  
how; if Charles frets, I am used to it;  
and if dinner is not ready he can wait,  
or take hold and help me himself."

Mrs. Jones saw that it was of little  
use to argue with her niece in her  
present frame of mind, so she wisely  
said nothing, but proceeded to busi-  
ness. Lizzie soon joined her, and  
although complaining meanwhile of  
the narrow sphere of woman compared  
with that of man, she quickly brought  
order out of confusion.

At one o'clock, a nice smoking hot  
dinner was on the table, tidily arranged  
and the room so transformed that one  
would have hardly recognized it.

"Ah! this is something like house-  
keeping," said Mr. Charles Merton, as  
he entered the room, after greeting his  
aunt. "I vote that you remain with  
us six months, and impart your skill  
to Lizzie. What! a bouquet!" and  
he raised his glass in which Mrs.  
Jones had placed a spray of geranium,  
with one rosebud, and a bit of helio-  
tropo with an appreciative gesture.

His wife's face clouded for a moment,  
then, with an effort she laughed  
lightly, saying:

"I am glad to hear you praise any-  
thing, it is so seldom that I have that  
pleasure."

His retort was not a pleasant one,  
and something mingled with it which  
sounded like being a blessing to have  
company occasionally, so that things  
could be decent.

Aunt Ellen saw that the domestic  
harp was not in tune, and, like a dis-  
creet woman, introduced another sub-  
ject, talking glibly of business matters  
likely to interest, until dinner was  
over. Charles, lighting one of those  
"odious" cigars, provoked the re-  
mark—"I wonder what men would  
say if women spent as much in folly of  
any kind as they do on their smoking?"

"Come, aunt, now let us take a nap."

"What! and leave this disorder un-  
til afternoon to clear up?"

"O, I always do! I am so tired and  
sleepy I can't work yet."

"Then, Lizzie, go and lie down a  
while. I am fresh and will attend to  
this for you."

A slam of the outer door, a boisterous  
footstep, and in rushes a bright  
boy of six years, throwing his cap at  
the lounge, succeeding in landing it on  
the floor instead.

"Why, Freddie are you so late home

from school? It is nearly two. Don't  
you see aunt Ellen?"

The child seemed really glad to see  
and welcome his aunt, who had always  
a pleasant smile and gentle word for  
the little folks, but paid small heed to  
his mother's implied reproof.

He hurried his dinner through with-  
out ceremony, vouchsafing the infor-  
mation as he rushed out:

"I'm going to play ball to-night  
with Tom Eaton, mother?"

Another burst of lamentation came  
from Mrs. Merton's lips after he had  
closed the door.

"Freddie is so headstrong, and I  
don't want to fret at him all the time  
for fear of spoiling his disposition. I  
can't govern him, and his father puts  
all the responsibility upon my  
shoulders. Men never think that they  
can take any care; but the poor wife  
must bear all the blame if anything  
goes wrong."

Meanwhile, aunt Ellen was quietly  
passing to and fro, and deftly putting  
the room in rights with her busy fin-  
gers, plaining in her heart to speak a  
word in season without offence to the  
poor, unhappy woman before her.

Mrs. Merton was an only child, mar-  
ried at the age of seventeen to a young  
man whom she fancied "angelic," and  
found him, after all, to be like herself,  
human, with human frailties, and only  
human patience. Her mother, a kind,  
loving woman, in making the great  
mistake of educating her for society  
alone, not for home, had taken all the  
care and labor of the household upon  
her own hands, leaving Lizzie to em-  
broider a little, play a little, to walk,  
ride, visit, and finally to become a  
wife, without one serious look into  
the future, which dawned so rosily  
before her.

This mother was now gone to her  
rest, and the daughter, with the well-  
being of husband and child required of  
her, was as unfit for her position as a  
babe. Her cares were a continual tor-  
ment to her. She found no delight in  
home duties; consequently they were  
styled drudgery, and performed as  
such.

Her husband lost patience, and seeing  
the confusion which reigned, kept  
out of it as much as possible. If he  
complained, she retorted, and the love  
which promised to endure all things,  
waxed cold.

Aunt Ellen was a prudent woman,  
and listened to the story which her  
niece poured forth, in silence. Both  
were manifestly in fault, but she de-  
termined to try what a little kindly  
advice would do with Lizzie first, and  
attempt to establish the household  
upon the firm footing of mutual for-  
bearance and enduring affection.

"Let us make some custards for tea.  
I think I have heard your husband say  
that they were his favorite dish; and  
with some of this nice, clear jelly,  
they will be just the thing," she said,  
as Lizzie sauntered in after her nap,  
still in her wrapper, and her hair in  
tangled curls about her face.

"Charles does not come home to  
tea half the time, unless I want to go  
out somewhere; then he is sure to  
come, and grumble because I am not  
here, tied up like a dog, at home, day  
after day," was the unpromising an-  
swer.

"Never mind, I think he will come

to-day. Any way, we will make them,  
and trust to see him bright and early."

She coaxed her niece into preparing  
several little niceties which she knew  
would please him, then helped her to  
decorate the table as if for a honored  
guest, and in spite of Lizzie's obsti-  
nate—"It's no use, he never notices  
anything I do," substituted a neatly  
fitting dress, for the morning wrapper,  
smoothing the really pretty curls her-  
self, and looping them back with a  
bright, fresh ribbon.

Charles did come, and was ushered  
into the eating-room by aunt Ellen,  
with the remark—"Lizzie has been  
very pains-taking in your behalf this  
afternoon, sir, and I expect you to  
show the utmost appreciation of her  
efforts. Sit down, and confess noth-  
ing ever tasted so good in your life."

He did appreciate and praise, but  
could not forbear a hint that to Mrs.  
Jones must the credit be awarded.

That evening the store got along  
without him, for he escorted the ladies  
to a first-class concert, which Lizzie  
had been longing to attend, but would  
not express the wish, believing all  
that she affirmed of his indifference to  
her pleasure.

The next morning under Mrs. Jones'  
skillful management the domestic tan-  
gle was straightened out, and the  
friends seated at their sewing at an  
early hour.

"Aunt I know you think me in fault  
towards Charles. You say nothing,  
but your manner betrays you. You  
little know how aggravating he is.  
While you are here, he is on his best  
behavior. I feel often so provoked at  
him, I don't care whether I try to  
please him or not."

"Suppose you try to put aside that  
thought, Lizzie, and indeed, all  
thoughts of his conduct, and remem-  
bering only your individual duty, your  
own accountability, strive with single-  
ness of purpose to fulfill these, trust-  
ing to God for the result, I firmly be-  
lieve that you will not fail of your  
reward. When you were married, it  
was for better or for worse. You  
did not promise that you would fulfill  
your part of the contract provided he  
did the same, but unconditionally, and  
as such you must adhere to your vows.

He may be slow to recognize your  
efforts to please him, and your duty  
thereby be rendered a hard one; but,  
having 'put your hand to the plow,'  
you cannot turn back. Fight all your  
battles with yourself. The path lies  
straight before you; any deviation is  
full of danger.

Make your home always cheerful and  
pleasant, and yourself always beauti-  
ful for him. He will see, and his  
heart will be touched, I have not one  
doubt.

I leave here to-morrow; but before  
I go, promise me that you will bear  
my words in your mind, and act upon  
them."

Mrs. Merton with many tears, gave  
the required promise, for she knew  
that she had been "tried and found  
wanting," although many rebellious  
thoughts struggled for the mastery.

Aunt Ellen returned to her home,  
and a quotation from a letter received  
by her a twelvemonth after, will show  
whether her words were in vain or not:

"I must always bless you my good  
angel, dear aunt, in showing me my

short-comings as a wife and mother so fearlessly and yet so kindly. We are the happiest family in the world. I long for another visit from you that you may compare it with your last. Charles is more my lover than before our marriage, and I know that I am more loveable. But let me confess to you, my mentor. I saw many dark hours before I conquered myself. Poor Charles reproached himself bitterly for his lack of patience; but I find no word of blame in my heart for him. You cannot imagine how happy I am. Even Freddie thinks 'mamma grows young lately,' and he certainly grows good. I only regret the years which I have wasted before I learned the lesson you have taught me."

## TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Thirty-three.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Some one brought me from a greenhouse the other day, a gorgeous, showy flower, barbaric as the land from which it took its name. For it was called, if I mistake not, an African Lily. It had long, lance-like petals of a dull orange, from the base of which sprang a single shaft of deep, indigo blue, terminating in what faintly resembled an arrow-head. It was curious, and one could but be interested in it in a certain way. But it was not beautiful, neither was it fragrant; and after a little, one was content to put it in a vase and leave it alone. And you would never have known it was in the room unless you happened to look directly at it. It had no pervading presence. It simply *was*; it gave you absolutely nothing.

To-day there is on my table a pallid bit of heliotrope—pallid because it has had but little of the sunshine it loves, during these winter months,—and a spray of mignonette that can hardly be called a flower, so pale and insignificant are its small blossoms. Yet they two—the heliotrope and mignonette, hold the garnered weight of the summer time in their tiny caskets, and scatter it abroad so lavishly that the whole air is filled with it. Whoever enters the room, first hesitates, then looks about him, then smiles and says "What have you here? What is it that's so sweet?" And I answer "Oh, it is only these little sprays of heliotrope and mignonette. They make the whole room fragrant."

It seems to me, dear friends, that this great, scentless African Lily is a type of one class of lives; and my precious atom of heliotrope, here, is the type of another. I do not know that there is any especial charge to be made against the lily. It does not do anything that is bad. It gives out no unpleasant odors; it is not in any way repulsive. It does not do any thing—that's the trouble. It does not make itself felt. It just stands there in the vase, a curious thing that looks as if it ought to be cast in bronze, so weird and antique it seems. But after you have once examined it you forget all about it. Did you ever happen to know any people who were just like this flower of mine?

And did you never happen to know others whose whole lives were sweet

and fragrant as my little cluster of mignonette?—who filled the whole atmosphere about them with a subtle, indescribable aroma that is the very essence of beauty and perfume?

My dear Mrs. Blank, to which of these two types of character do you belong? I ask the question in all seriousness; and I mean to answer it for you in all frankness. The trouble with you is that your life does not give out one particle of fragrance. You are a christian—so called—and I do really believe that above all things you desire to be a servant of God—(I can hardly say a *child*—for that implies a love and trust that is not in your "Credo"—) a servant of God and to do his will. You are deeply religious in certain ways. You believe certain things so firmly—you are so sure of them—that if another differs from you in ever so slight a degree you think immediately of the straight gate and the needle's eye. Joy and gratitude find but little room in your catalogue of the christian graces; and if you thank God for anything heartily, it is that you are not as other men—and women—are.

And yet—and yet—it is a hard thing to say and you will hardly forgive me for saying it—but it seems to me that neither yourself, nor any living thing beside, is the happier because you claim to be a christian. What is the matter? Is it that you regard religion as the getting ready for the next world, rather than the learning how to live rightly and wisely and happily in this? We do not know a great deal about the other world. If the beautiful gates are "ajar," they are certainly not wide open. We can only catch faint glimpses of the glory within. Our life—this earthly life—is to be lived *here*, and it behooves us to make the most of it and the best of it—committing our future into God's hands and then ceasing to worry about it. The religion that does not make us, and those about us, nobler and better and happier in *this* life, because of it, is hardly worth having. I will not say that it is utterly useless—for dying men will catch even at straws, and there are times when a broken reed is better than nothing. The religion that does not blossom out into beautiful deeds and lovely words that are as "apples of gold in pictures of silver," may possibly be better than no religion at all, as a tree with sparse leafage and little fruit may be better than a dead and withered branch. But it certainly falls far short of what it should be.

And how is it with you? Are your family one whit the happier because you are, or claim to be, a christian? Is your own life one whit the more beautiful and fragrant? Does your husband feel surer of your love and sympathy for him because of your love for God? Do your little children come to you and lay their heads upon your breast, all the more certain of tenderest brooding because your head has been pillow'd in the arms of Infinite Love? Do your older sons and daughters turn to you in every joy and every sorrow of their lives, in every moment of trial and temptation, sure of finding in you an unselfish friend and comforter because you have yourself

servants find you more considerate, more thoughtful of their interests and welfare because you remember that "He hath made of one flesh all that dwell beneath the sun?" Do the young people of your neighborhood flock around you, certain of kindly interest and over-flowing sympathy? Do you ever do any of those little, unobtrusive acts of thoughtful kindness that give the same unexpected joy that comes of finding a blue violet by the dusty high-way, and makes us cry out, "Why! what a beautiful thing that was for her to do?" Do you ever speak to husband, child or friend, any of those loving, tender, impulsive words through which, only, heart speaks to heart, and human beings come into close spiritual communion with each other and with God? Did you ever in your whole life, do one single grandly unselfish thing, of which you knew the world would never know, and for which you were certain to receive no credit? In short is your life a help, a stimulus, and an inspiration to any living being under the sun?

You are not expected to answer these questions in the face of this whole *HOUSEHOLD*, my dear Mrs. Blank. But I pray you to put them to your own heart, and if you can answer them in the affirmative, it will be all the better for you.

You are very apt to talk largely of the great sacrifices you have made for the sake of your family—for the church and for God. It might puzzle a disinterested spectator to discover what they are, or when and where they were made. But that is not what we are to talk about. Did it ever occur to you that the true spirit of sacrifice is gone out of an act, as soon as you begin to talk about it and claim credit for it? Even Stephen's glorious martyrdom would not amount to much, either as an example or an inspiration, if after he had "fallen asleep" he had awaked again to tell us how grandly he died, and to call our attention to the fact that he had sacrificed himself for the truth. When you begin to talk about your sacrifices, you may make up your mind that there is no sacrificial fire burning on the altar of your heart. There is nothing left but blackened embers.

The truth is, *every* wife, *every* mother who has a soul large enough to save without the help of a microscope—whether she is rich or poor, high or low—makes sacrifices for her family. If she does not sacrifice one thing she does another. If it is not her own ease and comfort, it may be something else that she holds far dearer. But what's the use of talking about it? Why spoil it all by endeavoring to impress them with a sense of their everlasting obligations?

There's another thing. Love, as a rule, makes its sacrifices unconsciously. It makes them so instinctively, that it is hardly aware of the process of thought or feeling by which it arrives at them. It has such joy in giving that its giving ceases to be a sacrifice; and it could no more talk of what it is relinquishing or offering up at the shrine of its dear ones than it could pluck out its right eye. When you begin to be painfully conscious of what you have laid on the altar, your

gift is of little worth, for the soul has gone out of it. "God loveth a cheerful giver,"—and it may be added—one who does not stop to count the cost afterwards, nor keep a debt and credit account in the day book of eternity.

I do not think we fully realize, any of us, how much worship there is in the mere act of creating beauty—not only the beauty of loving looks and deeds—but beauty of form and color and proportion. God loves beauty. Every star that shines, every tree that waves, every flower that blooms, every dew-drop that glistens in the sun, proves this; and I believe that every woman who strives to make her own home and her own life beautiful, serves God in this as truly as she serves him upon her bended knees or in the holy services of the sanctuary. And in just so far as she fails of making that home and that life as beautiful as she can, in just so far does she fail of her duty to God and to man. Let her stop talking so much about her sacrifices and her trials, and put so much love into them that they shall

"Suff'r a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange."

Love is the most potent of alchemists. It changes dross to gold, and transmutes the basest of metals into silver.

My dear Mrs. Blank, the trouble with you is that you do not *love* enough. You do not throw yourself with love's utter abandon into the arms of any affection, human or divine. And this cramps and narrows you. It makes you hard and cold and severe. It makes you do what might else be lovely, in an unlovely way.

God help and pity you—and awaken in you a keener sense of the joy and beauty of lovely living!

## PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Number Thirteen.

## THE HOUSEHOLD CHARLIES.

As the days grow shorter, and the lengthened evenings come upon us again, the boy becomes more of a household article than he has been for months past. Indeed, during the long-day season, he is scarce more than a boarder and lodger in his father's house, for when not in the school-room out-door employments and out-door enjoyments claim the larger share of his waking hours.

But during the months, when day closes so soon after the school day is closed, Charlie becomes once more an important part of the household, and therefore claims a due share of the attention, and demands, by right, an interest in whatever appertains to the good and cheer of the home circle.

But does he get it? That is the question; and to talk the matter over and see what is to be done in Charlie's behalf, is the purport of this "Paper." Not that Charlie is to be "the man of the house," as Young America is somewhat inclined to be, or that his own way and will are to be a law for himself. No, nothing of this, for we make no pretensions of being wiser than Solomon, as some people in these days have come to do. And besides, it is not how Charlie shall be trained, or how far restrained, that we purpose

to discuss; but how he shall be influenced, how interested, how his boy tastes shall be studied, and home, (during the long evenings more especially) be adapted to his needs and enjoyments? And is it not barely possible, that the parental love and interest which manifests itself for the boy in this way, may be more effectual for his after good, than are set rules and strictly decisive measures without cheerful home surroundings?

The little Charley, who is tucked into his warm bed at night-fall, does not have the long evenings on his hands, but his mother has already learned that in his waking hours he must be amused in some innocent way and provided with toys to amuse himself, else she has him on her hands continually, or he is finding amusement for himself in various, and dangerous ways. And, wisely, toys are provided for him, while stories and verses are told, read and sung to him, and the little Charlie becomes the center of attraction for all in the house. But do these parents stop here to consider that this same Charlie, from his cradle to his first boots, from his first boots to his first real gun and his horse, and from these onward to manhood, needs to have his pleasures taken into consideration, as well as his duties; and needs the same tender love and thoughtful interest that was woven around his cradle hours? Not, of course, to be manifested in the same way, but yet so that the influence of it shall be felt and tell on his after life.

And so, too, during all the trying period of the boy life, are his evening hours to be taken into consideration, and ways and means provided to interest him in the home circle, that he will not be inclined to seek dangerous or questionable resorts and associations without, or find them dull within. And the home evenings! how much may be comprised in them; how much innocent mirth, of social cheer may be enjoyed, and how many hours of culture and improvement, in various ways, where provision is made for these things, and the parents, not only provide for, but enter into the pursuits and pastimes of their children.

But how is it in the household of vast numbers of our people, and during the long evenings what is there at the fireside to really interest Charlie, and what is there for him to do? He has out-grown his childish toys; while playing with the dog, or pulling the cat's whiskers, or teasing his sister till she calls out: "Mother shan't Charlie stop!" affords only a trifling outlet for the exuberance of his overflowing spirits. Charlie is not naturally an idle boy, we will venture to premise, or a dull boy, or a vicious one; but is full of life and mischief, and wide-awake energies, and wants something "jolly" to help pass away the hours, interspersed with something to do that really pleases him, and engages his attention.

But what is there in his home on ordinary occasions, and what shall Charlie do? What shall he do with himself and these long evening hours that they be not heavy on his hands? What, that they may be pleasant as well as profitable, and be numbered among the most delightful of his life?

It is dull playing by one's self, even

supposing Charlie has not out-grown boy plays as they are called, and the other members of the family, employed in various ways or entertaining themselves, do not stop to think as they have anything to do to help make it less dull for the restless, don't-know-what-to-do-boy, that sits drumming his fingers on the table, his feet on his chair, and quite likely being scolded for what he does do, because he has nothing better to employ his time.

His mother, with her family cares and the never failing contents of the work basket, does not stop to think of Charlie's pleasure or what he shall do with himself; his sister has her sewing, tat-work, music, and planning and talking about her new dresses and how they shall be made, and how trimmed; while his father, if his business permits his evenings to be spent at home, has accounts to look over, something to read or think of connected with his farm, store, shop, or office, besides his general newspapers and political matters to read upon or sit dozing over, as the case may be.

But none of these claim Charlie's time or interest, and the other members of the family do not think of getting up something for the general amusement, instruction or as a pastime for all, especially for the younger ones of the household. Charlie has read all that he cares to in the newspaper; if he has a juvenile periodical of his own—and in three cases out of five he does not—it takes but a little while to read it through, and then there is a long time to wait for the next to come to hand. He goes to the book shelves to find a book, and takes down a "History of the Indians" full of coarse illustrations, which his father took of a subscription agent, for the sake of getting rid of his importunities, or may be there is "The Escaped Nun," gotten in the same way, with the Life of some of the Presidential candidates, which have been so abundant the past year. All these, Charlie votes a nuisance, as well as some dozen more books on the shelf of not much more real worth or literary pretension, and goes back to his chair wondering what "a fellow" is to do in the house, and not be dull. If he is not in reach of any outward temptation to draw him to evil resorts, he mentally declares, that as soon as he is old enough he will go from home where something is going on, and what wonder if he leaves his father's house for the very reason that it is not made sufficiently attractive to keep him an inmate there. And then, having no fixed habits or means of employing his early boyhood, what will restrain him during the trying time of youth, from finding pleasure as he may?

Or, if Charlie's home is in the country village, the large town or city, where there is no lack of outside enticements, and with the evenings within so dull, will it be any surprise if he lounges around in the next corner store or shop, or gets into the grocery, the initiatory gambling room, and from there to more questionable places of resort? Or if he falls not into positively bad ways, he is getting into idle habits, and missing the means for good, for culture, and improvement there is possible in the long wasted

in

youth, will they not be likely to be trifled with in manhood and during life?

But Charlie's parents, in thus neglecting to take thought for his evenings, have not thought of doing him positive wrong or of leaving him to go into evil ways. O, no, they love their boy dearly, and many an anxious prayer has been breathed over him since first he was pillow'd in his mother's arms, while they would have him grow up in the beauty and strength of true manhood. And if then Charlie happens to acquire bad habits, or go in loose, evil ways, they wonder how it can be, and why they should be so afflicted. They have tried all they could, they say, to keep him at home evenings—tried with words and entreaty, perhaps with severe measures—but not with winning him to linger around the fireside, by making it attractive for him there.

Now what is wanted is to make the evenings in the household the sweet cheery hours of the whole day; the time for unbending from severe toil, and the usual routine of study for the young people, and have variety, and something of interest to employ the time of all. We like to remember the king who was found on all fours playing with his children, and the parent who can amuse and delight the child, is the one who can most readily obtain an influence over him.

Various games and pastimes in which old and young can join will while away a portion of the time, and many there are in which the mother can still attend to her work basket, and if she does not actually join in the general play, can take an interest and help the smaller ones over the rough places. The older folks as well as the younger need a little forgetfulness of toil, and they gain more in the rest that the change gives, than they lose in time. There are multitudes of made up games for the fireside, while a little ingenuity from older heads can invent those which will interest quite as much and be something new.

Then for a more quiet hour, when Charlie's father wishes to read his paper, and his mother write a letter, the boy can have pencils or colored crayons to draw pictures, and by providing the material, giving him patterns with little or no instruction and he will keep as still as a mouse for an hour or so, and all the time be learning lessons which will help him whenever he wishes to use a pencil in any business of life, even if he has no particular attractions towards drawing as a fine art. And whatever else is planned, let reading and culture in the household be not forgotten. School text books scarce ought to be used at home by the school boy—he gets tired of these in regular study hours, but his mind is still active, yet wants work that is a change. He wants to be amused, and also instructed through this, as he often can be.

There is an abundance of first-class juvenile literature in this day, yet in how many families is there scarce a periodical or fresh book to be found. And more if Charlie has his own paper or magazine, the mere reading matter does not last long. Here he needs help and needs to be interested by others that he may make the most of

resources at hand. There are puzzles, enigmas, and various questions, which to solve will consume many an otherwise dull hour. But Charles or his little sister, do not know how to go to work alone, and often these are passed uncared. But supposing his father lays down his newspaper, or rouses himself from his doze, and looks the matter over with Charlie and puts him on the right track, or finds something in books of reference to help him solve some of the puzzles, then the boy is interested and has something to do. His mother can look from her work and then study upon the same thing that her boy is trying to solve, and his sister also join in the pastime, till it is a pleasure for all. Then next you know Charlie will have his school books, trying to make up a puzzle himself—an arithmetical, geographical, historical, or other enigma, or get the dictionary, and from it make anagrams or some play on words, which pastimes are not only exceedingly pleasing, but means to farther ends. But alone with no one to assist him at first, and no one to help him through tough places and rejoice with him when he has achieved a victory, he will be likely to do little or care little for these delightful pastimes.

And so too an interest needs to be taken in his reading and when reference is made to matters he does not understand to have it explained and thus he will often be awake to find something else which throws light on the story, or bit of history or biography or perhaps some practical matter. And this will lead to reading of books which he might otherwise not have cared for, and a literary taste be formed, which will leave him at no loss as to what he shall do with his evenings, provided he is supplied with some thing to read.

If Charlie has, naturally, a decided thirst for knowledge or taste for literature, he will manage, in some way, to have it partially gratified, and be at no loss to make the most of what he has to do with. But if not within reach of public or private libraries, and nothing or very little that is really literature at home, he has a trying time to say the least, and all the more requires encouragement to help him onward. But the ordinary Charlie must be helped and encouraged, from the first, if his parents would have him form habits of mental industry, and gain for himself thus a means of passing home hours that will be a delight indeed.

The tall Charlie, who is still, as it were a boy, needs to be provided with some among the first class literary journals of the day, and among other things some of the leading illustrated magazines, while these too become favorites with all. And besides, now and then, fresh books, of literary merit as well as real worth, should be provided, from even scanty means, and thus a taste be formed for the productions of the best minds of the day. Let this be done, and Charlie will not care to waste his time over dime novels, wishy-washy story papers, or more pernicious ones, that, as he goes into the world, will doubtless fall in his way.

Therefore let Charlie be cared for in these home evening hours, let him be

thought of from the beginning, and his needs not forgotten in all his growing years, or his amusement be a thing beneath being provided for. It will cost something, but returns much interest; it may be a care, but oh, it will be less care and less cost than the tears which may afterward be shed for him, if Charley has nothing to do during his evenings at home.

EARNEST WORDS WITH PARENTS.

Number Two.

Family government is included in family discipline. Filial submission to parental authority is not only in accordance with Divine Law, but is a necessity to the well being of the child. His very condition, as he comes into the world, requires both care and control. Without special care he would perish in infancy. And in maturer years, he knows no danger and fears no evil; and yet, he is in the midst of danger, and is exposed at every step, to injury or death. His hand must be forcibly withheld from the burning coals, and though he cry ever so bitterly, he must not be allowed to play with edged tools, nor to eat poison. The most strenuous advocates of moral suasion, must admit that here at least, authority and force, are properly and necessarily exercised. And it is just here that the child is initiated into submission to a power above him. No parent would ever fail to exercise this control in cases of positive and immediate danger to the child, and yet, how many do fail to administer positive government beyond this point. Such a course is inconsistent and ruinous. Any discipline to be effective, must be absolute and uniform, reaching every case of danger and wrong.

The child has been described by some writers, as "a little crawling, creeping, picking, pulling, pushing, climbing, tottering, and tumbling-down piece of activity." As such he is committed to the mother's care. Activity is indeed, a condition of his mental and physical development, but it must be constantly under control. With a blind impulse, he moves in every direction, regardless alike, of his own safety, and the rights and comforts of others. He may pull the boiling tea-pot from the table; and may not the mother force him away, to prevent his death from scalding? He may dash the china set upon the floor, and may she not with equal propriety, interpose her authority to prevent the destruction of the property, and teach the child the way of such recklessness? Suppose she meets angry wilfulness and sullen resistance in her efforts to correct and restrain? May she not, and should she not, hold the little rebel until he is subdued to cheerful obedience?

There must be fixed statutes in every domestic realm, and these must be revealed to the children as soon as they have occasion to regard them, and as often as they are disposed to violate them. Among these are the laws which relate to the safety and life of the child, as intimated, and also the laws which should regulate and control his conduct. The habit of obedience must be formed. Had the

reckless, and now lost child been taught unconditional obedience to parental authority, he would not have played upon the brink of the precipice, nor entered the forbidden water, and thus brought upon the family that heart-breaking bereavement. If the parent begins early to enforce obedience, and with a steady hand, firm purpose and loving heart, meets and controls every rebellious effort of the child, family government will be easy, and the fearful consequences of insubordination will be avoided. Immediate submission to separate and incidental commands, is the only condition of absolute parental control and filial security. This should be insisted on from the beginning, and children should be made to understand that parents are the sovereigns, by divine right, and themselves the subjects in the domestic realm. I do not believe in "the divine right of kings," but I do insist upon the divine right of parents to love and control their children, during all the years of their minority, and that the future character of these children, and pupils, as citizens and as subjects of the Divine Government, will be determined largely by parental rule or misrule, as the case may be.

Is it not from the ranks of children ungoverned at home, that our reformatory schools, houses of correction, jails and prisons are filled? And the domestic training that saves from such fearful consequences, begins in obedience to special directions, and expands into a cheerful compliance with general rules of right and duty.

If the child is not made implicitly to obey particular commands, he will not conform to general laws, in the family, in the school, or in society. If children in maturer life, should never be able to remember an instance when they did not obey their father and mother, the fierce struggles in matters of authority between parents and children, which cause so much pain and grief, would be avoided.

As soon as the child is old enough to disobey, he must be old enough to obey; and if in every instance, from the first, obedience is secured, that strong will which so often resists parental authority, and requires severe punishment to subdue it would never be formed. The child, at first, is not only impulsive and ignorant, but weak and easily controlled. Soon consciousness dawns, and he begins to recognize the mother's voice and smile. Fear, love and reverence are awakened, and become powerful aids to maternal government. He next learns the obligation as well as the necessity of obedience. Now is the time to fix the habit and principle of filial submission, which result from constant repetition.

Happy are those children who have been reared under the rigid discipline of home; happy in the peaceful submission of parental control and in the enjoyment of parental love; happy in the exercise of filial affection and reverence towards those whom God has placed over them, and happy in the enjoyment of mutual love and mutual sympathy. And happy indeed those parents whose fidelity has trained such a family; happy in their society, and in the sunshine of their affections; happy in the thought that they will be sustained and comforted in their de-

clining life, by the strong arm and tender heart of their own loyal offspring, who, when they are dead, will shed bitter tears, and strew the choicest flowers upon their graves; and happy the assurance that their children will, in the future, honor their name, their memory, and their virtues and bless the nation through the influence of an exalted and noble citizenship.

EXPERIENCE.

FAMILY RECIPES.

1. For repairing family jars. Mutual love well stirred with forbearance, mixed with readiness to forgive, and general good temper, is an admirable cement. It is well to let all family jars be shelved at once.

2. Preserving. The temper is best kept by using as little vinegar as possible. The heart by using abundantly of the oil of grace. Treasures, by laying them up where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt.

3. Creams. The milk of true faith, if it stands long enough, yields the cream of assurance; if flavored with the essence of love, it is a delicious dish.

4. Stews. These are best avoided by leaving our troubles with him who sent them.

5. Pickles. Those persons get into them most who meddle with other people's business, or who act on the rule of policy rather than that of truth and unswerving honesty.

6. Dressed peacock. This is too common and poor a production to be introduced into christian families.

7. To cure cold and heart burn. Do all the good you can, live near to God, love your neighbor as yourself.

8. Fritters. Novel reading, silly conversation, gossiping, ceremonial visits and late rising, soon fritter away time. Christians have not a moment to waste.

9. Tart. Some think tart replies to be smart, but it is never so wise to let our wit wound other people's feelings. Soft answers turn away wrath, tart speeches lead to general sourness.

10. Sauce. Never to be tolerated in children; a vulgar and evil thing in any one. Generally found to go with goose.

11. Crabs. Need grafting with some sweeter fruit. He who can do it is named John xv. 1.

12. Toasts. Least likely to affect the head when drank in water. Toast and water is far better than healths drank in wine.

13. Mincing. Only practiced by very silly persons; natural manners are best. See Isaiah iii. 19, for a warning against those who are described as "walking and mincing as they go."

—Vanity is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honors have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like; by which they plainly confess that these honors were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe, if they had not been told; whereas, a man truly proud, thinks the honors below his merit, and scorns to boast.—Swift.

WORK;  
OR, CHRISTIE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Author of "Little Women," "Old-Fashioned Girl," "Little Men," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTIE.

"AUNT BETSEY, there's going to be a new Declaration of Independence." "Bless and save us, what do you mean, child?" And the startled old lady precipitated a pie into the oven with destructive haste.

"I mean that, being of age, I am going to take care of myself, and not be a burden any longer. Uncle wishes me out of the way; thinks I ought to go, and, sooner or later, will tell me so. I don't intend to wait for that, but, like the people in fairy tales, travel away into the world and seek my fortune. I know I can find it."

Christie emphasized her speech by energetic demonstrations in the bread-trough, kneading the dough as if it were her destiny, and she was shaping it to suit herself; while Aunt Betsey stood listening, with uplifted pie-fork, and as much astonishment as her placid face was capable of expressing. As the girl paused, with a decided thump, the old lady exclaimed:

"What crazy idea you got into your head now?"

"A very sane and sensible one, that's got to be worked out, so please listen to it, ma'am. I've had it a good while. I've thought it over thoroughly, and I'm sure it's the right thing for me to do. I'm old enough to take care of myself; and if I'd been a boy, I should have been told to do it long ago. I hate to be dependent, and now there's no need of it; I can't bear it any longer. If you were poor, I would not leave you, for I never forget how kind you have been to me. I am a burden to him, and I must go where I can take care of myself. I can't be happy till I do, for there's nothing here for me. I'm sick of this dull town, where the one idea is to eat, drink, and get rich. I don't find any friends to help me as I want to be helped, or any work that I can do well; so let me go, Aunty, and find my place, whatever it is."

"But I do need you, deary; and you mustn't think Uncle don't like you. He does, only he don't show it, and when your odd ways fret him, he ain't pleasant, I know. I don't see why you can't be contented; I've lived here all my days, and never found the place lonesome, or the folks unneighborly," and Aunt Betsey looked perplexed by the new idea.

"You and I are very different, ma'am. There was more yeast put into my composition, I guess; and, after standing quiet in a warm corner so long, I begin to ferment, and ought to be kneaded up in time, so that I may turn out a wholesome loaf. You can't do this; so let me go where it can be done, else I shall turn sour and good for nothing. Does that make the matter any clearer?" And Christie's serious face relaxed into a smile as her aunt's eye went from her to the nicely-molded loaf offered as an illustration.

"I see what you mean, Kitty; but I never thought on't before. You be better riz than me; though, let me tell you, too much emptiness makes bread poor stuff, like baker's trash; and too much working up makes it hard and dry. Now fly around, for the big oven is most hot, and this cake takes a sight of time in the mixin'."

"You havn't said I might go, Aunty," began the girl, after a long pause devoted by the old lady to the preparation of some compound which seemed to require great nicety of measurement in its ingredients; for when she replied, Aunt Betsey curiously interlarded her speech with audible directions to herself from the receipt-book before her.

"I ain't no right to keep you, dear, ef you choose to (take a pinch of salt). I'm sorry you ain't happy, and think you might if you'd only (beat six eggs yolks and whites together). But ef you can't, and feel that you need (two cups of sugar), only speak to Uncle, and ef he says (a squeeze of fresh lemon), go, my dear, and take my blessin' with you (not for gettin' to cover with a piece of paper)."

Christie's laugh echoed through the kitchen; and the old lady smiled benignly, quite unconscious of the cause of the girl's merriment.

"I shall ask Uncle to-night, and I know he

won't object. Then I shall write to see if Mrs. Flint has a room for me, where I can stay till I get something to do. There is plenty of work in the world, and I'm not afraid of it; so you'll soon hear good news of me. Don't look sad, for you know I never could forget you, even if I should become the greatest lady in the land." And Christie left the prints of two floury but affectionate hands on the old lady's shoulders, as she kissed the wrinkled face that had never worn a frown to her.

Full of hopeful fancies, Christie salted the pans and buttered the dough in pleasant forgetfulness of all mundane affairs, and the ludicrous dismay of Aunt Betsey, who followed her about rectifying her mistakes, and watching over her as if this sudden absence of mind had roused suspicions of her sanity.

"Uncle, I want to go away, and get my own living, if you please," was Christie's abrupt beginning, as they sat around the evening fire.

"Hey! what's that?" said Uncle Enos, rousing from the doze he was enjoying, with a candle in perilous proximity to his newspaper and his nose.

Christie repeated her request, and was much relieved when, after a meditative stare, the old man briefly answered:

"Wal, go ahead."

"I was afraid you might think it rash or silly, sir."

"I think it's the best thing you could do; and I like your good sense in pupposin' on't."

"Then I may really go?"

"Soon's ever you like. Don't pester me about it till you're ready; then I'll give you a little suthin' to start off with." And Uncle Enos returned to "The Farmer's Friend," as if cattle were more interesting than kindred.

Christie was accustomed to his curt-speech and careless manner—had expected nothing more cordial; and, turning to her aunt, said, rather bitterly:

"Didn't I tell you he'd be glad to have me go? No matter! When I've done something to be proud of, he will be as glad to see me back again." Then her voice changed, her eyes kindled, and the firm lips softened with a smile.

"Yes, I'll try my experiment; then I'll get rich; found a home for girls like myself; or, better still, be a Mrs. Fry, a Florence Nightingale, or—"

"How are you on't for stockings, dear?"

Christie's castles in the air vanished at the prosaic question; but, after a blank look, she answered pleasantly:

"Thank you for bringing me down to my feet again, when I was soaring away too far and too fast. I'm poorly off, ma'am; but if you are knitting these for me, I shall certainly start on a firm foundation." And, leaning on Aunt Betsey's knee, she patiently discussed the wardrobe question from hose to headgear.

"Don't you think you could be contented anyway, Christie, if I make the work lighter, and leave you more time for your books and things?" asked the old lady, loth to lose the one youthful element in her quiet life.

"No, ma'am, for I can't find what I want here," was the decided answer.

"What do you want, child?"

"Look into the fire, and I'll try to show you."

The old lady obediently turned her spectacles that way, and Christie said in a tone half serious, half playful:

"Do you see those two logs? Well, that one smouldering dismally away in the corner is what my life is now; the other blazing and sing'ng is what I want my life to be."

"Bless me, what an idee! They are both a-burnin' where they are put, and both will be ashes to-morrow; so what difference does it make?"

Christie smiled at the literal old lady; but following the fancy that pleased her, she added earnestly:

"I know the end is the same; but it does make a difference how they turn to ashes, and how I spend my life. That log, with its one dull spot of fire, gives neither life nor warmth, but lies sizzling despondently among the cinders. But the other glows from end to end with cheerful little flames that go singing up the chimney with a pleasant sound. Its light fills the room and shines out into the dark; its warmth draws us nearer, making the health the cosiest place in the house, and we shall all miss the friendly blaze when it dies. Yes," she added, as if to herself, "I hope my life may be like that, so that, whether it be long or short, it will be useful and cheerful while it lasts, will be missed

when it ends, and leave something behind besides ashes."

Though she only half understood them, the girl's words touched the old lady, and made her look anxiously at the eager young face gazing so wistfully into the fire.

"A good smart blowin' up with the belluses would make the green stick burn most as well as the dry one after a spell. I guess contentedness is the bellus for young folks, ef they would only think so."

"I daresay you are right, aunty; but I want to try for myself; and if I fail, I'll come back and follow your advice. Young folks always have discontented fits, you know. Didn't you when you were a girl?"

"Shouldn't wonder ef I did; but Enos came along and I forgot 'em."

"My Enos has not come along yet, and never may; so I'm not going to sit and wait for any man to give me independence, if I can earn it for myself." And a quick glance at the gruff, grey old man in the corner plainly betrayed that, in Christie's opinion, Aunt Betsey made a bad bargain when she exchanged her girlish aspirations for a man whose soul was in his pocket.

"Jest like her mother, full of hifalutin notions, discontented and set in her own ideas; a poor capital to start a fortin' on."

Christie's eye met that of her uncle peering over the top of his paper with an expression that always tried her patience. Now it was like a dash of cold water on her enthusiasm, and her face fell as she answered quickly:

"There, there, dear, hev a good cry, and forget about it!" purred Aunt Betsey, as the heavy footsteps creaked away, for the good soul had a most old fashioned and dutiful awe of her lord and master.

"I shan't cry but act; for it is high time I was off. I've stayed for your sake; now I'm more trouble than comfort, and away I go. Good-night, my dear old aunty, and don't look troubled, for I'll be a lamb while I stay."

Having kissed the old lady, Christie swept her work away, and sat down to write the letter which was the first step toward freedom. When it was done, she drew near to her friendly *confidante*, the fire, and till late into the night she sat thinking tenderly of the past bravely of the present, hopeful of the future. Twenty-one to-morrow, and her inheritance a head, a heart, a pair of hands; also the dower of most New England girls, intelligence, courage and common-sense, many practical gifts, all hidden under the shy pride that soon melts in a genial atmosphere, much romance and enthusiasm, and the spirit which can rise to heroism when the great moment comes.

"If I fail, I can come back," she said to herself, even while she scorched the thought of a failure, for with all her shy pride she was both brave and ardent, and her dreams were both.

"I won't marry Joe; I won't wear myself out in a district-school for the mean sum they give a woman; I won't delve away here where I'm not wanted; and I won't end my life like a coward because it is dull and hard. I'll try my fate as mother did, and perhaps I may succeed as well." And Christie's thoughts went wandering away into the dim, sweet past when she, a happy child, lived with loving parents in a different world from that.

Lost in these tender memories, she sat till the old moon-faced clock behind the door struck twelve, then the visions vanished, leaving their benison behind them.

As she glanced backward at the shoulder-burnt fire, a slender spire of flame shot up from the log that had blazed so cheerily, and shone upon her as she went. A good omen, gratefully accepted then, and remembered often in the year's to come.

Thus ends the first chapter of Miss Alcott's sprightly and attractive but thoughtful new story, which commences in the holiday number of Henry Ward Beecher's Great Literary and Family Weekly—*The Christian Union*, and will be continued only in that paper. Miss Alcott has found the key to the popular heart: it is in depicting the true *home life* of America, which she makes full of zest, enjoyment and wholesome earnestness. This story will be followed in *The Christian Union* by other serials from other eminent American pens. Edward Eggleston, Robertson Gray, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, etc.

*The Christian Union* contains contributions from eminent writers of all denominations, and has matters of interest for every member of the household, young and old. Having the largest circulation in the world of its class, it can afford to buy for its columns the very best talent.

The terms of subscription to this fine popular family weekly are but \$3 per year, including the Illustrated Holiday number, and all the numbers, (or a supplement) up to Jan. 1st, containing all the opening chapters of Miss Alcott's Story—presented free. To every subscriber is given away a beautiful \$12 new *Oleograph*, a brilliant and charming work of art; or the \$10 Pair of French Oil Chromos, "Wide Awake," and "Fast Asleep,"—subjects *life size*. Subscriptions should be sent to J. B. Ford & Co., the publishers of the paper, at 27 Park Place, New York. See their prospectus in the adjoining column.

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EDITOR.**

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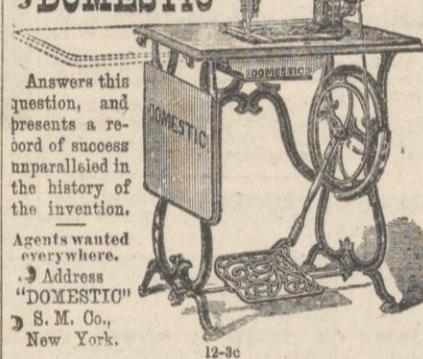
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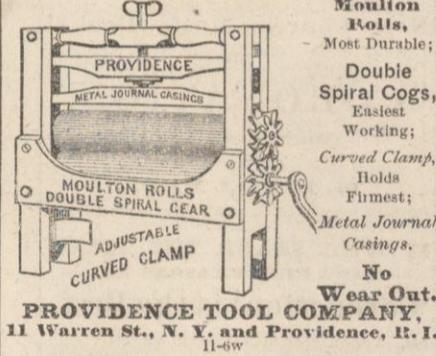
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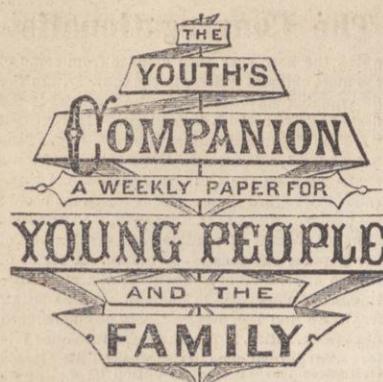
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Trains leave Greenfield for Turners Falls at 6:40, 9:30 and 11:55 A. M., and 4:30 P. M. Leave Turners Falls for Greenfield at 7:30 and 11:10 A. M., and 1:30 P. M.

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

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

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WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING MONDAY, JAN. 1, 1872.

TRAINING GOING SOUTH.

Mail train leaves Ogdensburg at 6:00 p. m.; St. Albans at 6:21 a. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 2:25 p. m.; Brattleboro at 3:30 p. m.; Grout's Corner at 4:30 p. m., New London at 9:30 p. m., connecting with steamer for New York. This train will leave Brattleboro on Monday mornings at 4:42 a. m., arriving at Grout's Corner at 5:35 a. m.

Night Express leaves Ogdensburg at 12:00 p. 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 4:21 a. m., South Vernon at 4:45 a. m., Grout's Corner at 5:15 a. m., and New London at 11:35 a. m.

Mixed Train leaves White River Junction at 4:50 a. m., Rutland at 4:30 a. m., Bellows Falls (accommodation) 4:45 a. m., Brattleboro 4:41 a. m., South Vernon at 9:20 a. m., Grout's Corner at 9:30 a. m., arriving in New London at 5:10 p. m.

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

TRAINING GOING NORTH AND WEST.

Mail train leaves Boston via Lowell, at 7:00 a. m., via Lawrence and Fitchburg at 7:30 a. m., Springfield at 8:00 a. m., New London at 9:00 a. m., Grout's Corner at 9:20 a. m., South Vernon at 10:30 a. m., Brattleboro at 10:35 a. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 11:20 a. m., for Burlington and St. Albans. This train connects at W. R. Junction with Boston Express train for Montreal and Ogdensburg.

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

Accommodation leaves New London at 8:10 a. m., Grout's Corner at 3:30 p. m., South Vernon at 9:58 p. m., Brattleboro at 4:30 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 12:30 p. m., and Ogdensburg at 12:45 p. m.

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

Sleeping cars are attached to night train between St. Albans and Springfield, and Burlington and Boston.

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St. Albans, Dec 22, 1871.

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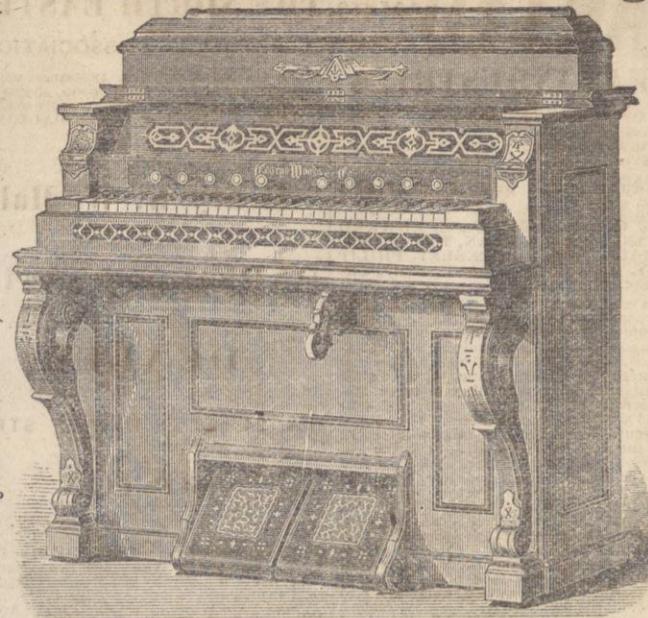
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