



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The household. Vol. 15, No. 7 July 1882

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, July 1882

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/SNTRM4UBS7HSE86>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 15.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JULY, 1882.

No. 7.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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

\$1 10 per year. Single copy, 10 cents.

The Veranda.

THE SONG OF THE RAIN.

Lo! the long, slender spears, how they quiver and flash,
Where the clouds send their cavalry down;
Rank and file by the million the rain lances dash
Over mountain and river and town:
Thick the battle drops fall—but they drip not in blood;
The trophy of war is the green fresh bud:
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

The pastures lie baked, and the furrow is bare,
The wells they yawn empty and dry;
But a rushing of waters is heard in the air,
And a rainbow leaps out in the sky,
Hark! the heavy drops pelt the sycamore leaves;
How they wash the wide pavement, and sweep from the
caves!
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

See, the weaver throws wide his own swinging pane,
The kind drops dance in on the floor;
And his wife brings her flowers to drink the sweet rain
On the step by her half-open door:
At the tune on the skylight, far over his head,
Smiles their poor crippled lad on his hospital bed.
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

And away, far from men, where high mountains tower,
The little green mosses rejoice,
And the sun-heated heather nods to the shower
And the hill-torrents lift up their voice:
And the pools in the hollows mimic the fight
Of the rain, as their thousand points dart in the light:
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

And deep in the fir-wood below, near the plain,
A single thrush pipes full and sweet,
How days of clear shining will come after rain,
Waving meadows, and thick-growing wheat;
So the voice of hope sings, at the heart of our fears,
Of the harvest that springs from a great nation's tears:
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

HOMES.

HOMES, as they are called, are of all kinds. Some are poor, bare, and uncomfortable of necessity, of which we have nothing to say, only to pity those who are compelled to occupy them. Others are rude and uninviting, through neglect and thriftlessness, or because of intemperance and parsimony.

Our dwelling-places are only homes, in a proper sense, when they are filled with whatever of comforts we can bring into them, and when they are made to minister, by all their influences, to the wants of our higher natures. They are little worlds of our own, where we rule and enjoy, unrestrained and untrammelled by lawful interference from abroad. Our vines and fig trees growing around and over us, we sit in their shadows, with none to molest or make us afraid; and there have every leaf, every clasping tendril, every growing and ripening berry of fruit assisting in the culture of our intellects and souls. A home that teaches us nothing by which we are made better, is not a home—it is only a place. The old words, "*peregrinari domi*," express a condition of physical residence and spir-

itual exile that must always be fraught with acute misery.

There are many reasons why the homes of citizens are not full of comfort. In some places there is a want of taste, which precludes the possibility of their taking an interest in any object aside from its grossest uses. They see no beauty in ornamentation, nor culture in order and neatness. An old, dilapidated house, with distorted gables, and shattered panes, is good enough for them, only provided they can manage it to keep out the rain and cold. They will live as long if there be no flowers in the garden, no trees in the yard, no paint on doors and shutters, as if all was dainty with neatness.

They live to make money. Their homes are their offices, where they transact business for gain. Their sheep, cattle, horses and swine, must be comfortably housed; but as for them and their children, they can live in anything. In nothing do they indicate that they have souls to culture, minds to refine, affections to sweeten, and an image of God to bring to view and brighten up by the bountiful means He has placed at their disposal.

In the Cumberland valley, of Pennsylvania, it used to be said the barns were invariably better than the houses, and that hence the aristocracy of the neighborhood was among the horses and cattle. The criticism was too severe, yet it contained some truth. To get a good barn was, with a certain class of the farmers, the main ambition. By this their thrift was determined. This gave them agricultural standing; whereas, a fine house, with its convenience and comforts, was regarded as a sign of effeminacy and profligate luxury.

Now it ought to be the effort of men and women to provide for themselves, when they have means, such dwelling-places as will help culture them and their children, and exert a good influence on the taste, manners, and morals of the neighborhood. God has made home a sacred place. He has erected altars in it, where the occupants are to worship, and where he will come and accept their sacrifice. He has invested it with the rarest felicities, and made it more or less typical of the place of everlasting rest. Upon the home of the saint descends his holiest benedictions, and around it stand the angels of His providence with their loads of benefits.—*Christian Instructor*.

RIPENING OF PEARS.

It is difficult to make some persons believe that, as a general rule, pears should not be permitted to ripen on the tree. Of course, some will try to argue the question whenever it is presented in this form, but the proof is to be found in the difference in pears ripened by the natural and unnatural processes, if we choose to class them as such. Winter pears and apples do ripen finely after they are taken from the trees, but I hardly think it will be claimed that these same varieties would be of better quality if grown where the

season was sufficiently extended to admit of full maturity upon the trees. Our northern varieties of these fruits, when cultivated in a southern climate, do not show any improvement in consequence of the change; and further the pomologists of the south, as well as those of the north, advocate house ripening of pears and late apples. There are, it is true, a few varieties of our best pears which appear to retain their good qualities if allowed to mature on the tree, but those are exceptions to the general rule. But this is not conclusive evidence that they would not be better if gathered before perfectly ripe.

Of course, this early gathering of pears is nothing new to experienced pomologists, but the masses do not appear to know anything about it, hence their neglect of this very important part of pear culture, and the consequent failure to secure excellent fruit. I am reminded of this by seeing early pears like the Bartlett, Bloodgood, and Doyenne d'Ete in the gardens and orchards of my neighbors, as well as wherever I happen to travel through the country, all left upon the trees, until they fall with over-ripeness. It is no wonder that we hear complaints of rotting at the core with such noble varieties as Flemish Beauty, Onondaga, and Clapp's Favorite. The first, in particular, will show a splendid exterior up to the last moment, if left on the tree to ripen, while from the center out to within an eighth of an inch of the rosy cheek, is a mass of rotteness.

Out of more than a thousand varieties of pears which it has been my fortune or misfortune to cultivate and handle in my time, I have yet to find one, which was not better in quality, when ripened off the tree than on it. The chemical changes which take place in the fruit during what is termed ripening appear to be more perfect, if retarded than when hastened, hence the benefits of gathering early, and placing where the process will proceed slowly. We have many varieties which, if allowed to ripen on the tree, have a coarse, gritty flesh, but become mellowed and softened, or, as the pomologist would say, "buttery," when ripened in the house.

It would be difficult to designate the exact time when any particular variety should be gathered, for it is the conditions which must govern in these matters, and they vary with the seasons, even in the same locality. A little observation and experience will usually enable one to come near enough to be successful. When a few of the earliest matured on a tree begin to change color or drop off, and the stems of those which are still green, will part readily from the branch when lifted, it is time to gather all. Perhaps there is no surer method of determining maturity than the free parting of the fruit stem from the spur on which it grew. If the stem adheres so firmly that it will break, then the fruit is not sufficiently mature for gathering.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker*.

The Drawing Room.

NOOK AND CORNER.

Number One.

BY CLARA E. SAMUELS.

WHEN the day is ended, everybody hopes to find a rest—somewhere. Out of life with all its work and worry, under the sun and through the snow, toiling, grasping, hurrying, we long for the nightfall that brings rest and peace. The little room, be it ever so common, may hold a brightness that nothing could take away. I often wonder at that word—common. Not long ago, I heard a little child, poor and plain, whose life had been passed almost entirely alone on account of her widowed mother going out as help, heard her say in the sweetest little voice: "If the sun shone bright all the time, and the sky was blue, unless the robins sang there would be no summer."

Perhaps you remember the violets that grew on the hillside long ago, that you gathered when you went to drive the cows home, and afterward followed them through the long, shady lane. All these deserve a better word, and yet they are not uncommon, from the violets and wild roses to the brown, toil-worn hands that have a pathos of their own, when you remember the years that slipped by, and still the work goes on.

I wonder if you ever thought to transplant a few of those flowers to the grass of your own door yard? Think how bonnie they look, just a few, in a tiny glass flower vase, and what a pretty effect it would have on the breakfast table some bright spring morning, when the oriole is singing in the maple, and the world again is young.

If one can afford to buy pretty things, it will not be a difficult task to determine how our houses shall be furnished, and yet there is more—a talent for brightening the nooks and corners, and putting things in a restful way. There is a large parlor that I know which has a restful look when the summer winds are blowing and the white curtains of the many windowed room gently float in rhythm with the breeze. But the winter room with its crimson carpet, and its sunny southern windows filled with plants and flowers, long ivies, and graceful, feathery ferns, and, if possible, the firelight shining over all from an open fire, is the best of all.

If you have a warm house, you can have the rest, the vines and the carpet, and the fire. May be, not just the shade of the carpet, but by and by you can, and in the meantime, you can be thinking how warm and bright it will be when it does come. There is a handsome corner bracket with two shelves, the upper one only large enough to hold a Parian bust of Lincoln, which is wreathed about with English ivy, which the pot on the lower shelf holds. If you cannot have this,

you can brighten up the darkest corner of your room—and I hope there is a dark corner, because the effect is better—by putting up a corner shelf, a little more than half-way up from floor to ceiling, of any wood so that it be stained or painted, and then draping the front with brown flannel worked in old gold floss, with a dash of red here and there, or with red canvas worked with black, only costing a trifle, and perhaps you may find among the scraps, or by ripping and turning some old garment of John's—and it is remarkable how many Johns there are in THE HOUSEHOLD—a piece that will make three vandykes of brown or black or gray, and it is possible that these, worked in red, may be far prettier than the costly bracket without the drapery. Even the easy chair or rocker may be placed in the corner, and adorned with a scarlet and white tidy, and it will give a very cheerful look to the room.

If you have only one picture, let it be ever so small, if it be good and well framed, it is worth a half dozen cheap ones. I once saw in a pretty home, a little painting of wood and river and sky, and beyond a glimpse of setting sun which glorified the whole. It was a very small painting, probably not more than twelve inches the longer way, but the frame was very heavy gilt moulding, and it hung over a mantel shelf draped with old gold on brown flannel. There was only one other picture in the room, a panel picture of flowers, I believe, but you did not regret their absence in the light of this little picture, and its wonderful frame of gold. There is nothing, to my mind, quite as decorative as a handsome picture, unless it be flowers.

These you can have at a very small expense. All summer long a single bed of verbenas, scarlet and white and velvety purple—only these three colors—and two brilliant geraniums have blossomed, and bouquets from the same have filled a white vase, Parian, a hand holding a lily bud. How many homes among you are bright with flowers! We know this by the letters and inquiries constantly filling one corner of the paper, and it is quite possible that they have been the means of bringing pleasure to many other homes.

You who live in the country, have the advantage of moss and stone and fern. Is there anything prettier than large pots of ferns or hanging baskets filled with them? How the firelight lengthens the shadows, making them sway to and fro, now high until they touch the pictures on the wall, the gilded frame, then low on the bracket that holds the ivy-wreathed bust of Lincoln, down to the table with its books and photographs, still farther till it touches the crimson carpet, and then back to the ferns themselves. Around the hearth at nightfall of a winter day one might have with the book and the knitting something besides. There are the nuts and the apples, rosy-cheeked, and many other things.

If you do not regard expense, there are so many beautiful things to be thought of, books and pictures and statuary, china and silver and majolica, that would brighten up every nook and corner of the house. Let me tell you of something else that will do quite as well, and will cost but very little. Have your carpet well swept, your windows clear and bright, a cheerful fire, a hanging basket, and two or three bright geraniums, your one picture a good one, and hung low enough to be seen without straining one's eyes. Put a red plush cushion in your rocker, draw it up by the fire, put all your prettiest things on the corner shelf that you have draped, your lamp and photographs and specimens, on the round table in the corner under the shelf, have lambrequin curtains at the windows, and

with the cheerful dinner table you will find that you have a very pleasant home.

Remember all the birthdays, and put a bouquet on the table then if at no other time. It will be a pleasant memory. And at these anniversaries, present an easel for a cabinet picture, and next time a photograph of one of the poets, Longfellow, Whittier, or our beloved Holland, and you will have an ornament that will be a joy forever. By and by, there will be added another decorative bit, a bracket or a plaster statuette, and as the years slip by you will find that your home will be filled with beautiful things, and your life will grow better in the thought of the beautiful.

There is nothing better than books to fill up the corners, and give a home-like look to your room. If you only possess a few books, they can lie on the table in the corner, and if you have many they can occupy the corner shelves, five or six in number, reaching from floor to ceiling, and having red Russia leather pinked and tacked on the edges with brass headed tacks.

You cannot think how fortunate you are who have a long room that can have shelves put up at one end, and lambrequined off for a small library. There you can have a case for your specimens, and a table for your newspapers and magazines. It is warmed in winter from the sitting room, and it is the brightest and best place the year round.

I have found in Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's "Hitherto: A Story of Yesterdays," which I have just finished, a little bit that I think you will like:

"Place is so much to us. To me, at least, it always was; from the seat at school to the home one makes between four walls somewhere, long afterward; and all the lesser and transient abidings that come between! The corner in the stage coach for a day's ride over the hills, or the better perch upon the springing roof. The window in a rail-car, the stateroom in a steamer; the nook in God's house that is our own, and where we can always pray and listen best; the earth under the trees of a cemetery, or on the sunny slope of a simple grave yard, where we shall lie down at last! The best promise of the beyond: a 'place' for us there also."

There! I thought you would like it.

I am not sure, but it seems as if heaven came nearer, when the leaves began to turn; when the maples took on the red and gold of the sunset, and the purple glow of the morning sun came down and touched the vines clinging to the balcony, with a loving light. The whole world is illuminated now, and I think happier by this putting on of festive garments. It is like one's life. You like the planning and planting of spring time, with its rush and whirl of work and worry, and the long, sunshiny days of summer, while the fruits and the grains are ripening in the sun, and the work goes on more quietly.

But when the autumn comes with its beauty of brown and gold, then put on your prettiest robe, and with your tired, work-a-day life left all behind, take a little journey, (if it is only a few miles, it will brighten you,) out into the sunshine of a glad, new day. How much you can gather in that short week! Your friends are glad to see you, there are new books, new pictures, and perhaps a dainty bit of fancy work ready for your willing fingers to fashion, for you know there must be something to brighten the winter room, and make it seem as if the summer was not quite gone. You can gather bright, red leaves, make them into a heavy wreath, and hang it so that it will enclose the bracket holding a plaster or Parian bust of Shakespeare.

Do you know I think every woman should have a nook or corner about the house that is thoroughly her own, that her own fingers have given pretty touches to, and that is almost become a part of herself, so if she should be gone for a year or a day, or may be that long, long journey, her presence will seem ever near, and will not be missed.

The Conservatory.

PANSIES.

O purple hearts that drank the wine
Of royal sunsets, where the sea
Leaves golden sands—the favored clime
Of flower and vine—how tenderly
I press your velvet lips to mine;
I half the message that you brought;
Breathe o'er my soul the mystic sign
Of Love's unspoken thought.

How many grand processions swept
Above you down the western slope?
How many dewy twilights kept
Watch o'er his budding hope?
And did the whispering breezes wait
To soft caress him, as they sped,
Spice laden from the Golden Gate,
To haunt your fairy bed?

Dear pansies rich in royal dyes
(And sweet from lying near his lips),
Fair mirrors of his azure eyes,
What can your worth eclipse?
Silent and cold to him repeat
My lips' unuttered mystery—
The secret you have found so sweet.

FLORICULTURAL NOTES.

Number Sixteen.

BY MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

TWO little children came tripping across our yard this morning on their way to school, and as they caught sight of my flowers exclaimed simultaneously, "O Mrs. F., what beautiful flowers! How I wish mother would have a garden!"

Somehow their words touched me deeply, they had such a hungry, pitiful ring, and I laid down the hoe, and came in, and have taken my pen to make a plea for the children, for every little boy and girl of THE HOUSEHOLD who wish "mother would have a garden."

If there is a mother among the readers of this paper who does not care to interest her children in flowers, I truly wish she could have seen the delight manifested by these little ones, and heard their heartfelt "Thank you! oh, thank you!" when I gave them a few flowers. I couldn't help thinking how very easily the happiness of our children may be purchased. A few pennies invested in flower seeds, and a little labor on our part, will furnish them a source of pleasure and happiness throughout the season. Can we spend our money, and a portion of our time, in a more profitable manner, since by getting them interested in flowers, we provide for them a pleasure that has a refining and elevating influence that will grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength?

What are little children but human buds not yet unfolded that may develop into the perfect or the imperfect flower accordingly as they are cultured? There are, however, a class of people in this world with but little, if any, of the æsthetic element about them. It is hard for such to credit their children with tastes and feelings beyond their own capacity. They seem to think if they furnish them enough to eat and drink, and the wherewithal to clothe them, their duty is done. They have all that they need to make them contented and happy in this world, all, in fact, that any reasonable being could ask for.

And so these little ones plead in vain for flowers and other things that tend to strengthen and develop the mental faculties, and keep their growth in harmony

with the physical organization. Does it not follow that their minds become dwarfed for want of proper aliment, and their grosser natures predominate? "Just as the twig is bent the tree inclines," is an old proverb that may be aptly used in the present instance.

If parents should refuse their children food until they were forced by hunger to beg their bread from door to door, and what is worse, to take it without leave at every opportunity, how quickly the proper authorities would be notified, and the parents would suffer the penalty for such a cruelty. But where is the law or justice for parent or child, when hunger of the soul sends them about the neighborhood begging seeds, slips, plants and flowers, and often the latter are taken without permission.

Who are the sufferers in the last instance? Alas! it is the children. They bear the pain of hunger, and the shame of the beggar and thief. And do you call this equity? Are food and clothing more to the perishable body than the beautiful, living truths as they exist in nature are to the immortal soul within us?

It is to you, mother, whose windows and yard are barren of even the most humble flower, that I put these questions. To you, whose nature in childhood, perhaps, was as ardent and aspiring as the little ones gathered about you, but it may be that the very evils I have been pointing out, were your portion in life, and those holier feelings were crowded out or suppressed until you have almost forgotten that they ever existed, consequently, you are not in sympathy with your children, you cannot understand why they are not contented with the things that satisfy you. Little children soon tire of a monotonous round of duty, and a home with just the bare necessities of an existence does not attract them. The eyes of childhood, and those of maturer years, look at the same object in a very different light.

I would fain believe that all mothers desire to keep their children safe at home, out of the streets and their attending evils. To do this we must make home a pleasant place to them. And how can we do so more effectually than by giving them flowers, by making a garden, and giving to each a bed for his very own, to pick the flowers just when he pleases?

Do not plead that you have neither time nor money to devote to such things, for it is a truthful saying "Where there's a will, there's a way." And if you earnestly desire it, you will find the spare moments, and the means to gratify your children. It will not cost you but a very small sum. A five-cent packet of sweet peas, morning glories, asters, marigolds, or any of these good-natured varieties, will make them just as happy as though they cost five dollars. And I would have you bear in mind that while these little ones are tending their flowers, and are watching with delighted eyes the unfolding, leaf by leaf, of the beautiful buds, the impression that they receive, will develop the roses in their tender hearts, and make them more perfect in form and texture.

It seems to me that those pleasures which bring to our children health and happiness, that make them wiser and better, are the pleasures to be most highly recommended, and the ones that mothers should be most anxious to provide for them. They can do this by interesting them in flowers, and when they are old enough to readily comprehend the first principles of science, let them learn "How Plants Grow."

If I could make my voice heard, botany should be one of the principal studies in our common schools, for it is something that the pupil can turn to account at all times, and that is more than can be

said of many things that are taught only because they are fashionable.

It is not the many things we learn that make us wise, but the use we make of our knowledge. No one is any wiser for the light we keep "under a bushel," or the talent that is "folded in a napkin," and life is far too short to spend our time in learning those things which are only for ornament, and that do not improve us because they are of no practical value. I contend that the cultivation of flowers is one of the purest enjoyments that this earth affords, and no one can take up the study of botany without being made wiser and better, for somehow flowers seem a connecting link between earth and heaven. Their companionship not only makes us happier, but they bring us into closer communion with God, for who can comprehend the wonderful structure of even the most common flower, and not be led up to their Maker?

I would as soon think of chiding children for loving God, and wishing to serve Him, as to chide them for loving flowers, and deny them the pleasure of cultivating them, and I have known parents to do this cruel thing. If any who read this have never given the subject earnest thought, I hope they will do so now, for the little ones that are now gathered about you, will perhaps soon be scattered wide, for "the posts of time run swift," and we do not want them to leave us with hungry, empty hearts. We would make home so pleasant that it should be to them the dearest spot on earth, and their sweetest memories be of mother and of home.

GARDEN GOSSIP.

BY DAISY FIELDS.

"Sweet summer crowns the smiling earth
With beauty, light, and love;"

and since
On every hand hath Flora strewed
Her treasures rich and rare."

let us gather freely the gifts of the generous goddess, and let their fragrance fill our rooms; their beauty cheer our hearts, and their freshness and purity sharpen our appetites as they grace our tables.

If Maudie begs for a bouquet for her teacher, or Clarence teases for a button-hole bouquet, do not refuse to gratify them, because you fear that cutting the blossoms will spoil the looks of your bush, bed, or border. It is a curious fact that the more flowers you cut off the more flowers you will have. One flower allowed to wither and go to seed consumes more of the strength and vitality of the plant than the formation of a dozen buds. So cut the flower before it fades, and at least six or eight new ones will come in its place. I have heard people complain because their carefully cared for plants gave them so few blossoms, when, if the truth be told, their own stinginess was at the root of the trouble. Request such people to contribute flowers for public decorative purposes, and they either refuse point blank, or give so grudgingly, with such an injured, grieved, or insulted air that the solicitors feel themselves considered little better than beggars, or possibly as bad as robbers.

How it rests one after a hard day's work to gather a basket of flowers, and arrange them in various ways! Flowers gathered at night keep longer than when cut with the sun shining on them brightly. Some people have a knack for arranging bouquets so as to bring out in each blossom a beauty the inobservant never supposed it was possessed of. A bouquet of simple materials was recently pronounced by all beholders the handsomest one they ever saw. It was composed of pink rosebuds, the little blue flower commonly known as robin runaway, and various kinds of fine white flowers. The buds

and blossoms were accompanied, each by its own foliage, and the pink and green, and blue and green, were entirely separated from each other by white. A few feathery sprays of grass were added as a finishing touch. It was pyramidal in form, placed in a handsome glass set in a saucer filled with the same kinds of flowers.

Colors used in hand bouquets should be selected with reference to the dress worn by the persons who are to carry them. Two bright contrasting colors are more pleasing than many different tints, unless careful attention is given to blending and harmonizing the shades.

For pyramid bouquets the stems should be severed, and every flower wired, thus each may occupy its own appropriate place without crowding. When this is not done, cut the stems from two to four inches long, using the longest at the base. Beginners should provide themselves with several circles of wire of different sizes. Place each variety in a heap by itself, and you are ready to commence. Select your handsomest bloom for the center, arrange around it appropriate foliage, and slip up the stems your smallest circle of wire. When the next row is completed, slip on the ring next in size, and so proceed. Each flower from the center must be laid a trifle lower than the preceding. Finish off with a circle of green. Fern fronds, small flowers, and sprays of grass should be put in after the rest is completed.

Remember that white will harmonize colors otherwise too antagonistic. Some flowers show to best advantage when arranged in vases loosely.

A beautiful bouquet, a fitting tribute to a departing friend, is composed of sweet pea and forget-me-not. Use the pink and white sweet pea. The sentiment of this flower is, "Must you go?"

A light, airy affair, attractive because of its novelty, is formed of pale blue nigella, commonly called "love in a mist," or "lady in the bower," and darkest and lightest shades of calliopsis.

A deep saucer-shaped plate is prettiest for balsams. A dark shade of green sets them off well. I use yarrow leaves, the plant with yellowish green blossoms, known as cypress, or running myrtle leaves. Arrange a row of green around the edge of the plate, then blooms of contrasting colors, separated by sprigs of green, filling in towards the center of the plate. Many shades together are beautiful when harmoniously blended, but to do this successfully one needs a good eye for color, and it is generally more satisfactory to use but few.

To preserve cut flowers fresh a long time, put a teaspoonful of powdered charcoal in the water, sprinkle them night and morning, and keep in a cool place away from the sunshine.

FLORAL THOUGHTS.

I fear THE HOUSEHOLD readers will think that I have forgotten my promise, and am never going to answer the questions asked me in relation to plant culture. I find that there are many new readers each year, and among the number, many who are only beginning to learn the duties of keeping house for one's self and John, and taking our HOUSEHOLD for the first time as a bridal gift, and from them comes the inquiry, "What plants shall I cultivate, and how shall I manage them?"

Among our most popular plants for window gardening are the calla, fuschia, cactus and geraniums, the latter, of all plants considered, are the best plants for amateurs, because they require little care, and will grow and bloom under neglect. If care is used in selecting varieties, you can have them bloom every month in the year, and they bloom profusely. The rose geranium is a universal favorite, and it

well deserves its popularity. If I were to select one flower as the flower for the masses, I should choose the geranium.

The English ivy is another favorite. It is always cheerful, and though it does all the better for good care and attention, it will get along very well under any amount of neglect.

In my estimation, the *Cobea scandens* comes next as a vine. This magnificent climber is the most rapid-growing greenhouse plant known. It is a perennial, but as it does not stand our northern winters out of doors, it is classed with the tender annuals. It flourishes well in the open ground, but should be first started in the house or hot bed. As a vine for decorating a room it is not surpassed. The flowers when first open are of a light green color, changing to purple as they are out a day or two. The foliage is very handsome and the tendrils will attach themselves to anything within reach. I have a beautiful vine, now only a little over a year old, whose branches measure over six hundred feet long. The longest single branch is over seventy-five feet in length.

The carnation pinks make good window plants in winter, but must be bedded out during the summer.

The many varieties of begonias, both the rex and flowering sorts, make capital house plants all the year round.

For foliage plants none will supersede the coleus, with their almost innumerable and changing colors. They are also one of our best summer decorative plants. I have over fifty choice varieties, and I do not think any sister of THE HOUSEHOLD can have a finer floral display this season. I am now rooting the slips, or cuttings, and shall plant them out about the first of June. To every reader of THE HOUSEHOLD, who has none of the new coleus I will give a few well-rooted plants, only specifying that those wishing them send stamps for postage. PRIMROSE.

Box 9, Ainsworth, Iowa.

MAKING HOME BEAUTIFUL.

It is not necessary to have a nice house and costly furniture to make home pleasant and cozy, although it is very nice to have them if one can. But when one is obliged to make the most of everything vines do help along so much. I have several different kinds, but ivies are my special favorites. I have an English ivy that is several years old, that covers nearly one side of my room; the pot stands on a corner-shelf, and the vine runs both ways, and it helps wonderfully to cover up the soiled paper. It grows slowly, but is green the year round, and is very little care. The German ivy needs more care and nursing, but when once started, will reward one for the trouble, in growing so rapidly. As I like to have vines in the sitting room summers, I start a slip in the spring early, so as to have it well growing by the time it is warm enough so I can set it on the window sill, then as fast as it sends out shoots, I can pin them to the curtain, as they are plain white muslin, looped back, the vine does not hurt them, and as it grows I keep fastening it up, and before the summer is gone, my white curtains are covered with vines. The effect of the green on the white is just lovely, but I take pains to keep them watered, for they grow so fast they require a great deal, and if they are allowed to wilt, which they will do, if the sun strikes them hot, you will soon discover leaves turning yellow and drying up, which soon makes it look straggling and neglected. I never try to keep a German ivy but one season. I take off a slip and throw away the old vine. As there are two windows in our sitting room, I have a pot, the same size as that of my ivy, standing in the opposite win-

dow, and in that I have a Madeira vine, which also grows quite rapidly, and I pin it to the curtain the same as the ivy. To make it thrive do not put more than two or three bulbs in a pot, and as they come up and begin to climb, pinch off the ends and they will branch out as much as you like. We find they grow much prettier not to have the sun strike them, and for that reason you can set your pot on a shelf or bracket in any part of the room you wish. In the fall we take up the bulbs, and put them in a cool, dry place, ready to grow again in the spring.—N. Y. Witness.

—The natural color of flowers may be altered according to C. Puscher, by exposing them to the diluted fumes of ammonia. Most of the blue, violet, and light crimson flowers turn to a splendid bright green. Dark crimson clove pinks turn black, other dark red flowers turn dark violet, all white flowers turn sulphur yellow. This change of color is especially beautiful when the flowers are variegated or the single petals possess a different color. As soon as the new color is fully developed, the flowers must be dipped at once into cold water, when they will keep their new shade from two to six hours; by degrees then their natural color returns. If flowers be exposed to the vapors of ammonia for one or two hours they turn a dirty chamois, which is permanent. Blue, violet, and red asters are dyed or turned intense red, when they are exposed to the fumes of muriatic acid gas; it takes from two to four hours or more before the shade is fully developed. The flowers are then removed to dark, cool rooms to dry.

—To preserve cut flowers, put a drop or two of ammonia in the water. Change the water every day and cut off half an inch or so of the stems of the flowers.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to say to Mrs. A. J. Scott, in Floral Correspondence, that her smilax needs cutting down, moving out of the sunlight and leaving to rest a while. I have usually cut mine during the summer, but find it does quite as well if done in the winter. She will be much surprised to see how it will shoot up after its sleep. Let me add one caution, never try to divide a smilax. If new shoots come up they may be removed, but I nearly destroyed mine by taking up and dividing the tubers. The most beautiful smilax I ever saw was trained in the form of a cone. The plants were placed in a circle around a large pot, a stick set in the center with black threads stretched from the top to the edge of the pot and fastened. The vines will completely hide the thread in time, and it leaves no wrong side to the plant. MRS. A. F. BIRD.

Box 294, Battle Creek, Mich.

MR. CROWELL:—I should like to inquire of the ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD if any of them know any thing of a plant called Job's Tears? It is a southern plant. I am anxious to get some of the buds. ELSIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the readers of your paper please tell me if there is a way to clean pampas grass plumes, and if so give the process? I have two beautiful plumes which are badly discolored. MRS. D. M. WARNER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one be so kind as to tell me how to treat double oxalis bulbs to make them bloom? I have had mine two years and they have never bloomed. A SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I come to you for advice in regard to a fish box or aquarium. What kind of cement should be used to prevent its leaking? A SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I am very anxious to know how to bleach ferns. Will some sister of the Band inform me and accept my sincere thanks? I will tell you what I use to kill worms and flies on my house plants. Make tobacco tea and wet the ground thoroughly. It has worked like a charm for me. I have a few choice plants I brought with me from my Wisconsin home. After bringing them so far I take delight in caring for them, and watching their growth. Box 400, Red Oak, Iowa. BESSIE.

The Nursery.

THE POET AND THE CHILDREN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

With a glory of winter sunshine
Over his locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion
He sat on his last birthday.

With his books and his pleasant pictures,
And his household and his kin,
While sound as of myriads singing
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,
From the prairie's boundless plain,
From the Golden Gate of sunset
And the cedar woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him,
And his moistening eyes grew dim,
For he knew that his country's children
Were singing the songs of him;

The lays of his life's glad morning,
The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
On the winds of every clime.

All their beautiful consolations,
Sent forth like birds of cheer,
Came flocking back to his windows,
And sang in the poet's ear.

Gentle, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell
With a joy akin to sadness
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened
To the voices sweet and young;
The last of earth and the first of heaven
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the summoning angel
Who calls God's children home!

And to him, in a holier welcome
Was the mystical meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master:
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

POOR PRINCE ATYS.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

EVER so many years ago, there lived a little prince who was one of the best boys in the world. His name was Atys. Is it not pretty? I am quite sure that he must have been very handsome. Any way he was a princeling and a very happy fellow. He lived in a great palace which was heaped full of gold in bars and ingots and dust and coin.

The father of Prince Atys was Croesus, called the Rich. I suppose he was the richest man of his time. An Athenian visited him once, and Croesus told him that he might have all the gold that he could carry away. So he was shown into the treasury. The Athenian had on a large cloak with pockets, and a pair of the wide boots such as the Lydian horsemen wore. He filled his pockets and bosom with ingots and the coined metal, stuffed his wide-topped boots with gold dust, sprinkled his hair with it, and put more into his mouth. Then placing a large bar of gold under each arm, and grasping his hands full, he walked away, looking like anything else than a man, all padded and swollen as he was. Croesus was exceedingly amused at the sight, but he doubled the treasure, telling the man that one who loved gold as well as he did, ought to have an abundance of it.

Another Athenian named Solon, who was also a very wise man, came to see Croesus. The king made an ostentatious display of his magnificence before him, showed him his splendid palace, his treasure house which was full of gold despite what the other Athenian had carried away, his train of servants, his rich table service, and his gorgeous suits of raiment.

"Do you know of any thing more magnificent than I am?" asked Croesus.

"Yes," replied the sage, "cocks, pheasants, and peacocks, are finer, for their ornaments are their own, while yours are borrowed."

"But," asked Croesus, "have you ever seen a happier man?"

Solon replied that he had, naming one of his humble neighbors at Athens who possessed enough for his wants, and had no desire for more, and added that "so great were the vicissitudes of human affairs that no man could properly be called happy before his death."

All these things happened when Atys was a boy, running about the palace, with bare, olive-colored legs, and his long, golden curls hanging over his laughing eyes. He was the older of two sons. His brother, who was named Gyges, was dumb. So all the noise that was made, Atys had to make, and if at any time he shouted a little louder at his play than he ought, we feel disposed to pardon him for his dumb brother's sake. Upon the whole we have no doubt that Atys was as well behaved a little prince as one could wish to see.

I can seem to see just how he looked dressed in his scarlet woolen tunic, and his white chlamys, an oblong piece of cloth with tassels at the corners that was worn over the right shoulder and fastened by a clasp of gold, and his purple buskins of gazelle leather, as he played with Gyges in their palace play yard, or went with his father to the temples to see the oxen and the sheep slaughtered for sacrifice.

You must not think that Atys had nothing to do but play and amuse himself, because he was a prince and lived so many hundred years ago. Croesus, for all that he was so vain and magnificent, was a very learned king. His sons were trained in the most thorough manner that the age afforded. They had a Greek tutor who taught them reading, writing, arithmetic, music and gymnastics. Every morning you could have seen Atys quiet as a mouse, bending over his tablet, which was a small, flat board, shaped like a modern slate, with its sides covered with hardened wax. He used a stylus, or iron pencil, pointed at one end for inscribing the characters on the wax, and flattened on the other for rubbing out mistakes or bad penmanship. Many a time his head must have ached, and his hands have become cramped just as modern school children's do.

When Atys was thirteen years of age, he was instructed in the art of music. He learned to play upon the lyre and the harp, and to accompany the music with his voice. He was not allowed to play the flute, for that would have distorted his face, in their belief, and the Lydians were very proud of their good looks. Several hours each day the two princes spent in the gymnasium. This was more agreeable than poring over the rolls and tablets and strumming the lyre. Here they drove their bronze hoops which jingled with little bells, threw the ball, and sometimes when they got other boys with them they played at blindman's buff, the blind man acting the part of Polyphemus who had his one eye put out by Ulysses, while the other boys played the parts of Ulysses and his companions trying to get out of the cave; or they played chytinda, which was like our hot cockles. One boy sat on the ground, and was called the chytra or pot, while the other boys ran round, pinching and pushing him, until one was caught by the chytra, and made to take his place.

Perhaps you are wondering why Atys should be called poor, when he was a prince, and his father was so rich. I shall come to that by and by. So little is known of boy life in those old, dead centuries that I wished you to know the little that was known. Prince Atys had his books, his plays, and his lessons, just as boys do at the present day, only his books were not books, but simple rolls of papyrus, or Nile paper. It would have taken several of them to make a volume as large as your school reader. What we may

suppose Atys liked quite as well as anything, for I am sure the boy, or girl either for that matter, never lived who did not like them, were Æsop's fables. The little prince was more fortunate, however, than any of the young folks of the nineteenth century. Instead of having to read the fables, he heard Æsop himself repeat them.

This great wit and story-teller, and the most famous of all fabulists, ancient or modern, was born a slave, but he had acquired his freedom a few years before Atys was born. By his talents and energy, he had forced himself to the highest social positions. His reputation as a writer attracted the attention of Croesus, who invited him to his court, where he resided for many years. How Atys' eyes must have glistened many and many a time, as the funny old man told his queer stories and charming fables! Who of the little folks of to-day would not like to have had this rich privilege?

At the age of sixteen the prince finished his school education, so to speak. He was now a man and rode with his father to hunt the lion, the bear, the wild boar, and the other fierce animals that frequented the great forests around Sardis, the splendid capital of Croesus' kingdom. He also went to war, and sometimes commanded the army in person, a trust that showed how ably he conducted himself, and how much confidence the king had in him. At last Prince Atys married.

We are not told who his wife was, but the wedding was a most splendid affair. The prince was his oldest son, and if he lived would succeed him on the Lydian throne, so Croesus spared no expense upon the occasion. There were feasting and dancing, and processions to the temples, and costly sacrifices made to the gods. Prince Atys, dressed all in white save his purple buskins, and these fastened with white ribbons and ornamented with pearls, looked handsomer than ever. The wedding feast was at its height when a stranger entered. No one knew who he was and his manners were very mysterious. He never said a word, but took his station silently by the hearth, carrying in his hand an olive branch tied with a fillet of wool.

Croesus very hospitably ordered the servants to serve food on a separate table to his silent guest, and forbade them to ask him any questions. It seems to have been understood that the man was a fugitive, and had come there as a suppliant seeking purification. So after the banquet was over, preparations were made to purify him after the custom of the country.

The fleece of a black ram was brought in, and the suppliant was made to stand upon it. Blood from a young sucking pig was poured upon his hands, which was washed off upon the fleece by a stream of water. When the stain of blood-guiltiness had been thus removed, the fleece with the blood on it was buried in the earth, and afterwards the stranger told his story.

He said that his name was Adrastus, and that he was a prince of Phrygia, an adjoining kingdom. A few days previous he had unwittingly slain his brother, and in consequence thereof his father had banished him. Croesus claimed the prince as a relative, gave him cheerful welcome, and instituted him a retainer of the royal house.

For many days after his marriage, young Atys spent the time very merrily. Sometimes he and his bride drove to the temples, oftener they rode on the glorious Sardian plain, both in one chariot. In the beautiful summer nights they rowed on the golden Pactolus. The prince and Adrastus grew to be fast friends, and the Phrygian began to brighten up again.

One day long after the wedding, there

came a company of lords to the royal palace with a very grievous tale. They were noblemen from Mysia, a country that Croesus ruled over, and they told of a monstrous wild boar that was ravaging their territory, and killing many people. They besought Croesus that he would send his son with a gallant hunting train to kill the ferocious animal. Croesus told them that his son could not go, as he was only lately married, and could not leave his bride, but offered to dispatch the whole royal hunting train to aid the Mysians in ridding their country of the destructive animal. As this was satisfactory to the Mysians, they departed.

Atys felt very much hurt when he learned of the Mysians' request, and his father's refusal to let him lead the hunt. He was, as we have said, a very brave and gallant youth, and he felt that it would be a great honor to conduct an enterprise against such a formidable beast as this boar was represented to be. With his face flushed, and his dark eyes flashing, the prince went to his father, and complained of the injustice. Croesus told him that it was not on account of any misbehavior on his part that he wished to exclude him from participating in the affair, but for reason of a dream that he had had.

A short time previous the king had dreamed that he had lost his oldest son by receiving a mortal wound from a sharp iron weapon, and fearing that the dream might come true, he wished to keep him from coming in contact with danger. Atys laughed at his father, saying that the iron weapon in the dream could not possibly refer to the sharp tusk of a boar, which was the only thing to be dreaded, following up his argument by the statement that the Lydians would look coldly upon him, and even his young wife think that he was a coward, if he was not allowed to accompany the expedition.

Atys was so eloquent in his entreaties that Croesus reluctantly granted him permission to lead the hunt, stipulating, however, that he should be very careful, and that Adrastus should accompany him as a sort of guardian or protector. Before the train started, the king took Adrastus aside and told him what he feared, and asked him to have a watchful eye over Atys, and see that no one should injure him. This Adrastus promised to do, and the party set forth.

Prince Atys, wearing a golden embossed helmet, and a suit of the finest armor, and looking very princely with his golden hair falling upon his shoulders, rode at the head of the train. Probably his young wife stood on the terrace, and waved her white hands to him, and the prince looked back, proud and smiling, as he thought of the noble prize he would bring back to lay at her feet. Poor young prince! Poor Atys! He never rode back.

Late one day the hunters returned, and Croesus, expectant and anxious, with Gyges beside him, stood at the palace gate. He saw the glitter of the armor, and the tossing of the long plumes in the distance. But it was no conquering train that was marching on so solemnly, their hunting spears all pointing toward the earth, and their horses hoofs muffled. It was a funeral procession. Prince Atys had been killed, and it was his corpse they bore to the waiting monarch.

It was a piteous tale they told. Ardent and brave the young prince had led them in the hunt. They had driven the terrible boar to bay, and in the contest that followed Atys had received a mortal wound from a javelin that was intended for the desperate animal. And who do you think threw it but Adrastus, the very man in whose care the king had placed his son?

Croesus tore his hair with grief at the sight of his dead young heir, his golden

hair bedabbled with blood, and the fair face all cold as marble. It was a sad, sad night. The palace was full of wailing. All his gold could not now make Croesus happy. But you will be glad to learn that the king, in spite of his grief, forgave Adrastus.

That unfortunate man whose hands were already stained with a brother's blood, felt as though he was accursed by the gods. In his great remorse he begged for Croesus to kill him. But the king knew that that would not restore Atys. He told him that he was not to blame, and that there was nothing to condemn him for.

There was a great funeral for Atys. The poor dead prince with his golden armor on that he rode away so proudly in, was buried in the plain of Sardis, and a costly tomb was erected above his grave. It is said that Croesus mourned two full years for his son. As for Adrastus he slew himself upon the tomb that very night after the burial, feeling that it was better to die than to live with such a burden of sorrow to weigh him down.

And so ends the story of poor Prince Atys.

BITS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY LESLIE RAYNOR.

BUTTERFLIES.

I do not think the cocoons of moths or butterflies had ever attracted my attention, until, when about to bring my English ivy into the house one autumn, I noticed a curious thing hanging on the frame. It was a trifle more than an inch long, not as large as my little finger, one end tapering, the other rough and angular. I did not then know, but have since learned that you can tell by the appearance of the cocoon whether its tenant is a butterfly or moth larva, the latter spinning smooth, regular cocoons, and the former, angular, furrowed, or roughened ones.

After making some vain attempts to pull this one from the frame, for, though the thread which was passed around the larger part looked so slender, it was very strong, and the cocoon being firmly fastened to the wood at the smaller end, I concluded to let it remain, and see what came out of it.

All winter it hung motionless in the ivy's green shade. One May morning the little cradle was empty, but I saw nothing of its tenant, though I spent some minutes looking for it. As I entered the parlor next day, on the lid of the piano, a dainty butterfly was gracefully poised as if it had just flown there. It was a brief life the beautiful creature had, for wishing to preserve it, I persuaded it into a nap from which it has never awakened. That was four or five years ago, but its colors now are scarcely dimmed, and as it lies here in a box, in a motley company of moths, beetles and spiders, I will describe it for you.

Its wings are lemon-yellow, with a broad black border, dotted with yellow spots. Four black bands cross the wings, the upper one extending across both wings, the other three are only across the front ones. The posterior or back wings are scalloped-bordered with a wavy line of black and yellow, and lengthened into two narrow projections half an inch long, above which are spots of orange-yellow and black. These tips are fancied to resemble spurs, and so the butterfly is sometimes called the chevalier, though it is generally known as the *turnus*, *papilio turnus*, *papilio* being the Latin word for butterfly. It is one of our commonest and prettiest species.

This month, July, is just the time in which to observe the caterpillars of this butterfly, and many a lesson you may

learn in natural history, perhaps, too, in something deeper, if you look and listen carefully.

In the carrot or parsnip beds, or on apple trees, you will find your specimens feeding, caterpillars in close-fitting jackets of black, green and yellow. Select the plumpest and bear him with the leaf he is eating, into a glass jar, (a fruit can, cracked or otherwise unfit for use, answers well,) in the bottom of which is some damp moss. Tie a piece of coarse lace or netting over the top, and put it in a partially shaded place. It may be several days before the caterpillar will begin his house-building, and meanwhile it must be well supplied with food. When satisfied, it will crawl up the side of the jar, or often on a twig, if one is placed within, and slowly spin a fine, silky web, an inch or more across. You can watch the cunning workman through the glass, he has no fear that you will steal his trade, and it is a curious sight as it moves the upper part of its body about, right and left, fastening to the jar the thread which you can see coming from its mouth. But the rest of the story I will leave you to find out for yourself, for though I have watched them many times, the very last act in the drama I never saw. Either my patience failed, or something called me away at the final moment, and the next time I looked, there hung the chrysalis, perhaps still in motion, but perfectly formed. I hope you will be more fortunate than I.

Do you wonder how long they remain in the chrysalis state? Late in July I imprisoned a green and gold caterpillar which became a chrysalis in a day or two, on a Sunday. In just two weeks from that day, a butterfly in black velvet, with swallow-tailed wings trimmed with spots of blue and yellow came out of it. It was a beautiful creature, and looking at it, thinking of the worm it had been, I could but wonder that any find it hard to believe what the bible teaches about the resurrection of our bodies.

Late caterpillars sleep in their cradles until spring, I think. But you cannot be sure of the butterflies, even if they do remain thus until spring, as experience once taught me. A jar containing seven chrysalids stood on my shelf through the winter a few years ago, but instead of the seven butterflies I expected to see issue therefrom, one warm May day a great buzzing in the jar drew me to it, to find seven noisy, wicked-looking flies, first cousins to wasps you would think. They had four transparent wings, six legs, two antennæ, and three thread-like projections about two inches in length, from the end of the long slender body. The caterpillars surely went into the chrysalids, but the ichneumon flies came out. What did it mean?

The ichneumon fly is a parasite, that is, it lives upon other creatures, and piercing the skin of the caterpillar lays its eggs. In time these hatch, feed upon the larva within until it is entirely destroyed, then they come out of the shell. They are like evil thoughts, destroying all the good in the heart if once allowed to stay there.

Another common caterpillar, called the *archippus*, feeds upon leaves of milkweed. At first, it is pale, greenish-white, with two little points on each end. After a few days it changes its coat to a darker green, with bands of black, white, and lemon-yellow, and the four points become as many black, thread-like horns. The eggs are laid on the under side of a leaf, and when magnified, look like a little hanging basket. The *archippus* chrysalis is very curious and pretty. It hangs from a thread at one end, which is fastened to a little button of silk spun on the leaf, twig, or glass, has a row of gold dots half-way around the larger part, and others scattered over it. I think you

must often have seen this butterfly. It is, at least, three inches across, when the wings are spread, of a rich, deep orange color, bordered with velvety black on the upper side, and a lighter shade below; the head is also velvety black spotted with white.

As I write the last part of this article, there comes to my notice a book which I wish might fall into the hands of all the young people of THE HOUSEHOLD who are interested in studying natural history, yes, and into the hands of all, whether now interested or not, for I think it would awaken an interest. It is "Insect Lives, or Born in Prison," by Julia P. Ballard, published by Robert Clark & Co., of Cincinnati. It has about a hundred nicely printed pages, containing sixteen short chapters, describing in a bright and attractive way, as many different moths and butterflies, and is plentifully illustrated. The cost of the book I do not know, but should not think it would exceed one dollar.

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

EMPLOYMENT FOR CHILDREN.

Nothing is more injurious, not to say ruinous, than a constant system of repression with children. "Don't do this," "You must not go there," "You cannot have that," etc. It is chilling to the youthful enthusiasm, cramping and dwarfing to all his faculties. Children who daily and hourly listen to such injunctions, who are checked in all their efforts and aspirations after what seems to them as glorious and worthy as seem to us our higher aims, feel like exclaiming in despair, "What may we do?" and if we do not open to them ways of pleasant employment, we are guilty of exercising towards them real cruelty.

In every human being as well as in every animal, there is stored up, ready for use, a certain amount of nervous force or energy, which will expend itself in some way good or bad, and this force is generally in proportion to the amount of intelligence. An oyster might be content to be still in one spot all his life, and idly open his mouth occasionally for food; a tortoise may crawl lazily through his long life without suffering or enjoying as much in the course of ten years, as a bird might in ten minutes. Observe the activity of the intelligent dog or horse as compared to that of the less intelligent cow or sheep.

So active children are generally healthy and intelligent. The disposition to incessant movement, noise, mischief, or frolic which is often so trying to weary mothers, is only the expenditure of a superabundant nervous force in the child, which, if rightly directed, may, in time, make him a powerful agent for good in the world.

Yet how often do we hear mothers complain of noisy, mischievous children! "I wish you would sit still five minutes," says a grown person to a child, as if that were a perfectly reasonable request, and not one that would demand on the part of the child more heroic self-restraint than most grown persons would be able to exercise. Or the father comes in tired from his day's work, and finding his children romping and playing in a manner disagreeable to his nervous system, and to that of all the older members of the family, says, "Now, children, sit down and be still; I can't have this noise, and if you don't be quiet, I shall send you to bed," and the older members of the family feel relieved at this seemingly reasonable and proper command, but the children whose energies have been repressed through the tedium of a strict school life, and repressed out of school by numberless restrictions, regard this as a severe punishment, a disagreeable and almost

impossible restraint, calculated to inspire them with no feelings of love towards the one who imposes upon them so heavy a burden.

But what is to be done? We must have peace and quiet in the evening, or we shall be unfitted for the duties of the morrow.

Keep them happily employed for a little while, and then send them to bed early, and so take your rest and recreation after they are asleep.

"Some place their bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these."

Children certainly place there bliss in action, and we who enjoy rest after labor, must be patient with them.

I know a mother who always has a little play, or story-telling, or reading with her children, the hour before bed time. On Sundays she and their father each devote part of the day to walking with them and reading to them in books suited to their entertainment and improvement. I need hardly say they are among the most intelligent and promising children of my acquaintance.

Give the children something pleasant to do or to think about, a block house to build, a puzzle to put together, paper to cut, bubbles to blow, a stick to whittle a picture to paint, or to look at, a top to spin, dough to make into cakes to bake for themselves, a little broom to sweep the door steps, a wheelbarrow and little shovel to dig sand, anything to keep them busy and happy, for a busy child is a happy child, a healthy child, and, if you have rightly managed his employments, a good child.

And this is as true of grown people as of children. "Idleness is the mother of mischief," as well as the parent of vice and misery. It is safe to say that a large proportion of the disease and insanity in the world are caused by unsuitable expenditure of nervous force. Those people who find full employment for their faculties are well and happy.

"Labor is life! 'tis the still water faith,
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth,
Keep the watch wound or the dark rust assaileth,
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory! the flying cloud lightens,
Only the waving wing changes and brightens,
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens.
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune."

It is this constant employment of all the faculties of brain, body, and heart that keeps so well and so happy all men or women who are actively engaged in doing good to others. We need food for the heart and brain as well as for the body.

The lady of leisure loses health or becomes insane, because she finds no suitable outlet for her energies, and this repressed force finding no appropriate outlet accumulates and destroys the delicate tissues of her nervous system. The over-worked woman gives herself no food for heart or mind, no time for her social needs, and so suffers in a similar way. The kindly, social nature, the love of the beautiful, the desire for knowledge and improvement, are all among the various faculties of our nature which demand free and appropriate exercise.

Let us not repress any God-given faculties, but endeavor to turn them into such good and healthful channels as will enable them to do best service for God and humanity.

It is not a waste of time for parents to stop their work long enough to pet a child, to tell him a story, or play a rollicking game. When parents take time from worldly thoughts and plans to cultivate a sympathetic friendship with their children, and each other, they are doing a good work, and sowing seed that will by and by spring up and bring forth abundant fruit that will amply repay all the effort, time, patience, or self-sacrifice involved. ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

The Library.

"ROCK OF AGES."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune,—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee,"—
Felt her soul no need to hide,—
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside;
And the words unheeding
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that they might be
On some other lips a prayer,—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
"Twas a woman sang them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every syllable a prayer,—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"—
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trusting and tenderly,
Voice grown weak, and eyes grown dim,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."
Trembling though the voice and low,
Rose the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow;
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny path have passed;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest,—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid.
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul!
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billows roll,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

—Anonymous.

WHAT OUR YOUNG FOLKS READ.

WE NO longer reverence a symbol apart from the thing symbolized, a name apart from the idea which it conveys. For instance, what American householder would allow improper drainage in his home, simply because the man who laid the pipes was a plumber, or would submit to be injuriously physicked because his adviser was an M. D., or would eat heavy bread and leathery steaks day after day because the hired girl in his kitchen was called a cook? And yet, there are some good people in this world of ours who still hold to the opinion that an author's an author all the world over, and, when they see fit to read, that it's of small consequence what material composes their little intellectual repast, and of still less importance who is the cook.

But if people are careless as to what they read themselves, what words can describe their indifference to the intellectual needs of our young folks. "Story papers hurting my boy?" cries pater-familias, "Nonsense! He's got sense enough to know they're not true, and if they keep him out of the streets and out of mischief, I'm very glad of it." Let us see what sort of companion this is that keeps the boys—and girls too—out of mischief.

That the circulation of these stories, in whatever form they may appear—as weekly papers, as dime novels, in what shape you will—is enormous, no one can doubt, for they are everywhere. Any newsdealer will tell you that he sells more of this sensational and trashy literature than of any other kind you can name. It was once my good fortune to have some behind-the-scenes knowledge of the con-

duct of such a paper—a New York journal of immense circulation, but now defunct, hurried to its end by some questionable speculation. The editor and publisher was a dingy little man, badly deformed physically and mentally, who reminded me most forcibly of Quilp. Probably he had not read a dozen books in all his life, and yet he seemed a perfect Solomon compared with his contributors. Some of these latter were school-boys—with intelligence below the average, judging from their effusions. Such tales of blood and murder, tomahawks and war-paint! But these were not the worst. There were the stories of the sentimental school—with the mysterious villain, the beautiful and accomplished heroine, become through some reversal of fortune a factory girl, and then the hero, usually a fast young man, with the disgusting manners of his class, succeeding in the end to a title in England, or becoming fabulously wealthy by some lucky speculation "out west." These latter stories are the ruin of our girls. A more lasting impression is made upon a girl by these pernicious romances, from the fact that her perceptions are quicker than a boy's, her imagination more easily fired, and her faith stronger. The boy must, ere long, go out into the stir and bustle of life, and some of his wrong notions will be brushed off by friction, but in the girl's mind they rankle and corrode until all too late may come her knowledge of life's realities and duties. The authors of these poor, silly stories are such people as could not possibly find admittance to our homes, we would not think them fit associates for our sons and daughters, and yet, by the simple magic of the printer's types, they have found easy access and an attentive hearing.

Well, pater-familias, the boy may be out of mischief now, but this companion is sowing seeds of mischief too deep for uprooting, if you do not haste to pluck them out. Your son is learning to play the ruffian, is becoming familiar with crime, even. It is doing him radical harm, and also is stunting the intellectual growth which good literature aids. He is quick and intelligent, his imagination is vigorous, and we know not what possibilities are his of future greatness and goodness. Besides, a taste for good books will be to him a lifelong pleasure. "If I were to pray for a taste," says Herschel, "which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading."

There are three things then that we may without any injustice state of the popular and sensational literature of our day.

1. It is at best but negatively virtuous. Its originators are immature minds, and "the blind leading the blind" is an appropriate picture of writer and reader.

2. It is positively without virtue, and vicious, in that it establishes a very low standard of morals, and gives false ideas of life.

3. By corrupting the taste, it renders impossible the enjoyment of our English classics, or of any good literature whatsoever.

Most people will agree to this. "But then," they say, "granting all you claim, what can we do?" Very little, it is true. We can establish no dictatorship in the republic of letters, nor can we, in a new inquisition, demolish all offending tomes at the stake, and send them curling heavenward in flame and smoke. All attacks against the merchandise of these poor book-makers must be attended with failure. So long as there is a demand for an inferior thing, there will be the corres-

ponding supply. Against this demand must we direct the force of attack. Not much that we can do here, but despise not the day of small things. When we remember what has been accomplished by individual effort in the beginnings of all reform, we have no right to despair. Certainly, in any question which interests our human kind, the position of neutrality and indifference is a false one.

What, then, may each one of us accomplish in the good fight? First, for ourselves we may be watchful, may be sure we do not like the bad, and may learn to love the good and the true, in literature as in all things. Then, being sure all is right at the center, we may begin to extend our influence out towards the circumference. Within the home circle there are many ways to interest the young folks. An admirable plan, is reading aloud during the long winter evenings. Most children of eleven can quickly learn to appreciate and love Dickens and Scott, and these evening readings would be looked forward to with pleasant anticipation. Reading aloud smooths many difficulties, especially with a competent reader. It brings out more fully the sense of what is being read, and gives opportunity for explanation.

Each member of this family circle may in turn exert an influence; lending books, giving advice kindly and judiciously, helping in every way those who have never known the happiness of pleasant home influences. It is remarkable how much may be accomplished with a little tact, and an earnest heart behind it. The earnest heart is a very important element. Some persons give advice in such cold-blooded, patronizing fashion, that it is worse than useless. Whatever we do, let us do it heartily—not merely from a sense of duty, but because it is a pleasure. Perhaps we remember how a timely hint, the loan of a book, or a kindly word of encouragement has revealed to us "a new heaven and a new earth." Let us then perpetuate the good deed, and sow seeds that, in another generation, may bring forth abundantly good fruit.

M. E. R.

FAMILY LIBRARIES.

It is easy in our day for hungry readers to supply their wants from circulating or public libraries. It is easy, in general, to borrow books from our accommodating neighbors. But books obtained in this way, read rapidly, and returned, cannot fill the place of a home library. This is a vital need in every family circle comprising eager and inquiring children. Wise parents study the wants of their children, sympathize with their tastes, and provide them with fascinating and instructive reading that gives a daily charm to home life. A few shelves, called the children's book-case, filled with the best works of popular authors, have a magnetism whose power is never lost. They throw a glamour about one's early years, creating beautiful dreams, stirring noble thoughts and generous aims, and sowing precious seed, whose fruitage is abundant.

Benjamin Franklin found few volumes in his father's library, for books were scarce in colonial times, but he read those few to good profit, and one of them, a dry treatise by Cotton Mather, incited in him an ambition for a useful life, and made him one of the leading philanthropists of his age. A few patriotic stories and poems which Hugh Miller read so often in boyhood as to learn them by heart, filled him with enthusiasm at the heroic deeds of Wallace and Bruce, and the old Scotch martyrs, and nursed an ambition to be a leader in Scottish thought, and religion. Walter Scott's childish love for the legends floating among the

people, and the curious stories and poems told by the fireside, gave birth in later years to the poems and novels which have made the life and scenery of Scotland famous all over the world.

It is not surprising that so many farmers' sons and daughters desert the old homestead as soon as they outgrow parental control, for the home life has been too narrow and barren to satisfy them. No books, no paintings, no music, and no pleasant amusement; drudging toil from Monday morning till Saturday night, relieved only by meals and sleep! What active mind would not grow weary of such monotony? A pleasant library to feed restless minds in long evenings and on stormy days would have thrown pleasant associations around farm life, and have kept the homestead in the family for successive generations. It ought not to excite wonder that so many boys in town and city find their way to the streets at night, and fall easy victims to evil habits and corrupt associates. Their best safeguard was in a home full of sunshine, made attractive by pleasant books and cheerful conversation. Having no such home, acquiring no love for reading, and finding nothing to attract and satisfy in life within doors, their active natures drive them to the streets in search of amusement, and expose them to untold perils. But the responsibility for the low tastes and vicious indulgences belongs in part, at least, to the parents who failed to give a magnetism to home life.

A library in every American home should be one of our national mottoes; a library the children may call their own, and in which they may feel a personal interest and pride. The material is abundant from which to draw to satisfy every disposition and taste. Prose and poetry, truth and fiction, history and biography, travel by sea, and land, and air—nothing is wanting to stir the sluggish or gratify the fastidious. Attractive bindings, exquisite letter-press, and romantic titles, are at hand to incite a taste for reading where it has not been formed, and the masterpieces of old and new authors in cheap forms for the poorest, whose taste covets the best literature. A library in every home! It will give food to the hungry, and medicine to the sick, and cheerfulness to the desponding. It will carry sunshine to many gloomy households, fill empty minds with wholesome thoughts, form healthy tastes in children, and lead them to despise low indulgences, and shun evil associates.

LITERARY FAME.

If literary fame is one of the most enviable of possessions, it is at the same time one of the most uncertain. Fifty years ago, for instance, Lord Byron was the most popular of poets, and Macaulay did not speak too strongly when he said that "all the readers of verse in England, we might say in Europe, hastened to sit at his feet." Now, if we are to accept the dictum of a Saturday Reviewer, he has ceased to be a power in literature. Fifty years ago, too, a better and greater man had earned, if possible, a still wider reputation. As a poet, Sir Walter Scott's fame waned before that of Byron—as a romance writer, he gained, and richly deserved to gain, an unequalled popularity; nevertheless, if we are to believe the Quarterly, the Waverley novels are comparatively unknown to the rising generation.

Similar illustrations, familiar to every man who has reached middle age, might readily be multiplied. Who reads Crabbe now, or Southey, or Moore? Yet Crabbe was so famous in his day that on arriving at a hotel in Convent Garden he created quite a sensation amongst guests and waiters; and Southey was certain that the poems which made him so happy

would also make him immortal; while Moore, if he did not look forward like the laureate to posthumous fame, had less need to do so; since his genius as a wit and poet was fully recognized in his lifetime. If we go further back in our literary history, the number of reputations which time has damaged or destroyed, fill a column. A hundred years ago, Richardson's novels were more popular with the public than "David Copperfield" or "Adam Bede" are now. "Pamela" was recommended from the pulpit; Rousseau affirmed that nothing was ever written to equal "Clarissa;" and Sir Charles Grandison was regarded as the model of a fine gentleman. Who, we ask, reads Cleveland now? who reads Churchill?—the "great Churchill," as Cowper calls him—poets who enjoyed when living the highest literary fame. Who reads Blair's sermons nowadays? yet on their publication, less than a century ago, the sale was unprecedented. Who reads Beattie's "Essay on Truth?" yet it received the special approbation of men of letters as well as of the king, and secured a pension to the author.

One thing is certain, that immediate popularity is no more a guarantee for an author's permanent reputation than the neglect of his own age is a proof that posterity also will neglect him. Literary fame, save in a few rare and wonderful instances, depends, as we all know, less upon the general excellence of many works than upon the superlative excellence of one. Defoe is the most voluminous author in the language, but it is to "Robinson Crusoe" alone that he is indebted for his extraordinary fame. Oliver Goldsmith is one of the most delightful essayists, one of the sweetest of poets; but it is, probably, to a tiny volume that can be put into one's waistcoat pocket that he owes his immortality. Where would the fame of Gray be, if he had not written the "Elegy?" Where that of Campbell, if he had not written "Hohenlinden," and "The Battle of the Baltic?"—*London Daily News.*

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I am very anxious for a copy of the poem sometimes called "The Grand Old Poem," commencing,

"Who shall judge a man from manners,
Who shall know him by his dress?"

I would also like to know the author, and the author of the lines beginning,

"Beautiful faces are those that wear," etc.

MARY K. BUSH.
130 Washington St., Cambridgeport, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me a copy of the words of "The Answer to the Gypsy's Warning?"

SALLIE P. COOK.
Glenville, Harford Co., Md.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I was very much interested in reading an article in a late HOUSEHOLD, by Mary E. Ireland, entitled "German without a Master," and I would be much obliged to her if she would inform me where I can obtain the reader she speaks of, and how much it will cost.

Will some one of the Band please tell me who is the author of a poem in which the following lines are found:

"The day is done, and the darkness,
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward,
From an eagle in his flight?"

Where can I obtain the words of a piece of which these lines are a part?

"Like clouds that rake the mountain summit,
Or waves that own no curbing hand?"

Cawker City, Kan. H. HOFFMAN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD if any of them can furnish me with, or tell me where I can obtain the words and music of the song entitled "The Drummer Boy of Waterloo."

MRS. C. N. HUBBARD.
Box 180, Colfax, W. T.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I have long wanted to obtain a copy of the piece of poetry entitled "Margery Gray." Can any one send it to me?

MISS SUSIE A. GALE.
113 Union St., Elizabeth, N. J.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like, if any of the members of THE HOUSEHOLD Band have the words of the song, "Sitting round the Hearthstone," to have them sent to me, and I will return the favor, as I have many old familiar songs. The verse I have, is,

"Sitting round the hearthstone,
When the day is o'er,
Thinking of the dear ones
On the distant shore:
Singing as we ponder,
Of their home so fair,
Sighingly we murmur,
'Shall we know them there?'"

MRS. S. H. DUNNING.
Marysville, Yuba Co., Cal.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the Band send me the poem of which the first line is,

"Adieu, adieu, may do for the gay,

and another line is, I think,
"But give to me the good old words that come from
the heart, good by?"

S. M. PARSONS.
Derby Line, Orleans Co., Vt.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me where I can find the poem entitled "Reply to Rock me to Sleep, Mother?" I do not know who is the author of it. I read it once when a child, and have not seen it since.

MRS. L. M. BRANCHER.
Inland, Summit Co., Ohio.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your readers send me the words to "Marching through Georgia," and also the words to the "Gypsy's Warning," and the reply.

MRS. W. M. DEELY.
Box 45, Winchendon, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD send me the words of the song, "Lilly Dale?"

MISS ALLIE COLLINS.
Box 46, Kittery Point, York Co., Me.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of THE HOUSEHOLD Band inform me where I can get the words and music of the song, "The Dear Young Folks at Home." That is the name as well as I can remember, but in case of error I give the words of the chorus,

"I'm very sad, no joy for me,
Why did I ever roam?
O shall I never, never see,
The dear young folks at home!"

Three Rivers, P. Q. ALICE L. WILLIAMS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like Millard's song "Under the Daisies." Will give in exchange "Kathleen Mayourneen," or "Gathering Shells on the Seashore."

BESSIE.
Box 35, East Swanzey, N. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will any one send me the words of a song commencing, I think with the words,

"I come from the hills of the Old Granite State,
Where the mountains are so lofty, magnificent and great,"

and state what they wish in return? M. MCM.
Box 537, Towanda, Bradford Co., Pa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please ask your readers if any one knows where I can obtain the English sovereigns in rhyme, beginning,

"First William the Norman, then

William his son?"

Also, does any one know whether the battles of the Revolution were ever put into rhyme, and if so, where can I get them? I will endeavor to repay them.

MRS. L. H. BICKFORD.
North San Juan, Nevada Co., Cal.

THE REVIEWER.

In Mr. Underwood's LIFE OF LONGFELLOW, we have a very charming biographical sketch, giving a graphic picture of the placid, noble life of our great poet. The book is bright with anecdotes, and incidents in the poet's career, which was more like the flowing of a broad, peaceful river than the struggling lives of many of his contemporaries. Many of his earlier poems unpublished in any collection are here given, and sketches of the early home, of schooldays, and of the first literary achievements are given in a most pleasing manner. The appendix contains some interesting information regarding Mr. Longfellow's ancestors, facts which in some cases re-appear in his poems. The biography is more welcome from the fact that Mr. Longfellow fully approved of the enterprise, and furnished a great part of the incidents and facts recorded, also selecting most of the il-

lustrations of scenes especially dear to him, which will lend almost an autobiographical charm to the book. The volume is handsomely printed and bound. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE LIFE OF JAMES A. GARFIELD, by Charles Carleton Coffin, is a comprehensive sketch of the life, character, and public service of the late president. Commencing with the ancestry of the Garfield family, giving a readable account of the emigration to this country from England of Edward Garfield, it follows the family history down to the birth of the subject of this biography, and the interest of the reader centers in the early struggles for independence and education, the subsequent victory and successful career, ending in the tragedy of last summer. There are many eloquent extracts from the lectures of Gen. Garfield, both before and after he entered political service. The book is written in the same pleasing and graphic style which made the letters of "Carleton" so widely read, and is handsomely printed and bound. This volume is one of the premiums offered to subscribers by the Golden Rule. Price, \$1.50. Boston: James H. Earle & Co., 20 Hawley St.

IN INTO THE SUNSHINE, a little volume of poems by Aella Greene, we find besides the many which have found their way into print from time to time, several which are now published for the first time. The late president Garfield characterized two of the poems, as "sweet" and "bright," and there are gratifying tributes from other sources. The little volume is beautifully printed by Clark W. Bryan & Co., Holyoke, Mass.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June presents an attractive array of contents, commencing with an illustrated article by Wm. H. Rideing, entitled "Quaint old Yarmouth." Eugene Didier follows with an extremely personal article on "The Social Athens of America," illustrated. Allen D. Brown contributes a readable and instructive paper on "Torpedoes and Torpedo boats," with several illustrations. In "Shandon Bells," Mr. Black follows the fortunes of the literary young hero in his own inimitable way. Mr. Wm. H. Gibson's illustrations form a very attractive part of the charming article "In the Pines," by Mary Treat. Sylvester Baxter contributes an interesting paper on the Indians of New Mexico, entitled "The Father of the Pueblos." James Jackson Jarvis gives some valuable information regarding "The Gates of Paradise," illustrated from photographs. A fine article on Longfellow from the pen of George Wm. Curtis, will find hosts of interested readers. Constance Cary Harrison gives a very readable short story entitled "The Edelweiss of the Sierras." There are several excellent minor articles, poems by Paul H. Hayne and Henri Dauge, and the Editor's Chair and other Editorial Departments are of more than usual excellence.

THE CENTURY for June is well calculated to deserve the high praise which welcomes each number of this popular monthly. The opening article on "Around Cape Horn," is illustrated in a way to make the reader realize, to a great extent, the perilous situations incurred by the travelers. Richard Grant White gives another installment of "Opera in New York," with portraits of many singers well known to present opera-goers. Miss Woolson's story, "The Street of the Hyacinth," is concluded. The serials, by Mrs. Burnett and Mr. Howells, are continued, the latter being of special interest. John Muir treats in an interesting article, of the "Bee Pastures of California." A second installment of Carlyle's "Reminiscences" gives a treat to the admirers of his works. "Wood Engraving and the Century Prizes," is an article of much interest, by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Wilbur Larremore gives a timely article on Longfellow. "Marble Mining in Carrara" is well worth perusal, and "The Danger of an Office-Holding Aristocracy" gives some idea of the difficulties arising in England. There are several fine poems, and "Topics of the Time," and the other Editorial Departments are unusually full and interesting.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for June is, as usual, full of good things, from the opening article on "Toledo," with its many illustrations to the Monthly Gossip. The serial, "Stephen Guthrie," is brought to a happy conclusion. There is a fine article on "Art and Art Life in New York," illustrated, which will be read with interest by those interested in artistic topics. Wm. H. Rideing gives an interesting account of "English Lawyers and Law Courts." Celia P. Woolley

contributes an excellent short story entitled "An Absent-Minded Hero," while in "The Romance of a Coffin," Mrs. Jane G. Austin works up in an interesting manner one of the family traditions of Nantucket. There is the usual amount of good poetry, and several fine minor articles, and a variety of entertaining matter given in the editorial department.

In the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for June, Senator W. B. Allison has a paper on "The Currency of the Future," and Walt Whitman gives "A Memorandum at a Venture." "Amidover and Creed Subscription," by Rev. Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, is a philosophical review of the present state of dogmatic belief in the churches. Hon. George F. Seward, late minister to China, in an article entitled "Mongolian Immigration," makes an argument against the proposed anti-Chinese legislation. Dr. John W. Dowling, Dean of the New York Homeopathic Medical College, comes to the defence of the Hahnemann School of medicine, against a recent attack upon its principles and methods. O. B. Frothingham has a sympathetic article on Swedenborg. Not the least important paper is one entitled "Has Land a Value?" by Isaac L. Rice. Finally, Charles F. Lydecker essays to prove that a "National Militia" is a constitutional impossibility.

THE ATLANTIC for June is a true Longfellow memorial number opening with a fine tribute to "Our Dead Singer," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, accompanied by an excellent portrait. The three serials by Hardy, Wm. M. Baker, and Miss Phelps, are continued, the last promising to be one of the best of the many works of this deservedly popular writer. Number four of "Studies in the South," sustains the interest awakened by the preceding numbers. O. B. Frothingham contributes an able article on Longfellow, John Fiske follows with a sketch of Darwin, and Henry James, Jr. writes of Alphonse Daudet. Herbert Tuttle contributes a fine paper on "The Eastern Question," and M. H. Catherwood has a capital short story entitled "Serena." Philip Robinson tells us in an interesting paper, of "The Poets' Birds." There is a poem by Longfellow on "Decoration Day" which has never before been published. S. M. B. Platt contributes a short poem. The Contributors' Club, book notices, and other editorial departments, are well worth perusal.

In THE MAGAZINE OF ART for June, we have a rich treat in both the reading matter and the varied and beautiful illustrations. J. G. Brown, the favorite artist, is the subject of the opening sketch, and two engravings from his paintings are given, followed by a readable article entitled "A Man of Culture," with illustrations. Wilfred Cripps contributes an interesting paper on "Queen Anne Plate," with several fine illustrations. Grant Allen treats of "The Great Classical Fallacy." A sketch of Vincente Poveda is accompanied by an engraving of his Narcissus, and the full-page frontispiece is from a painting by the same artist. "Glass Painting in the Fourteenth Century," by Lewis F. Day is an article of much interest, and A. E. Hake contributes a readable paper entitled "A Rose-Water Raphael." The Royal Scottish Academy is the subject of an interesting sketch. A. Lang, in "The Art of Savages," gives several illustrations, curious and interesting. As usual the art notes, both foreign and American, fill one of the most attractive departments of the magazine.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE contains a great amount of the finest current literature of the day, reprinting the choicest articles from the more prominent English periodicals. The two numbers for May 13th and 20th contain, among other fine selections, a sketch of the life of James Mill, a very readable article entitled "Peppinello; Twenty-four Hours with a Neapolitan Street Boy," "A Norman Priest," "The Bandsman's Story," a thrilling short story, a fine paper on Rossetti's poems, and many other matters of interest. To those who cannot subscribe for many of these foreign periodicals, Littell's offers a happy medium. Published weekly at \$8.00 a year. Boston: Littell & Co.

ST. NICHOLAS for June contains a pleasing variety of contents adapted to the wants and needs of its many young readers. The boys will be especially entertained by the article on "Seals and Seal Hunting," and the "Great Tub Race," while boys and girls will be mutually interested in the two articles on Longfellow and the children. There are several charming little poems, conspicuous among which is "The Maid of Honor," by Eva L. Ogden. The illustrations are many and particularly pretty, and the Letter Box and other departments are well calculated to amuse and instruct. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

THE HOME CIRCLE for June, published by the American Baptist Publication Society, is just the publication that thousands of our homes are needing; it is fresh, popular, pure, and inspiring. We would recommend it to our Sunday schools and churches, suggesting that clubs be gotten up in them. A year's subscription, too, would make a choice prize, and be more appreciated by the recipient and by far more valuable than any dollar-and-a-half book one could offer. Our pastors cannot afford to let the opportunity slip to introduce it to their congregations. \$1.50 a

WEBER'S LAST WALTZ.

The musical score for "Weber's Last Waltz" is presented in two systems. The first system includes a piano part (left) and a violin part (right). The piano part begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked "Andante." and the dynamics include "dol." (dolce) and "dim." (diminuendo). The violin part begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature. The second system continues the piano part, which includes a "FINE" marking and a "p" (piano) dynamic. The violin part continues with various musical notations and dynamics, including "dol." and "mf" (mezzo-forte). The third system continues the piano part, which includes a "dim." and "dol." marking. The violin part continues with various musical notations and dynamics, including "dim." and "dol." The fourth system continues the piano part, which includes a "sf" (sforzando) marking. The violin part continues with various musical notations and dynamics, including "D.C. al fine." (Da Capo, alla fine).

year. American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

PEARLY PORTALS, FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL. By D. S. Hakes. Price, 35 cents. Boston: Geo. D. Russell, 126 Tremont Street.

The addition of another to the numerous collection of song books already existing will require no apology to those who, interested in the subject of Sabbath-school work, will undertake to examine its contents. The publisher claims in this volume a higher standard of excellence, in music and in text, than can generally be found in works of this class, at the same time not reaching beyond the capabilities of those for whose use it is intended. The greater portion of the selections appear now in print for the first time, many of which cannot fail to become general favorites, not only in the school but in the social circle.

BEEES AND HONEY, or the Management of an Apiary for Profit and Pleasure, by Thomas G. Newman, is an extensive pamphlet, well calculated to supply the wants of all beginners in apiculture. The experience of the author as the editor of the American Bee Journal, at once gives confidence in his ability to teach the best and most practical, as well as scientific, methods of managing this rapidly growing industry. Chicago: American Bee Journal.

THE MUSICAL HERALD for June is filled with interesting and helpful matter to those engaged in the study of music. An article which will be of great interest to the reader, is the sketch of the new enterprise which the New England Conservatory of Music will undoubtedly make a suc-

cess. The selections of music are of the usual excellence, and the musical notes, criticisms, etc., varied and instructive. \$1.50 a year. Boston: Musical Herald Co.

The June number of BRAINARD'S MUSICAL WORLD brings its own welcome, being full of attractive matter. Besides an interesting sketch of Madam Materna the great singer, there are excellent articles on other subjects, while the editorials are timely and instructive. The music is attractive and pleasing, the little ballad of "Darby and Joan" being particularly pretty. \$1.50 a year; single copies by mail 15 cents. S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE FOLIO for June gives a portrait of Chas. D. Blake, the favorite composer. It also contains the usual amount of entertaining notes and gossip on musical matters, and several vocal and instrumental selections of more than ordinary merit. \$1.50 a year. Boston: White, Smith & Co.

OUR LITTLE ONES for June is a beautiful number of this charming little magazine for children. The numerous illustrations, and pretty stories, render it almost a necessity in every family of little people. \$1.50 a year. The Russell Publishing Co., 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

We have received from the publishers a copy of the papers and proceedings of THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE INSANE AND THE PREVENTION OF INSANITY, containing the rules and regulations adopted at a late meeting of the association. The evils of insanity have attained such magnitude that the

organized institutions and devices are unable to cope with, and control them. That there is a daily increasing need of more fully understanding the causes of insanity, and of a broader, and in many cases, more humane treatment of the unfortunate patients, is a fact which is now beginning to attract the attention it deserves. To those who are interested in this great work, this little book will show the object and scope of the association. Published by G. W. Putnam's Sons, New York.

THE A, B, C, PATHFINDER RAILWAY GUIDE for June gives the usual necessary information on all points of interest to the traveler, containing official time-tables of the railway and steamboat companies, stations, distances, fares, etc., together with postal, telegraph, express, and other information of interest and value. \$2.50 a year. N. E. Railway Publishing Co., Boston.

WHAT IS BRIGHT'S DISEASE? and its curability, by Seth Pencoast, M. D., is a little volume giving the views of the author on the subject treated, with the assurance of its curability by seasonable and proper treatment. Published by the author, 917 Arch St., Philadelphia.

GOOD READING.—Let good reading go into a home and the very atmosphere of that home gradually changes. It becomes clearer, purer, more cheerful, healthful, and happy; the boys begin to grow ambitious; to talk about men, places, princi-

ples, books, the past and the future; the girls begin a new life opening to them in knowledge, duty and pleasure; and so the family changes, and out from its number will go intelligent men and women to fill honorable places and be useful members of the community. Let the torch of intelligence be lit in every household; let the old and young vie with each other in introducing new and useful topics of investigation, and in cherishing a love of reading, study and improvement.

THE OFFICE OF POETRY.—There are so many tender and holy emotions flying about in our inward world which, like angels, can never assume the body of an outward act; so many rich and lovely flowers spring up which bear no seed, that it is happiness poetry was invented, which receives into its limbus all these incorporeal spirits and the perfume of all these flowers.

—La Bruyere says, "When a person of feeling and discernment reads a book, and it excites in him elevated thoughts, he may be sure the work is good, and he needs no other mode of proving it."

The Dispensary.

THE CHANGE IN MODERN HABITS.

THE London Daily News discusses the change that has taken place in modern habits in regard to early rising. Swift declared that he never knew any man arrive at greatness who was not an early riser. Frederick the Great got up every morning at four o'clock, and so we believe did John Wesley, who, by the way, made early rising a religion, and preached against lying in bed as a sin. Peter the Great always rose before daylight, and Dr. Doddridge claimed to have added ten years to his life by cutting off two hours of morning sleep every day for forty years. As to our ancestors in the heroic times, they would be ashamed indeed even of the early risers among their degenerate children. Bluff Harry and his wives and courtiers had their breakfast at the unearthly hour of seven, and got their dinner well over before noon. Good Queen Bess, and the scholars and wits, and great generals and statesmen, who surrounded her, dined between eleven and twelve, and took their supper between five and six in the afternoon. Early to bed and early to rise has made England what she is, and would make all who adopted the principle, first and foremost among their fellows.

The fact is, that as life becomes more concentrated and its pursuits more eager, short sleep and early rising become impossible. We take more sleep than our ancestors, and we take more because we want more. Six hours' sleep may do very well for a plow-man or a brick-layer, or any man who has no other exhaustion than that produced by manual labor, and the sooner he takes it after his labor is over the better; but for a man whose labor is mental, the stress of whose work lies on his brain and nervous system, and who is tired in the evening with a day of mental application, neither early to bed nor early to rise is wholesome. He needs letting down to the level of repose. The longer the interval between the active use of his brain and his retirement to bed the better his chance of sleep and recruitment. To him an hour after midnight is probably as good as two before it, and even then his sleep will not so completely and quickly restore him, as it will his neighbor who is only physically tired. He must not only go to bed later but lie longer. His best sleep is probably in the early morning hours, when all the nervous excitement has passed away, and he is in absolute rest.

There is, therefore, a good deal to be said in favor of the late habits of modern life. It was all very well for Englishmen to go to bed early and get up early in the times of the Tudors, Plantagenets and Stuarts. Their lights were bad, and it was expensive work to make a room light enough to be pleasant. They did not turn night into day as we do; but it was probably because they did not know how to do it as we know. Gas is responsible for a good deal of our love of the long evening hours. A London house at this time of the year is never so bright as it is after dark. When the blinds are down and the shutters are closed, and the snug curtains are drawn, and the room is flooded with brilliant gaslight, and the bright fire is stirred up in the shining grate, nobody regrets the sickly daylight which all day long had been feebly struggling through the fog and smoke. Why should a man wish to shorten the brightest hours of the twenty-four for the sake of an extra hour or two of foggy, ineffectual morning? It is not mere retaliation on our ancestors, it is simply the adaptation of their maxims to our modern needs to say that, for

many of us, one waking hour after ten at night is worth two hours before nine in the morning.

We live double at that social evening time, and to waste such hours in sleep when there is a spare hour in the morning which may just as well be spent in bed is an unwise substitution of old maxims for new experience. No doubt the old maxims were wise, and would still be wise if our conditions were those of our great grandfathers; but while the maxims stand, the times have changed, and we have changed with them. We must have society, and we can only have it at night; we must take ample rest and we can only take it in the morning. The stress of life with us is on the brain and nerves, and they can only bear the pressure by being allowed to sleep their sleep out. For a man whose work is intellectual, to have sleep violently cut short every morning, would be half equivalent to suicide. True wisdom teaches us to adapt ourselves to our circumstances. Nature does not change, and what was good for our fathers is doubtless good for us, provided the conditions are the same. But when this is not the case, we must not allow their example to become a tyranny. Modern habits are not more really indulgent, than the habits of earlier times, and they best suit modern needs.

ANIMAL FOOD.

Number Two.

BY EDWIN TEMPLE.

During the past few years numerous books and essays have been written on vegetable diet, very many of them making exaggerated statements, a few of which I wish to notice.

It is asserted that herbaceous animals, as the horse, ox, and elephant are stronger and longer lived than carnivorous. I think, though, that the two former would stand little chance with an ordinary sized wolf or tiger in activity or strength. Then I should not be surprised if the whale lived nearly as long as the elephant.

Meat is said to be stimulating. Untrue. It is strengthening but not stimulating. All stimulants have a vegetable origin, as tea, coffee, liquors and opium.

In a former article I remarked that many vegetable substances, as apples, cracked wheat, and oat meal, pass through in an indigestive state. This indigestion is also common among cattle and horses when fed on dry hay, making them poor, though they soon recover when turned out to grass. Cattle in the south suffer from eating dry grass killed by the frost through the winter. This indigestion is not caused by eating too much, but because their food is unsuited to them. We are often given a long list of names of those who have lived on vegetable food. Are they winners of rowing, walking or boxing matches? Not one. Simply men of letters who take little bodily exercise.

Vegetarians vigorously denounce the killing of domesticated animals. Let them practice what they preach. Cats and dogs are domestic animals, and show a tendency to multiply and increase. No matter how many there are around, and how much they may howl for food, do not steel your heart to put them out of their misery, as the enlightened sentiment of the age is against it.

Animal food contains no more urinary and fecal matters than vegetable food, which every agriculturist knows is put into every hill of corn and sown broadcast on every field, and is sucked up into the plant, carrying with it, as Pasteur proves, disease germs.

To be healthy we must live naturally. Dr. Hanaford admits that we can use animal or vegetable diet and be healthy.

The first command to use it was given to Noah. The prophet Elijah, when dwelling by the brook Cherith, was fed by the ravens, at the command of God, with "bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening." Elisha, when called to be a prophet, was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen, slew a yoke of oxen, "and boiled their flesh with the instruments of the oxen, and gave to the people, and they did eat." The apostle speaks of a power that shall forbid "to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving."

HATS OFF.

Dio Lewis accounts for the baldness of men in a simple way—their habit of keeping the head constantly covered. He says you never see a man lose a hair below where the hat touches his skull. It will take off as clean as you can shave it down to exactly that line, but never a hair below, if he has been bald fifty years. The common black stiff hat, as impervious as sheet iron, retains the heat and perspiration. The little hair glands, which bear the same relation to the hair that the seed wheat does to the plant above the ground, become weak from the moisture and heat, and finally become too weak to sustain the hair. It falls out, and baldness exists. A man with a good head of hair needs very little protection where the hair grows. "And yet," he says, "we men wear immensely thick fur caps, and what amounts to sheet iron hats, and do not dare step out in a chilly atmosphere a moment lest we take cold. It is silly, weak, and really a serious error. The Creator knew what he was about when he covered a man's head with hair. It has a very important function in protecting the brain. Baldness is a serious misfortune. It will never occur in any man who wears such a hat as I do, a common high silk hat with five hundred holes in the top, so that there will be more holes than hat. This costs nothing; the hatter will do it when you purchase your hat. If the nap be combed back the wrong way, and after the holes are made it be combed the right way, no one will observe the peculiarity. The hat will wear quite as long—the hatters say considerably longer—because it is dry instead of moist; in brief, there is not a single objection to it, while it will certainly prevent baldness, keep the top of the head cool, and prevent much headache."

CONDITIONS OF HEALTH.—The conditions of health are few but imperative:

1. Pure air.
2. Pure and nutritious food.
3. Proper exercise.
4. Undisturbed sleep.
5. Regularity.
6. Temperance in all things.
7. Pleasant and active mental, moral, and social conditions.
8. Right bodily positions.
9. Cleanliness.
10. Sunlight. —Herald of Health.

HEALTHFULNESS OF LEMONS.

When people feel the need of an acid, if they would let vinegar alone, and use lemons or sour apples, they would feel just as well satisfied, and receive no injury. And a suggestion may not come amiss as to a good plan when lemons are cheap in the market. A person should, in those times, purchase several dozen at once, and prepare them for use in the warm, weak days of spring and summer, when acids of lemons and ripe fruits are so grateful and useful. Press your hand on the lemon, and roll it back and forth briskly on the table, to make it squeeze more easily; then press the juice into a

bowl or tumbler—never into tin; strain out all the seeds, as they give a bad taste. Remove all the pulp from the peel, and boil in water—a pint for a dozen pulps—to extract the acid. A few minutes boiling is enough; then strain the water with the juice of the lemons; put a pound of white sugar to a pint of the juice; boil ten minutes: bottle it, and your lemonade is ready. Put a tablespoonful or two of this lemon syrup in a glass of water, and you have a cooling, healthful drink.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—The best anodyne is a liberal amount of muscular activity out of doors every day. Persons who sit around the fire, and lounge on the sofa, or read or sew a great part of the day, need not expect sound sleep; only the laboring man can taste it in all its sweetness.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

MRS. E. J. C. After you have admitted—in speaking of your habits of diet, etc.—that you "drink two or three cups of coffee in the morning, the rest cold, at noon, and about the same amount of tea at night," I am not surprised at the symptoms of which you speak. First, I am not surprised that you have "long been bilious," and that you are now the "victim of constipation." This is just what I always expect from the use, in such excess, of strong coffee, especially if one is not active. I should have been surprised if you had not been troubled with those "eructations"—a sure evidence of indigestion. Again, that "wakefulness" may find an adequate cause in the use of that amount of tea at "seven," particularly if you had a heavy supper, with "pie and cake." An ordinary stomach cannot digest such a hearty meal, at least, while one is asleep; sleep or digestion must be suspended—save in exceptional cases, in which the subject has far more stomach and animal power than brains, which is not true in your case, I think. As a legitimate result, those "troublesome dreams" must have occurred. And then, "that excruciating neuralgia." With your fine "delicate, nervous temperament," if that amount of tea and coffee—strong, as I presume they must have been—will not manufacture the most decided neuralgia, I fail to trace the relations of cause and effect. I feel very sure that most of the alarming prevalence of neuralgia among our New England women is fairly attributable to the use of strong tea, coffee, and the irritating spices. (Allow me to ask if you do not also eat cloves freely.) You may ask, What shall I drink? I answer, first, that it is not needful to use but a small part of the liquids now used. Less salt and spices will produce less thirst. No one should drink simply as a means of "washing the food down," since the saliva is intended to moisten our food enough for swallowing. Water is a good drink, or milk may be used at meals. Habit, etc., I well know, demand something a little different. Well, better articles can be found, more nutritious than tea or coffee. The cocoa is a far more wholesome drink, in my opinion. The simplest form of this is the shells, perfectly harmless, so far as I can see, at least, if as clean as those used in our family, the "Webb's," carefully "hand-picked." I should infer by their appearance. And, then, there is the "breakfast cocoa," of the same reliable house, so prepared as to meet your case of "delicacy of digestion." This is deprived of the oil, or butter, which disturbs some "delicate" stomachs. I cannot speak in too high terms of commendation of this article, especially for the delicate. (We use his preparations, and are satisfied.)

H. Since the liver of animals is the largest organ of the body and the most liable to become diseased, it is not to be recommended as food, in preference to the ordinary flesh. Those of the hog—if kept as most are, in close confinement, under stables, etc.—are ulcerated, more or less, rendering them and the carcasses unfit for the human stomach. (I say human stomach, since it is true that the wild beast, unless famishing, will not feed on hog!) Like human beings, most domestic animals are diseased to some extent, and since the liver is particularly affected, one should not encourage the use of livers.

"Bread in coffee." The teeth are made to be used and will sooner decay if allowed to remain idle. Hence, it is not best for one to soak food, that it may be easily swallowed, when it cannot be well prepared for the stomach unless it is well chewed and thoroughly mixed with the saliva in the mouth. If the young have good teeth they will best keep them by chewing food instead of tobacco. Coffee is a stimulant, like ardent spirits, and should not be freely used, if at all, by the active and nervous. It also deranges the liver, producing "biliousness." Cocoa is far better for the frail and delicate young ladies, if not for all others.

The Dressing Room.

A CHAPTER ON DRESS.

"HOW does that talk of reform or uniform dress society of THE HOUSEHOLD progress?" inquired Cousin Fannie, as she offered for my inspection some beautiful samples of dress goods with rich shaded pieces for trimmings.

"I see little said about it of late," I replied, "though occasionally there is an expression of sympathy with the plan, but it cannot find favor with the majority of womankind, even those most prudent and sensible in matters of dress."

"Fancy us all attired alike as are members of sisterhoods, or the poor waifs of orphan asylums," said Fannie. "Why, where would be the freshness or novelty of selecting a dress, or where would there be a chance for the exercise of individual taste? But we have discussed this matter before, only I was wondering how large a portion of THE HOUSEHOLD we had on our side."

And here, by way of explanation, I will say parenthetically, that Cousin Fannie has been absent for several months, which not only accounts for her ignorance concerning this journal, but may also be one reason for my silence in this column for so long a time. For I have positively shirked having or repairing dresses during the time, allowing such as I had on hand to do duty on all occasions. But one cannot always get along without additions and repairs, so now I suppose, as Fannie will be with me for a time, that we must see what can be done by way of replenishing my somewhat dilapidated wardrobe.

Combination suits are still so generally worn that much can be done by a skillful hand in using materials to advantage, and with a small outlay of new plaid or handsome striped goods, plain dresses which we are tired of wearing in the same way, and which really need renovating and making over, may be brightened up wonderfully and made to look almost as good as new. But the planning all this is often a vexation of spirit, while the immense amount of shirring, with other trimming, on a dress, makes the thought of getting up a suit real martyrdom to me. But as I shall positively demur against having very much shirring done on my dresses, and as Fannie will take the large share of the task upon herself, I hope to escape with as few scars as possible. I feel it being so uselessly employed to spend hour after hour taking stitches by hand for trimming, that I compromise the matter by going only to moderate lengths as regards the fashions, having something in the prevailing style, without sacrificing too much for custom, for I must have time for a share of books, of society, of rest and recreation, while a daily walk is almost indispensable. And as much must be compressed into every day's necessary duties and labors, I must study economy in the arrangement of my time to compass what I would, and not leave too much still undone. For do the best we can, we must prepare for hindrances, and for the often disappointment of our plans.

I was thinking this over to myself, when Fannie, who had gone to her room for a few moments, returned, and taking a scrap of paper from her work basket, said, "Here, Mrs. Martyr, is a scrap which I saved purposely for you to work into some of your homilies for THE HOUSEHOLD. I want you to put this in for the benefit of those who think that dress, as an art and a beautifier, is of no importance." So here it is:

"USE OF DRESS.—No matter what men may write or say upon the subject, the

womanly woman will always pay considerable attention to her dress, as she should. Indifference, and consequent inattention to dress, often shows pedantry, self-righteousness or indolence. It is not a virtue, but a defect in the character. Every woman should study to make the best of herself with the means at her command. Among the rich the love of dress promotes some degrees of exertion and displays of taste in themselves, and fosters ingenuity and industry in inferiors; in the middle classes it engenders contrivance, diligence, neatness of hand; among the humbler it has good effects. So long as dress merely interests, amuses, occupies such time and such means as we reasonably allot to it, it is salutary; refining the tastes and the habits, and giving satisfaction and pleasure to others. Sensible men like to see their wives and daughters well dressed, and take pride in their appearance. The woman who has not some natural taste in dress, some love of novelty, some delight in the combination of colors, must be deficient in a sense of the beautiful. As a work of art, a well dressed woman is a study. Consistency in regard to station and fortune is the first thing to be considered. A woman of good sense will not wish to expend in unnecessary extravagances money wrung from the hands of an anxious, laborious husband; or if her husband be a man of fortune, she will not encroach upon her allowance. It will be her duty to dress well with as little expense as possible—for it is unbecoming to no woman's dignity to be careful of the clothes she wears, and to economize in her expenditures. When love of dress is indulged in beyond the compass of means, it cannot be too severely condemned. But it is the duty of every woman to dress as well as she can."

"Very good and very consistent," I said to Fannie after I had read it. "To be well dressed does not imply that one must go to the extreme of fashion, neither does it mean almost the whole time and thought need be given to this matter."

"Neither does it mean," replied Fannie, "that one must pattern exactly after another as regards color, style, or the expense of a garment. That sentence which says that 'consistency according to station and fortune is to be considered,' hits the nail on the head. There is no more sense in equalizing the expenses of dress than in having all share all things in common in other matters, and in ways of living as well. It is extravagant for those who do not have the means to indulge in expensive dress; it is parsimony in the rich to be niggardly in this respect."

"Apropos to the subject," I said, "I recall an article I was reading a short time since, quite to the point. The writer asks: 'Why should not the rich girl spend ten or twenty times more on her dress than another in moderate circumstances?' The wealthy man is not blamed for owning statuary and painting, though the poorer can have but plaster casts and photographs. And so it is in dress. Each should spend in proportion to his or her income. It seems as foolish to wholly subordinate beauty to utility in our dress as it would to deprive our homes of their grace; the utility in both cases lies in the pleasure it gives to ourselves and others in beholding the beauty."

"But," says Leonidas, who has come in to hear the last sentence, and who guesses pretty nearly the subject under discussion, "what are you going to do to satisfy the women who believe that leaders in society should sacrifice their own tastes so far as to put the less favored more on equality with them in matters of dress? Is it right for you to wear a silk dress when your friend may have nothing better than cashmere? Are you not tempting her to be discontented and envious, and tempting others to go beyond

their means, that they may keep up with your ways?"

"I do dress so extravagantly it must be a terrible temptation," I say, laughing.

"But the argument stands the same," replied Leo, "in the minds of those of THE HOUSEHOLD women and others, who would put all on an equal footing lest personal indulgence in dress should offend one of these sisters."

"A woman of common sense and a well trained mind is above being made miserable because another may outshine her in dress or other respects. Contentment with one's means, as some writers say, and the willingly acknowledged right of those who have wealth to buy the things of wealth, will ensure the enjoyment and wisdom of all. Most women like to dress as well as they can, not merely to please men, as some would have it, but from a feeling of self-respect. They wish not only to appear, as far as they can, acceptable to themselves, but to others. Independence of each other is what we need, not relinquishment or increase for the sake of another. Each has her station and its duties, and republican women must recognize this truth in its smallest detail before personal freedom can be attained."

"As for me," said Fannie, speaking up cheerfully, "I like to see people dressed handsomely and more expensively than I can myself afford. I may wish that I could have many things which I am denied, but that does not make me feel that others who can afford finer apparel should conform to my necessary standard."

"But," says Leonidas, "don't you see that there are women, and especially young girls, who are not wise, who are weak and vain, and whose ruling passion may be said to be a love of display. They see rich and well dressed women, and women of ordinary means, who with artistic taste and skill may dress handsomely with a small outlay, and with no personal independence of their own, attempt, in a way, to copy after these. It is no more than natural they should wish to do as well by themselves as their circumstances will allow, and that they endeavor to better their circumstances as far as they legitimately may, but when it comes to sacrificing necessary garments to indulge in tinsel; to sacrifice thought and time, and more needful things, for the gratification of show in dress; yea, even in some cases to sacrifice honor itself, then it shows the weakness of the individual, and how far this passion for dress will lead if indiscriminately indulged."

"I question," said I, "the sense of any woman making of herself a show, by over trimming and what we may call loud dress. 'Shoddy' is responsible for much of this, as a sensible taste is quiet in its display. It is this more than the quality of the garment that diverts the young girl, and stimulates her vanity to attempt a like effect in her own way."

"There is one thing of which I am quite sure," said Fannie, "and that is that it is girls and women who wish and strive to keep up appearances on small means, who spend far more thought on what they shall wear, and how it shall be made, than does the average woman of independent circumstances, who can buy according to her taste, instead of being obliged to subordinate taste to the length or shortness of the purse. It is this worrying to make ten dollars go as far as twenty, that is making martyrs of so many of our American women. If we cannot do as we would, let us make the most of what we can; but let us not try to make 'a silk purse of a pig's ear,' or to trim a half cotton dress to make it resemble a rich suit."

"For my own part," I say, "I much prefer a good material, neither elaborate-

ly made or expensively trimmed, to a cheap material gotten up in style, and the money spent in beads, fringe, or cheap lace, which should have gone into a sensible piece of cloth. But till we are sufficiently independent to adapt our dress to our circumstances, and its making to our time and means, we shall ever be,

MARTYRS OF THE PERIOD."

WREATH LEAF LACE.

Cast on seventeen stitches; knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit one, thread over, narrow, over, narrow, over twice, seam two together, now keep thread in front of needle, knit one, which will make a loop and stitch, over twice, seam one, keep thread in front, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

2. Slip one, knit seven, purl three, knit eight.

3. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, over twice, seam two together, thread back, knit one, over, knit one, over, knit one, over twice, seam one, keep thread in front, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

4. Slip one, narrow, knit six, purl five, knit eight.

5. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, over twice, seam two together, thread back, knit two, over, knit one, over, knit two, over twice, seam one, keep thread in front, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

6. Slip one, narrow, knit six, purl seven, knit eight.

7. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, over twice, seam two together, thread back, knit three, over, knit one, over, knit three, over twice, seam one, keep thread in front, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

8. Slip one, narrow, knit six, purl nine, knit eight.

9. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, over twice, seam two together, thread back, knit four, over, knit one, over, knit four, over twice, seam one, keep thread in front, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

10. Slip one, narrow, knit six, purl eleven, knit eight.

11. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, over twice, seam two together, thread back, knit five, over, knit one, over, knit five, over twice, seam one, keep thread in front, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

12. Slip one, narrow, knit six, purl thirteen, knit eight.

13. Slip one, knit one, bind slipped stitch over, then knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit eleven, over twice, seam one, keep thread in front, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

14. Slip one, narrow, knit six, purl ten, seam two together, knit eight.

15. Slip one, knit one, bind over, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit nine, over twice, seam one, keep thread in front of needle, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

16. Slip one, narrow, knit six, purl eight, seam two together, knit eight.

17. Slip one, knit one, bind over, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit seven, over twice, seam one, keep thread in front, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

18. Slip one, narrow, knit six, purl six, seam two together, knit eight.

19. Slip one, knit one, bind over, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit five, over twice, seam one, keep thread in front, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

20. Slip one, narrow, knit six, purl four, seam two together, knit eight.

21. Slip one, knit one, bind over, knit

one, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, over twice, seam one, keep thread in front, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

22. Slip one, narrow, knit six, purl two, seam two together, knit eight.

23. Slip one, knit one, bind over, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, seam one, keep thread in front, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

24. Slip one, narrow, knit six, purl two together, knit eight.

Commence at first round.

H. GOODWIN.

CROCHET EDGINGS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—As I have seen several inquiries for crochet edgings in THE HOUSEHOLD, I will send directions for some that I have that are quite pretty and easy.

Will some one please give through these columns directions for a child's wide collar, either knit, tatted, or crocheted?

CROCHET EDGING No. 1.—Make a chain of fifteen stitches. In seventh, eighth, and ninth, make three double crochet, chain two, three double crochet in twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth.

Turn, chain five, three double crochet in two chain, three double crochet in last hole.

Turn, three chain, three double crochet in two chain, two chain, ten double crochet in five chain, join to last stitch of foundation chain with a double crochet.

Turn, one chain, and one double crochet between each of the ten double crochet, two chain, three double crochet in first hole, two chain, three double crochet in next hole.

Turn, three chain, three double crochet in first hole, two chain, three double crochet in next hole.

Turn, chain five, three double crochet in first hole, two chain, three double crochet in next hole.

Turn, three chain, three double crochet in first hole, two chain, ten double crochet in five chain, one double crochet in last one chain of first scallop.

Turn, one chain, and one double crochet between each of the ten double crochet as before, and so continue.

CROCHET EDGING No. 2.—Make a chain of eight stitches, make one double crochet stitch in fourth stitch of chain, chain three stitches, one double crochet in last stitch of foundation chain.

Turn, chain three stitches, one double crochet in first hole, two double crochet in last hole.

Turn, three double crochet in first hole, one double crochet in next, one chain, three double crochet four times in last hole.

Turn, one single crochet, three double crochet, and one single crochet in each previous one chain, making four small scallops which finish the large one; two double crochet in last hole before the three double crochet of previous row; chain three, one double crochet in first of previous double crochet.

Turn, three double crochet in first hole, one double crochet in each of next two holes.

Turn, three chain, one double crochet in each of next two holes, three chain, one double crochet in first of previous three double crochet.

Turn, three double crochet in first hole, one double crochet in next hole, one chain and three double crochet in last hole. After last double crochet in this hole, join with slipped stitch to the center double crochet stitch of the last small scallop made.

Turn, make scallops as before, and so continue.

CROCHET EDGING No. 3.—Chain twelve stitches.

Turn, make five double crochet in chain commencing at fourth stitch, two double crochet in next one of chain, chain three, one double crochet in last stitch of chain.

Turn, make one single crochet, three double crochet, one single crochet in the three chain, two double crochet, two chain, and two double crochet in two chain, three chain, one double crochet in first of five double crochet.

Turn, five double crochet in three chain, two double crochet, two chain, and two double crochet in two chain, three chain, join with slipped stitch to single crochet of scallop.

Turn, one single crochet, three double crochet, one single crochet in three chain, and continue as before. C. A. W.

MAKING HAIR CHAINS.

A Reader asked for the directions for making hair chains, and as I have seen no reply, I will try and give the description.

First take a round board, ten inches in diameter; a hole in the center four inches in diameter; about two and one-half inches from the center commence and bevel it to an edge in the center; the board must be very smooth—it looks something like an old fashioned churn lid, the outer edge being half-round. Then it is marked with figures from one to eight, as follows: a figure one near the outer edge; directly opposite the same figure; about two inches to the right the figure six, opposite the same figure; the next three, eight, five, two, seven, four, the same as has been described above. This completes the board. Use very nice long hair, (the longer the better,) it must be of the same length; divide into strands with about sixteen or eighteen hairs in each; it will take sixteen of these. Then take the same number of weights (half ounce), or instead of that use 20-penny nails, fasten coarse thread to them about five inches long, and to the other end of the thread tie the hair with a weaver's knot. Take the other end of the hair, put four strands together and tie with thread. It must be tied very tight. Then take a piece of wire one-eighth of an inch in diameter and ten inches long; it must be very smooth, and a little rounding at the ends. Tie a cord to it about four or five inches from the end, wrap it to the end, and then suspend this. (I take it in the door way.) Fasten a quarter-pound weight to the other end of the wire. Then take a very high jar, lay the board on top with the wire hanging down through the center; the weight a little below the lower edge of the board; now tie the hair to the wire. Your jar must be high enough so that the weights cannot rest on anything. Take each strand of hair and lay it on the figures that are marked on the board; there will be sixteen strands of hair for the sixteen figures. Now you are ready to weave. Commence at number one, take the strand that lies on one and the one opposite, one with the right hand and the other with the left, and change them by turning to the left; then find two and do the same with that; then three, four, five, six, seven, and eight; then go back to one, and do the same as you did the first time, being careful to let the wire down as you weave, and so on until you come to the thread that is tied on the weights, cut it loose from the weights, and tie a thread around the wire where you finished. Now boil in suds about fifteen minutes. Be careful not to lay it down in the vessel you boil it in, for fear of burning it. Then dry it in the oven, be sure not to let it get too hot. Let it get thoroughly dry, then cut the threads that fasten it to the wire at each end, and it will slip off very easily. Now take silk, make it round, just a little smaller than the wire. Fasten a darning needle with rather long

thread to the end of the silk, hold the guard up and let the needle pass through it, being careful not to let it catch any of the hairs, then pull the silk through. It will take two or three of these for a chain. It must then be taken to the jewellers to be mounted. JENNIE W.

Box 240, East Des Moines, Iowa.

DOUBLE NORMANDY INSERTION.

Use 50 thread, steel needles. Cast on twenty-nine stitches.

1. Eleven purl, narrow, over, three purl, over, narrow, eleven purl.

2. Ten purl, narrow, over, five purl, over, narrow, ten purl.

3. Nine purl, narrow, over, one purl, narrow, over, one purl, over, narrow, one purl, over, narrow, nine purl.

4. Eight purl, narrow, over, one purl, narrow, over, three purl, over, narrow, one purl, over, narrow, eight purl.

5. Seven purl, narrow, over, one purl, narrow, over, five purl, over, narrow, one purl, over, narrow, seven purl.

6. Six purl, narrow, over, one purl, narrow, over, one purl, narrow, over, one purl, over, narrow, one purl, over, narrow, six purl.

7. Five purl, narrow, over, one purl, narrow, over, one purl, narrow, over, three purl, over, narrow, one purl, over, narrow, one purl, over, narrow, five purl.

8. Four purl, narrow, over, one purl, narrow, over, one purl, narrow, over, three purl, over, narrow, one purl, over, narrow, one purl, over, narrow, four purl.

9. Three purl, narrow, over, one purl, narrow, over, one purl, narrow, over, three purl, over, narrow, two purl, over, narrow, one purl, over, narrow, one purl, over, narrow, three purl.

This makes one-half of the pattern. Now the ribs begin to approach each other.

10. Five purl, over, narrow, one purl, over, narrow, one purl, over, narrow, three purl, narrow, over, one purl, narrow, over, one purl, narrow, over, five purl.

11. Six purl, over, narrow, one purl, over, narrow, one purl, over, narrow, one purl, narrow, over, one purl, narrow, over, six purl.

12. Seven purl, over, narrow, one purl, over, narrow, one purl, over, slip one, narrow, pass slipped stitch over narrowed one, over, one purl, narrow, over, one purl, narrow, over, seven purl.

13. Eight purl, over, narrow, one purl, over, narrow, three purl, narrow, over, one purl, narrow, over, eight purl.

14. Nine purl, over, narrow, one purl, over, narrow, one purl, narrow, over, one purl, narrow, over, nine purl.

15. Ten purl, over, narrow, one purl, over, knit three together, over, narrow, one purl, over, ten purl.

16. Eleven purl, over, narrow, three purl, narrow, over, eleven purl.

17. Twelve purl, over, narrow, one purl, narrow, over, twelve purl.

18. Thirteen purl, over, knit three together, over, thirteen purl.

Repeat.

Always take the last stitch on the needle the back way, and first slip. Com.

KNIT EDGING.

Cast on thirteen stitches, knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over three times, seam two together.

2. Put the needle under the thread, then thread over, seam two together, knit eight, over twice, seam two together, knit two.

3. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over three times, seam two together.

4. Put the needle under the thread, then thread over, seam two together, knit nine, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

5. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over three times, seam two together.

6. Put the needle under the thread, then thread over, seam two together, knit ten, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

7. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over three times, seam two together.

8. Put the needle under the thread, then thread over, seam two together, knit eleven, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

9. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over three times, seam two together.

10. Put the needle under the thread, then thread over, seam two together, knit twelve, over twice, seam two together, knit two.

11. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit six, then on the left hand needle with the right hand needle slip the second stitch over the first stitch, and so on until you slip six stitches over the one stitch, leaving two stitches on left hand needle, then thread over three times, seam two together.

12. Put the needle under the thread, then thread over, seam two together, knit seven, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

Commence at first row.

Lou.

NORMANDY LACE.

Cast on seventeen stitches.

1. Knit three, over, narrow, knit five, narrow, over, knit three, over, knit two.

2. Knit two, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit six, over, narrow, knit one.

3. Knit three, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

4. Knit two, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit one.

5. Knit three, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

6. Knit two, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one.

7. Knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow.

8. Cast off one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one.

9. Knit three, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit one, over, slip one, narrow, pass slipped stitch over, over, knit one, narrow, knit one, narrow.

10. Knit two, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit seven, over, narrow, knit one.

11. Knit three, over, narrow, knit six, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three.

12. Cast off two, knit one, over, knit three together, over, knit nine, over, narrow, knit one.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE READER.

FRENCH LACE.

Cast on fifteen stitches.

1. Knit three, over, narrow, knit three, over, knit one, over, knit six.

2. Knit six, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit one.

3. Knit three, over, narrow, narrow again, over, knit five, over, knit six.

4. Cast off four stitches, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

5. Knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three.

6. Knit three, over, knit one, over, slip two, knit one, pass the slipped stitches over the knitted one, over, knit four, over, narrow, knit one.

Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD give the directions for wheel stitch? If so, I wish they would correspond with Box 266, Keene, N. H. M. E. G.

HOW TO TRACE PATTERNS ON CLOTH FOR WORKING.

I want to thank the sisters for their kind wishes and offers, and say to them, I am quite repaid for any trouble I have had in sending patterns to them, by the nice letters I have had from them expressing their pleasure, and as a number have wished to know how to trace patterns for working, I shall tell them one of the best ways I know. Of course you all know that you can perforate them, and by using a powder, mark your cloth, but unless you want to mark a great many I hardly think it pays for taking so much time. I like the tracing paper. If your pattern is on thin paper, and you wish to use it a number of times, the best way is to first trace the patterns off on cloth. I like new nainsook best of all. It can be done with common ink, and can be used any number of times. I suppose you all know what the tracing paper is, and the way to use it, but if any do not, I will tell you. Place the cloth to be marked under the paper, the pattern over it, trace your pattern all over carefully, and you will find your cloth marked. You can buy the paper at any art material store, but any one can make it as well in this way: Use any sheet of thin, tough paper, not too thin, moisten all over with warm lard, (I like it better than the oil that is used,) then after the paper is moistened alike on every part, pour on lampblack in very fine powder, rub lightly, repeat several times, the last time rubbing very smoothly, and hard enough to take off all loose black powder. Let it lay where it will dry for a few days and it is ready for use. It is very quickly made. After a little practice, I think you will be sure to succeed. Use yellow chrome for paper to mark dark cloth.

MRS. H. EMMONS.

CLOTHES BAG.

I have seen nothing described like my receptacle for soiled clothes, so I will send directions, hoping some one may find it as useful as I have.

The materials required are two yards of cretonne or pretty calico, one yard of plain calico, one dress braid of any color, and a flat stick one foot long and one inch wide.

In the middle of each end of the cretonne, cut a slit thirteen inches long, and bind the edges neatly with the braid. Fold down one inch at each end and baste firmly. Lay the plain calico on the wrong side of one-half, (the upper edge can be run under the piece folded over,) and fold the cretonne over evenly. This will give you the form of a bag, with the cretonne on the outside. Now bind all around, except the upper edges which are folded over, with the braid, leaving two inches at one upper corner to be finished later. Make a shir one inch from the top and one inch wide, pierce a small hole in each end of your stick, and run it into this shir. Now finish binding

your corner. Take a few stitches with strong thread through the side of the bag and the hole in the stick at that end, and the same at the other, fasten a piece of braid at the two upper corners to hang it up by and the bag is complete.

There is never any trouble in finding the opening, and it will hang against the door or any small place. I use one side for collars and cuffs, the other for larger pieces.

CONSTANCE.

DIAMOND SHELL EDGE LACE.

Cast on twenty-one stitches, knit twice across plain.

1. Knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit three.

2. Over, knit all but three plain, over, narrow, knit one. The 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th and 12th rows are knit like the 2d row.

3. Knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit five.

5. Knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, narrow, over, knit five, over, slip one, narrow, throw over the slipped stitch, over, knit seven.

7. Knit three, over, narrow, over, knit three together, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, over, knit nine.

9. Knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, knit ten.

11. Knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit two, over, slip one, narrow, throw over the slipped stitch, over, knit five, over, knit one, slip eight of the ten stitches remaining on the left needle over the one on that needle, then narrow.

Repeat from 1st row. This is very pretty.

K. SCHRADER.

BABY'S BIB PATTERN.

Knitting cotton No. 16. Fine bone crochet hook.

Make a chain of thirty-eight stitches, widening in the middle, by making two stitches in the nineteenth loop.

Turn, and double crochet back, always, throughout the work, putting the hook in the outside half of the loop, and widening always in the middle. Continue thus back and forth until you can count fifteen of these ribs, fasten, and break off the cotton.

Then make a new chain of fifty-five stitches, and fasten it with the hook to the upper corner of the piece you have crocheted, opposite the corner where you broke off the thread, to make the rib come right, crochet down the side of the bib, widening at the corner, then across the bottom, widening at the center and at that corner. Then crochet up the other side, and then make a chain of fifty-five stitches without breaking off the thread.

Turn, work back around the bib, and out to the end of the chain on the other side, always widening at the corners and in the middle, and always taking the back part of the loop. Continue this until you can count eight ribs on the side, then finish with a shell edge.

The work is done in ribbed crochet.

EMMA E.

A SCRAP TIDY.

A good way to use up small pieces of silks, satins, or velvets, is to make a tidy of them. Take a piece of crinoline, and cut it into any shape you please. Mine was a rhomboid. Upon this foundation, baste pieces of silk, satin, or velvet, of any shape or size, until the surface is entirely covered, turning in the edges where the pieces lap on to each other.

Then feather stitch all the seams with colored floss. Line with any pretty color, using silesia or silk, as you please. Place a large silk tassel at each upper corner, and across the bottom a row of smaller ones. Mine were all different colors. When completed, I think you will be surprised to see what a pretty tidy you have made out of the scraps which you would probably have thrown into the waste bag as too small for use. My pieces were all left from cutting blocks for a silk quilt. A sofa pillow might be made in this way also.

MASSACHUSETTS GIRL.

A PRETTY VASE.

I read the other day of a curious experiment, and after having tried it, I then made up my mind to let THE HOUSEHOLD sisters know about it, and hope all who can, will try, as it makes a very pretty ornament when filled with dried ferns and grasses.

Take a common glass tumbler, put in it two teaspoonfuls of table salt, one teaspoonful of liquid washing blue, fill the tumbler two-thirds full of water, stir it all thoroughly, and put in a warm, light place, and before many days crystals will form all over the glass, both on the inner and outer side, and it will make you say many times, "How pretty that is, isn't it?" Even the sister in the April number who objects to our wasting our time on button-hook holders, cannot say this simple thing takes much valuable time. It has taken me longer to write these directions, than to fix fifty tumblers.

KEZIAH BUTTERWORTH.

QUILL LACE.

Cast on eighteen stitches.

1. Knit across plain.

2. Purl fourteen stitches, pay no attention to the remaining stitches.

3. Slip off the first of the fourteen stitches on the right hand needle with the four, then knit nine, narrow, thread over twice, knit two.

4. Purl fourteen, making one stitch of the two loops.

5. Slip one, knit thirteen. This ends one quill.

6. Knit eighteen.

7. Knit four, purl fourteen.

8. Knit one, narrow, thread over twice, knit eleven.

9. Slip one, purl thirteen.

10. Knit eighteen.

Continue knitting quills, numbers one and two. I have tried this pattern and know it is correct.

MINNIE C.

INSERTION TO MATCH TORCHON LACE IN JANUARY NUMBER.

Cast on thirteen stitches.

1. Slip one, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit four.

2. Plain; also four, six, eight and ten.

3. Slip one, knit two, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit three.

5. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit two.

7. Slip one, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit four.

9. Slip one, knit four, over, knit three together, over, knit five.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE READER.

KNITTED FRINGE.

Cast on ten stitches.

1. Put the needle under the thread, bring the thread around the needle, seam two together, thread around the needle, seam two together; repeat to the end.

2. Put the needle under the thread, bring the thread around the needle, seam two together; repeat to the end.

It can be made wider by adding two or

four, or narrower by leaving off by twos. Knit the required length, bind off five, and unravel the remaining five. It also makes nice insertion to go with the fringe. Cut the ends after it is unraveled.

J. A. CUSHMAN.

TO WASH BLACK CALICOES.—The first time black calico is to be washed, take the suds in which your white clothes have been boiled; let it come to a boil, and put in your dress, or other article, pressing it down in the suds, so that all parts will be alike saturated; boil three minutes, take out, wash and rinse as other calico. The article to be dry when put in the boiling suds. Never boil after the first washing; afterwards, wash as other calico. I have tried this repeatedly, and know it to be good.

M. T. G.

THE WORK TABLE.

We are constantly receiving letters from subscribers, complaining of incorrect directions for knitting insertings and lace, and, hereafter, can publish only such as are accompanied by a sample, knitted from the directions after they are written. It can give but little trouble to the experienced knitters who kindly send us such patterns, and will be a great favor to us.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please tell me how I could decorate an old fashioned, home-made, linen sheet, so that it would make a pretty bed spread, or could I make a better use of it?

P. A. C.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—M. E. Grove, in the March number, inquired for a correct arrangement of colors in a Roman stripe. I have a very pretty pattern for a Roman afghan in which the colors are arranged as follows: Cast on forty stitches of black, knit two rows black, one of yellow, one black, twelve of red, one yellow, two of blue, one of white, one of black, one of yellow, two of red, one of yellow, and twelve of green. This makes one pattern. Repeat, using colors in regular order until your stripe is the length you desire. Knit back and forth plain knitting stitch, keeping all knots on wrong side. Make each alternate stripe black, of the same width, embroidered with white daisies. Set the stripes together with old gold. Mark the colored stripes exactly alike, so when the afghan is finished each color will run across the entire width. This is knitted on bone or wooden needles about the size of a straw. Make fringe for the ends of the bright colors, and finish the sides with crocheted or knitted scallop of plain color.

Hillsdale, Ill.

ALICE E. SCHALL.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some one tell me through THE HOUSEHOLD how to knit a pretty skirt for a child two years old, and how much Saxony it takes?

MAUD S.

MR. CROWELL:—Please give my thanks to Aunt Addie for fluted lace with holes, in February number. We think it is beautiful. There is a mistake in the fifth row of second fluting. It should be: knit plain all the way across.

GRANDMA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD of 1881 sent or received a button-hook holder pattern that is useful as well as ornamental, will some one please send the same to me, with her full address? and I will send her a pattern of something. The most of my patterns are of card-board work, such as brush-broom holder, (very handsome,) very pretty lamp-lighter holder, hair receiver, match safes, etc.

MRS. MATHEW BIGGER.

Barrington, Wash. Co., Pa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Some one has asked how to make a pretty cord. Take any kind of twine or cord, of the size you like, and crochet over it in the close, single crochet stitch. Make your stitches as close together as you can and work evenly. You must be sure to have length enough before you begin, as it cannot be pieced neatly. Use German worsted in such color or shade as you like. If you are careful in holding the cord as you work, it will not take up in working, so you can measure pretty accurately as to the required length.

JANS DORCOMB.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to get some information about the beautiful lace, given by Aunt Kate in a back number, as I have tried to knit it, and once wrote a letter to Aunt Kate, inclosing postage stamp, but did not receive an answer. I think some of the sisters know how to knit it, and if they would send me the right directions they would confer a great favor on me, and I will try in some way to repay it.

Deep River, Conn. MRS. SUSIE J. SEAYER.

The Dining Room.

DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Twenty-Three.

AREN'T we through with the "knife and fork" controversy yet? I thought our old and valued friend Rosamond, and the bread question, had banished that much discussed subject into what the old darkey called "de back-yard ob Bob Livion." However, a lesson on good manners should be always as welcome as it is sometimes necessary; and, while I cannot say that he who eats with his knife may not be a true gentleman, I always think of the apt reply of a rather pert young lady to her farmer host, one day, after a discussion on the subject. "Well! the first day I go down to the meadow and see you pitch hay into the cart with a scythe, I'll come home and 'pitch in' my pie with a knife." But it is too warm to risk growing warmer over anything like argument, even if the pages of our paper were the proper ground, so let us banish such until July is forgotten in the snows of January, when even a good downright quarrel will be insufficient to produce a comfortable degree of warmth.

There is at this season sufficient exercise, bodily and mentally, to find any way in which to prepare food which will relish. One comes very near to being a vegetarian in these summer days, and really vegetables, and fruit, and milk seem to be the most tempting, as well as the most healthful diet.

I gave, last summer, so many directions for preparing vegetables, that there remains little to say now. But there are the delicious dishes of fish, which are confined mostly to those near river, lake, or sea, excepting the favored ones who dwell near a trout brook, which reminds me that some one writes, "If you know any way to cook trout except the everlasting 'frying,' do tell us in your notes. We have trout, trout, trout, till we wish we might never see another, and they all go into the frying pan." Oh, you fortunate woman! When we, to whom a dish of trout is like a sip of nectar, would be satisfied to get even a fried one, how can we convince you that when nicely fried they cannot be improved, unless one can "camp out," and broil the sweet morsel on a large chip before the camp fire.

Still trout can be cooked in other ways. They are very delicate, and especially nice for invalids, rubbed inside and out with a little salt, each rolled in a soft cloth, (a little longer than the fish, and wide enough to roll twice or three times around it, not more,) wind with a thread and tie loosely, or baste the cloth, as may be the easier, and when all are ready drop them into a kettle of boiling water, cover and boil gently for from five to ten minutes, according to the size. Take out with a skimmer, remove the cloth and lay the fish on a warm platter. Prepare a sauce as follows: Scald a cupful of milk and thicken with a tablespoonful of flour, mixed with just enough milk to make a smooth paste. Salt well, add a generous teaspoonful of butter, stir till smooth, remove from the fire, add a little pepper, and half a cup of whipped cream. Beat well together and pour over the fish. Serve immediately. The sauce should be made and the cream whipped before the fish are put into the kettle, but do not add the cream until the fish are dished. Chopped or sliced capers may be added to the same, or sliced nasturtium seeds, and parsley laid about the plate, but none of these flavors are necessary. Salmon trout are extremely nice prepared in this way but need a little more cooking.

Trout are especially nice baked. Salt outside and in, place on a buttered baking plate, skin side down, and put them in a hot oven. When they begin to cook remove from the oven, closing the door, as the oven should be very hot, put tiny bits of butter over the fish, and dredge lightly with flour. Return to the oven until delicately browned. Fried trout should be rubbed with salt and dipped in corn meal. Fry in plenty of nice pork drippings, or drop them in a kettle of hot fat, (pork drippings are the nicest,) as you would fry doughnuts, skimming them out the moment they are browned. It might be possible to make many delicious dishes with trout if one had sufficient to experiment with, but we never had the necessary amount of material to make many such.

Before it is too late I want to give some recipes for hot weather dishes, which have been asked for. A friend sends me a recipe for ice cream, which I can endorse as delicious, and I give it to the 54,000, knowing, if tried, that it will be appreciated. Put a pint of milk into a double boiler, or in a pail placed in a kettle of boiling water. Dissolve a rounding tablespoonful of corn starch in one-half cup of cold milk and stir into the hot milk. Add a pinch of salt and stir constantly till it thickens, add a cup of granulated sugar, stir till well mixed, and remove from the fire. This may be done the day before freezing, if more convenient, as it needs to be very cold. When ready to freeze whip a pint of cream and add to the cold corn starch, beat ten minutes, add another cupful of sugar and beat thoroughly. Flavor as desired and freeze. As one has to be governed somewhat by taste in sweetening creams, more sugar may be needed, as the cream should be very sweet.

In the time for fruit, strawberries, raspberries, and peaches, crush the fruit, a quart of either, with sugar to make it very sweet, and beat into the whipped cream before adding to the corn starch. This I know must be very nice. Mine has the same proportion of milk and cream, but I used two eggs in the pint of milk instead of the corn starch, and did not whip the cream, which I shall always do in the future. To those who have no whip or egg beater, I will say right here that I often whip cream with a silver fork. Pour the cream, (which should be fresh and very cold,) into a bowl which it will not half fill, and beat with the fork till it thickens to the consistency of soft frosting. The cream may be sweetened and flavored to taste, adding the flavoring after it is whipped, but care should be taken that it is not flavored too much, as it should be very delicate. After once whipping cream, one will not be apt to use it without. Beside making nearly twice as much of it, it is enough nicer to more than repay one the slight amount of trouble and time required to make it.

A delicious dessert is made by whipping a pint of cream to which half a cup of sugar has been added. Mash a pint of strawberries or raspberries very fine, add a cup of sugar and stir till it is dissolved. Dissolve one-half box of gelatine in one-half cup of water and strain into the fruit. Stir well and beat into the whipped cream. Pour into moulds which have been dipped in cold water, and place where it can be kept cold until the next day. A grated pineapple is very nice used in place of the berries, and peaches are also nice, using from six to twelve, according to the size. They should be very ripe, and crushed very fine. A silver fork is better than a spoon to crush them with. A cup nearly full of water should be used with the gelatine when peaches are used, as they are not so juicy as berries. Whipped cream is also nice with finely mashed fruit beaten with it, and served with cake.

Another nice dessert for hot weather is made by baking a sponge cake in a round, rather deep pie plate, tin or granite ware is best, and when the cake is cold split it, and fill with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored. The cream may also be prepared by dissolving a tablespoonful of gelatine in two of water, added to a cup of whipped cream. Stir till it thickens, adding sugar and flavoring to taste. The dish should be placed in cold water while you stir the cream, and when it stiffens it is ready for use. This is nice to use for layer cakes, instead of jelly, making generous layers of the cream, or it may be cooled in a mould.

Plain whipped cream simply sweetened is delicious with fruit of any kind, or with cake, making a dessert easily prepared, and extremely nice. For sauces or cake, if one has not sufficient cream, the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth may be added to a cup of whipped cream, helping it out wonderfully.

Another seasonable suggestion which has been of value to us is the preparing lemon juice for summer use by those to whom lemons are an almost impossible luxury late in the season. Peel or grate off the yellow rind, (if grated it may be prepared by the recipe in previous notes,) then cut, and squeeze out all the juice. Strain through a thin cloth, and to each cup of juice allow two cups of granulated sugar. Set in a cool place, cover with a cloth, and stir occasionally for two days. It should be in a bowl or jar, never in tin. Then strain through flannel and put in bottles, which should be corked and sealed with wax, or in small fruit jars which have new, close tops. It will keep a long time, sometimes crystallizing, which does no harm. A tablespoonful or more in a glass of water makes the nearest approach to fresh lemonade of any thing we have ever known. Many boil the juice, but we think the flavor injured by heat.

EMILY HAYES.

THE CHILDREN'S DESSERT.

One of the nicest things to make almost every day for the children is a rice pudding. If it is properly made the little ones like it either warm or cold, and instead of soon tiring of it, they soon come to think nothing else can take its place. We have two ways of making it, and our little daughter does not know which she likes best. When I ask her at breakfast time which she will have to-day, she says: "Let it be a surprise, mamma." Which ever is made, it is put into the oven right after breakfast, in an earthen bowl, covered with a saucer, where it slowly cooks till nearly noon, and then has fifteen or twenty minutes to partially cool off, as Nellie likes it better warm than boiling hot.

Rice Pudding No. 1.—Put into a quart bowl one and one-half gills of rice, well washed, and a pinch of salt. Fill up the bowl with new milk, cover with an inverted saucer that just fits into the top of the bowl, and put it into the oven to swell and cook for two hours. Then take the pudding from the oven and add to it one gill of granulated sugar, one tablespoonful of nice butter, half a gill of raisins, a small stick of cinnamon, a little grated nutmeg, and the beaten yolk of an egg. Mix well, but carefully, adding more milk if there is room for it, cover again with the saucer, and return it to the oven for two hours more. If the oven is too hot at any time place the bowl upon an inverted old tin basin, and cover with another, or if it is needed for something requiring more heat than the pudding can bear thus protected, we let it stand for a while, still covered, on the top of the range at its coolest end, or where it will keep on cooking moderately until it can be returned to the oven

again. Let it stand uncovered in the oven for a little while towards the last, that it may take on its proper golden yellow color, then remove to the back of the range to slowly cool off till wanted for dinner. No sauce is required with it.

Rice Pudding No. 2.—This is baked in the same way only nothing is added to the rice and milk except the pinch of salt and handful of raisins, which are put in when the pudding is first put into the oven. Once during the morning the pudding is filled up with milk, but that is all. This one is eaten with a cold sauce made of butter and sugar rubbed to a cream, with nutmeg grated over it.

No matter how many other kinds of dessert we have, Nellie's rice pudding is always on the sideboard for dinner. Nellie and the children playing with her, finish the pudding cold at their afternoon lunch, and call it delicious then.

EVA M. BARKER.

THE DESSERT.

—A sensational report is called a canard because one canardly believe it."

—The prudent country schoolmaster doesn't larrup the boy until he has looked over the boy's old man and is sure he can whip him too.

—Don't throw away your old flour barrels. They are useful. It has been found that an ordinary flour barrel will hold 678,900 silver dollars.

A paper in the neighborhood of Rochester, N. Y., advertises a church pew for sale, "commanding a beautiful view of nearly the whole congregation."

—A philosopher says, "The man who laughs is the sympathetic man." It is astonishing how many sympathizers a fellow has when he slips down and hurts himself.

—Hunt's picture of Niagara sold for \$10,000 the other day, the purchaser thinking it cheaper to buy the picture at that price than to visit the falls and drive around in a hack.

—An aged negro was once showing the scars of the wounds inflicted by the lash when he was a slave. "What a picture!" said a sympathizing looker-on. "Yes," responded the colored brother, "dat's de work ob one ob de old masters."

—Tea, which costs in this country anywhere from fifty cents to one dollar a pound, can be bought in China for from three to ten cents a pound. This may seem like a pretty big profit, but just think how expensive the chromos are.

—"How many tenses are there?" asked the teacher of the boy. "Seven," answered the boy; "the present, the perfect, the imperfect, the pluperfect, the first future, the second future, and the Oscar Wilde." "Why," asked she, "what tense is he?" "Oh," replied the boy, "he's intense!"

—A Scotch preacher who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly begun, suddenly stopped, and exclaimed: "Brethren, it's na fair. Wait till I get along; and then if I'm na worth listening to, gang to sleep; but dinna gang before I get commenced. Gie a mon a chance."

—He came up a little late, stepped in without ringing, and striding softly into the parlor, dropping into an easy chair with the careless grace of a young man who is accustomed to the program. "By Jove!" he said to a figure sitting in dim obscurity on the sofa—"By Jove! I thought I was never going to see you again. Your mother never goes away from the house nowadays, does she, Minnie?" "Well, not amazingly frequently," cheerfully replied the old lady from the sofa. "Minnie's away so much of her time now I have to stay in."

The Kitchen.

"FIXIN' A FELLER."

BY HOPE HARVEY.

THE task itself is scarcely less important than preparing the trousseau of a bride, although some would deem it less interesting or agreeable. It is not very dissimilar, moreover, in principle, even if the application in detail may widely vary.

The queer name we heard first in our younger housekeeping days, from a notable great aunt, and we often quoted it playfully when engaged in some form of that particular labor, until finally we fairly adopted the name and the industry together, establishing as a custom in our family, that of "fixin' a feller." And a very good custom it is. "When I get mer fellers fixed," said auntie, "I feel z'if the heft of the work's done. Mer spinnin', an' mer weavin', an' house cleanin' don't begin to count up inter sech good jobs, I callate."

"Fixin a feller" consists simply, or rather, complexly, in mending him throughout. Would that we could as easily mend him through-in! But if we cannot always compass that, the mending of his bodily raiment is in the power of our own hands, and that is something. Yea, much; for we believe there is a wholesome, kindly, elevating influence in whole, clean, neatly mended clothing. The outer habit affects in some degree the inner.

The "fixin" may be annual, semi-annual, or quarterly, according to the "feller's" needs, or to one's leisure for attending to the thing. This does not interfere or do away with the weekly mending, which every careful house mother will overlook judiciously. Yet we know that this course cannot be depended upon for the year round, as it will not meet all needs. In most homes there will be occasional absences, company, sickness, when something is of necessity left out, and it is quite as likely to be the wearing apparel as anything. Then it is a common thing that some article becomes too much worn in spots to be mended in a minute, and yet it is too good in some parts to be thrown by entirely; so we say, let him get a little more wear out of it, and then we'll repair it well; and so that adds to the accumulation for the future "fixin." So it is sure to be waiting most any time.

Meanwhile other contingences must be provided against. No one in the house must suffer for mending which is imperative, or for new clothes, if on hand to be made. For it were poor policy to let Tom chafe his heels through holes in his socks, or let Dick take cold for want of his new flannels, while we were repairing some old thin pantaloons, which would be handy for Harry a few hot days next summer. But the time will come, if carefully forecast, when we can somewhat conveniently, trot the "feller" on the carpet, in a figure, and a regular good time we will have over him! Let it be understood that the good time will consist in the thoroughness. Let every thing that pertains to the entire wardrobe be produced, and examined critically. Some writers talk as if shirts and stockings were all a man or boy ever wears, or at least all that ever need mending. But we that have had the care of them any length of time know to our sorrow that they do wear to the extremity of patches, or far beyond, quite a number of garments with other names. Therefore mince not matters, but bring on bravely his every shred, from the most ignoble suit up to his best "store clothes."

Even the best are almost certain to

need a few stitches, upon a loosening button or a lining beginning to rip, or somewhere. The poorest garments of all will probably be banished after brief inspection, perhaps hereafter to be analyzed more closely, and consigned in sections to the piece bag, the rug bag, and the rag bag, but that matters not now to the business in hand. The repairable clothes now come up for a thoughtful review, and such thorough changes by mending or reconstruction as shall seem wise and economical. There is to be no undue haste which overlooks or puts off till some future time, but a calm, patient diligence to the end.

By and by each wearable thing from head to foot is made whole, and the "feller is fixed." And with a most comfortable, restful feeling do we view him o'er and o'er. The persevering enterprise in our labor, and the conscientiousness that did it well, bring to us their own reward, which is worth working for, if nothing else is gained. But the end of our effort is likewise attained, for the fixed fellow stays so a good while, with only occasional glances and touches. The uncertain, half guilty feeling we have, as if he might call for or need some unprepared clothing, is gone, and we can plan and do other works or plays with far greater ease.

This process would appear to some too insignificant to need so many words, enforced in argument so earnest, but "perfection is no trifle," though the description seems trifling. Did those who may laugh at the plan ever try it, and find the superiority over that of mending superficially a little here or there, for this one or that, never having finished, and so never being fully acquainted with the state of the family apparel, thus feeling a constant burden, which a few days or weeks courageous review and sewing would relieve?

This is to be carried on, when possible, through the whole family without stopping. Take the next needy one and serve him in the same handsome way. "Doe the next thyng," and get the comfort of it. One grows quite enthusiastic over it. It is surprising how a real satisfactory interest and delight grow out of the faithful discharge of our commonest, dull duties. Then why, since so many of us are situated so that these common, dull works fall to our lot with scarcely a change, why not extract from them the abundant pleasure which they surely contain? It matters not where we find the joy, if only in right pursuits, then let us appropriate it, even from the old clothes' mending, if that is "the next thyng" for us.

Having fixed in this most desirable way the masculine members of the house, let us attack the feminine, and if any one wants to know why we leave the women and girls to the last, we shall never tell. Whether we love the man and brother the better, or whether we know he will fret more than we if his things are not all and always in readiness, or whether our own wardrobes require upon them more of a work of time and art, we will not discuss. We need not press the answer. But sooner or later we will take our turn, and deservedly, too. All must be as nicely and completely done, likewise, as were that other "feller's" things. Everything, from collars, handkerchiefs and gloves, to slippers and hose, must undergo this rigid scrutiny, which shall result in a beautiful renovation, if that seems the most fitting thing to do. We must learn not to be foolishly saving however, in our new zeal for repairing. In these days of cheap yet quite nice and pretty materials, we can better afford to purchase and make up some new articles, than to spend long time patching and darning some that have seen their best

days. Yet, where "a stitch in time saves nine," especially upon dresses of rich, firm goods, which by cutting over and freshening up with new trimmings will be as good as new, it well pays to do so. So we will hasten and make the old dresses as pretty as possible, for who knows but we, or our Una or Kate may have a chance, all unexpected, to go to the mountains, or the sea, or the city, before long, and then she will be all ready, except the new traveling suit she must have, and the best gown she will get, perhaps. At any rate, nothing will be better for Kate and Una than to practice meanwhile and hereafter this new and neat departure from slipshod habits.

Having become accustomed to this style of accomplishing our branch of household labor, we shall be so in love with it, we shall find ourselves applying the same in other departments, finding the method equally advantageous in economy of time and satisfaction. We can go through the bedding in this way, for instance. Another time we can take the furniture, "redding up" the old chairs, lounges, etc. Of course the plan will not always work, as there are exceptions to every rule taken into consideration above. Let it be said, in passing, that nothing but mending enters into the process proper of "fixin' a feller." Making garments of new cloth comes under another head of this labor-analysis, to be done another time.

"Do it thoroughly, girls, allers thoroughly, for that's the only true way," often said the dear old aunt, while exhorting us to any good work as well as the one just treated. We used to smile at that odd way of pronouncing thoroughly, until in later years we turned to Webster and learned that thorough meant through, literally, through a door. So the good soul was not so far wrong after all.

Through the door, then, we must go, friends, if we would do worthy work in any direction; if we would emerge into a large field of successful accomplishment. Straight through every door of indolence, weakness, discouragement, opposition, to our desired end, even if the door be strong or bolted; if it be walled up even, high and thick. Working thus our way through, our hands grow strong, and our hearts grow large. Thus only do we reach and fill the places designed for us, our life position, a place which so few really find and occupy, because they fail to press unflinchingly through the door. Thus only shall we at the last find heaven's gate opened to us.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

Number Four.

BY THERESA.

Thanks, Penelope Pepper, for your notice of my article in the February number. When one tries to do the best she can, 'tis pleasant to have her humble efforts appreciated, and a little praise now and then often stimulates to still greater effort. Like Kittie Brown, in the April number, I too was much interested in the description of your tour, and thought you displayed considerable common sense in your dress and lunch. Next time you go find room for a can of milk in your hand-bag, if you did not, and see if it will not be an improvement with your gingerbread.

Every batch of bread made I used to knead and chop more than I think it necessary of late. 'Tis true it makes a "finer light," but the more 'tis kneaded the more flour has to be worked in, and the harder the dough becomes, besides the time spent, and tiresome work of doing it. After the sponge rises, I mix soft and thoroughly, handling as little as possible, and the crust is soft and bread

sweet, though rather coarse light, and darker. We find no trouble in getting rid of it. I confess that if I wished to make some extra nice for company, I should knead and chop it more, perhaps. There, Lucy and Suke, have I not sided with you both? Don't quarrel, children, "let us have peace."

Who asked for brown bread? We use the following recipe invariably at our house, and call it the best ever tried. The loaf fills a pan, but it keeps good a week or more in cool weather. The recipe can be divided. One quart of corn meal, wet thoroughly with boiling water, then add one of lukewarm water, one quart of raw corn meal, one quart of graham flour, one tablespoonful of salt, four tablespoonfuls of good hop yeast, one teacupful of molasses; mix thoroughly; when light bake two hours in a moderately heated oven. I use a little more yeast, and if it has been made some time, add one-half teaspoonful of soda. Remember and bake slowly, but if the oven gets too hot, put a paper over the top to prevent scorching. When done, we turn on to a platter, top down, and let it remain so, which keeps the crust soft, and keep it covered with the baking pan.

This Indian pudding is liked so well we often make one. Bake from three-fourths to one hour. It is so easily made, try it. One quart of new milk, one egg, one cup of Indian meal, one-half cup of molasses, one-half tablespoonful of soda, (I only use one-half teaspoonful,) a little salt. Stir three or four times when it first commences to bake. Eat with butter while warm. Good skimmed milk will do if new milk is scarce.

To the inquirer about cotton flannel pieces, let me say that we have made all our lamp wicks of them for many years. They can be used for inner soles to shoes, by sticking on to pasteboard, cut right shape; also for scouring knives and spoons, flannel side out. Make rabbits, roosters, pigs, etc., for the children, if you have patterns. I have not, but have seen them. I know a little girl who made a set of "furs" (?) for dolly, muff, cape and hood, and trimmed with scarlet, cutting her own patterns. It amused her, then it was a good lesson in sewing. Enough sewed together make good, durable dish-cloths.

I rubbed blue ink spots, on a white apron, with sweet milk, and it all washed out in the suds, one wash-day. It had been recommended, but I never had occasion to try it before.

Keep up good courage, Rosamond E., for Julia Carney has come to the rescue, and she'll defend you nobly. Does it not seem good to see her name once more? It brings to mind her excellent temperance stories of years ago.

I am so well pleased with my shoe-bag that I must describe it. One year ago I took from a drawer a piece of sacking, that came around a box of Dexter's cotton, thinking it would make a good one, but after washing, put it away discouraged, as the pattern seemed too small. I looked it over this spring, fully determined to make one of it some way, and when this point is reached the end is usually accomplished, so I hurried with my morning work, to begin on it early. The strip, which was crosswise the cloth, was forty-two inches long by sixteen inches wide, from which I cut three pockets, the widest about twelve inches, the next a trifle narrower, and the last only six and one-half inches. This I intended for stockings. The piece left was lengthwise and too short, but a dress lining of drilling lined it, and pieced it out the right length, then I overcast each piece, as the cloth was very easy to unravel. From a book of cross-stitch patterns, presented by a HOUSEHOLD sister, (thanks, H. D.,) pretty ones were selected to work on

each pocket. One is a black cat, a regular "spit-fire," with its "back up." After cross stitching I lined the three with the best of a cast off gingham apron, then bound them all across the top, with new, turkey red calico, as I had no braid, stitching on with the machine. I fulled the sides and bottoms on the back, stitching across the bottoms, then bound all around together, pockets and back, with the red. The length is nearly twenty-three inches, by twelve inches wide. Instead of tacking up I sewed loops on mine, four each side, and one in the center at the top, and hung it on tacks. It can be easily taken down any time, to shake and air. The idea is new to me, is it to others?

For rhubarb pies, peel and cut up the stalks, cover them with hot water in a large basin, let it set on the stove while making your crust, not stewing enough to lose their form, but to turn white and soft. When ready for them, drain off all the water possible, then pour into a deep, earthen dish, adding a cup of sugar and a cracker to each pie, (roll the cracker fine on the moulding board,) and stir all up together. Fill the pies, wet the edge of the under crust, and press the upper one well around the edge. Before this way was learned we had none fit to eat. They were too strong and hearty, the juice always stewing out at the sides, and every housekeeper knows how provoking that is. I often said "I never will make any more," but now it is a delight to make and eat them too.

Patty Pitkin, the description of your shirt ironing was quite a laughable affair. Get desperate, as I did about the shoe-bag, and say you will, and you'll conquer.

A CUP OF TEA.

It is astonishing to find how few people know how to make a good cup of tea, and yet the process is very simple. Fresh, cold water must be put into a clean kettle and briskly boiled. As soon as it comes to the boiling point, scald the tea pot which should be of silver or earthen ware, not tin. Put the tea into the hot tea pot, allowing a teaspoonful to each person, and one extra; thus, for a family of four tea drinkers, allow five small teaspoonfuls, not heaped. Pour boiling water from the kettle over the tea leaves, not too much, never fill up the pot at first; put in about two or three cupfuls, and let the tea pot stand on a part of the stove where it will not boil, but will keep hot and slowly infuse. It should stand not more than fifteen, nor less than ten minutes. Fifteen minutes is a good rule, and it is better to look at the clock as much depends upon the length of time it has steeped. If it does not steep long enough, we do not get the full flavor of the tea, and if it steeps too long it loses all the aroma, and becomes the poor, miserable apology for tea that is so often found at restaurants and poor public houses, where the tea pot is kept on the stove for hours, and as the old saw has it, "Tea boiled, is spoiled." When the tea has been infused for fifteen minutes, add more boiling water, but still not too much, and send to the table at once.

Hot water should be upon the table in an urn, pot or pitcher, for those who do not like it so strong. Do not let the tea kettle stop boiling till the tea is made. Remember the old adage,

"Except the tea kettle boiling be,
Filling the tea pot spoils the tea."

"Is the tea kettle boiling?"

"Oh, yes'm, it boiled long ago," is the reply we sometimes hear, and find the water hardly scalding hot, the servant evidently thinking that if it has boiled that is all that is necessary, or, in other words, that the tea should be made of boiled water regardless of present temperature.

A cup of tea made according to these simple directions and flavored to taste with sugar and cream is delicious and invigorating. We must, of course, have a good quality of tea to insure success. The Formosa Oolong is an excellent variety, and more healthful than green tea.

There is also an art in pouring tea. The flavor is better if the cream and sugar are put in at first, and the tea poured over it, instead of adding cream and sugar to the tea. The cups should be first warmed by pouring into each a little hot water from the urn, and rinsing into a slop bowl, then put in the cream, sugar and tea to taste. The first tea poured from the tea pot has the most delicate aroma, but the tea that is poured from the pot last, has most strength, so to serve all alike, after adjusting the sugar and cream to suit the various tastes, a little tea should be poured into each cup, and then a little more into each successively, and so on.

A lady appears to great advantage, if she can pour tea gracefully. It gives her an excellent opportunity to win the love and respect of those at her table, by her care and true courtesy, and the expression of kindly feeling. It is a pity for any woman to pour tea carelessly or awkwardly. She should endeavor to personify the oft quoted lines,

"Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."
—Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Line 488.

The tea hour should be one of the happiest of the day, the labors of the day ended, and the social faculties brought into use, and, if weary with the day's work, nothing is so admirably adapted to restore the spirits as a good cup of tea, and the evening is best spent, when devoted to rest and recreation with the family.

"Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtain, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Sends forth a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

It has been found by actual experiment that life may be sustained for a long time upon tea alone. It contains a peculiar principle called theine, which keeps the tissues from rapid wear, and by thus arresting the rapid death of the little atoms resulting from labor, it gives us the feeling of refreshment that we experience in taking it.

On the other hand too much and too strong tea injures the nervous system, and makes the complexion sallow, so we must learn to use it, like all other good gifts, with moderation. To take it three times a day, and two or three cups at a meal, is certainly a miserable habit, but a good cup of tea after the labors of the day, and early enough to permit one to sleep after it, is certainly not an evil, but a blessing and a benefit, if it enables us to forget our weariness for a little while, and enter with cheerful zest into the pleasant games, reading, or conversation of the evening, and to render with more ease and heartiness those gentle amenities and courtesies that the French call the lesser morals, and which make one of the chief charms of home life. Even a cup of tea may be consecrated to the service of God, if it helps one to make home happy.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

AFTER-SUPPER TALK.

After-dinner talk has been thought of great importance. The expression has passed into literature with many records of the good sayings it included. Kings and ministers condescend to make efforts at it; poets and philosophers—greater than kings and ministers—do not disdain to attempt to shine in it. But nobody has yet shown what after-supper talk ought to be. We are not speaking now of the formal entertainment known as "a sup-

per;" we mean the every-day evening meal in the every-day home; the meal known heartily and commonly as supper, among people who are neither so fashionable nor so foolish as to take still a fourth meal at hours when they ought to be asleep in bed.

This ought to be the sweetest and most precious hour of the day. It is too often neglected and lost in families. It ought to be the mother's hour; the mother's opportunity to undo all mischief the day may have done, to forestall any mischief the morrow may threaten. There is an instinctive disposition in most families to linger about the supper-table, quite unlike the eager haste which is seen at breakfast and at dinner. Work is over for the day; everybody is tired; even the little ones who have done nothing but play. The father is ready for slippers and a comfortable chair; the children are ready and eager to recount the incidents of the day. This is the time when all should be cheered, rested, and also stimulated by just the right sort of conversation, just the right sort of amusement.

The wife and mother must supply this need, must create this atmosphere. We do not mean that the father does not share the responsibility of this, as of every other hour. But this particular duty is one requiring qualities which are more essentially feminine than masculine. It wants a light touch and an undertone to bring out the full harmony of the ideal home evening. It must not be a bore; it must not be empty; it must not be too much like preaching; it must not be wholly like play; more than all things, it must not be always—no, not if it could be helped, not even twice—the same. It must be that most indefinable, most recognizable thing, a good time. Bless the children for inventing the phrase! It has, like all their phrases, an unconscious touch of sacred inspiration in it, in the selection of the good word "good," which lays peculiar benediction on all things to which it is said.

If there were no other reason against children's having lessons assigned them to study at home, we should consider this a sufficient one, that it robs them of the after-supper hour with their parents. Even if their brains could bear, without injury, the sixth, seventh or eighth hour, as it may be, of study, their hearts cannot bear being starved. In the average family this is the one only hour of the day when father, mother, and children can be together, free of cares and unhurried. Even to the poorest laborer's family comes now something like peace and rest forerunning the intermission of the night.

Everybody who has any artistic sense recognizes this instinctively when they see through the open doors of humble houses the father, mother and children gathered around their simple supper. Its mention has already passed into triteness in verse, so inevitably have poets felt the sacred charm of the hour. Perhaps there is something deeper than on first thoughts would appear in the instant sense of pleasure one has in this sight; also, in the universal feeling that the evening gathering of the family is the most sacred one. Perhaps there is unconscious recognition that dangers are near at hand when night falls, and that in this hour lies, or should lie, the spell to drive them all away. There is something almost terrible in the mingling of danger and protection, of harm and help, of good and bad, in that one thing, darkness. God "giveth his beloved sleep" in it, and in it the devil sets his worst lures, by help of it, gaining many a soul which he could never get possession of in sunlight.

Mothers, fathers! cultivate after-supper talk; play after-supper games; keep

after-supper books; take all the good newspapers and magazines you can afford, and read them aloud after supper. Let boys and girls bring their friends home with them at twilight, sure of a pleasant and hospitable welcome, and of a good time after supper, and parents may laugh to scorn all the temptations which town or village can set before them to draw them away from home for their evenings.

These are but hasty hints; bare suggestions. But if they rouse one heart to a new realization of what evenings at home ought to be, and what evenings at home too often are, they have not been spoken in vain nor out of season.

MOTHER STILLMAN'S DOUGHNUTS.

The readers of THE HOUSEHOLD have been so very long puzzling over the several questions, How many doughnuts did C. F. P. eat before he discovered he did not like them? How many would he have eaten if he had liked them? that no one as yet has risen to the defense of the suet side of the controversy.

Had C. F. P. been so favored as to "happen in" at the door of Mother Stillman's always neat kitchen when she was frying doughnuts, and been as cordially told to "help yourself" as I have been, he would surely never have lived to praise them. For if he ate seven large ones he did not like, he would have eaten seven times as many of the delicious, crispy, brown things he could not help liking. Figures won't lie, so it is a mathematical demonstration that he would have eaten forty-nine.

Mother Stillman was one of the dearest old ladies it was ever my good fortune to meet. It is useless to say that a call at her house was a privilege under any circumstances. As we then resided two miles out of town, and if the horses were at work often walked in, her cool, shady rooms were a most inviting place of rest as we arrived, and her kindly welcome often tempted longer stay. If a huge pan of doughnuts were fast receiving accessions from a kettle which was never contaminated with lard, it was a tempting lunch even without the cup of fragrant coffee. As she disliked pork and all its variations of lard, ham, sausage, etc., as much as I did, I could safely sit in the room where she was attending to the lighter work, while the willing Swede girl browned both face and cakes over the stove.

Now, good sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD, they were not fried in suet, much less in hard tallow. She took a leg of beef, sawed by a meat-man into convenient pieces to handle, but not split, as that fills the meat with bone splinters. This she washed thoroughly, never having been taught by Miss Corson that it was wasteful to do so, and for one I prefer to follow her example. After boiling several hours until very tender, it was set in a cold place, and as soon as cool the fat all taken off. The meat was then all taken from the bones, finely minced and seasoned to taste, a little sage is an addition to those who like it. Returning it to the kettle, a sufficient quantity of the water in which it was boiled to cover it, carefully strained, is added, and it is boiled a few minutes. Poured into moulds or into a shallow stone jar, from which it can be cut in nice slices when cold, it is a convenient tea relish, or for lunches and picnics.

The fat taken from the top of the kettle, after being clarified, was better than lard or suet for frying doughnuts, and as it would not "soak in" if boiling hot, would answer for repeated using if strained, after each frying, into a stone-ware bowl or jar.

JULIA A. CARNEY.

Galesburg, Ill.

JOTTINGS.

Number Three.

BY LEONORE GLENN.

"I wish, John," said Mrs. Wright to her husband, at the breakfast table, one morning during the summer, "that as soon as you can find the time, you would make a box for me, for window plants. While some of the neighbors have bay windows in which to grow plants, and others, their windows covered with shelves to hold the pots, and one or two have boxes to fit the shelves, I have an idea in my head of something entirely different from any of them. I want the box to be about eight inches deep, twenty-four inches wide, and thirty-six inches long, and after it is made, fastened firmly on to that old center table that lies out in the wood house, with the top broken off. It will make nice feet for my box, and after some new castors are put on, I can roll my plants from one window or room to another in a moment, and on a cold night, it can be pushed near the fire in one-fourth the time it would take to carry all the plants from shelves to the table, and then they will look so much better than in pots, being one solid mass of green and bloom."

"You seem very enthusiastic over a beauty that as yet exists only in your imagination. However, I can take the time to-morrow, probably, to make the box, and we will see how it will look on the old table. Want it painted, I suppose?"

"No, not any paint about it. If you will put the box together, get it on its feet, and put in the castors, I will finish it myself, and as it exists in my imagination, so it shall be in reality."

"Very well, I will fix it up to-morrow."

When it was brought into the house, and Mr. Wright declared his part of the contract filled, and went off, Mrs. Wright brought forth the remainder of the furniture stain that she had used so successfully on the kitchen chairs, and proceeded to stain the box. After it was thoroughly stained, by giving it the second application, she thought of some beautiful oval pictures of landscapes, that had been laid away for the scrap book, and with the aid of a little mucilage, fastened one on each side and end, and then varnished the whole affair—box, pictures, and the legs. It was a real beauty, the box now being about the color of walnut, and looking as though made from the same material as the old table.

It was now ready to fill, and the pleasant part of the work began. Slips of all kinds, climbing vines and drooping vines, and in the center a calla lily, and then it was left for time and sun and water to add the rest. As the climbing vines grew, Mrs. Wright made for them three little ladders from a planed board of less than one-half inch in thickness. With a thin knife used for paring vegetables the board was split lengthwise in very narrow strips, some of which were cut the right length for the rounds, and then put together with half-inch brads. One ladder was three or four inches longer than the others. This was placed deep in the soil in the center of the box, and the others on each side, half-way between it and the end of the box. Three hanging baskets suspended from hooks in the ceiling, the center one a foot lower than the others, now reached down to meet the vines climbing the ladders, and the window was soon covered with green from the very top down, but it was not till mid-winter that Mrs. Wright's window garden reached its highest glory and perfection. The plants bloomed, and the ivies and vines ran in luxurious riot over the box, covering the ladders and sweeping the floor on all sides. How little time and money it cost, yet how incalculable the pleasure and joy it furnished!

The bird cage was hung over the center hanging basket just between the other two, and when the sun shone in upon the little songster, although the ground might be covered with snow, he seemed to feel that he was in the very midst of fairy lands, and poured forth the whole ecstasy of his little heart in sweetest song. And Mrs. Wright, in her weary, despondent hours, when she sank exhausted upon the couch for a few minutes' rest, feeling that life did not recompense her for the cares and burdens it imposed, always turned her face to that window, and found comfort and soothing influences in its loveliness. There was something in the very attitude of the little vine tendrils which lifted themselves to the sky that touched a response in her heart, she knew not why, and gave her renewed courage and hope. And when she sat at her sewing, or the heaped basketful of mending, she invariably placed her chair so that when she chanced to raise her eyes, they rested on the beauty of the growing plants within her box. In fact, it proved to be her solace in lonely hours, her company, and her silent friend.

One of her neighbors, in imitating it, but having no old center table to furnish the feet, had it supported at the ends by wooden pieces crossed in the center, in the manner of a saw buck, and instead of using furniture varnish, procured some body varnish of the carriage maker, which is not injured by water like the other. Another friend found the iron ends of an old sewing machine, to make not only very durable feet for her box, but also very handsome ones. So that Mrs. Wright's idea not only gave her and her family a great deal of pleasure, but also served as a hint to her neighbors how to brighten their own rooms, and add to their home enjoyments.

During the summer and fall Mary had at various times gathered feathery grasses, stalks of wheat, oats, and millet, and had quite a handsome dried bouquet, tied together. These she wished to arrange in some manner, in the front room, but was at a loss how to do it. The lid of a large pasteboard box, which was covered with pretty white, figured paper, was discovered, which, cut into a square about twelve inches each way, and folded with two opposite corners together, and firmly sewed in that way formed a funnel shaped holder, which, after the front point was rounded off, and a band of gold, or some other color, pasted around the edge, a neat little picture placed in the center and hung by a cord in one corner of the room, made a very pretty ornament and bouquet holder. After the grasses were arranged in it, their weight seemed to pull the top out from the wall, but a couple of tacks remedied that, and Mary was quite proud of her work. One afternoon her mother cut of thin pasteboard the wings for three or four small butterflies, and she covered them with a piece of yellow ribbon, in imitation of the butterflies one sees on hot summer days, flying and hovering about in groups. The bodies were made by covering a little roll of muslin, and when they were finished, a pin run through the under side served to fasten them to a heavy blade of grass, or a wheat head, and they looked as natural as though live ones had just alighted on the dried grasses.

Then a few photographs were framed with different fancy designs of cardboard frames, and a letter receiver made of red cardboard, cut into two pieces something in the shape of a comb case, and joined at the ends by strips of red satin, (an old hat facing,) an inch and one-half wide, and gathered from once and a half the length of the pieces of cardboard, to fit them, a neat bottom inserted, and then it was tacked to the wall over the stand.

The vine, Wandering Jew, will grow as

well in water as in earth, and sprays of it broken off from here and there, among the hanging baskets, had been placed in bottles or cans of water, and suspended behind pictures, and were now forming graceful festoons about the frames, drooping here and clinging there, so that Mrs. Wright's sitting room was now so neat, so cosy and so homelike, and with such an air of comfort pervading every thing, that persons sinking into the restful easy chair by one of the windows, had the feeling of never wanting to move, or go any farther, innocently unconscious that this self-same, hospitable chair was originally an old wooden affair that had lost its rockers and seat, and had had an inch of its hind legs sawed off, and a stout piece of ticking nailed over the seat, then a part of an old quilt fastened over this, and up the back, and over the arms! They only knew it was a very pretty pattern of cretonne that entirely covered it, that it was a really handsome and a most comfortable lazy easy chair.

A HOME MADE REFRIGERATOR.

A good refrigerator from the shops costs from eighteen to fifty dollars, according to the size and finish. Every housekeeper may not be able to possess one, and so it is worth while to see what can be done in the way of a decent substitute. Secure two dry goods boxes, the more substantial the better, one of them to be three or four inches smaller than the other on all sides, and fix the tops to open on hinges of iron or stout leather. The larger the boxes, of course, the more convenience and comfort is afforded. Place an inch or two of sawdust over the bottom of the larger box, and set the smaller one into it. Bore a three-quarter-inch hole through both boxes at either end, near the top, and insert a roll of stiff pasteboard in each to act as ventilators. Then fill all the space between the boxes with sawdust. Put in shelves at either end, leaving space in the center for the large deep pan or pail that is to hold the ice. There can also be two or three pegs, on which to hang pails of milk or fruit. A large tin pail, with a thin, round board at the bottom, to prevent it being bruised, would be the most convenient thing for holding the ice. Such a refrigerator, placed in the pantry, or some cool room and covered in the hottest days with a folded blanket over the top, which is not protected with sawdust, would keep ice for twenty-four hours; and in half a dozen such days, pay for its slight cost many times over in the amount of food it would help to preserve.—*Farm Homes.*

HINTS AND HELPS.

"Constance," said my Aunt Rachel to me one day, "you may learn some useful thing from every one if you will be observing."

And, following Aunt Rachel's advice, I have learned many useful things, some of which I will set down here for others.

I will begin with the kitchen, and the homely duty of dish washing. The use of a mop for that purpose will be found a saving of the hands, and hotter water may be used. You need scarcely touch the water except at the last to wash the table and pans. Have a pan of clear hot water, in which dip each dish as it is washed, in another pan or shallow tin put a cup or bowl, and over that turn the saucers, plates, etc., to drain, and by the time you are ready they will be nearly dry, needing only a touch from the towel, a saving both of time and towels.

For washing vegetables, procure from a five-cent store a small scrubbing brush, which they call a nail brush. (I suppose because it has nothing to do with nails.) You will find it a great help removing the dirt from potato eyes, etc.

A holder is a necessary article, and catches much dirt about the stove. I make them of any old suitable pieces, I like woolen best, then I make a cover of some dark wash material. Cut a piece fifteen inches long and six wide, fold over six inches, and sew in form of a bag, sew the end of the remaining three inches together, to make a point, fold that over and button to the bag, add a loop at the corner, and put in your holder. When the cover is soiled it can easily be removed and washed.

When you sweep a room, take down all little articles, as brackets, vases, easels, etc., dust carefully, lay them on the table and cover with a cloth. When the sweeping is done and the larger articles dusted, you will be relieved to have these ready to return to their places.

When brushing and combing your hair have a large newspaper spread on the floor. Loose hair is much easier removed from that than the carpet.

To clean hair brushes sprinkle them well with powdered borax, let them lie half an hour, then wash and rub thoroughly. It is a good plan to clean two, as they clean better by rubbing two together.

When a dress is finished, make a lining of cambric to fit the upper part of the waist, from the neck half-way down the arm holes. Baste it in smoothly, and when soiled it can be washed and replaced, keeping your dress much neater.

CONSTANCE GREGORY.

HINTS ON HOUSEKEEPING.

We will give to intellect, and to all virtues, the honor that belongs to them, and still it may be boldly affirmed that economy, taste, skill, and neatness in the kitchen, have a great deal to do in making life happy and prosperous.

Nor is it indispensably necessary that a house should be filled with luxuries. The qualifications for all good housekeeping can be displayed as well on a small scale as on a large one.

Skillful cooking is as readily discovered in a nicely baked potato, or a respectable johnny-cake, as in a nut brown sirloin, or a brace of canvas-backs.

The charm of good housekeeping is the order of economy and taste displayed in attention to little things, and these little things have a wonderful influence.

A dirty kitchen and bad cooking have driven many a one from home to seek comfort and happiness somewhere else.

See to it, all ye who are mothers, that your daughters are all accomplished, by an experimental knowledge of good housekeeping.—*Country Gentleman.*

—It is stated that by allowing articles coated with iron rust to remain a short time in kerosene oil, the rust can be readily removed by afterwards rubbing for a few minutes with a cork.

—For a home-made disinfectant dissolve a bushel of salt in a barrel of water, and with the salt water slack a barrel of lime, which should be wet enough to form a kind of paste. For the purposes of a disinfectant, this home-made chloride of lime is nearly as good as that purchased at the shops and drug stores. Use it freely about sinks, cellars, gutters and out-houses, and in this way prevent sickness, suffering and expense.

—Red ants are a decided nuisance. We find the following simple way to exterminate them in an exchange: Procure a large sponge, wash it well, and press it dry, then sprinkle over it some white sugar and place it where the ants are troublesome. They will soon collect upon the sponge and get into the cells. Then dip the sponge into scalding hot water, which will wash them out—dead. Put in more sugar and set the trap anew.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have a great horror of that waste basket, but I must venture once more. I've searched the back numbers through, that is, all I have, for pudding recipes. Won't Emily Hayes or some one else send us some recipes for them, suitable for small families of two and three. I especially wish for recipes for corn meal, steamed pudding, and a nice rice pudding. And will she tell me, if a recipe calls for one cup of suet, and you live where you cannot get suet, what to use in its place, and the quantity?

Will some one give us directions for making shopping bags, not too expensive, but nice tasty ones, and also directions for knitting mittens with shells, and twist on the back of the hand between the shells. I think it will interest many.

I enjoy THE HOUSEHOLD more than I can tell, only wish it came oftener. I think articles on economy are the ones we most need. Let us have recipes for food to take the place of meat, so many are discarding it.

MRS. FRANK E. ALLEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Seeing something about creameries, I thought I would add my mite. In Scott and Clinton counties the cream only is sold. The milk is cared for as Mrs. W. describes, but is allowed to stand from twelve to thirty-six hours, according to the season of the year. Then the cream-man comes, does his own skimming, and leaves the milk for the farmer to feed his stock. The cream is measured by a guage on the side of the can, and is sold at so much per inch, ranging from twelve to forty cents. An inch of cream will make a pound of butter. It saves a great deal of labor to the farmer's wife, accustomed to make butter for the market.

Western farmers: Shall I describe how some of us live out here in Calhoun Co., Iowa? It is a new county, whose broad acres have hitherto been covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, disturbed only by the annual prairie fires, but within the last year, people began to discover its merits. There was a "rush," and now little dwellings are to be seen in every direction, and the men are busy turning the green prairie, laying it in long, even furrows; this we call "breaking."

The rude dwellings are simply straight boards, without plaster, lath, or siding, few of them guilty of paint. The poor attempts to brighten up home, seem poor indeed. In the southern part of the county, where the homes are older, neat carpets, pretty walls, plenty of fancy work, with an organ in almost every home, show that progress has been made.

To most of us, these first years of prairie life mean hard work and privations, with little of luxury, so our good magazines are doubly welcome to cheer us in our lonely hours. But these prairie folks are rich in love and good will, though their fare be homely and raiment plain.

Mrs. B., our nearest neighbor, has three men and four little boys in her family to work for, including washing and ironing, yes, and sewing, yet finds time to help the men in the field. She is an intelligent woman, ready to do a kindness for any one, and attending strictly to her own business.

Now a few words of thanks to the editor for my wedding present of THE HOUSEHOLD. Husband agrees with me in saying we could not keep house without it.

BERNIE MAY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Two years ago I became a subscriber to our valuable paper, and I have thought for a long time that I would send a word of greeting,

but as I have read number after number, every topic interesting to us home and house keepers was so ably discussed that I saw no room for me. But when our kind editor said, "Ladies write for your paper," I considered that an invitation, for none can appreciate THE HOUSEHOLD more than I. I enjoy the letters very much, there is such a variety of traits and tastes displayed. Some are so bright and sprightly, others cheery and expectant, while others are more sedate and experimental, but all are good.

Occasionally we read a letter of one that has become a little discouraged because some sister has written such a glowing account of her work and her achievements. Dear sisters, that will not do. Perhaps if they were in our places and circumstances, they would do no better than we. When I was married, six years ago, I knew very little of home cares or house work, but I know I have been an eager learner. I have always tried to profit from the experience of older ones, and above all to make our home happy and pleasant. But I have always noticed that when we hear of one doing such wonders, it is safe to put it down, as a rule, that something has been slighted, or that ways and means have been brought into use of which we were not informed.

We all know some that are called good housekeepers that would declare the sitting room in order, while another housekeeper of a different stamp would spend a full half day before she would pronounce the room in order. Fly specks and dust destroy the peace of some housekeepers, while others look over it all apparently satisfied. The same is true in washing dishes. And another thing to be considered is company. Some families have a continual rush of company that perhaps stay several days, while other families only have calls. To me company is very desirable, but we all know that it adds much to the work of the housekeeper. So, dear sisters, for these reasons, we must not be too much governed by the writings of another. For, in order that they may influence us, we must know the circumstances. But let us all try to do our very best, and as the old adage is, "work in our own harness." But, above all, let us be careful to keep our faces, hearts, and homes cheerful.

I enjoy Clarissa Potter's writings very much. Would she write to me or has she more correspondence already than she knows what to do with?

I would also thank Emily Hayes for her article in the March number, "A Plea for the Boys." I have a little five-year-old of that stamp, good and true, but so wild and fun-loving.

If there are any of the sisters who are admirers of fancy work, who have not tried doing spatter work, I advise them to take their back numbers, and hunt up the directions, and try. You have no idea how many pretty things can be made with a little time, and at small expense, mottoes, lambrequins, slipper cases, card receivers, handkerchief boxes, etc. I had no idea how it was done until I read the directions in THE HOUSEHOLD, and I find it very simple.

We have read a great deal in our paper about the egg beater. I have one, and I indorse all that is said in its praise. I am also an advocate and admirer of Dobbin's soap. But there is another labor saving invention, which to me is equal to the others, viz., the carpet sweeper. A dear friend presented me with one, on Christmas day, and I cannot say too much in its praise. It will pay for itself in a short time in the saving of dusting, to say nothing of the labor saved in sweeping.

I send two pudding recipes which I find very cheap and practical, good for every-day use for those living on a farm,

and having a table full of hired men as I usually do.

Minute Pudding.—Place over the fire one teacup of sweet milk for each person, add one egg well beaten, and a tablespoonful of flour, wet with a little milk, for each cup of milk. Boil five minutes, stirring all the time. Cool in cups that have been dipped in cold water. Serve with cream and sugar.

Baked Indian Pudding.—Place over the fire two quarts of sweet milk, then in the dish in which you wish to bake the pudding, put one teacup of Indian meal, one-fourth teacup of flour, one teacup of molasses, a piece of butter the size of a large egg, one large tablespoonful of cinnamon and a little salt. Stir this mixture together, then the moment the milk is puffed up, do not let it boil, pour it in the dish, a little at a time, stirring all the time. Place in the oven and bake one hour. If you get the milk just right the pudding will be very light.

MRS. L. D. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—The temptation is upon me, I cannot resist it. I must have a chat with the dear HOUSEHOLD friends. Personally I know very few of them, but through the medium of the Exchange Column, I have learned to love a number of them. My correspondence has been very pleasant and profitable. My flower garden and nearly every room in my house contain mementos of their kindness. Even the bread on my table brings Persis to mind, for it was made from one of her yeast cakes. I see that some complain publicly in our paper of not having been fairly treated. What are a few cents more or less compared with the kindly, charitable spirit that should characterize these exchanges?

I have made the acquaintance of Riverside, Sunnyside, Persis, and Marjorie March, who write for our paper, and really I enjoy their letters much more than I did before. Then there are a number of others who do not write that the paper always brings to mind. One particularly, an invalid in her far away, northern home, is not forgotten. How I wish she could enjoy these balmy days in our southern clime, some days when it is a pure joy to live.

Already the buddings of spring are beginning to appear, and violets scent the air. Our gardens are being renovated and seed assorted, and all is busy life. I would like to tell how I plant my cabbages and tomatoes. I have a large bed made and boxed around with plank. I procure rich soil and fill it about half way. I then plant my seed and cover over with anything convenient, and keep it covered until the seeds begin to appear. It is then taken off and light given. The covering keeps off the direct rays of the sun and heavy rain, and keeps the soil damp and friable. It is the best method I have ever tried, and is always successful. The same plan with flower seeds on a smaller scale is also good.

I see some of the ladies are writing about corn flour, or meal as we call it. We use it a great deal at the south, and find it very healthy. We do not consider a dinner of vegetables complete without our hoe cake or corn bread. It is made by simply wetting the meal with cold water, some add salt, others do not, and baking it in a flat cake on the stove. We have corn muffins, which are made with the meal, one egg, a pint of buttermilk, soda and salt, bake in muffin rings. We have waffles, batter cakes, etc., made the same way, except that we use half meal and half wheat flour.

We also use a great many sweet potatoes. Children are very fond of them. We fry them for breakfast, bake them for dinner, and often roast them for supper. They are delicious roasted, and eaten

with sweet milk. They are fine for custards. They are first boiled soft, pressed through a colander while warm, butter and sugar added, then a half dozen eggs well beaten, a little salt and flavoring, either lemon or spice. The custard is cooked on paste in pie plates. We very often cook the potatoes, slice them, and add butter and sugar, and set them in the oven to brown. We call them sugared potatoes.

One lady asks how to make chicken pie. As it is essentially a southern dish, I will tell her how we make it. The chicken is cut up and parboiled. The pastry is made like pie paste, though not so rich. A pan is lined with it. The chicken is put in with the water in which it has been boiled. Thin pieces of paste are interspersed with the chicken, butter, cream and black pepper are added, a cover made to fit over all, with a small opening in the center, it is then put in the oven with moderate heat, and allowed to stew for some ten or fifteen minutes, when the heat is increased and the whole nicely browned. Cooked in this way and taken to picnics, it is the most popular dish.

I will give our mode of cooking beefsteak, which is a little different from any I have ever seen in print. We slice one-half inch thick, and chop it well. Have ready a saucepan on the stove, which must be very hot, with a very little water in it. As soon as one side browns, turn it right over and brown the other side. Take out, lay on a dish, and butter. When all is done, add a little more water, and make the gravy. ISA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I see in almost every number of our valuable home paper where some one says, "I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD so many years and never written for it before," but I cannot see how they have kept silent so long. There's too much woman about me. I cannot keep still a year without adding my testimony to the many that write in admiration of our paper. I had rather run the risk of finding a resting place in that overloaded waste-basket. I too, feel as each number comes, it alone nearly pays for a year's subscription, and if I had time to peruse them, would wish they were weekly. It is the means of forming many new and dear friends, that otherwise we might never know. Through it we have found a dear little Michigan friend, one that does not live for herself alone, but strives to make others happy, and succeeds too.

I enjoy reading such pieces as Odds and Ends in the March number, from Aunt Ray. I know all about that turning and remodeling old garments to clothe the little ones; one can economize so much in that way. Is it not strange that there is such a lack of system in so many homes? work can be made so much lighter by regularity about it all.

I've always thought I could turn off a great deal of work in a day, till Rosamond E. came and told what she does, and now she has added the last "feather," the one that is to "break the camel's back." Oh, my sisters, after doing everything else, we are to visit the schools, attend the literary society, and all sorts of things, and hitch up and take the children to school; that looks a little as though Rosamond was a myth, or is well supplied with this world's goods. I wonder if she has the neuralgia and lies on the sofa an average of two or three days out of each two weeks, perhaps more, with no one large enough to do the work, or is she always well; if so I wish we were all like her.

But I must not stop too long the first time. Sisters, when your bread is ready for the pans, do not knead it at all, but grease the hands and lift it carefully from the pan and shape into loaves. I find it rises quicker and is much nicer. Some

one asks for a breakfast dish, where they do not care for anything hearty.

Try an omelet. Four eggs, to the yolks add a small lump of butter, size of a hickory nut, salt and pepper, and one large tablespoonful of flour, mixed with two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, stir well, then add the whites of the eggs well beaten, (with a Dover Egg Beater of course,) and turn all into a hot spider in which a little butter has been melted. Do not stir it after the white has been added. When it loosens around the edge till you can run a knife around, set into a hot oven till it is a nice brown, then turn upside down on a plate and serve immediately. This is meant for a small family, (not Rosamond's.)

Stale bread may be made into "French toast" by beating an egg, adding one-half cup of sweet milk, dipping the slices into it and frying a rich brown.

In the April number S. asks for a way to clean horns. I boil them in the boiling suds after washing, adding a little ashes, while wet scrape with an old knife, when dry scrape with glass, then sandpaper, and decorate with pictures, then varnish with white varnish, make a small hole in one side, and hang on the wall for a bouquet holder.

IOWA BLIZZARD.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Please accept my sincere thanks for your wedding present of THE HOUSEHOLD, I enjoy reading it very much. It is always most welcome. Will some of the ladies who were speaking about making bread in THE HOUSEHOLD, please try my way? I like it very much.

For the yeast, soak three yeast cakes in a cup of tepid water, while six or eight fair sized potatoes are boiling. When they are perfectly soft, put the potatoes with one quart of water through a colander, and add a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of sugar. When tepid add the yeast cakes rubbed with a spoon to a smooth paste, and place the whole in a stone jar, and keep the contents at blood heat for twelve hours, when a lively effervescence should have taken place. The yeast will be in perfect condition the next day, and will remain good for ten days if kept in a cool cellar. I use the National yeast cakes. I set my sponge as early in the morning as I can. Put two quarts of sifted flour into a large bowl or pan, make a hole in the middle with a stirring spoon, pour in one-half pint of the soft yeast, first thoroughly stirring it from the bottom, then mixing with the flour. Add tepid water, stirring constantly, until a smooth, stiff batter is formed, which stir and beat vigorously with a spoon for at least five minutes after it is perfectly mixed. Cover lightly and set in a warm place until thoroughly light, almost foaming, but be sure not to delay kneading until it begins to subside. At the precise moment the sponge is fully light, the bread should be kneaded, and the process of rising ought not to require more than three hours. Sift the flour, say six quarts in a pan, make a hole in the middle, pour in the sponge, add a pinch of salt, and, dexterously mingling the flour with the soft sponge, gradually add a quart of warm milk or tepid water, quickly incorporating the whole into a smooth, even mass. Cover the kneading board with flour, place upon it the dough, which must not be soft enough to stick, or stiff enough to make much resistance to pressure, and knead. Half an hour's energetic kneading is not too much, I think, for a family baking. By that time the bread should be elastic, free from stickiness, and disposed to rise in blisters. Cover with a soft cloth folded to four thicknesses, and set it where a temperature of blood heat will be maintained. In two hours it should have risen twice its size. Place

it again upon the board, divide, the size you wish for your loaves, remembering that it will rise again half as much more. Lightly mold it into a smooth, shapely loaf, with as little handling as possible, and place in a well greased pan. Set the loaves back in their warm corner for half an hour, when they should be very light and show signs of cracking. Bake at once in a hot oven, with a steady heat, from forty-five minutes to an hour, according to the size of the loaves. Take immediately from the pans, and wrap in soft, fresh linen until cold.

A portion of the dough will make a pan of delicious biscuit by adding a piece of butter as large as an egg, to sufficient dough for a small loaf, mixing it lightly but thoroughly, and moulding into small rounds. Set them a little distance apart in the pan. They will soon close up the space, and should rise to twice their first height. The swift, sure touch which makes the work easy, rapid, and confident, will come with practice. This is for a large family baking. You will be surprised to see how it rises. I take one-half of this quantity for a large baking.

My friends, since I have been here, are trying my way of making bread, and it is spreading rapidly. You will have loaves of perfect bread, white, light, sweet, tender and elastic, with a golden brown crust. After I have taken my biscuit out of the oven I take a teaspoonful of white sugar in a little warm water and put it lightly over the top. It makes them very nice.

Will some of the ladies please tell me how to make tarts? Mrs. L. H. K.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—When I read the letter of expostulation which poor Rosamond E. was obliged to write in self-defense to prove her identity, I made a wry face and said, "To think that she has told them all that I like cats!" Not that I am ashamed of my little, furry, whiskered friends, or would like to disown them—but to have my likes and dislikes published abroad so widely, went rather hard with poor Marjorie on account of her shrinking from notoriety. But oh! Rosamond, how could you say that you did not care for cats? They are so refined and gentle, and the very soul of selfishness, looking for the softest chairs, and the daintiest tidbits to eat, so very like some Ichabods, who are sworn admirers and devoted lovers, as long as their self-love is fed by the dainty tidbit of adoring admiration, but, alas! when they receive a stroke the wrong way of the fur, from the independent object of their deep devotion, behold the claws are there and the teeth, too, and they are soon purring out their complacency at the fireside of another mistress of their affection. How could any one who likes gentlemen be averse to cats? For my part, I like the whiskered tribe, both cats and men.

And dogs! who could speak against them? They are not unlike rejected lovers in their affection and faithfulness. And what more delightful company could I have in my fondness for animals than Washington Irving who would interpret the language of a dog with the most exact translation, and Sir Walter Scott who declined a dinner engagement, "on account of the death of a dear old friend," which was none other than his parlor greyhound; poor old fellow, sick as he was, if the servant who was laying the cloth for dinner, would say "The sheriff is coming home by the burn or the ford," the faithful creature would drag himself out the back or front door as the case might be, to go as far on either road to meet him, as he was told his master would come. Dogs almost talk, or rather they do talk, only all people cannot understand their language, and even cats have feelings that may be hurt, as Dr. Johnson seemed to think, as he was very careful to tell Hodge that "he was a very nice cat, indeed," when he thought Hodge's countenance fell because he was praising other cats to Boswell.

And George McDonald, even he! and what other author is more full of feeling and genius? In one of his novels, he exclaims, full of sympathy and love for the lower race of animals, "Poor old mare, may there not be a paradise for her somewhere?"

Reba Raymond, there isn't so much fun to be had at the expense of the boarders, after all. After that article appeared, I was almost afraid to descend to the dining room, for fear all the boarders would be waiting in the hall to see Marjorie March on her way down. "The dapper little gentleman, with his vast fund of theories, and his military bearing," discovered a new

theory in regard to Marjorie, which was even less endurable than her playing on the organ in the early winter mornings. She was too sharp with her pen, and his dignity refused to allow himself to be considered such an excellent character to write up for the paper, but

"I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend, when he must need me!"

so, if ever he would like to be written up again, I am "ready and willing."

Just here I will give a recipe, which, I am sure will be welcomed by all the Ichabods of THE HOUSEHOLD. It is called Spanish piccadée and was introduced into our boarding house by a Cuban student, who, when living among strangers, longed for the dishes of his native land. The following proportions are for a boarding house tea, remember:

One bowl of finely chopped, cold cooked beef or mutton, one-fourth peck of chopped ripe tomatoes, or one can can be used in winter, one onion sliced fine, one cup of sweet milk, one piece of butter, size of an egg, one egg, one-fourth of a red or green pepper chopped, and a pinch or so of salt. Place over the fire in a frying pan until the onion and tomatoes are thoroughly cooked, and serve hot. I would like to hear the result when it is tried.

One word more, and then I will stop. I have been questioned so much as to the merits of the Pillow Inhaler, which is advertised in this paper, that I can only say, get one for yourself, as I have done, and you will find such relief and comfort that you will never want to sleep without it.

MARJORIE MARCH.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—I have been acquainted with you all, through our paper, for nearly two years, and have often wished to claim a right to stand among you, but have never dared to venture. To-day I was looking over the February number, and reading Cecil Leigh's kind, good letter, I thought perhaps she might give me a welcome, so I stand at the door of admittance, waiting to hear my sentence. I became acquainted with our paper by getting married, and every month when my paper comes, I feel more thankful I did get married, and here, like so many others, I want to thank our kind editor for his valuable present to me. I was young and ignorant of the entire line of housework, and I have taken a good many profitable notes from THE HOUSEHOLD, and it has become doubly dear to me since baby came to enliven our home, and I watch with such interest for everything from young mothers, and more experienced ones also, I wish you would write more about your little ones, about training their baby minds. I feel my whole soul interested in this work, and feel so incapable of the responsibility placed on me. O Clarissa Potter, I often wish I had such a friend as you that I could talk with personally, it would be such a help to me.

I want to say a word to Nellie May about her coral tidy pattern. I cannot make it. I have tried and tried and so has a friend of mine who understands knitting better than I. When I read Sib's letter in a late paper, I felt almost discouraged, but have fully made up my mind that her paper and mine are different. I am willing to second her motion when I get mine right, for I am sure it will be very pretty. Nellie May, will you send the correct directions to me, and I will return the favor or send stamps?

Leonore Glenn, I guess your husband is not an engineer and a fireman both, if he was, I think you would want to boil your clothes. I tried your method after reading your letter, but the effect was so bad, I have hardly got over it yet.

Will some sister send me the combination underclothes pattern, and I will return the favor? Dear me, how much I had to say! I must stop, or our editor will be out of patience, and then I shall never learn how to knit that tidy. My cotton is already yellow, and my needles rusty.

Box 41, Adams, Mass.

GREYLOCK.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE BAND:—I hope I shall not become an unwelcome because so frequent a visitor. I must again beg the privilege of speaking *en masse* to the many sisters who have kindly favored me with letters. I am greatly interested in their letters, and I thank them warmly for their words of praise concerning Persis' yeast, and if it were possible I would gladly send a reply to all, but it would consume more time than I can command. To all who have written for recipe without sending stamp, I would say please consult the April number to find the reason why it has not been sent.

I suppose all the sisters read Marjorie's letter in a late number about little Maggie, and as I did, I intended to send an order to her. It was neglected though until I was introduced to little Maggie through my yeast, and was favored with some of her pretty handwork. The little boot is a beauty, and the paper doll a delight to my little six-year-old daughter. I hope all the sisters will re-read Marjorie's letter, and at once gladden Maggie by sending on their orders.

Ridge, S. C.

PERSIS.

MR. CROWELL:—If you permit I will step into the kitchen of our HOUSEHOLD, and let the sisters have the benefit of my experience in ore

or two matters. The question, "What shall I do with my HOUSEHOLDS?" has been agitating my mind for a couple of years, but one morning the matter was brought to an issue by finding the mice were using choice bits of them for nest-building. I took them from the shelf, and piled them by my machine, determined to let them lie there until I solved the question, "What to do with my HOUSEHOLDS?" Money might have helped me to a solution long ago, but, sisters, our Kansas trees bear very few golden apples, so native wit must match our money want very often. I commenced with the January and February numbers, laid them back to back evenly together, measuring the length, then took a strip of domestic cotton one and one-fourth inches wide, put it over the margin of the backs, held it in place with fingers and pins, and after lengthening the stitch of the machine, I bound the two numbers, stitching the entire length, far enough from the printing not to interfere in reading them. I bound in twos the numbers of each year, being careful to arrange them in the order of their publication, then taking up the numbers for half a year, commencing with January, with a stout needle and thread, I whipped or overcast the bindings together. When one-third the distance, I caught in with the stitches a stout piece of tape five or six inches long. I overcast another third of the length of the back, and caught up the loose end of tape, making a secure strap to hang up by, and then finished overcasting the volume. I finished the set for two years in this way, then took a large thick paper covering the margins of my volumes all round, cut an opening in the center, drew the straps through, and hung them out of reach of mice, secure from dust, and in a form convenient for reference. I was so much pleased with the result that I determined to tell the sisters how to preserve their HOUSEHOLDS. It is well to preserve a good paper, book, or magazine, that, years hence, the children may enjoy what mothers and aunts have read with pleasure and profit.

Mollie Myrtle inquired about an electric hair brush. I can recommend "Hill's Electric Brush," for nervous headache, dandruff, itching of the scalp, etc., but have not used it long enough to produce much effect in darkening my hair, but I have no doubt that it has produced this effect, and will, when used long enough, darken the hair. Aside from all this, simply as a hair brush, I would willingly pay the price yearly for the pleasure of its use. It is cooling and very pleasant in its effect upon the scalp, delightfully so when one is suffering with headache, and a friend applies the brush for the sufferer.

Dear sisters, I enjoy so much the good things you all contribute. Many of the recipes help me very much. The lace patterns are generally beautiful. I have knit many yards from HOUSEHOLD contributors' samples. I have wanted to make exchanges of plants, patterns, pieces, etc., but we are such a large family, I have feared the flood of good things coming to me, might fail of receiving a just recompense at my hands, so I have let all offers pass because my handful of fossils and ores, and even a whole tree of petrified wood, might fail to equal the demand.

Will some one recommend a good stove polish? I sent money for a sample box of the "Lightning Stove Polish," advertised in a late HOUSEHOLD, but failed to hear from the firm.

Dixon, Butler Co., Kan.

M. A. R.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have only been a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD one short year, and what a comfort it has been to me. I have welcomed its coming every month as I would the face of a kind friend. What a feast the January number has been, and may every number of 1882 be equally as good.

I enjoy Mrs. Flanders' letters, and only wish I could correspond with her. I have only had two years' experience with house-plants, and therefore I would like to correspond with some experienced person who could give me advice. Emily Hayes, Hans Dorcomb, Gladys Wayne, I love you all, and hope to know you better in future.

Rosamond E., I do not see why it is so many think you a myth, a sham, and think it such a dreadful thing to bring up such a large family. My grandmother raised thirteen children of her own and two orphans and all grew to be intelligent men and women. I am one of eleven children, and there never was a more loving family of brothers and sisters.

I have been greatly benefited by the many good recipes, and ask if some experienced sister will send her recipe for scalloped oysters.

Patty Pitkin, you will think it poor comfort when I tell you I had a hearty laugh about your ironing.

Let us have a word from our Florida sisters concerning their flowers.

This is my first attempt in writing to THE HOUSEHOLD, and I may have a word to say in the future.

MRS. MARY E. ORCUTT.

London, Madison Co., Ohio.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—You are welcomed to my home each month right gladly, and your sayings and doings have been such a help to me, that I feel constrained to add my thanks to the host of others whom you have so befriended, by your

brave victories over the forces that are forever contending to keep us chained to the earthy, and to make us mere humdrum workers, without giving us the blessed consciousness of the grandeur that lies in fulfilling even the humblest duty in a spirit of grace.

"Who sweeps a room as by His will,
Makes that and the action fine."

These noble lines of Herbert's have breathed comfort and hope to a weary soul and body times innumerable. I heartily agree with Myra's little preachment, in the February number, in reference to "What we shall teach girls." Too many mothers err in mistaken kindness, and leave their daughters to grow up in helpless ignorance of even the smallest household duty. If with the drudgery the spirit of those grand old lines, which have just been quoted, were infused into the doing, how cheery life would grow, and how all the daily wearying little "must be done's" would be ennobled! But to all are given divers gifts, and if our girls display real talent for any one of the fine arts, encourage them with all the help it is in your power to give, to persevere and press onward to perfection, and you will surely be rewarded an hundred fold. Emily Hayes, Cecil Leigh, Anna Howard, Rosamond E., Marjorie March—there, this pen would run on indefinitely should I have the temerity to tempt Mr. Crowell's patience with a list of names, I dare only ask you all, dear Band, will you greet another sister?

ANISE STRANGE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have had a little unpleasant experience lately, and come to you for words of cheer you know so well how to give. I will tell you just what it was, or is, for it is still rankling in this sensitive heart of mine. I was spending the day with a distant relation of my husband's. She had not been living here long, and spoke as though asking for information. "Cousin Hester, is it true, as I have heard, that Cousin Sallie and Cousin Mary, my husband's mother and sister, made a good deal of fun of you when you were first married?"

"How?" was all I could say.
"Why, the way you dressed, principally."
"Not that I know of," was my quiet reply. Then for fear of hearing something more, I changed the subject, but not my thoughts. Her nice dinner, a few moments later, did not tempt me in the least. I had a big lump in my throat that prevented my swallowing easily. Now I know my taste in dress is better than either of these women, and my trousseau six years ago was in good style, and in every way suited to the sphere into which I came, but this appeases me very little. I cannot tell my dear, kind husband, or he would say something to relieve my troubling mind. Don't tell me to consider the source, I have done that already, and it hurts still. Don't tell me to quit thinking about it. I do try, but the hateful little thought keeps coming back. It is not so persistent, however, and I think in a few days I will be able to banish it entirely, except those occasional moods when unpleasant thoughts intrude themselves. Why cannot we all feel as did that great and good man who said: "I see in this world two great heaps, one of misery and one of happiness. If I can take from the first and put to the last in the least degree, I shall be satisfied." For the sake of humanity, sisters, let us all cultivate this quality.

I am an ardent admirer of our paper, and for six years have read, learned and been comforted by it. Indeed, I scarcely see how I could have kept house in those first years of housekeeping without it, I was so inexperienced. Now I pride myself on a good many things in that line, and feel like reaching out my hand to all new housekeepers, to help lift them to the round on which I stand. I intend to write a letter, some day, just for them.

HESTER RYE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—A Sabbath day at home alone with baby, while the others are at church. I have been reading the last number of our HOUSEHOLD journal, and laying it aside, my thoughts turn toward the many sisters, who, like myself, are unable to attend church much, because of a baby to tend. How I would like to look in upon you in your homes scattered so far apart over our wide stretching continent, and even beyond it. We mothers have to keep busy Sabbath mornings as well as the other mornings of the week. At our house there is always a bustling about and doors flying until all are ready for church. Then baby and I stand at the window and see them off. Afterwards I pick up the scattered garments, wing the white ashes back on the hearths, puffed out by breezy doors, put the rooms in order again, and when baby is having her long forenoon nap, as now, a mother can rest a bit.

"All cannot go up to Jerusalem to worship," an old lady once said to me in her home, when she heard the church bells ringing, and reverently folded her palsied, withered hands, knowing it was prayer time at the church. I love to feel that God will accept this home worship and smile upon it when we cannot go to His house for devotions. I love to feel that the mothers and their little ones are very dear to our Heavenly Father, and that our babes are lent treasures from Him. Precious, precious loans they are to us.

Do you not, when you have some heavy burden on your heart, some great want especially urgent and dear, that you feel God must surely and speedily grant, do you not choose the hour to plead with Him when baby is snuggled in your arms, falling to sleep peacefully and sweetly, and over the dear little head you bow your own to breathe your petitions, because of the nearness a little child brings to God and his angels?

How much wisdom and grace one needs to train children as one should? One cannot commence too young to plant the tiny seeds of truth in child hearts, nor too early begin the work that Satan will fight you to the end not to do. I am daily shocked and grieved to see how young a child will show its birthright of sin and disobedience.

In an old blank volume I have pasted scriptural pictures, derived from various sources. I try to be very careful in my selections, and with these illustrations a bible story is eagerly listened to, and more apt to be remembered, or some bit of it. He calls it his bible book, and gives me no peace Sabbath afternoons until I get it and tell him several stories. Sometimes I wonder if he lives to be a man, will the perusal of these same old, old stories of the bible, in the years to come, bring to his memory this old spotted covered book, his childhood home and his mother. But the future we must leave with God, and in the present strive to patiently teach "line upon line, precept upon precept." CLARISSA POTTER.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs, and three-fourths cup of grated chocolate. Stir the butter and sugar to a cream, add the beaten yolks of the eggs, beat well, then the whites beaten to a stiff froth, alternately with the flour, beat very hard, stir in the chocolate, and bake in one large cake or in square tin pans. Put two small teaspoonfuls of baking powder into the dry flour.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD.—Two cups of sour milk, one cup of warm water, one cup of molasses, one large teaspoonful of soda, three cups of Indian meal, and one cup of flour. Steam three hours, and bake one-half hour. It may seem thin, but it will be just right when it is done. Please try it sisters, and tell me if it isn't.

NOVELTY CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one-third cup of butter, one large half cup of milk, and one teaspoonful of baking powder in two cups of flour. This makes enough for three layers. Flavor with lemon. Scrape fine two squares of Baker's chocolate, mix with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of milk, set over the teakettle until the consistency of molasses, flavor or not as you like. Take the juice of one lemon, mix stiff with powdered sugar and beaten whites of two eggs, this can be colored with strawberry juice if desired. When the cake is cold put in first a layer of chocolate and then a layer of lemon, frosting the top with the chocolate. Do not prepare the chocolate until you are ready to use it. MRS. A. J. C.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, beat together, add three-fourths cup of thick sweet cream, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, nutmeg, flour enough for a thin batter, and bake in a steady oven with care.

COCOANUT CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, not quite one-half cup of butter, two-thirds cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, flour to make a thin batter, and bake in layers. For jelly beat together one-half cup of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of thick sweet cream until thick, spread between layers of cake, also on top, and spread thickly with cocoanut.

COM.

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter, one cup of brown sugar, half a pint of New Orleans molasses, two eggs, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one pound of flour, one pound of currants, one pound of raisins, and flavor to suit your taste. This is very good and easily made. Enough for two loaves.

FIG CAKE.—One large cup of butter, two and one-half cups of white sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three pints of flour with three teaspoonfuls of Royal baking powder sifted in it, one and one-half pounds of figs cut in strips like citron, put in the flour, mix these well together and let stand while you beat the whites of sixteen eggs to a stiff froth and add to the rest, beat only enough to mix thoroughly, put in pans and bake until done. You can tell by trying with a broom straw the same as other cake. No flavoring is required.

DELICATE CAKE.—One cup of white sugar, and one-half cup of butter, beat the butter and sugar to a cream, then add half a cup of sweet milk, fill the cup of milk with cold water till it is two-thirds full, two cups of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in, mix all together and then add the whites of four

eggs beaten to a froth. Flavor with lemon. Bake in jelly pans and put frosting or jelly between, or bake in a loaf. Nice both ways, though I prefer it baked in layers. Just here let me say that if you want your cakes to be nice, always add the whites of eggs the last thing before putting the cakes in the pans and you are sure to have nice, light cakes. When I use the yolks I do not beat them, but put them in with the sugar and butter and beat all together, and I always have just as nice cakes as can be made with more work.

COM.

GOOD CORN BREAD.

Two cups Indian, one cup wheat,
One cup sour milk, one cup sweet,
One good egg that will you beat,
Half cup molasses too,
Half cup sugar add thereto,
With one spoon of butter new,
Salt and soda each a spoon,
Mix up quickly and bake it soon,
Then you'll have corn bread complete,
Best of all corn bread you meet;
It will make your boy's eyes shine
If he is like that boy of mine.
If you have a dozen boys
To increase your household joys,
Double then this rule, I should,
And you'll have two corn cakes good.
When you've nothing nice for tea,
This the very thing will be.
All the men that I have seen
Say it's of all the cakes the queen;
Good enough for any king
That a husband home may bring;
Warming up the human stove,
Cheering up the hearts you love,
And only Tyndall can explain
The links between corn bread and brain.
Get your husband what he likes,
And save a hundred household strikes.

MRS. T. M. SOUTHARD.

COOKIES.—One cup of butter, three cups of sugar, three eggs, one cup of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, and spice to taste. Will keep a long time.

MOLLIE.

TO BLEACH COTTON CLOTH OR CANTON FLANNEL.—Soak the cloth over night in clear warm water; take one pound of chloride of lime and dissolve it in one pailful of warm water and strain, then add six pails of water; soak the cloth in the lime water over night, keeping it well covered with water lest it should spot. Then take one pint of vinegar to a pail of water, and soak the cloth four or five hours, rinse thoroughly and hang in the sun to dry. This quantity of lime will bleach about twenty yards of cloth.

CREAM COOKIES.—Three cups of sugar, one and one-half cups of thick cream, two eggs, flour enough to roll, nutmeg and soda.

LEMON PIE.—Grate the outside and squeeze the juice from three lemons, peel and grate three raw potatoes, two cups of molasses, and one cup of sugar. Mix well. Line a deep plate with crust and partly fill with the lemon mixture, lay on a thin crust, fill the pie, and cover the top and bake. I make them on common pie-plates with two crusts.

ANOTHER.—Juice and grated rinds of two lemons, four pounded crackers, two cups of water, and one and one-half cups of sugar.

COM.

SQUASH CAKES.—One cup of sifted squash, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and one teaspoonful of butter. Bake in a quick oven in a gem pan.

MRS. L. WAIT.

SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Nice baked in layers for jelly or cocoanut cake.

OAT MEAL GRIDDLECAKES.—Two cups of oat meal mush, two eggs, one tablespoonful of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, and flour for a thin batter.

I use the Dover Egg Beater, and could not do without it.

JULIA.

TO COLOR NANKEEN.—Fill a five-pail brass kettle with small pieces of white birch bark and water, let steep twenty-four hours and not boil, then skim out the bark, wet the cloth in soap suds, then put it in the dye, stir well and air often; when dark enough dry, then wash in suds. It will never fade.

H. P. M.

JELLY CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, three tablespoonfuls of sour cream, and flour to make a thick batter. Bake in three jelly tins.

A. E. W.

SNOW PIE.—Two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, wet the starch in cold water, as for making starch, pour on one pint of boiling water until it gets as thick as jelly, add one cup of

sugar, keeping it on the stove till it comes to a boil, stirring all the time, then add the white of one egg, well beaten, and one teaspoonful of lemon. Bake the piecrust first as for jelly pies, put the above mixture in, and set in a cool place, as it does not keep good long.

MRS. EMMA M. HUNT.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Will some one send the recipe for the coloring preparation for red frosting? MRS. S. L.

If A Subscriber will rub her scratched furniture with turpentine after which thoroughly rub with boiled linseed oil, she will find it cheaper and better than varnish. AROC.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some lady kindly give directions for making yeast cakes of hops? I have looked over my HOUSEHOLDS, but can find none for using hops. MRS. F. S. JACKSON.

Meria, Limestone Co., Tex.

Will some one please give directions for hard pudding sauce, and other kinds of pudding sauce, also for making spinach salad? ZENO.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—If any of you have tried Lucy Palmer's way of making bread without kneading, please report your success. I have tried it twice, and failed both times. I followed her directions exactly. I should like very much to be successful in baking that way, for it is so little work. MARY SMITH.

Will some one tell us how to prevent stoves from rusting, when they are put away for the summer?

What is the best way to brighten up old furniture, and remove scratches, and white spots on a table caused by ironing on it? The table is mahogany. An early answer will greatly oblige, A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

MR. CROWELL:—I come to THE HOUSEHOLD in my perplexity for help. Some of the sisters seem to think the bread question exhausted. I for one do not. I have tried many of the recipes given in our paper, some good, others indifferent, but I have not yet found the perfect loaf. Can any of the sisters help me? What I most wish to know, is how to make the bread that is so beautifully light, white and flaky. Is it a secret known only to the baker fraternity? A. M. A.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please tell A. E. Lake that isinglass can be kept clear by washing occasionally in clear, tepid water. The isinglass in our sitting-room coal stove is as clear as when new, which was January, 1881. There has been a fire in it since then, when needed. The fire is started in autumn with charcoal, and rubbish is never put in the stove. PEACE-MAKER.

MR. CROWELL:—Will you please ask whether any one can tell me what will remove ink stains from books without injuring the paper? MRS. C. W. PLYMPTON.

Will Dr. Hanaford please give directions for dieting for fleshy people? Can any one tell me whether Health Food is prepared in any way especially for the use of those troubled with too much flesh?

You may say to Dorothea that she need not hesitate to purchase a Robbins washer. I have used one for more than a year, and find it to be just as recommended. SADIE N.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—To prevent an iron sink from rusting, apply with a brush one-fourth pound of asphaltum dissolved in spirits of turpentine. M. H. D.

Will some one tell me what makes the top of my cooking stove rough, and what will remedy it? JULIA.

Isadore, buy five cents' worth of rose coloring at your drug store, and use a few drops of it for your icing, cake, candy, etc., and you will have them beautifully colored. It is perfectly clean, tasteless, and harmless.

Marigold, I send you the following, which I have always found to be good: Select nice, fresh clusters of grapes, cut the ends smooth, and dip into melted sealing wax, then put them in cotton batting, pack them away in wooden boxes, and keep them in a dry, cool place.

If C. L. B. will make strong tea putting in a few rusty nails, and boil her hair in it, it will darken it. LONG ISLAND.

MR. CROWELL:—Will Emily Hayes, or some other sister, please tell me what is the matter with my meringues. I have always had beautiful ones till I hardly dare say it in THE HOUSEHOLD—I had a Dover egg beater. Now, beaten with that, three eggs will not make more than two would beaten with a knife, and they draw away from the edge of a pie into a little heap in the middle, and are really very exasperating to a tired housekeeper who thinks she has put away a beautiful frosted pie. If some one would help me out, I should be greatly obliged, for John is very fond of "two-story pies." L. A. HALL.

The Parlor.

PERFECT TRUST.

My boat is on the open sea
Which storms and tempests toss,
I know not of the ills to meet
Before I get across.

I do not know how long or short
The fiftful voyage may be;
But patient I'll abide His time
Who built the boat for me.

'Tis fully manned in every part,
Hope is the anchor fair;
The compass that it has is faith,
And every oar is prayer.

Sometimes I see the breakers nigh,
The ocean madly roars,
But all I do is simply this:
Bend closer to the oars.

At times the waves run mountain high,
And threaten me to strand;
I fear not, for He holds them in
The hollow of His hand.

The fog at times obscures my course,
I see the way but dim;
But well I know I cannot drift
Beyond the sight of Him.

I know not where the shoals may lie,
Nor where the whirlpools be,
It is enough, dear Lord, to feel
That they are known to Thee.

And thus content I glide along,
If either slow or fast,
Well knowing He will surely bring
Me safe to port at last.

A CITY GIRL'S STORY.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

FOR the origin of the ensuing story, its readers must be referred to a picturesque little farming settlement enclosed among the hills of New Hampshire. There the story was lived, and I will give it to you as it was related by the crackling blaze of the evening fire, in a large summer boarding house, away in the Catskills, where a variety of human folk had congregated a few years ago.

The home of the story-teller was in New York city, her friend an inhabitant of the New Hampshire farming district introductorily mentioned. The acquaintance of the friends began in school days, a firm friendship developed, and, at the time of the graduation of both the girls, they mutually agreed to prolong their intimacy by spirited correspondence, and each to visit the other as opportunity should offer. Accordingly, the city friend received an urgent invitation to spend a future summer at Maple Farm, and without a great deal of preparation, she started on her journey.

I may as well substitute some names for the friends, so I will call the prospective visitor, Helen, and the anticipative hostess, Kitty, while the brother of Kitty you shall know as Allan. Allan had graduated from college the year prior to Kitty's release from school life, and he was still pursuing his studies at home, intending to become proficient in a special branch of science, to which he gave absorbed attention, while also expending considerable oversight and labor upon the farm.

Kitty had been home from school but two years when her mother died, and the father did not long survive. These heavy sorrows left Kitty, with no companion in the home save her brother, and he was busied with farm details all the long days. Evenings they pursued their studies together in the same little library, for, truth to tell, Kitty was more studious than domestic, although she did not find much difficulty in providing for the physical wants of herself and her brother. It had been the aim of their parents to have both the son and the daughter well educated, and their comfortable income, properly managed, enabled them to afford good advantages. Allan was very helpful in his sister's accumulation of knowl-

edge. They read the best literature together, and winter was their harvest time of book lore.

Kitty had never become skilled in household labors, but, by the aid of a neighboring woman, who came in on washing and ironing days, at those times performing sundry other duties, greatly to the satisfaction of the young farmer and his sister, she succeeded in keeping the domestic machinery in motion. Allan, of course, employed some help upon the farm, and thus the two thrived. Kitty often longed to see her friend Helen, again, and finally reminded her of the promised visit, urging her to fulfill it at once, and holding forth all the inducements that she could to entice her thither. They would, she and Helen, abandon the summer to pleasure, ignoring books and work.

So Helen despatched the letter which put her friend in an ecstasy of delight, and, before many days elapsed, was speeding on her way towards the far New Hampshire home.

Kitty sent Allan to the depot to meet her friend. Allan had a nice horse and buggy of his own. At the moment of his starting, the late afternoon was bright and propitious of a pleasurable ride for the expected guest. Before a mile had been gained, however, a threatening cloud overhung the western horizon. Allan observed it with all the indifference of man nature. Arriving at the depot, he found his sister's friend awaiting his summons. She with the natural suspicions of womankind, of a dark, impending cloud, inquired if he thought there were likelihood of rain. Allan scanned the heavens with a curious expression of mingled obligingness and unconcern, replying that "perhaps that black cloud means a shower, but I saw it in coming over, and guess it will not fall right away." Helen's luggage he sent on before by a smart, young wagon boy, and afterwards assisting his charge into the buggy the ride on and over the hills commenced. Helen, notwithstanding her native sociality and liveliness, felt herself growing depressed in spirits as the whole firmament assumed an ominous look. Presently, a drop moistened the tip of her nose, a large one fell upon her wrist, and a third gave her a cold kiss upon the lips. Here was approaching trouble. She protected her head gear as well as possible with her handkerchief and pretty parasol, but the drops increased in size and quantity. She dared not hint of her predicament to her companion, who seemed to think that they were getting over the ground at such a rate as would free them from any serious misfortune from the elements.

All the while that Helen was thinking of the probable ruin of her hat, her companion appeared to think chiefly of his horse, as at every long hill they neared, he would alight from the buggy, in order to spare the strength of the animal in the ascent. Helen could not refrain from wishing that she were better acquainted with him, in which case she would make some demands for self at the risk of that provoking horse, for besides her hat, she was positive that she should undergo a wetting from the coming rain that would make her sick. She plainly discerned that the man was no country boor, indeed, she knew from his sister's eulogiums of him that he must be quite a model personage as to character, therefore she could not account for his manifest indifference to the feelings of a lady in such a vexatious circumstance as this in which she was held. She was growing more and more excited inwardly, while Allan discoursed as complacently as an imperious man can, about the country, its freedom from restraint, and its salubrious breezes, till, but for the inspiring

thought of at last meeting Kitty, Helen would have lost her self-possession in a flood of tears. As it was, her will was strong and her heart still stronger, and she maintained her equilibrium by dwelling upon her darling Kitty, who she was mentally persuaded, would be more solicitous for her welfare than was her brother. At last they were in sight of the pleasant-looking farm house, which Allan signified by a point of his whip towards it.

"Oh," thought Helen, "if we can only get there before it rains any harder!" whereupon, there came a quick dash from above, a minute's slacking afterward, followed by a small deluge, which, as there was no top to the buggy, had free course, and drenched the riders through and through. Helen was now doubly uncomfortable. Her companion remained outwardly calm. He merely remarked "This is rather hard upon us when we are so near our destination."

Helen could not speak. The force of the rain shower compelled her to hold her peace and bow her head in humiliation. Miniature rivers suddenly sprang into being on either hand. Pools of water overspread the road, and the dust of a half hour ago was swiftly converted into that softer, and not less adherent substance termed mud, which the horse's hoofs threw in every direction, bespattering the occupants of the buggy behind.

Dripping with rain, the discomfited traveler at last reached what would have been a warm embrace. As it was, Kitty was obliged to bestow some hasty kisses of welcome, and then assist in relieving her guest of her wet garments, while Allan proceeded at once to render comfortable his animal, about which he still showed more concern than about himself, although Kitty shook at him a warning finger, saying, "Come to the house, and remove your damp clothing as speedily as you can, or I shall have you sick on my hands, dear boy."

To facilitate Helen's comfort, Kitty produced some articles from her own wardrobe, and a warm wrapper was pronounced necessary to prevent any sensation of cold catching, although the day had been rather warm.

"Now, you darling," exclaimed Kitty, "we may greet one another in proper fashion!"

Accordingly, for the moment, Helen's late experiences were obliterated from her mind, then it suddenly recurred to the hostess that the dripping garments, lying around in graceless confusion, on chairs, floor and table, should be carefully and at once disposed of dry. They were a sorry set, in truth. The stylish hat was totally ruined, so far as beauty was concerned. The traveling suit was limp and discolored, (which might have been preserved in these days of waterproofs and gossamers,) while minor articles were more or less affected by the episode. When the array was spread before the kitchen fire, the spectacle aroused the risibilities of the girls. Helen's trunk had safely arrived at the house before the shower advanced. But Kitty would not allow her to go to it for anything, while in her present state of weariness. Helen's greatest anxiety was about her bonnet, as she surveyed its flimsy, spotted ribbons, and its floral decorations flopping from side to side in the most ludicrous manner.

"Never mind," comfortably chattered the buoyant Kitty "You will not require a handsome hat while here, and when you go home, you will get another for autumn wear, you know. But Allan is not so much of a ladies' man as he might be, although he is an excellent brother, I assure you, and means to be kind to everybody. He might have

thought to stop at any of the neighbors' and borrow an umbrella and some wraps, for we know all the people hereabout."

Now Helen had not said a word of complaint to Kitty about the obtuse brother. But with feminine instinct, Kitty had clearly comprehended the pent up feelings of her friend, and her affection and attentions caused Helen in a great measure to forget her vexations, and enter briskly into conversation, the two taking up the details of mutual interest just where they had left them in the latest letter communication. Kitty had a tempting supper prepared for her guest. A friendly neighbor had come in and made up some extras, such as Kitty had never learned the mysteries of. After supper the friends chatted and "reminded" and laughed together, until at one of Kitty's brightest sallies, Helen significantly nodded, but with eyes quite closed and lips as inexpressive.

"Well, Puss! I guess you had better put your friend to bed," was Allan's interposition, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"I will show her to her room, and let her put herself to bed," smilingly responded the sister.

Passing a hand gently across Helen's forehead, she restored her to a conscious state, hastening her to needed rest. Not long afterwards Helen was in dream land, awaking next morning, sensibly refreshed, and charmed with the picturesque views which her windows commanded. The birds were caroling, the rain of the previous day had resuscitated the whole of nature, and diamonds were suspended from every twig of bush and tree, the odors of sweetest flowers gratifying her sense of smell.

It was June. The day promised to be perfect, one of those days so characteristic of the month. The robins appeared to be thinking about the delights of the morning, as they took brief rests from their tugging at the moist ground for their own breakfast and that of their wide-mouthed, waiting young ones. One that had probably gotten the start of the others about his morning meal, was perched upon the topmost bough of a maple tree, making the air resonant with his clear notes of praise. Helen believed she was in an enchanted land. She loved the country. Her mother and sister were devotees of fashion, and they were perpetually seeking pleasure and society. They had thought Helen very foolish to accept an invitation from a "way back country girl," and to spend the whole summer, moreover, when she might, even were she persistent in meeting her school-mate, at least, join them, after a fortnight's stay with Kitty, and have a season at Newport.

"You will be anxious enough to leave the stupid country, before you have been there a month, and then you will wish you had not been so hasty in your engagement, Helen," were the parting words of her sister, who had never known Helen to retract from an agreement once made, "and if you should follow us, after all, you will get a good laughing at. In that event, you will first have to come home and renew your wardrobe," for Helen had, at Kitty's instruction, decided to leave behind her elegant dresses, and furnish herself with plenty of cambrics and lawns, with one dress of warmer texture, and but one for company wear, so with these, her traveling suit donned, she started, appreciating the opening novelty of her summer jaunt.

"We shall see about that," was Helen's response to her sister's comments, as she kissed her good by, also giving the mother an affectionate farewell, her father escorting her to the depot, and see her aboard the train that was to bear her so far away.

But Kitty had comprehended the nature of the friend whom she had urged to pass a whole season in the country, and the two girls were happy together in the long days and dewy evenings. Allan spent considerable time with them, for he always liked to add to his dear sister's pleasure, and he was favorably impressed with the character of Kitty's chosen friend. They went rowing, fishing, climbing the hills and mountains, but more often the girls went on botanizing excursions, improving their hours together in pushing investigations in the science which was a favorite one with both. Sometimes Kitty and Helen were granted the privilege of taking the horse and buggy, always with directions to use the animal considerably, to bring home loads of botanical treasures which might be too cumbersome to carry. Both of the girls were intensely interested in the details of this branch of science, and desirous of securing all the new specimens discoverable, to preserve in *hortus siccus* fashion.

The evenings were spent mostly at home, the young people engaged mostly in music or conversation. Helen was the singer, her voice having received early and continued culture from the best masters in New York. Kitty never wearied of Helen's rendition of the sweet and simple compositions of Millard, or of any pathetic songs, to which her voice seemed peculiarly adapted, doubtless because of her possession of soul to appreciate and interpret them, while in operatic and difficult pieces, she also excelled. Helen, in her turn, was ever a grateful listener to the various and brilliant performances of Kitty upon her pianoforte. In Allan's nature there was no apparent call for music, excepting that of cheerful words and amiable tones from those around him. Before Helen came to Maple Farm, he would always contrive a quiet escape whenever the piano was used. And so Kitty had her musical hours in solitude, unless companions, which was infrequent, were present. She had believed Allan would be transported with musical upliftings, when Helen should come and surprise him with the wonders of the human voice. But, no, he was impervious to the charm, nor could he distinguish one note from another, albeit he could have given the full history, so far as it had been recorded, of both poetry and song, excepting in those few national airs, with which his ears had been familiar since childhood. To please his sister Allan made earnest endeavors to appreciate the uncommon quality of her friend's voice in singing. But how could he appreciate uncommon qualities, when those far more common were dull strains to his ears? He was too honest to feign admiration of anything, and music was to him a "lost art." Ostensibly to excuse his own lamentable defect, he told Helen of an acquaintance of his, who, in college days, was partially affected as himself. He could only distinguish melody in the human voice, and defined instrumental executions as "a succession of jarring sounds, excessively harsh and disagreeable" and his (Allan's) philosophy was, that while his college friend was deficient in physical organization, he himself lacked, so far as musical perceptibility was concerned, both physical and mental perfection.

So the weeks of Helen's visit passed until October, with its crisp, cool days, offered new pleasures. There were nutting excursions, and gathering of autumn trophies. The yellow plumes of the golden-rod nodded to the happy girls as they passed them in their rambles, asters of various hues from deepest purple to the most exquisite shades of lavender, held out their pretty racemes in an inviting manner. These the rambles patronized,

still more eagerly availing themselves of the wonderful clusters of large, red bitter-sweet berries, just in their prime, and gently extricating the tangled vines of the virgin's bower, which trailed over the soft grass, clambering up and over briery bushes and lichen covered fences, and running riotously on the other side, where interested, tender-eyed kine, as they complacently chewed the cud, closely observed the doings of the girls. Up on the hillsides, Helen and Kitty spied showy specimens of October's own, and also in the swamps the shining sumach, arrayed in its most tantalizing garb of red and gold. But they were true botanists, and understood its deceptive nature, hence were not too easily allured by suspicious plants. Moreover, Kitty had once received a practical lesson by means of which she had profited, as one does who, in the uninitiated years of life, takes unto himself a charming friend to be lacerated and stung by the venom of that friend (?) in suffering leisure. Kitty had been poisoned by the handsome sumach, the most deadly of herbal poisons to the touch or scent, and one such lesson was sufficient. "Some persons," she told Helen, "can handle either it or mercury without injury."

"But I suppose that is because their skins are less susceptible to the virulence of the plants, is it not?" queried Helen.

"Yes," returned Kitty, "for I have known of persons who have suffered amputations in consequence of the condition of their hands from the poison sumach."

Over the bright wood fire, the girls and Allan roasted chestnuts, and cracked their harmless jokes. Helen began to think of returning to the city, but Kitty demurred at the hearing, and declared that she ought not to think of it until after the first snow should fall. "After your first sleigh ride over these splendid hills," Kitty added, "you shall be at liberty to go, although I shall languish with heart-sickness at loss of your society, while you, Helen, will be in such a whirl of city excitements that you will not pine for the fair New Hampshire lass."

"You know that there is nothing in city life that can stand to me in the stead of your own dear self," reproachfully answered Helen, adding that she should delight to stay with her longer, but that her mother and sister would surely think that she had deserted them. Her sister's last letter had alluded to her separation from herself in a personally aggrieved manner.

"Well, then, I must make the most of you while you do remain with me," was Kitty's comment.

A few days later the girls started upon their last ramble. There were some especial treasures that Helen desired to procure before she turned her face citywards. They had walked but a quarter-mile from home, and were briskly chatting and merrily laughing, when a quick cry of pain from Helen alarmed Kitty. Helen had seized her friend's arm for support, but finally fell at Kitty's feet as she endeavored to step. She was faint from the pain, and her pale countenance and strange expression caused an answering pain at Kitty's heart.

"What is it, dear?" inquired Kitty.

"I think my ankle is sprained," gasped Helen.

Kitty surveyed the lonely scene around them in secret dismay. She knew that to carry Helen all the way to the farm house would be impossible, although she was quite strong, and Helen of smaller build than herself. Nor did she dare to leave her. She took rapid and anxious surveys about, at last actually discerning the form of a man in the distance. He came a trifle nearer to her vision. Hope sprang within her breast, for the man,

surely was one of her brother's own farm hands, and she hastily pulled off her scarlet sacque, and waved it frantically in the air. A little nearer came the man. Was it because he saw the signal? Then why did he not hasten to reach her? Impatient of every passing second, and with Helen lying partially unconscious at her feet, she finally gave a clear shout of "Come here! Come here, quick!"

This call appeared to enlighten the man's mind, for Kitty could see him give a swift bound forward, and in a brief time he confronted her. Observing the prostrate figure, he comprehended the situation, and spoke re-assuringly to Kitty. "I shall carry the young lady to the house, Miss, shall I not? and then I will tell Mr. Allan you want him at once."

At Kitty's assent he carefully lifted the suffering Helen, hastily, but steadily, bearing her to the farm house, while Kitty ran on ahead, in order to be in readiness to receive her precious charge, and give her kind attentions. To her great relief Allan met her on the door step, he having been to the house for some working materials wanted, and at Kitty's suggestion he took a horseback route to the doctor's without delay. Kitty's right hand neighbor knowing something was wrong, when Allan rode the horse at that rate, immediately presented herself at the farm house, Helen giving her a most hearty welcome. The kind woman's experience was worth a great deal to the sufferer as well as to the solicitous Kitty, who did her every bidding with care and despatch. When the doctor arrived, and examined the patient's limb, he exclaimed cheerily, "Well, Miss Kitty! you and your good neighbor here have been doing just the best things for your friend, for the time."

Kitty's was a grateful heart, indeed. The doctor said the sprain was not a very serious one, but that the patient must be kept quiet for a few days, and not, on any account, be allowed to use the foot under several weeks.

So it occurred that Helen did not leave Maple Farm until after Thanksgiving day had come and gone. Her mother and sister were apprised of the necessity of her remaining with Kitty until she should regain the use of her foot. Under Kitty's attentive nursing, it gradually improved and strengthened, and Kitty employed every means for Helen's comfort, devising quiet amusements to while away the tedious hours of waiting for activity so customary with her. Thanksgiving day was spent by the young people of Maple Farm at an uncle's and aunt's of Kitty's and Allan's, Helen being able by that time to ride, and quite enjoying the bracing atmosphere, and the music of the merry, jingling sleigh bells. This was her first sleigh ride over New Hampshire hills, although she had several ensuing ones. Helen had not waited until this special day of feasting with thanks to make herself as "plump as a partridge." The change of air had sharpened her appetite from the first, and she had not suffered lack of supplies for the increased demand for food. How did Kitty provide for her guest all through the months of summer and autumn? do you ask? As has been said, she was not much of a kitchen maid, although understanding how to keep her cheerful home in perfect order. But she could make good bread, an accomplishment which she had early learned from her mother, and for the rest, there were plenteous supplies of luscious fruits, in their seasons, baked apples in various kinds with creams, baked potatoes to eat with the sweet bread and butter with cheese, and nice dried beef, which Kitty knew how to serve either hot or cold, as occasion demanded. Then there were the light breakfast cakes, made from the milk soured, and sweetened with

the delicious maple syrup so abundant at the farm. Kitty's neighbor several times offered again to do some baking of meats and concomitants. But when Helen had detected that the kindly person had about enough for one pair of hands to do in her own home, she would not hear to it, and assured Kitty that the novelty of the Maple Farm housekeeping and subsistence, was too pleasant to her, forbidding any change in its methods during her stay. She and Kitty sometimes concocted delicate puddings, by putting their heads together over a page of one of the then current cook books. Since Helen's ankle was sprained, they had done this for one species of amusement, and success generally attended their endeavors, according as Allan's appreciation of such delicacies indicated.

But the girls spent far more time in pleasuring and in botanizing, (arranging their herbariums,) than in the solution of any kitchen mysteries. And both of them grew round and rosy. Helen had become nearly as brown too as the chestnuts she had gathered. She had entirely overlooked the importance of preserving her complexion, so often impressed upon her mind within her city home. She had so much increased in dimensions that only her cambrics and lawns were comfortable to wear. Of course, she could not wear the lawns, but some of the darker cambrics, now autumn had come, and these only in the house. When she went out, one of Kitty's wool dresses was more comfortable for breathing purposes, and likewise warmer than either her traveling suit or her other thick dress. Kitty's dress adapted itself to her form very well now that she could compete with her in size. In fact, she was unconsciously enlarging upon Kitty's proportions, but the dress was loose for its owner, therefore easy for Helen's wearing.

But when the day arrived for Helen's departure, imagine her perplexity at finding that neither her own cashmere nor her traveling suit waist would come together in the buttoning. Kitty's dress was not just the one for her to wear home. Kitty was taller than herself, and the wool skirt had had to be caught up with pins (neither of the girls could sew) for her to wear in the street and about the country. What should she do? Kitty knew no more than she did about altering dresses. Wear her traveling suit she must. So Kitty, seized with a new idea, ran and found a long piece of elastic cord, which she wound in and out of the button holes and around the buttons, pulling the waist up securely, until Helen thought she should get along very well in her journey homeward. Together the diligent though unskillful hands of the girls prepared Helen for her trip, and Allan procured a conveyance large enough to admit of holding Helen's trunk, besides Kitty as traveling companion to Helen as far as the depot. The friends were as merry as possible, considering that they were about to separate. Helen had engaged Kitty's promise to come to the city another winter if possible, although she could not for the near season, as Kitty "must spend it in close study with Allan, to repay for the summer recreation."

At last the kisses and good bys were exchanged. The train moved off, and Kitty and Allan sped away to the farm at the same time. Allan remarked, "That is a worthy friend of yours, Kitty. A pity you have not a sister like her. I suppose you do long for something more in the feminine line, or rather will, now your Helen has gone."

Although the brother and sister were devoted to one another, Kitty could not deny the probability of the future long-ling. But she rested her spirit in the anticipated letters from Helen.

Helen meditated upon her suddenly to-be-changed mode of existence, from freedom to restriction, from quiet to bustle, from real heart communion to the doubtful professions of fashionable acquaintances, in short, from reality to unreality of happiness. Certainly she must strive to keep her own heart uncontaminated by such influences. But how difficult to be as happy when not surrounded by the very atmosphere one loves and most desires! Helen had a few real friends in the city, none whom she loved as well as she loved Kitty, however. Her prospects were not insupportable by her spirit, albeit they seemed so, now that she was leaving the best friend of her heart. Her father was not addicted to fashion's demands and tyrannies, but he was devoured of business pursuits, as well he needed to be, to sustain even his small family in the requisite way of the metropolis.

The great Babel appeared to Helen's rested vision as an overcrowded world. She could almost have declared that it had increased a million-fold in population since she left it six months ago. Indeed, she felt herself in confusion, and gazed about in nearly as much astonishment as would the veriest rustic sight-seer, upon his first entrance into the immense city. Helen had not informed the family of her coming. Any one who could remain in the country after the fashionable season expired, was, in the opinion of her mother and sister, quite equal to any endurance.

Helen had disposed of her luggage, and now betook herself, by the aid of a "Have a kerridge, mum?" to the grand residence awaiting her delinquent self. No.—, Lexington Avenue. Her home! Could it be? It looked like the palace of grandeur itself. The driver opened the door of the vehicle, she alighted and ran up the long flight of steps, not at all with the stately motions becoming it. Entering the vestibule, she rang the bell, and soon the ebon-visaged Tom appeared, holding wide the door as he discovered the identity of the one who had summoned him. In his low bow and smile of welcome, there was more than obsequious recognition.

"Home, at last!" Helen said to the man, whose white teeth were displayed in genuine indication of the satisfaction that he felt in being addressed as if he were of human kin.

"Glad you has come, Miss, glad you has come. You will find the Missus and the young lady up stairs, Miss."

The familiar voice of the kind servant was grateful to Helen's ears. She found her mother in the lady's own room, and Miss Ida, hearing her sister's voice, arrived with much more speed than her feet were accustomed to use, at the apartment, from whence issued the cheery sounds, for she was really fond of her sister, and as far as was possible to her genteel nature, manifested her gladness at Helen's return, Helen being the life of the house. The mother had just held the daughter off from an affectionate embrace, to get a better view of her features, and was exclaiming, "My dear child, how glad I am to have you at home again! But you are so changed, dear. Do you know that you have become quite gross in appearance? and"—

But here Miss Ida ushered herself in, and doubtless intended a sisterly greeting, which was entirely forgotten, as she supplemented her mother's remarks with, "Helen Ellingworth! I should never have recognized you but for your voice. Doesn't she look like a gypsy, mamma?"

Little wonder that Helen was overcome by a flood of tears. The iterated speeches which betrayed more interest in her appearance than in her physical welfare, deeply grieved her.

"There, don't cry, Helen dear, it can-

not be helped," sighed the lady mother. And to her elder daughter, "You did not give your sister a very pleasant welcome home, Ida. In fact, you have not said her a word of welcome yet."

The dutiful daughter approached Helen with an air of pardon begging, imprinting a dainty kiss upon one cheek, which affectionate tribute again overwhelmed Helen, a sudden April shower through which sunny glances beamed.

Helen's was an impressive nature. She had hardly consulted the mirror since leaving home in the first days of summer. Everything pertaining to fashion and gentility, so-called, had been crowded from her thoughts by the joys of country life in connection with a cherished friend. As she removed her wrappings within her mother's room, and obtained a casual glimpse of herself in the opposite mirror, she realized for the first time the transformation, and lost all trace of her tears in a burst of uncontrollable laughter as it dawned upon her mind, what astonishment her altered appearance must, of necessity, have caused her mother and sister. The paroxysm was too severe upon the strength of the dress fastenings, and off flew buttons in every direction, in much less time than it had taken Helen's solicitous friend Kitty to secure them in proper position. Snap went the elastic, which had been stretched to its utmost capacity. And now Miss Ida and her mother found their risibilities likewise irrepressible, and joined in the laugh, wholly forgetful of gentility for the time being. Helen became almost hysterical as she reverted to the hour in which Kitty had assisted her to make a sure journey home, and the novel undoing of all. At all events, she was where she could remedy all such defective apparel now, and could afford the laugh, save for her sensitiveness regarding the mortification of her mother and sister on her account.

"Perhaps I have been too careless of my looks," was her meditation within the privacy of her own room afterwards. "Still I had such a happy summer with Kitty as I can never regret, I am sure. But I am home now, and must conform to the customs of society, so I will be brave and womanly, and bear all the taunts of mother and Ida, although they do not half know how they hurt me."

This Helen managed as only a forceful character with a strong heart can. When Mr. Ellingworth came to dinner, he was, in truth, surprised at his daughter's nut-brown face and stout figure, albeit he exhibited no signs of displeasure, simply remarking that he guessed New Hampshire airs had done more for her than Newport breezes had for her sister.

"What did they give you to eat, Helen?" was her father's query.

Helen gave the simple bill of fare.

"Well! it is not so expensive to grow plump, and acquire health on a farm, as it is to lose flesh and rosy cheeks, in a Newport season, is it?" was the second inquiry, as Mr. Ellingworth cast a mischievous glance at Miss Ida, to which that young lady, with some asperity, responded, "As if expense were to be considered, where pleasure is concerned, papa!"

"I am sure that I had real pleasure at Maple Farm," gently interposed Helen.

"Well," added the mother, who never could endure anything approaching a family quarrel, because it savored of low breeding, as she inferred something like it flashing from the elder daughter's eyes. "Well, girls, I presume you both had pleasure in your separate ways. I think Ida's way the more becoming to our station in life, however."

Was it a cheerful outlook for Helen? At all hazards she had a spirit that would not easily be crushed, and she sent many

letters over the route to Maple Farm, speedy replies being her reward.

Thus ends my portion of the story. Whether Kitty spent a winter with Helen in her city home, is unknown. It probably would not have been as pleasurable to her as was Helen's visit with herself at Maple Farm. My readers can imagine why. If Helen is still living, and has ever married, it is possible that she has had Kitty with her, many times, in a home of her own, for their friendship, as has been learned, was first pure, then true and enduring.

FAMILY RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

BY CHARITY SNOW.

"ENDED IN SMOKE."

"There is scarcely a school-boy, perhaps, in the land, who has not heard of Delmonico's restaurant in New York, the best of its kind in the United States, if not in the world. It is the place where a man, who has plenty of money in his pocket, goes for his dinner. It was established by the Delmonico brothers, Lorenzo and Siro, who have acquired a distinguished reputation by catering to the public taste and wants. Both men have recently died. Both lives ended in smoke, or in other words, both men smoked themselves to death. Lorenzo would smoke from thirty to forty strong Havana cigars in a day, and Siro twice that number of cigarettes in the same time. Both men were warned by eminent physicians, that death would be the result of such indulgence. Both disregarded the warning. Both dropped suddenly, and both are in the grave."

The foregoing extract is taken from a prominent journal, and is such a sad and startling commentary on the power of the tobacco habit, that I cannot refrain penning some thoughts on the subject for the benefit of "our boys," young and old, who are always more or less in the way of temptation, when tobacco in all forms is sold in every city and town in the country. It would seem that all would take warning from such sad cases, but it is a curious fact that tobacco users seldom are affected by any statements, however alarming, against its use. And a large majority of the young think that much ado is made about nothing, so, in the very face of these startling facts brought out by lecturers and by writers, in the face of a mother's or sister's pleading and tears, and a father's advice, (and happy is the boy whose father's advice and example tally,) in spite of all, they will deliberately and with pains learn to use tobacco. The perversity of human nature is a strange thing. What boy in his teens would for a moment endure the treatment, were his father to thrust a plug of tobacco before his face, and to command him to smoke or chew? What open and hot-headed rebellion would follow, especially if the mother upheld and approved the plan, and so backed up the authority of the father? Every sense of honor and justice the lad possessed would be aroused, and there would be a hard fight before he would yield, if ever. But let that same boy know how his friends despise tobacco, and in nine cases out of ten he will take great pains to learn to use it. The reason I cannot explain, except to refer to the old Adam and Eve story of the forbidden fruit.

I asked a boy not long ago what the object of boys was in learning to smoke, and he said it was for the fun of it. But I fail to see where the fun comes in when a party of boys get together to learn to smoke. They don't invite each other to their homes, where the parlor is lighted and warmed for their use, and where coffee and cake is served by fond mothers and sisters. Oh, no! not that. But you

will find them in some decayed old shop, or some low grocery store, that nursery of smokers, tilted upon the counter, or mounted upon a pile of boards in the rear of some ill-smelling out-house, some where, any where, where they can be out of sight of respectable people. And they call this fun! And yet acknowledge in the same breath, like a lad I know, that he wouldn't have his mother know he smoked for fifty dollars, not because he feared punishment, but because he knew it would just break her heart. Oh! shame upon you, boys, to blow away that which is best and truest in you in a cloud of tobacco smoke, and call it fun.

These private rehearsals are the first steps. The next is to become a gentleman smoker, which dignity he attains as he walks or rides, blowing the smoke from a cigar, occasionally removing it from his lips with a deft movement, holding it gingerly between the fore and middle fingers. This he considers the height of elegance. Bah!

The next rise is to become the inveterate smoker. He no longer affects the cigar, but settles down to the "solid comfort," as he will tell you, of the pipe. A meerschaum if he is a rich man, a clay pipe if he be a poor one. He smokes every where, at home, in the kitchen or the parlor, at his work, in the street. If he has great prosperity he smokes to celebrate the event. If adversity, he smokes to console himself.

The last stage is the aged smoker, whom none can respect, but to his level is every tobacco user in danger of falling. Having in his old age lost all control of his powers, he descends to depths of impropriety which I forbear to mention, but of which many have been the unhappy witnesses. In fact, in seeing him, one is more impressed with the existence of tobacco than the man. Tobacco is the most there is of him.

Now boys and young men, and older men, if you please, let us give a candid look at this subject, and see if the reasons against are not more weighty than those for the use of tobacco. I will take one side, and you shall take the other, and if in all good conscience and right reason you think your side of the argument the best, why then, you must "gang your ain gait," though I shall be unspeakably sorry, but do me the pleasure first to read this with a heart open to conviction, and a purpose to take the right, if you are indeed convinced.

Perhaps you may say, "What do you know about it, any way? You are a woman. You never used tobacco. How do you come to know so much about that in which you have had no experience?"

Very true. I have had no personal experience of its effects, neither have I had in the use of liquors and poisons. But, nevertheless, I need not to use them myself to know that liquor intoxicates and poison kills.

In one sense we women are greater sufferers from the use of tobacco than our male friends, for they have all the comfort, whatever that may be, while we have all the discomfort and mortification. And because we are pure in this thing is one reason why we have your love and esteem, for there is no boy or youth but has his lady friends who are dearer to him than those of his own sex. They may be older or younger, but they take a very warm place in his heart. He values their opinion; he appreciates their friendship; he wishes to stand high in their good graces, and because this is so, therefore I write. For know, young friends, that the habit of using tobacco in any form, lowers and degrades you to a certain degree, in the eyes of those whose good opinion you value most. Perhaps you can never know the sorrow it gives your best friends to know that you

are a slave to this habit. Almost every true woman is so unselfish that her own personal annoyance in the matter is as nothing to the thought that those who are dear to her, for whom she would bear and suffer much, have adopted a low standard of morals. I heard a lady say not long since, that she was told of the death of a good man, suddenly cut down in the prime and vigor of manhood by accident. The same day she was also told of a young friend who had lately learned to smoke. She said: "I did not feel half the horror to know that a good man had gone to his rest and his reward, with his work worthily done, as to know that a young man of promise had thus early in life weighted himself with a habit, which will be a life-long injury to him, and sorrow to his friends." Yet neither party was a very intimate friend, but such was her hatred of tobacco that she thus felt.

The expense of the habit is a consideration. Every one should learn in youth to make good use of his money, whether he have much or little. His success in life depends greatly upon this. The little spent daily for tobacco, in a life-time, makes a sum which might serve a worthy purpose. "Money a little makes a mickle." Do a little honest figuring here, boys. Multiply the sum you puff away daily in smoke by the number of days in a year, then by the number of years you hope to live, and that will be a good many for we all love life. Now that you have performed this little example in multiplication, see if there is not some use to which you can put this money which will give you more pleasure and profit, which will benefit instead of injuring you, physically, mentally and morally. Invest the same sum yearly in books and papers, or mechanical or farming implements, or luxuries, even, those which are harmless. Or allow yourself the luxury of being generous, there is always ample scope for that, and benevolence is a great educator and enlarger of the best and noblest in man.

It is injurious to the health. I think nearly all medical men are united in pronouncing tobacco a poison, slow but sure. I quote from a reliable source where it is classed with other poisons, as nux vomica, henbane, opium, oil of vitriol, copers, etc. "Tobacco is a narcotic poison of a bitter, acrid taste, containing an essential oil of a violently destructive nature." To such an extent has its use deteriorated the race, in one of the most powerful European countries, that it is against the law of the land for boys under a certain age to use it. What a pity that it is not a world-wide law that none should use it! Were this the case we should have vastly superior races of people than now. It induces heart disease and paralysis, and a host of other diseases.

It weakens the will power. Comparatively few who once form the habit ever give it up. They tell you they cannot. They may wish too, they may see the evil of it, but they have no power to resist. Some few, indeed, fight a fearful battle with this enemy, and come off triumphant, as a friend of mine did, and was thus unfitted for business for months. But now he says, "My health was never firmer, my brain never clearer, and my conscience never more at peace. Now I can go to heaven with a clear breath, and I am convinced that as for me I could never have gone without."

The society it leads one into, is another argument against the use of tobacco. Be honest with yourselves, young men, and say truly, when you have spent an evening with a crowd of loafers—smokers and chewers—do you go home feeling that you have taken an upward step towards pure and virtuous manhood? Would you have liked your mother, or wife, or sister, or sweetheart to have listened to

the conversation you heard, or perhaps participated in? How would you feel to see the fair-haired, bright-eyed, delicate, refined girl, that you some day hope will be your bride, perched upon a box or barrel, blowing off the smoke from her cigar or pipe, expectorating right and left, and with merry laughter and clear voice joining in the general talk? Would not your whole soul revolt at the idea? Would you not willingly give up the habit, rather than have her pure mind thus polluted? But what if she should become enamored with the idea of being a smoker? What if she refuses to give it up? What, if in spite of your tears and entreaties, she still keeps on? What if you see her daintily tripping by to her school or her work, serenely smoking her cigar, or riding with father, brother or friend with a pipe in her mouth? Would not that one bad habit be a fatal smirch upon all her beauty, youth and accomplishments? Would you not say, "She is no lady, and she manifests a total disregard for my feelings. I can never marry her?" And no one could or would blame you.

But that is precisely the position you occupy towards her. You the offending party, and she the sufferer and pleader. You would consider yourself very hardly dealt with were she to refuse to keep her promise. Yet you have disregarded her wishes. You have outraged her every sense of right and propriety. Pray tell me why it is any worse for a woman to use tobacco than a man? You say custom forbids it. That may be true, but custom does not make right or wrong, and I see no reason why it is more wrong for a woman to smoke than for a man. Analyze it. Do you smoke for amusement? Isn't the fair sex as fond of amusement, and haven't they as good a right to find it where they can? Do you smoke for your health, and can you condemn the patient, suffering invalid if she can find relief in the same way? Do you smoke to keep your spirits up? And doesn't woman need the same solace? Amid her ceaseless round of toil, her care for the young and aged of her family, her watchings beside the sick and dying, don't she need all the helps she can get to sustain her drooping energies and spirits? There is no condition in life in which you can be placed where you need the panacea of tobacco, but she can stand by your side and claim equal need.

It lessens the influence. I mean by this, of course, good influence. There are always plenty to follow a bad example, and thus multiply shame and sorrow. A person may greatly desire to influence in certain directions. He may be a firm temperance man, and yet when he argues with the drunkard, he turns and says, "It is no worse for me to drink liquor than for you to smoke your pipe. Don't preach to me." So the words which he hoped might do good fall useless and worse than useless, for oh, consistency is a jewel, and no person is so blind or so low but that he can appreciate it. Perhaps the tobacco user exerts no sadder influence than upon his own sons. It is sometimes the case that they early learn to despise the weed by seeing the ruin it has wrought, but oftener they are led to follow the example. I would make a special plea to young fathers, that you acquire no habits which you would not like to see your little sons take up. There is much philosophy in the quaint saying of Jesh Billings, "If you want to see your sons walking in a certain way, just skir-mish ahead on that line yourself." I would commend to all the example of the young father who had used tobacco since he was a boy, but who came to look at the matter in its true light. He said, "I have come to consider it as an insult to my family. My wife would long ago

have given up any thing which was offensive to me. And how could I allow my polluted lips to touch the sweet mouth of my little daughter, when she offered me a kiss." All honor to such as he, for they are sometimes to be found.

The debasing influence of tobacco is one of the most deplorable of its effects. The whole trend is downward, from the first whiff to the life "ended in smoke." It is a relic of barbarism. The lowest type of manhood uses tobacco, the highest never. Think of this:

"You who would walk, with a brave ambition
Straight to the heights of fame,
And chisel upon the lasting marble,
In letters of light, your name."

Those who have attained the greatest honors earth can give, those after whom you would be proud to pattern, never sullied their lips nor their lives, never weakened their bodies nor beclouded their intellects, nor paralyzed their spiritual natures with the vile thing. They never learned the art of deception, which is one of the first downward steps, never said, "Don't tell mother that I smoke." They never defiled the purity of home by the uncleanness of the habit, nor caused the hearts of friends to ache by the selfishness and indifference which is begotten by it. No, no, none of these. One of the saddest illustrations of the latter, that I ever heard, was the story of the man who had a delicate little daughter, for whom the physician prescribed riding. So daily the parents would take the child for an outing. Papa would light his pipe as he started, and the "solid comfort" all the time they were gone mamma managed to survive by turning her head to one side, ostensibly to view the scenery, but the poor little girlie sitting between them, would get the full benefit of the smoke, and return more listless than when she started. Papa greatly wonders why she does not improve, and threatens to employ a doctor who understands her case better. Mamma ventures to hint at her suspicions, but papa poh-pohs at the idea that a few whiffs of smoke can hurt her, so keeps on riding and smoking. I have forgotten the sequel. He deserved to lose the child, but whether he did or not, the anecdote shows the great selfishness to which the habit reduces its victim.

The benumbing influence of tobacco on the intellectual, moral and religious faculties is very perceptible. Many have given promise of great brilliancy, whose "sun has gone down while it was yet day," beclouded in smoke, or quenched in a sea of saliva. Many of you have doubtless read of the talented young minister who steadily declined in body and mind till he became the inmate of an insane asylum for years. A gleam of reason came to him one day. He asked himself, "What brought me here? What keeps me here with beclouded mind and shattered body? Tobacco!" He resolved with God's help to abandon the vile practice, which he did, and became again a useful preacher of the gospel.

A young man graduated at Harvard with the highest honors. Soon health failed. He consulted a physician in reference to his pale face, emaciation, indigestion, low spirits and failure of mental powers. Stop smoking was the prescription. He did so, and in four months had gained twenty-eight pounds in flesh, and was physically and mentally well.

It is said that chewing is the nastiest mode, snuff taking ruins the voice, but smoking, with those who have time to be thorough, is the most destructive.

I have known of a gray-headed, decrepit old man, who, getting out of tobacco, hobbled to the store a mile away, though he hadn't been able for months to ride to church, and he hobbled home again with his treasure, passing the very

door of the church of which he was a member, where his brothers and sisters were met in conference, praying for a revival. His daughter, a sweet Christian woman, said, "I thought it would have killed me."

The slavery of the tobacco user is a fearful thing. No matter how brave and independent he may be in other matters, how strong he may stand on other questions of right and wrong, he must acknowledge himself a slave to a fig of tobacco. It would be ludicrous, were it not pitiful, to see him to whom God has given the power to be a man among men, only a slave among slaves. Those fetters which were but of silk at first, and which might have been broken with a decisive snap, are now chains of iron, which nothing but the power of God, imparted to the man, can break. I do not say that a man who is thus a slave to this bad habit cannot go to heaven, but I dare to say that he will be one of those who "begin with shame to take the lowest room."

Oh! boys, men! If you could view yourselves as all good men and pure women see you, you would flee the dangerous habit, remembering that it is neither brave, polite nor wise. But the very best way of all is to leave off before you begin.

We cannot expect after all that is said and written on the subject, that many who are confirmed in the habit will ever give it up. Occasionally a man is found who prizes health, influence, friends, the happiness of the present and the future, more than he does his quid and pipe. But we must look in the main to our boys to inaugurate a different state of things, and raise the standard of manhood. And we must look to every mother, sister, and lady friend to do their part towards educating them rightly, so that they shall look upon the habit as a sin and a disgrace, as it really is. There must be hard, prayerful work done, but it will pay. Who would wish to have their lives or the lives of friends "end in smoke?"

THE FESTIVAL OF CHERRIES.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

In the middle ages old Hamburg looked very much as it does now. It was quaint and antique then; it is quaint and antique to-day, with tall, gray houses and narrow streets, and dark, frowning towers and old stone bridges, which have spanned the tide since the time of the grim, long-haired Franconian emperors. But the wide moat flows full of water no longer; rich gardens flourish where once the dark tide ran, and the ramparts have been converted into walks and promenades. Outside of the city the meadows of the Elbe and the Alster glow in verdant beauty, while the rivers enshrine the ancient capital of the famous Hanseatic league in a girdle of shining silver.

Three hundred and fifty years ago this very year the old German city lay in leaguer. A great army lay encamped without its walls, and its ramparts frowned with warriors cased in battle armor. From the highest battlements the folds of the banner of the league floated lazily, flapping defiance to the invaders. Still the city was in no pleasant situation. Christian of Denmark was no common foe, and his blue-eyed, fair-haired warriors were fierce and blood-thirsty men, and little mercy was shown to the conquered when they won.

Two months the siege continued, and Hamburg did not yield. The Danish army drew closer the lines around the doomed city, and the eyes that had gazed anxiously from the ramparts, day after day, for help, now knew that no help could reach them. Even the stern, dark-browed warriors, who more than once had

sallied out against the enemy, now dared no longer go without the gates. Hunger had weakened their stalwart frames, and tamed their hearts of oak, but they bore up under their load of steel and gazed grimly down on the beleaguering foe.

Despair and famine stalked with silent tread through the quaint, narrow streets. The provisions that had been garnered were consumed, and the people were gaunt with hunger. Meanwhile, too, the enemy grew more fierce without. The hot summer sun dried up the springs about the city, and the Danish host could not get water enough to slake their thirst. This made them very savage, and the king swore that he would destroy the city and slaughter every one within it. So there was good reason that brave hearts faltered, good reason that the minstrel's harp should be mute, and that tears glistened in the eyes of lowly milkmaid and high born dame. But better, they thought, the slow death by famine, than to be killed outright by those yellow haired Danes, and so the mailed sentinels still kept watch and ward upon the walls, and the long-robed priests prayed as they had need to do.

In the middle of the city a rich citizen, named Wolfe, had a walled garden, where cherry trees grew in great profusion. Wolfe had been very watchful of his trees, and they had made him both rich and famous. This season they promised more than a usual harvest. The trees were in blossom when the king of Denmark sat down before the walls; now they were red with the ripe, juicy cherries. Returning from the walls one bright June day, their owner had a sudden thought as he gazed upon the superb fruit ripening in the sun. A strong hope arose within him that he might yet save the city. There was not much time to lose, he knew that well enough, for another day of suffering would make the town delirious. He speedily assembled five hundred of the children, and dressing them all in white, gave each a bunch of cherries, and then ordered the gates to be opened. It was a touchings sight to see those poor children, so thin and pale, dressed in their mourning robes, (white was at that time and in that country, the funeral color,) go forth to the enemy. None knew if they would ever return, and many a parent's heart groaned at the thought of what might be. The children's voices themselves were sad and plaintive as they chanted a sacred hymn. Softly and solemnly it rang among the tall towers and narrow streets, and the last echoes floated back like a wail to the anxious watchers on the walls.

Christian, king of Denmark, stood without his tent, surrounded by his chief captains. A fierce light was in his eyes, his stern, weather-beaten, bearded face shone with the light of a conqueror. On the morrow he would lead his soldiers to the attack, and he felt that Hamburg would be his. But even as his heart swelled at the thought of his triumph, he saw the juvenile procession approaching from the city walls.

"By St. Christopher! those youngsters are hastening to their doom. Take them all prisoners; spare not one, sir captain," he said, addressing the officer of his guard, "but hold, I will speak with them first," and the fierce king glanced frowningly at the advancing array.

And now they were quite near him, and he saw they were pale and thin, and worn with hunger. Their young eyes looked out from pinched, gaunt faces, and they walked wearily, as though their little limbs had hardly strength to support them. As he gazed at the piteous sight his hard heart relented, and tears welled out of the fierce eyes and glistened on his war worn cheeks. For as he gazed, another picture swept before his sight.

Far away in an old palace, in his royal city by the Skager Rack, Christian of Denmark saw a fair-haired boy playing at his games, and he thought of what might be his fate, should a foreign foe crush Danish land under his heel. A spring of fatherly love, that had long been choked up in him gushed forth, and he opened his arms to the children who had conquered his savage heart by their innocence and want.

That afternoon, before the sun had sunk down below the tall, grim towers, the peaceful, white-robed procession returned to the city. They went not empty handed. Following them went a long procession of carts loaded with provisions for the starving people—huge carcasses of roasted beeves and mutton, and wheat and barley loaves—enough for all to eat. And the next day Christian of Denmark signed a treaty of peace with the authorities of the city, and before another nightfall the fierce Danish host was well under way to the Skager Rack.

Since that time the people of Hamburg keep every year, in memory of that event, a festival called the feast of cherries. If any of you were to be in that old city during the latter part of June, you would observe on one day a great change in the life of the people. All the shops are closed, and men, women and children appear in holiday attire. Doors and balconies are flower wreathed, and the gray towers and queer belfries smile with garlands like bowers of beauty. In the afternoon, amid ringing of bells and floating of banners, a gay procession of young children march up and down the streets. Every one is clad in white garments and bears a green bough in his hand, to which the people hasten to tie bunches of ripe cherries. Then follows a feast in which the children are served first. It is only at a late hour that the festivities cease, when the children fall to sleep to dream of the olden day when a band of white-robed innocents like themselves saved Hamburg from destruction.

AT HOOSAC TUNNEL.

BY LORAIN.

The day was hot and sultry like most of the days in August. Now and then a breeze sprang up, cooled the air a few moments, and then died away, leaving perfect silence and intense heat. We were too languid for work or morning ramble, so we sat by the window, watched the clouds on the mountains, listened to the little mountain brook as it came rushing down the lane, pretended to read a little, seeking to learn something from the Scientific American, but were too indolent to use our thinking or reasoning powers. I believe, I learned that potash is found in mines, there being only three in the world, but where they are, I've forgotten; however, it makes no difference.

But at noon a breeze sprang up, the trees nodded and beckoned us away into the woods; the cool, green shade tempted us, and we ventured out. The road was dusty and up hill, and we soon sat down to rest on the edge of a cliff overlooking the mouth of the tunnel and the men working beneath us, walling up the sides to prevent loose stones and dirt from rolling down upon the track. The great, creaking derrick swung heavy stones into place. The Irishmen worked lazily, sending stones and dirt rattling down the bank, drilling for the blast. A little child, with bare, brown limbs, and scanty clothing, ran up and down the steep steps leading to the top of the arch, her little legs too short for such high rocks, then perching on the highest, she sat quite motionless, watching the men at work under her, a queer little image adding to the picturesque scene.

Then we loitered on up the hill, pick-

ing blackberries and a few late raspberries on the way, looking back often at the lovely view behind us, making many turns, passing little shanties belonging to French and Irish, falling into decay, but propped, and patched, and mended, each with its little garden of cabbages, onions and potatoes. Still climbing up, we at last reached the "west shaft." It's a desolate place. The buildings are in ruins, heavy engines lie around idle, rusting away for want of work, and the shaft itself, over three hundred feet deep, a dark and ghostly hole, is insufficiently protected by black and rotten timbers. Dreary and desolate indeed, it may well be haunted, as they say it is, by ghosts of men who were killed there. Many lives were lost through the breaking of ropes and machinery, caving, and filling in with water.

Beyond are the nitro-glycerine works, labeled "dangerous," all the more fascinating in consequence. I have a wild desire to go in and see how it is made, but my lord and master forbids. They freeze it, and ship it from here in cars made expressly for it. Many lives have been lost here too.

Near by is the "dump," immense piles of stone all drawn up through the shaft, and dumped by cars in huge symmetrical piles or heaps. It is impossible for me to describe, or give any idea of the amount of rock in the dump. It must be seen to be appreciated. The view from thence is unequalled. Below is the valley, dotted with cottages and farms; to the northward, North Adams, with its spires and factories, and everywhere about us mountains, rising one above another, somewhat gloomy and forbidding, but grown to be old friends to us.

We have a mania in these days for collecting specimens, and seldom go out without a big hammer, which has done good service cracking up rocks at the shaft, though we found nothing rich or rare; a few cubes, some good pieces of "fool's gold," some pretty veined stone, and some bits of what we call jet, being the most valuable.

We desired to extend our researches further up the mountain, but the setting sun, and our weary feet, warned us home. The sun sets early with us here among the hills. We can see it for a long while shining on the roofs of North Adams, and on the tops of the eastern hills, while we are in complete shade. There is always a fresh night breeze blowing down from the mountains, bringing new life and vigor, and the homeward walks in the cool of the day are always pleasant and long to be remembered.

WORDS.

BY CONSTANCE.

Who can measure the influence of a word? Hasty and thoughtless it may be, and yet, carry with it to the heart of the hearer, a weight of joy or misery. Its power may extend beyond the little circle of listeners, to one even unheard of by the speaker, for the lives of people are bound together in a mysterious way, and a word spoken here may, as by the electric current, be carried far away, there to exert its power for good or evil. In view of this, how great is the necessity for the exercise of thought!

To a certain extent, each one is truly his "brother's keeper," and the trivial excuse, "as well say it as to think it," will avail little, when the consequences of our words are laid in the scale. Our thoughts can hurt no one but ourselves, but our words are mighty for right or wrong. Even if we consider only the wounding of a tender spirit, that should be a powerful check upon our unruly tongues, but the influence we may have over the minds of others, and the knowl-

edge that for every idle word a strict account must be given, are more powerful motives for carefulness.

No one is so humble but that some one looks up to him. Some little child, perhaps, watches each utterance of the one who to him is the personification of wisdom, and who so keen as a child to note inconsistency or falsehood, injustice or hatred? and imitation often follows. A sad thing it is to "offend one of these little ones."

So long as family and society life exist, so long will one man look upon the words of another as, in some degree, a guide for his own life. So let us say a helpful word here, a comforting one there, as we may have an opportunity, and even in this life, our reward is sure, in love and kindness from our fellows. And above all let us "speak the truth from the heart."

CAN'T COOK AS MOTHER DID.

How many a young wife's heart is saddened and happiness scattered because she cannot "cook as mother did." It is strange, sadly strange, and yet we all know it is true. How many a time has the tender-hearted reporter felt his soul bursting with grief as he told the harrowing story of some poor suffering woman, whose cheerful sunshine had turned to dismal darkness, just because she could not "cook as mother did." And how it delights the heart of the reporter when he chances to hear of one devoted young wife who is rescued from the gloomy fate of so many, in a manner so simple and easy that the only wonder is that all are not saved. This one to whom he now refers, was led a blushing and blooming bride, but a few short weeks ago, to the altar by one of our most promising and prominent young men. He promised to do everything in his power to make her happy, but in an evil hour he made the dangerous discovery that she could not "cook as mother did." He told her so, and from that hour the life-light of happiness began to die out in her once radiant eyes. The bloom that put to shame the fancied perfection of the rose, departed from her cheek, the voice that welcomed him to a happy heart and home grew silent as the grave, and the young husband saw that something must be done soon. He asked the sorrowful wife why she was so sad, and she told him because she could not "cook as his mother did," but if she had *Royal Baking Powder* he could say so no longer. Like a sensible fellow, he ordered a dozen boxes at once, and now he says he is afraid that his wife will raise the roof off the house some day, but he don't care, for she is happy.

—It is not always the value of what we lose that leaves us so desolate. It is what it was to us that makes us so lost without it. It may have been very insignificant in itself, but so much to us that our hearts feel lonely, lost, without it. We are continually looking, reaching out in the darkness for—a something. These strong affections of ours give us, we sometimes think, more sadness than joy, yet they are very necessary to us, for they are the beauty of our being. They are to us what the leaves are to our plants. Without this adornment how disagreeable would be human nature. JER.

—A mind, knowing itself, and its own proper powers and virtues, becomes free and independent. It sees its hinderances and obstructions, and finds they are wholly from itself, and from opinions wrongly conceived. The more it conquers in this respect, the more it is its own master, feels its own natural liberty, and congratulates itself on its own advancement and prosperity.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., who are the manufacturers and sole proprietors of the world renowned Dobbins' Electric Soap, having had their attention called to the frequent letters in THE HOUSEHOLD regarding their soap, authorize us to say that they will send a sample by mail to any lady desiring to test its merits for herself, upon receipt of 15 cents to pay postage. They make no charge for the soap, the money exactly pays the postage. We would like to have all who test the soap write us their honest opinion of it for publication in THE HOUSEHOLD.

Let every subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD send full name and address to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., and get one of their cook books free of charge.

ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH

—OF—

FIRST-CLASS SHEET MUSIC FREE.

Buy fifteen bars of Dobbins' Electric Soap of any grocer; cut from each wrapper the picture of Mrs. Foggy and Mrs. Enterprise, and mail the fifteen pictures to us, with your full name and address, and we will mail you, free of all expense, your own selection, from the following list of Sheet Music, to the value of One Dollar.

We absolutely guarantee that the music is unabridged, and is sold by all first-class music houses, at the following prices:

INSTRUMENTAL.

Artists' Life, (Kunster Leben,) waltzes, Price	
op. 316, Strauss,	75
Ever or Never, (Toujours ou Jamais,) Waltzes,	75
Chasse Infernale, Grand Galop, Brilliant, op. 23, Kolting,	75
Turkish Patrol Reveille, Krug,	35
Pirates of Penzance, (Lanciers,) D'Albert, Siren's Waltzes, Waldteufel,	50
Fatinitza, Suppe, Potpourri, Moelling,	1 00
Mascotte, Audran, Potpourri, Roconini,	1 00
Il Trovatore, Verdi, Potpourri, Dorn,	75
Night on the Water, Idyl, op. 33, Wilson,	60
Rustling Leaves, op. 68, Lange,	60

VOCAL.

Patience, (The Magnet and the Churn,) Price	
Sullivan,	35
Olivette, (Torpedo and the Whale,) Audran,	40
When I am Near Thee, English and German words, Abt,	40
Who's at my Window, Osborne,	35
Lost Chord, Sullivan,	40
My Dearest Heart, Sullivan,	35
Life's Best Hopes, Meininger,	40
Requited Love, (4 part Song,) Archer,	35
Sleep while the Soft Evening Breezes, (4 part Song,) Bishop,	35
In the Gloaming, Harrison,	30
Only be True, Vickers,	35
Under the Eaves, Winner,	35
Free Lunch Cadets, Sousa,	35

If the music selected amounts to just \$1.00, nothing need be sent us but the fifteen pictures, your name, address, and selection of music. If the music selected comes to over \$1.00, the excess can be enclosed in postage stamps.

We make this liberal offer because we desire to give a present sufficiently large to induce every one to give Dobbins' Electric Soap a trial long enough to know just how good it is. If, after such trial, they continue to use the Soap for years, we shall be repaid. If they only use the fifteen bars, getting the dollar's worth of music gratis, we shall lose money. This shows our confidence. The Soap can be bought of all grocers. The music can only be got of us. See that our name is on each wrapper.

A box of this Soap contains sixty bars. Any lady buying a box, and sending us sixty cuts of Mrs. Foggy, can select music to the amount of Four Dollars.

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,

116 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

This is one of the most generous offers ever made by any reliable firm for the introduction of their goods, when one considers that in addition to the above choice selection of music, Messrs. Cragin & Co. send the full money's worth of their Electric Soap, which thousands of the best housekeepers in the land insist is the best soap manufactured, the combined offer appears truly wonderful. Nevertheless, they will do as they agree.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.

PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges, as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—ED.

MR. CROWELL.—Please ask if any of THE HOUSEHOLD readers will send me the December number, 1880, for a rooted oleander slip, squill, or cabinet specimens? Mrs. E. S. WOODS, 61 Park street, Hartford, Conn.

In the May number of THE HOUSEHOLD, Reba L. Raymond speaks of making a postal card autograph album. Simply send her a postal card with your name and place of residence on, and anything else that you would write in an autograph album. Hope she will send a card to me, and also any of the Band who feel disposed, as I would like to make one very much.

Norwich, Mass.

M. P. FAIRMAN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—Will you please say to Calla, that if being a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD entitles me to the name of sister, then truly I am one of the sisters. I will gladly make my mark on her crazy pillow if she wishes. Will also do the same for Rosamond E.

Mount Holly, Vt. Mrs. F. O. DICKERMAN.

USE OF COMPOUND OXYGEN BY PHYSICIANS.

There are few if any physicians who do not meet with cases in their practice which they cannot cure. From many of these Drs. Starkey & Palen are in the constant receipt of letters, submitting cases and making inquiries in regard to their new treatment. The rational theory upon which this treatment is based, when carefully considered, rarely fails to commend itself to thinking men in the profession; while results, fully authenticated by indisputable evidence in hundreds of instances, furnish evidence strong enough to convince even the most stubborn incredulity. The natural consequence is that a great many physicians are giving Compound Oxygen a trial in some of their desperate cases—a severe trial, as may be readily inferred. From some of these come reports of good results; from others they never hear again; and from others they get repeated orders for the Treatment, but no report of what it is doing. The silence maintained in these latter cases can readily be accounted for. A physician who tries a mode of treatment not recognized by the school to which he belongs, does not usually care to have the fact known by his professional brethren, and will be chary of making any favorable report likely to gain general publicity. Again, there may be entertained reasonable doubts whether or not the treatment is to be entirely credited with the improvement which has appeared.

Still there are many physicians who, after a trial of Compound Oxygen, report to us the result; and their number is increasing. Writing of one of his patients, a physician says:

"Mrs. — thinks she could not get along without it, she being subject to congestion and weakness of the lungs, which the Oxygen relieves at once. I find it very efficient in allaying congestion, and, I think, preventing inflammation of the lungs."

Another physician, now somewhat advanced in years, writes that on account of his age he is about giving up a general practice, and limiting himself to the treatment of chronic cases. Having tested the merits of Compound Oxygen sufficiently to be satisfied of its great efficiency in a class of diseases which ordinary medical treatment fails to reach, he proposes to make use of it in his special practice. In the case of this physician, the evidence in favor of the new Treatment was so direct and personal in its character as to set all doubts aside, as will be seen in the following, written January 27th, 1882:

"My brother writes me that he has gained in weight some sixteen pounds since the 1st of October last. Has an ex-

cellent appetite and a good digestion. Bowels regular, and the tawny or yellowish color of the skin has disappeared almost entirely. The cough and expectoration reduced to less than nine-tenths of what it was six months ago—or at the time when he began the Compound Oxygen Treatment. He says, that in all of his long life (above 74 years), he never enjoyed a better class of good feelings. Sleeps as calmly as an infant from 10 o'clock P. M. until 5 o'clock A. M., every night."

From another physician we have the following:

"My son, to whom you sent a Treatment for nervous prostration from overstudy, has entirely recovered, notwithstanding he has kept up with his studies. K— is keeping up well, and N— is constantly improving."

Our next extract from a physician's letter is very emphatic in its indorsement of Compound Oxygen, as by its use the writer's mother was restored to comparative health, a result which he frankly states could not, in his belief, have been attained by any other known remedy:

"I am happy," he says, "to state progress in the case of my mother. She is steadily improving and is very happy at the change. * * My friend, Dr. —, tells me his father is improving under the Compound Oxygen Treatment."

Later, he wrote:

"My mother is constantly improving, and I am sure the Oxygen is the only known remedy that could have produced such results. Had I only known of your Treatment while my father was alive, I feel almost confident he would not have died. His complaint was Quick Consumption."

Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, will send free their Treatise on Compound Oxygen, in which will be found a large record of remarkable cures made by this new substance during the past twelve years.

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an advertising column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

Subscriber, lock box 200, New Britain, Hartford Co., Conn., will exchange a glass globe containing a stuffed canary and a small wild bird, very handsomely mounted, for a live male canary, a good singer.

Mrs. O. L. Hall, Springfield, Mass., wishes to exchange plants of different kinds for anything useful or ornamental.

Emma B. Rand, West Berlin, Wor. Co., Mass., has fancy advertising cards to exchange for the words and music of the song "Johnny Brown," or "Riding on a Load of Hay."

Mrs. T. M. Howard, Blakely, Early Co., Georgia, would like to exchange Godey's Lady's Books for 1880 or 1881, for Leisure Hours for 1881, beginning with January. Write first.

J. C. Stockwell, Danville, Que., Canada, will exchange specimens of asbestos, "Rock Cotton," from the best mine in the world, for specimens of minerals or curiosities for a cabinet. Send by post.

Mrs. L. J. Brewster, San Juan, Colo., will send sample of silver ore from San Juan mines to any one who will send one package of flower seeds or stamps for postage.

Miss Mollie E. Swaim, Rockville, Ind., wishes stuffed birds, toilet mats, tidies, or last year's HOUSEHOLDS, for which she will write a full delineation of character from photograph. Write first.

Miss K. Brousseau, Los Angeles, California, has California ferns to exchange for ferns.

Walter N. Pike, No. Carmel, Me., has palms, choice Florida and California bulbs and plants, and seeds to exchange for botanical works. Write first.

Mrs. L. E. Hodge, Rhonerville, Humboldt Co., California, wishes to exchange patterns of fancy work for rug patterns.

L. Boynton, Fort Fairfield, Maine, will exchange Java canvass tidy patterns or Peterson's Magazine for 1882, for slips of house plants or stereoscopic views.

Miss I. E. Lay, Petoskey, Mich., would like cabinet specimens, plants, stereoscopic views and music, in exchange for fancy work, Petoskey specimens, and directions for decorating silk and china.

Miss E. L. Hale, No. Sanbornton, N. H., will exchange reading matter, Seaside Novels, old Peterson's, etc., also vocal music.

Mrs. Albert B. Adams, Benzonla, Benzie Co., Mich., has rooted slips of New Life geranium to exchange for hyacinth bulbs, Chinese primrose, or fancy work.

Mrs. C. Howard, Chester Depot, Vt., has a Mason's Chart to exchange for one of Mrs. Holmes' books, or some other good story, or handsome blue toilet mats. Write first.

Mrs. O. W. Robinson, Hancock, Mich., will exchange an amaryllis bulb for Jacqueminot rose, a rooted slip of scarlet cactus for a lilium roseum, or cabinet specimens for choice roses. Write first.

F. M. Keyes, box 173, Ashland, N. H., has adv. cards, fancy work, and nice numbers of Appleton's Art Journal to exchange for books, magazines, or foreign postage stamps.

Mrs. E. Leidy, Columbus, Esmeralda Co., Nevada, will exchange mineral specimens for cabinet, for lamp mat, or tidy, or fancy work. Write first.

Mrs. A. A. Scott, E. Clarksfield, Ohio, has pieces of satin to exchange for something ornamental or useful to a young housekeeper.

Mrs. W. B. Chamberlin, Carlisle, Mass., has feather trimming, nightdress and chemise yokes, and bands stamped for braiding, to exchange for books, or articles of equal value. Write first.

Miss Julia Carson, Enfield, Mass., will exchange phlox drummondii, callopis, sweet alyssum, Japan pink, and aster seed, for two yards of print.

Addie C. Hawks, Jefferson, Ashtabula Co., Ohio, has duet, "Only Waiting," quartette, "Touch the Keys Softly," either of which she will exchange for the song, "Robin Adair." Write first.

Florence Nevin, New Waterford, Columbiana Co., Ohio, will exchange darned net patterns, for anything fancy, or for curiosities.

Mrs. H. R. Bacon, Toledo, Ohio, will exchange modern music, both classical and simple, for articles of fancy work. Write first.

Miss Small, 970 Dean Street, Brooklyn, wishes to exchange one or more full sets of fine cards for a full set of Dr. Jayne's series. Write first.

Lydia B. Sheckler, Bucyrus, Ohio, will exchange directions for painting photographs on convex glass for pampas plumes, fancy advertising cards or choice flower seeds.

Mrs. Frances Reide, Nashua, N. H., has Peterson's for 1873, The Ladies' Friend for 1870, and the Cottage Hearth for 1882, to exchange for other reading matter. One vol. of Godey's preferred.

Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges signed with fictitious names or initials, and sometimes with no signature except number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fee, etc.

—Epitaph for a carpenter—Passed to the higher plane.

A pure strengthening tonic, free from whisky and alcohol, cures dyspepsia, and similar diseases. It has never been equalled Brown's Iron Bitters.

—How much superior is a Christmas present to a Christmas past!

Health, hope and happiness are restored by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for all those diseases from which women suffer so much. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

—A young man writes to us inquiring how he may learn to play the cornet without a master. We think no young man who wants to learn to play the cornet should ever be without a master, and a stern, severe one, too.

The Power of The Press.

In no way is the power of the press more surely shown than in the universal knowledge that has in less than a year, been diffused throughout fifty millions of people of the wonderful curative properties of that splendid remedy Kidney-Wort. And the people from the Atlantic to the Pacific have shown their intelligence and their knowledge of what is in the papers, by already making Kidney-Wort their household remedy for all diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels.—Herald.

—Two well-dressed ladies were examining a statue of Andromeda, labelled, "Executed in terra cotta." Says one, "Where is that?" "I am sure I don't know," replied the other, "but I pity the poor girl, wherever it was."

The attention of our readers is called to the large and showy Organ advertisement of Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, N. J., in this issue. Mr. Beatty is an extensive advertiser, and as a natural consequence, is doing an enormous business. The "Beatty" Organs and Planos are daily growing in favor, and are rapidly becoming known throughout the whole civilized world. If energy, perseverance, and integrity count for anything in this life, Mr. Beatty stands a good chance of reaching the top round of the ladder in his line of business.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Dr. Hanaford's new book, Mother and Child, will be sent by mail, free of charge for postage, for \$1.25. Send to the author at Reading, Mass.

The Golden Rule.

Best \$2.00 Religious Weekly ever published. Sent to readers of THE HOUSEHOLD from now to Jan. 1, 1883, for

Only 50 Cents.

Endorsed by the publisher of THE HOUSEHOLD. Address, GOLDEN RULE, Boston, Mass.

OUR LOOKING GLASS.

IN WHICH OUR ADVERTISERS CAN SEE THEMSELVES AS OUR READERS SEE THEM.

We endeavor to exclude from our advertising columns everything that savors of fraud or deception in any form, and the fact that an advertisement appears in *THE HOUSEHOLD* may be taken as evidence that the editor regards it as an honest statement of facts by a responsible party. Nevertheless the world is full of plausible rascals, and occasionally one may gain access to our pages. We set apart this column in which our friends may give their experience in answering the advertisements found in this magazine whether satisfactory or otherwise. State facts as briefly as possible, and real name and address every time. And we earnestly request our readers when answering any advertisement found in these columns to be particular and state that it was seen in *THE HOUSEHOLD*, and we think they will be pretty sure of a prompt and satisfactory response.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—On page 138 of *THE HOUSEHOLD* for May, we are pleased to find a very flattering notice of our Patent Metallic Electro-Magnetic Brushes by Marjorie March, for which she and you will please accept our hearty acknowledgements.

Only there is one slip of the pen, as we judge, in one single word. It is the word "bristles," as being used in connection with our magnets as conductors. It is well known by all familiar with the subject that bristles are non-conductors, and cannot be successfully used for this purpose, and we wish to disown their use as quick as possible, and we have no doubt when the author reads the article she will discover the slip of the pen and correct the same.

And for reasons personal, we wish to say that we look upon all pretences of making bristles serve in this capacity as false and fraudulent, and false and fraudulent ships we never wish to sail in, and besides are too old to commence now if we would.

By giving this place in your *HOUSEHOLD*, we judge it will reach most firesides in the Union, as the "slip" has ere this, if we judge by the answers we receive from our add. in your paper.

Very truly yours, HILL BRUSH CO.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Upon seeing the offer made by the publisher of *The Golden Rule* to the readers of *THE HOUSEHOLD*, I immediately accepted it, and find the paper is just what it is claimed to be. I would advise every reader of your paper who has not sent for *The Golden Rule* to do so at once, as they will find it a paper of actual worth to all.

N. Monroe, N. H.

A COTTAGE ORGAN

worth \$200 will be sent to any person who will send us Two Hundred yearly subscriptions to *THE HOUSEHOLD*, and at the same rate for a cheaper or more costly instrument. These organs will be new, sent from the well known manufactory of J. Estey & Co., and fully warranted to give the most perfect satisfaction, both as regards beauty of workmanship and clearness of tone.

This offer places one of the most desirable organs for the family or society room within reach of thousands of our readers. Many have already availed themselves of our previous similar offers and many others will we trust do so this season.

Health Foods.

Mr. Geo. E. Crowell, proprietor of *THE HOUSEHOLD*, informs us that he is in receipt of numerous inquiries for our address, induced by the cordial testimony borne by several of his regular contributors to the value of our Foods in sickness and health. We therefore append our address, and desire to say that pamphlets describing our Health Foods, and indicating how the strong can continue to be strong, and how the feeble may be strengthened, together with the opinion of Prof. Austin Flint and others, and giving full details as to prices, and recipes for healthful cooking, will be mailed to all addresses forwarded to us by postal card from readers of *THE HOUSEHOLD*.

HEALTH FOOD CO., 74 Fourth Ave., New York.
Agencies:—New England, 199 Tremont St., Boston; Hartford, Fox & Co.; Philadelphia, 632 Arch St.; Baltimore, 138 No. Charles; Chicago, 705 Wabash Ave.

\$6.50 Buys a superior universal CYCLOPEDIA including the late census. Near two million dollars worth by this author, already sold. A clear field in New England. A live agent wanted in every county.
\$6.50 HORACE KING, Hartford, Ct., 373 Asylum street.

LASELL SEMINARY, Andover, Mass. delightful suburban home. Special care of health, manners and morals of growing girls. Good board. Teaches cooking and like household arts. To secure place apply early. Address C. C. BRADON, PRINCIPAL.



Swayne's Ointment

A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE SKIN, SUCH AS TETTERS, PIMPLES, SORES, BLOTCHES, RASH, ERYSIPELAS, RINGWORM, BARBERS' ITCH, REDNESS OF NOSE AND FACE, BURNS, CUTS AND SCALDS.

OF THE SKIN CAN RESIST THE SOOTHING AND HEALING POWER OF SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. ON ACCOUNT OF ALLAYING THE INTENSE ITCHING AND INSURING SWEET REPOSE, IT IS KNOWN BY MANY AS THE GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILLS.

DR. SWAYNE & SON, PHILA.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



CLUB ORDERS.

For the past five years we have made a Specialty of **CLUB ORDERS.**

From an experiment in 1877 this branch of our business has grown to be a decided success, we having sent out in 1881 over 10,000 different Club Orders, going to nearly every State in the Union. We carry the largest Stock of any Tea Store in Boston, import the most of our Premium Tea and Dinner Sets, and pay Cash for everything, and have abundant Capital to do with. We have a large list of Premiums for from \$5 to \$60 orders, including Silver-Plated Ware, Gold-Band Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, Majolica Ware, Japanese Goods, &c. fully described in our Price and Premium List. Send us Postal for one.

GREAT LONDON TEA COMPANY,
801 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

The *Brooklyn Eagle* says: "The young and the old should rise up and thank HELEN CAMPBELL for her admirable book devoted to the education of women in..."

THE EASIEST WAY

In Housekeeping and Cooking.

"By all odds the completest 'Cook-book' that has come under our notice."—*N. Y. Examiner & Chronicle*.

"More than a cook-book, and nothing less than a treatise on the art of sound living."—*Atlantic Monthly*.

"Once read this book and you will purchase it, and you will never regret the cost."—*Detroit Chronicle*.

Adapted to town, village and country.

* Nut-Brown Cloth, \$1.00. Mailed post-paid by FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, New York.

AGENTS WANTED. Send for Circular.

World's ONLY Manufacturer of **WHEEL CHAIRS**

Exclusively.—ALL Styles and Sizes for use of

Invalids and Cripples.

Self and secondary hand propulsion, in-doors and out. Comfort, durability, and ease of movement unequalled.

Patentee and Maker of the "Rolling Chairs" pushed about at the Centennial. For Illustrated Catalogue send stamp and mention *The Household*. SMITH WHEEL CHAIR CONCERN, 162 William St., New York.

BIDWELL, MANCHESTER,
Jersey Queen, Seneca Queen, and other new varieties of Strawberry Plants. All the leading standard varieties. Grown in Pots. Also Fay's Prolific Red Currant. Send for Catalogue.

JOSEPH D. FITTS, Providence, R. I.

3 CENTS. HOW TO PRINT.
Send to J. W. Daughaday & Co., 721 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, one cent stamp and get by return mail a handsome forty (40) page book called HOW TO PRINT, which gives with abundant other things, cuts, descriptions and prices of the celebrated

MODEL PRESS.
Prints everything needed by Business Men, Churches, Sunday-Schools, &c. Is strong, rapid and easy to work. Any boy can manage it. 100,000 sold. 12 styles. Hand and foot power. Price, from \$3 up.

40 Large Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, loc. Postpaid. G. I. REED & CO., NASSAU, N. Y.

Unrivalled Among Books.

MISS COLBRATH'S WHAT TO GET FOR BREAKFAST

Miss Colbrath has successfully kept in view the influence of this meal on the entire day, in her plans, multitude of complete breakfasts, with full directions, recipes, etc. No recent book will bring such relief to the housewife and delight to the morning meal.

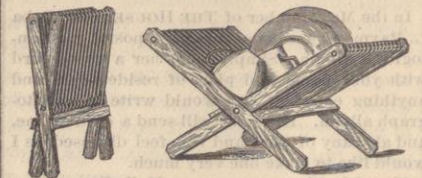
* Beautiful binding, interleaved, \$1.
JAMES H. EARLE, Publisher, Boston.

Wood Dish Drainers.

PAT. DEC. 9, 1879.

CLOSED.

IN USE.



Length 15 inches. Width, spread, 14 inches.

Stands in the sink. Receives and drains the dishes. Does not break them. Does not rust. Takes no available room in the sink. Costs less than wire drainers. Closes compactly to put away. Lasts a life-time. Fifty cents obtains one by mail, postage paid.

DOVER STAMPING CO., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

THE MEDICAL TRIUMPH OF THE CENTURY!

ALL-NIGHT INHALATION

BY THE

PILLOW-INHALER

Will Cure HAY FEVER, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, Asthma, and any inflammation of the mucous membrane of the respiratory organs.

A new, Rational treatment, indorsed by the most conservative physicians. THE PILLOW-INHALER applies Medicated Air to the mucous lining of the Nose, Throat, and Lungs ALL NIGHT. Retire as usual, and breathe in health Eight Hours instead of a few minutes, as in the old method of inhaling. A radical and permanent cure. Absolutely Antidotes Malaria and Poisonous Gases. Safe as sunshine. Send for Circulars.

THE PILLOW-INHALER CO.,
1520 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WOMAN AT WORK

A LITERARY MONTHLY

Devoted to the Record and Encouragement of Woman's Work.

This excellent magazine contains twenty-four large pages, filled with choice original and well selected matter of interest to every woman.

Subscription price, \$1.50 per year.

Send ten cents for specimen copy. Address,

WOMAN AT WORK,
Brattleboro, Vt.

LADIES Are you aware that most of the TON is either short in low-priced SPOL COTTON or is either short in low, or only two-cord, and possibly both?

Much that is labelled 200 yards does not contain over 130 yards.

Dealers sell it because they can buy it cheap, and do not expect the cheat to be discovered.

You should insist upon having HOLYOKE THREAD, every Spool of which is warranted three-cord, and to contain 200 yards.

It is cheaper for you at three cents a spool than most makes are at two cents.

See that a poorer article, on most of which the manufacturers are, properly, ashamed to affix their names, is not imposed on you instead of it, from interested motives.

COIN SILVER Electro-Plating Compound, the Best Silver-Plater in the world. For replating worn forks, spoons, watches, &c. Having a portion of pure silver in it, it will not wear off the silver, which makes it The Best Cleaner ever invented. A sample box sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Try it. Agents wanted. A. N. BROWN, Battle Creek, Mich.

WORK.

We are now prepared to start persons of either sex in a good business, legitimate and honorable, and entirely free from anything of a humbug or catch-penny nature.

You can earn from 50c. to \$2 per hour. Any person sending us a silver dime or four 3-cent stamps will receive 10 samples which will do to commence work on. Don't fail to write at once and address plainly.

H. G. FAY & CO., Burlington, Vermont.

YOUNG MAN, If you wish to learn a good trade at home, address FRED DUNHAM, Box 937, Portland, Me.

SHOPPING BY MAIL!

MISS MARJORIE MARCH, 231 N. Twelfth St., Philadelphia, Pa., makes purchases of every description for ladies and gentlemen, with discrimination and taste. Orders by mail, from all parts of the country, promptly executed. Samples sent free. For references and information send for my circular. Address as above.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfits free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

Tilden Ladies' Seminary.

Have you daughters to educate? Send for our new tri-annual catalogue and report of the late 25th anniversary, to HIRAM ORCUTT, A. M., Principal, West Lebanon, N. H., July 15, 1880.

\$30 Per Week can be made in any locality. Something entirely new for agents. \$5 outfit free. G. W. INGRAHAM & CO., Boston, Mass.

Wait for the Best!

To our readers and their friends who are in want of sewing machines, we earnestly advise waiting a few weeks for a new and greatly improved machine, nearly ready to be put upon the market, combining all the best features of other sewing machines with several desirable additions peculiar to itself. This machine is first-class in every respect, handsome in appearance, in point of workmanship unexcelled by any now in the market, large, roomy, noiseless, and by all odds

THE HICBY

tures of other sewing machines with several desirable additions peculiar to itself. This machine is first-class in every respect, handsome in appearance, in point of workmanship unexcelled by any now in the market, large, roomy, noiseless, and by all odds

The Easiest Running Double Thread Machine Ever Built.

In addition to its many good qualities as a really SUPERIOR SEWING MACHINE, the price at which it will be sold will bring it within the means of thousands who have long needed a good machine but have been unable to

THE HICBY

pay the exorbitant prices heretofore asked for a first-class article. In this machine we have simplicity, durability and efficiency combined with reasonable prices, making it most emphatically

THE MACHINE

FOR THE

Household!

Being thoroughly convinced of its merits, and desirous that our readers should have the chance of benefiting themselves by getting a superior article at a reasonable price, we make this announcement, and close as we began by earnestly advising one and all if you are in need of a good sewing machine, one that will be sure to give you perfect satisfaction, you will never regret it if you

THE HICBY

nouncement, and close as we began by earnestly advising one and all if you are in need of a good sewing machine, one that will be sure to give you perfect satisfaction, you will never regret it if you

Wait for the Best!

THE Little Detective!

These Scales, which we have offered to furnish our subscribers for the past two years on such favorable terms, are giving such universal and complete satisfaction to those who have received them that we are anxious that all who are in need of anything of the kind should avail themselves of the present opportunity of getting a really nice article at a very low price. We have sent

HUNDREDS

SCALES

to our readers and thus far have not learned of the first instance where they have failed to meet the expectations of the purchasers, while we have received many

Unsolicited Testimonials

to their convenience and value. We give a few to show the estimation in which these scales are held by those who have used them.

ROCKLAND, MASS., April 20, 1881.
MR. CROWELL.—Sir—I received the Little Detective scales from you all right. I find them to be in every respect what they are advertised to be, and like them very much. As I make and sell butter, I find them very useful. I would advise every one who is in want of scales of that size, to get the Little Detective, for I think they are perfectly correct.
MRS. J. M. WETHERBEE.

HILLSBORO, UPPER VILLAGE, N. H., March 10, 1881.
EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Sir—I received the Little Detective scales from you all right. I find them to be in every respect what they are advertised to be, and like them very much. As I make and sell butter, I find them very useful. I would advise every one who is in want of scales of that size, to get the Little Detective, for I think they are perfectly correct.
MRS. SUSAN S. WILSON.

SOUTH SHAFESBURY, VT., April 25, 1881.
MR. CROWELL.—I received the Little Detective scales last Saturday, and am very much pleased with them. They are so simple yet accurate. They are much better than some spring scales that I have examined that were nearly double the price. I think all the Households sisters who have no scales would buy them if they knew how handy and nice they are.
MRS. L. W. COLE.

WESTFORD, WINDHAM CO., CONN., July 18, 1881.
GEO. E. CROWELL.—Sir—I received from you a Little Detective scale, manufactured by the Chicago Scale Co. The scale came in good condition, and agrees exactly with "Fairbanks," is very nicely adjusted, and is a great convenience, is the best scale for the money I have ever seen, in short gives perfect satisfaction.
Yours respectfully,
STEPHEN B. TIFFT.

REMEMBER

WE SEND THESE SCALES, TOGETHER WITH

The HOUSEHOLD

for one year, for only \$3.50. Our New England orders are filled directly from this office, while those from more distant points are supplied from the manufactory at Chicago, thus reducing the express charges to the lowest figure. We also sell these scales for \$3.00 each, and in either case warrant them to be as

Accurate and as Serviceable

as the ordinary \$10 scale of other manufacturers. Address all orders to

THE HOUSEHOLD,
Brattleboro, Vt.



Though simple to look at there never was an instrument of the kind offered to the public with healing, curative powers which could compare favorably with **HILL'S PATENT METALLIC ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BRUSH.** This fact is shown by daily reports of wonderful cures. First class physicians use and recommend them to others. Dr. Hanford's testimonial can be seen in the January to March numbers of THE HOUSEHOLD in our advertisement. The small profit we charge our patrons will not pay for extravagant advertising space. Therefore we send circulars and testimonials, giving full particulars, on request by postal. For thin hair, or the flesh, either brush will do. If for heavy hair, say so, as a stiff brush is needed. One brush will not do, so well, for the hair and flesh—both are needed. Price, \$1.50—Pocket Companion, \$1.00. Either or both mailed, postage prepaid by us, on receipt of price by P. O. order on Boston or registered letter. Make the 50 cts. in small postage stamps. Agents and the trade allowed liberal discount, by us, or Stoddard & Long, 128 and 130 Franklin St., Chicago, Ill., and Porter Bros. & Co., 78 and 80 Worth St., New York, and 38 Summer St., Boston. Address, **HILL BRUSH CO.,** Reading, Mass.

NEW Practical Life. (The Key to Fortune) 600 pp. Clear type, finest binding and illustrations. AGENTS WANTED. \$75 to \$150 per Month. For Terms, address J. C. MURPHY & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DIAMOND DYES.
ONLY 10 CENTS FOR ANY COLOR. The Simplest, Cheapest, Strongest and most brilliant Dyes ever made. One 10 cent package will color more goods than any 15 or 25 ct. dye ever sold. 24 popular colors. Any one can color any fabric or fancy article. Send for color wanted and be convinced. Fancy cards, samples of ink, and p.k.g. dye, all mailed for 10 cts. **WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO.,** Burlington, Vt.



Everywhere known and prized for Skill and fidelity in manufacture, Tasteful and excellent improvements, Elegant variety of designs, Yielding unrivaled tones. Illustrated Catalogues sent Free. **J. ESTEY & CO.,** Brattleboro, Vt.



FREE TO YOU!

A Six-Months Subscription to a Valuable Paper and a Magnificent Premium! We wish to introduce our great Literary, Agricultural and Family Paper, **THE RURAL HOME JOURNAL**, into thousands of homes where it is not already known. We make the following unprecedented offer: To any one who will send us **Twenty-one Cents** in postage stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and labor involved, we will send **THE RURAL HOME JOURNAL** for Six Months, also an elegant Portfolio of beautiful engravings called "The Art Souvenir," containing eight superb reproductions of genuine steel engravings of American and Foreign Scenery, Pleasing Home Subjects, etc., printed on heavy plate paper, beautifully bound, and forming one of the most charming adornments for the parlor or centre table that could be desired. **THE RURAL HOME JOURNAL** is an eight page, 32-column illustrated paper, devoted to stories, sketches, poems, agriculture, horticulture, household hints and recipes, ladies' fancy work, wit and humor, news, and everything to amuse, entertain and instruct the whole family. You will be delighted with it, and likewise with the beautiful premium. We make this great offer simply to introduce our paper into new homes, hoping to retain for future years all who subscribe now. Send at once! Remember, we give you the paper and premium free, merely asking the trifling sum of 21 cents to pay cost of mailing and labor. Those who do not take advantage of this offer will throw away a chance of a lifetime. If you will obtain for us a club of five subscribers upon these terms, and send us \$1.05, we will send you, free, for your trouble, either an elegant Butter Knife, or Sugar Shell, or Pickle Fork, heavily plated with pure coin silver on steel and warranted to wear. Address, **F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 27 Park Place, New York.**

50 LARGE HANDSOME CHROMO CARDS, name on 10c. New & artistic designs, acknowledged best pack sold. Album of Sample No. F W Austin, Feb-November 01.

YOUR NAME In this style type On 50 elegant new Chromo Cards 10c. 14 pks. \$1. Agts. make 50 per cent. Please send 20c for Agent's Album of samples, Premium List &c. Blank Cards at wholesale. **NORTHFORD CARD WORKS, Northford, Conn.**

50 ALL CHROMOS, new designs, with name the. Free present with each pack. We give the best premiums ever offered Agents. **Tuttle Bros.,** No. Haven, Ct.

PLANTS, SEEDS, BULBS, by mail, or express. Cut-flowers and floral designs for funerals, weddings, etc., a specialty. **C. E. ALLEN, Brattleboro, Vt.**



THE IMPROVED COMFORT CORSET.

NO BONES TO BREAK.
Ladies who have not worn the *Comfort Corset* cannot realize its superiority to any other Corset. It has a variety of shoulder sizes for each waist size, adjusting them to a tapering waist, or a straight form. No other Corset has more than one size at the top, for any one waist size. Stylish and tasty as a French Corset, combining ease and comfort with elegance and shape. Instead of bones, rows of very stiff cord are inserted, giving all the support of bones and still yielding to every movement of the form, and of being washed without injury to the corset in any particular. The whole burden of the clothes is transferred to that portion of the shoulders best adapted to sustain their weight, supporting everything without inconvenience, and almost without the wearer's consciousness, making this garment in truth, *A Comfort Corset.* Two measures required. Send for our circular, with rule for measurement and Price List. Waists for children on same principle.

MANUFACTURED AND FOR SALE BY THE
BOSTON COMFORT CORSET COMPANY,
76 CHAUNCEY STREET, Boston, Mass.
Also for sale by the Leading Dry-Goods Houses throughout the Country.

BEATTY'S PIPE TOP ORGAN.

Suitable for the Parlor, Chapel, Lodge, Church or Sabbath School. This beautiful Pipe Top Organ is made from seasoned Black Walnut. It will stand the test of any climate. It is elegantly proportioned, the pipes are illuminated with brilliant colors lined with gold, ornately carved. The case has a rubbed varnish finish, will not take the dirt or dust. It is called **BEETHOVEN**, as its musical effects are the most wonderful yet produced at any price, hence it is named after the World's greatest composer. For the purpose of placing this Pipe Top Organ upon the market without delay, so that all may see and acquaint themselves with its merits, I have fixed the price for the present at **ONLY \$109.75**

which includes a solid walnut Organ Bench, Music and Book.

- 27 STOPS.**
(1) Cello, 8 feet tone, (2) Melodia, (3) Clarabella, (4) Manual Sub-Bass, 16 feet tone, (5) Bourdon, 16 feet tone, (6) Saxophone, 8 ft. tone, (7) Viola di Gamba, 8 ft. tone, (8) Diapason, 8 ft. tone, (9) Viola Dolce, 4 ft. tone, (10) Grand Expression, 8 ft. tone, (11) French Horn, 8 ft. tone, (12) Harp Zolian, (13) Vox Humana, Tremulant, (14) Echo, 8 ft. tone, (15) Dulciana, 8 ft. tone, (16) Clarinet, 8 ft. tone, (17) Voix Celeste, 8 ft. tone, (18) Violina, 4 ft. tone, (19) Vox Jubilante, 8 and 4 feet tone, (20) Piccolo, 2 ft. tone, (21) Coupler Harp, (22) Organ, (23) Orchestral Forte, (24) Grand Organ Knee Stop, (25) Right Knee Stop, (26) Automatic Valve Stop, (27) Right Duplex Damper, (28) Left Duplex Damper. With grand and thrilling accompaniment and combination effects.

10 Sets Reeds.
This Organ contains 10 full sets **GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS**, arranged on a new and patented plan surpassing all previous attempts at organ building. It has Upright Bellows, with 3 sections, giving an increase of power over the usual style of bellows made by other manufacturers. Fitted with Steel Springs, Music Pocket, Sliding Fall with Lock (nickel plated), Elegant Lamp Stands, Nickel-Plated Foot-plates on pedals which never rust or wear, besides 1 Knee Swells, Handles and Rollers for moving. With each Organ hereafter an elegant solid Organ Bench will be sent, free of charge. This is far superior to the ordinary stool for Organ use and is more ornamental, useful. Order direct from this advertisement. It has been improved and perfected since first invented, and those who want music and not furniture, (although this case is very handsome), should order this Organ. **Visitors Are Always Welcome.**—A Free Concert with polite attendants, meets all trains. Five dollars (\$5) allowed to pay your traveling expenses if you buy. **How to Order by Mail.**—Remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, or by express, prepaid. Satisfaction in every particular, or money promptly refunded with interest, if the instrument is not precisely as represented, after one year's use. Surely nothing can be fairer than this. Address or call upon **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

We believe that our SUBSCRIBERS will find the Beethoven in every particular as represented in the above advertisement from the very fact that Mr. Beatty offers to refund the money paid, with interest, if after a year's use the instrument is not precisely as represented. He is building and shipping over one thousand a month. During the next thirty days he will make and ship 1,500, working nights until midnight in order to fill all orders promptly. The instrument is built on an entirely new plan in the art of organ building, and is patented so that no other maker can build one like it at any price. It contains a great variety of musical combinations suitable for the Parlor, Lodge, Church or Sabbath School.

DO YOU OWN A HORSE? 100 CARDS FREE!!

HORSE Send 25 cts. in stamps or currency, for the REVISED EDITION of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." It gives the best treatment for all diseases, has 60 fine engravings showing positions assumed by sick horses, better than can be taught in any other way, a table showing doses of all the principal medicines used for the horse, as well as their effects and antidotes when a poison, a large collection of valuable RECEIPTS, rules for telling the age of a horse, with an engraving showing teeth of each year, and a large amount of other valuable horse information. Hundreds of horsemen have pronounced it worth more than books costing \$5.00 and \$10.00. The fact that 200,000 sold in about one year before it was revised shows how popular the book is. The revised edition is much more interesting. Address, **THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.**

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address **STINSON & CO.,** Portland, Maine.

Entirely New. Acknowledged the best pack ever produced. No one else has them. Send us 10c. for our New Price-list and Illustrated Catalogue, and we will print your name on 100 of the handsomest cards, you ever saw **FREE**, including Feather series, Verre Cards Unique Marine Views etc., all in brilliant colors, on heavy card board. Watches, Gold Rings, Silver Ware, Novelties etc., given as premiums. Agents complete Sample book 25c. Inducements to Agents unequalled. Printers and Dealers supplied with blank Cards. **STEVENS BROS., Northford Conn.**

50 LOVELY Chromo Cards, our Drawing Room Hand and Bouquet series, entirely new, name on 10c. Samplebook free with \$1. order. **Franklin Prtg. Co. New Haven Ct.**

30 Fine White Gold Edge Cards, name on 10c. Sample Book 25c. **F. M. Shaw & Co., Jersey City, N. J.**

100 Bristol, name on 10 cts. Other cards cheap. **UNION CARD CO.,** Chesham, R. I.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address **TRUB & CO.,** Augusta, Maine.



Entered as second-class mail matter at Brattleboro, Vt., Post Office.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JULY, 1882.

DON'T FORGET that we want a **SPECIAL AGENT** in every county in the United States. Many are applying for these special agencies and all are pleased with the terms we offer. If you can attend to the business in your county it **WILL PAY YOU WELL** to do so.

We can no longer supply January numbers to our subscribers. Agents and others forwarding subscriptions will please bear this in mind.

We cannot change the direction of a paper unless informed of the office at which it is now received, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.

PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.10 per year, including the postage.

MONEY MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK by postal order, or in a registered letter, or by a bank check payable in New York or Boston. Don't send personal checks on local banks.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS 1's and 3's—will be received in payment for THE HOUSEHOLD from those who are unable to send subscriptions in any other form. Do not send any larger ones.

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

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

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM OUR FRIENDS are desired upon any and all subjects within the province of THE HOUSEHOLD. We particularly desire short, practical articles and suggestions from experienced housekeepers, everywhere, who have passed through the trials and perplexities which to a greater or less degree, are the lot of every new pupil in the school of domestic life. Ladies, write for your paper.

CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written.

CANADIAN STAMPS are of no use to us, neither can we credit full price for mutilated coin. Revenue and proprietary stamps are not postage stamps and we have no use for them. And will all our readers, every one, if you must send the ten cents in stamps, oblige us by sending 1's and 3's, and put them into the letters loosely. Do not attempt to fasten them even slightly, as many are spoiled by so doing. Seal the envelope well, and they can't get away.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

TO CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—It would save us considerable time and no little annoyance, besides aiding us to give prompt and satisfactory attention to the requests of our correspondents, if they would in every case sign their names to their letters—which many fail to do—and also give post-office address including the state. Especially is this desirable when subscriptions are sent, or any matter pertaining to business is enclosed. We desire to be prompt and correct in our dealing with our friends, but they often make it extremely difficult for us by omitting these most essential portions of their communications.

AN ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN FREE to any subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer, and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD? We have already sent out many of these organs, literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned they have

given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1882. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within one year from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and observe these conditions fully, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or other witnesses who are strangers to us, nor "refer" us to any body—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application must do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

E. R. KELSEY of Everett, is sole agent for THE HOUSEHOLD for Suffolk County, Mass., to whom all persons wishing agencies in that county should apply.

An effective medicine for kidney diseases, low fevers and nervous prostration, and well worthy of a trial, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

"I don't like that cat; it's got splinters in its feet!" was the excuse of a four-year-old for throwing the kitten away.

We call the attention of our lady readers to the advertisement in our columns of James Pyle's Pearlina, for laundry and kitchen purposes. An article so popular and widely circulated, must possess merits that commend it to the favor of housekeepers.

—A wayward youth in an inland cottage perpetrated a bad grind on his dignified Greek professor the other day. Called upon for a translation from Homer, where he speaks of the Trojan women washing their clothing by the sea, he very demurely asked his teacher "if in his opinion they were the origin of the Troy Laundry."

There is no worse enthrallment for tormented man than the exactions of a morbid nervous condition. The over-taxed brain then gets no rest from tranquil sleep and needs the pacifying influence of Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

—Looking to the future. Algy—"They want £6000 for the lease, Maria. It runs for eighty-nine years." Maria—"Oh, don't buy it, Algy. Only eighty-nine years! Fancy dear baby being turned out of his house at ninety-one, and possibly infirm into the bargain!"

Complications.

If the thousands that now have their rest and comfort destroyed by complication of liver and kidney complaints would give nature's remedy, Kidney-Wort, a trial they would be speedily cured. It acts on both organs at the same time and therefore completely fills the bill for a perfect remedy. If you have a lame back and disordered kidneys use it at once. Don't neglect them. —Mirror and Farmer.

—We often hear of a woman marrying a man to reform him; but no one ever tells about a man marrying a woman to reform her. We men are modest, and don't talk about our good deeds much.

Messrs. Bigelow, Kennard & Co., the well-known Boston jewelers, whose card appears in our paper to-day, make a specialty of fine time-keepers of the noted Waltham Watch Company, and have never before had a better stock of these desirable watches.

Large Demand for Beatty's Organs.

WASHINGTON, N. J., May 15.—Beatty's Organ Factory, located here, is running until midnight. The demand for Beatty's organs is increasing daily. Mayor Beatty informs your correspondent to-night that he will manufacture and ship 1,500 Beethoven 27-stop \$90 organs during this month. His Switch Back Railroad is about completed.

LETTER FROM RIVERSIDE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Now you expect to hear all about Hans Dorcomb's "little plan," and the results of my ingatherings as treasurer. Was there ever such an eager, listening throng in this family before? Dear Hans Dorcomb, in the quiet of her sick chamber, feeble in body, but mighty in good words and works, originated the idea of presenting our kind editor with some substantial token of the respect, and appreciation of his untiring efforts in behalf of the 54,000 subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD. Hence the mite desired from each to make the sum total large. The result you know. Doubtless the unfolding has seemed like a serial story, begun just before a new volume, to carry you per force along to the end. Nothing was further from our intention. We thought to have the deed "signed, sealed, and delivered," as a New Year's gift.

I desire to state at the outset that whenever an extra stamp was enclosed for the special purpose of receiving a reply, an answer was immediately written, telling all about it, our hopes and great "expectations," (ah! those "great expectations" that dwindled so amazingly as weeks rolled on,) which in itself necessitated the writing of very many letters. Then, too, the dear old ladies, and those to whom it seemed an effort to write, I must needs remember of my own free will, and let them into the secret, which really was no secret outside of Mr. Crowell's office. And the funny "Old Man" whose "frow" told him "to send Riverside three cents quick," of course, I replied to that as a reward for his obedience, and hoped for another laconic epistle. Was the "frow" unwilling?

Oh, you don't know how I longed to answer all! Some were too modest to sign any name. "The highest lady in the land" sent her mite, but with no other signature, else a New England letter would probably have winged its way thither. A dozen or more wrote, but forgot to enclose anything; probably, they thought they did. One sister, realizing the omission, sent a second letter, both reaching me at the same time.

Some wondered if I was not a near relative of Hans D., others, a sister to Sunnyside, and scores inquired, if I "ever saw Rosamond E., and was she a living reality?" Many a postal and letter did I dash off in your behalf, Rosamond.

Then the guesses as to what was to be done with the money! "Send Midget to college," "Buy the turquoise ring," were repeated over and over. While still more guessed rightly that in some way Mr. Crowell would be the recipient, for, said they, "While glad that THE HOUSEHOLD is furnished at so low cost, yet I feel each month I am receiving more than I pay for, so any amount we obtain, will be only his due." That was the key note from the beginning. One "hopes I have a private secretary," another sends a big plum, and "may God's blessing go with it."

It was a mystery "how a letter addressed to Riverside would ever reach me." They did, though, and now and then, nice things, too—pressed flowers, little mementoes, a stamped cushion cover for Hans D., and one for myself. A sister of the Band living in Ohio felt moved, because she was so pleased with a quilt knit from my directions, to make and send me a beautiful ornament of different minerals, put together in monumental form, enclosing a tiny phial. It is beautiful. I sent thanks by letter, but this is to emphasize them.

A dear friend in California sends a box containing pressed ferns, a neck-tie, and some calico-stripe trimming for a kitchen apron. Her husband dared to laugh at

the latter gift. Precious little he knows about it! So hie back to your study, minister friend, and let your bigger half (I have both photographs,) work out her own sweet will. Why, to me, it seemed like a run-in, neighborly call, in calico dress and sun bonnet, the kind that will take the worrying baby from the tired mother's arms awhile, a real, every-day token of friendliness. You know how that is.

I desire to thank you all for the cheering letters of faith and trust expressed in Hans Dorcomb and myself. Your faith has been tried during these months of waiting, and we, in turn, have had faith in your continued friendship and patient waiting.

Occasionally, a bird of passage would tell of some sister "who didn't know about sending three cents, do you know what a big sum it will be if 54,000 send?" and she did not risk her money with Riverside, not she. Dear friend, now you know I did not run over to Europe, but made a bona fide purchase of a cabinet, and it has been acknowledged by Mr. Crowell, it is now in order for you and all those who constitute the difference between 54,000 and 1325 to send handsome specimens to it, and hasten, too, or the money-senders will win the day. Even now, nice collections are on the way from many of them.

In several instances, an extra stamp was enclosed, in memory of loved ones gone on, who, while with us, were of us members of the Band. All such letters were replied to after a while.

You see, at the first, letters came thick and fast. Long before we in New England received the November number, it being sent south and west first, they came pouring in. I was away from home four days, and found one hundred and eighty-six letters awaiting my return. I was prepared, however, having left a basket at the post office, expecting to find it filled. "Great expectations" again. I have every name, and place of residence, as far as known, with the amount sent, in a book.

Mr. Crowell, you must share with me the pleasure received. Yours culminated in a handsome testimonial, mine has enriched and pleased all the way along. New friends have I found whose letters are treasures, containing much valuable information. So I have the "lay of the land" of our vast country before my mental vision as never before, and New England does not seem quite so big territorially as formerly, nor contain all the refinement and culture, the enterprise and thrift. Though I find she reaches out her arms to nearly every state and territory, and claims her children in each.

And I will tell also of letters from the true and tried friends of earlier HOUSEHOLD acquaintances, scattered over north, south and west, from whose homes and hearts come cordial and repeated invitations for a visit, for a "week's stay," "two months," "spend the season with us," "until you are tired of us," (I like the old English custom of limited invitations,) and who assure me of "latch-strings ever on the outside."

You set me wild with the pleasurable thought. How I should like to don traveling attire, and take a zigzag journey, starting from Olive Oldstyle's, bringing her fresh news of her daughter who is near me, but far from her, popping into this house and that along the line, chat and tell all I know. Don't one of you dare to add, "It won't take long." Thus I would go on until I took a cool, long rest in E. R.'s home among the Sierra Nevada mountains; or, in another direction, find it in Montapa, in the little, new home of the minister's wife. She is one of our Band now, and her speaking eyes are opening wide, as I introduce her to you

as the beautiful Swede girl of whom I told you in THE HOUSEHOLD two or three years ago, who improved every spare moment in study, and who by progressive steps, from the kitchen of a clergyman, now fills the honored position of minister's wife, and with her husband is doing missionary work for the Master.

I cannot close without expressing gratitude to those who collected the names and subscriptions of all subscribers in their home towns, sending in one envelope. It helped me very much. And to those who desired a personal letter, let me say, I have quite a pile of such requests put one side, hoping to answer them sometime. RIVERSIDE.

LETTER FROM BROWNIE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a constant reader of the paper since it first came to me as a wedding gift two years ago, and now I want to send my contribution.

Perhaps some of you would like to know how I furnished my house. The house is a square, white one, some distance from the road. The front door opens on a hall, which I covered with oil-cloth. This looked beautiful when first put down, but alas! like so many things now-a-days, did not fulfill its promise of wearing well. The parlor opens out of the hall on the right side. I had a Brussels carpet that had been used several years and was too small for the room. But I bought a border for the carpet that made it look "as good as new," and then got enough colored matting, red and white, to go around the sides of the room, the bordered carpet being put down as a rug in the center of the room. Among my wedding presents were two easy chairs, at my own request, and these had been covered to go with the carpet. A writing-desk, book-case, small center-table, another easy chair and lounge, the latter in old gold, the carpet and the other easy chairs are figured maroon, two camp chairs of different styles, complete the furniture of that room. On the walls are a number of pictures.

My own room is the other side of the hall. I sent to New York and got a very pretty set of cottage furniture, yellow and brown. The floor has matting on the sides and a brown carpet on the center. I had two boxes made, the two together being six feet long and nearly three feet wide. Then I had a small mattress made to fit, the two boxes being fastened together and made a cover of cretonne, at twenty-five cents a yard. These boxes for convenience I had opened at the side, and a shelf put in each. They are very handy, serving to hold extra clothing, etc., and also for soiled clothing, as there is hardly a closet in the house.

Another thing that I am quite proud of is the stand we have for holding books, papers, work, etc. It was left by a former occupant as too shabby to take away. It has four shelves, each about a foot and a half apart. I covered it with the same cretonne as the box lounge, making a curtain around from the lower shelf to the floor, and it is an exceedingly useful piece of furniture, and quite ornamental. Each shelf is thirty-three by twenty inches, and will hold a great deal. When baby came I wanted some place to keep his wardrobe and there was no place for another bureau. I had a box made about as high as a bureau and just large enough to fit a vacant space, a dry goods box the right size would have done as well. Two shelves and the bottom space gave all the room I wanted. The top was wadded and the whole covered with cretonne, the curtains forming the front of the box. On top stands the baby's basket.

My lambrequins for window and mantel shelf are the same cretonne. Those

for the window are made with a little ruffle across the top, and nailed on to a piece of wood as long as the window and about three inches wide. This rests on two little wooden brackets nailed over the top of the window. If I wish to take the lambrequin down, I have only to stand on a chair and take down stick and all. No weary reaching to pull out tacks.

My splashier and washstand cover are of brown figured oil-cloth, around which I crocheted a red worsted border. The cretonne is also red, so the prevailing colors of the room are red and brown. Every vacant space is filled with pictures. I have a sister who paints in oils and her pictures do much toward making the house attractive.

My dining room is in the L of the house; the kitchen, as is usual in the south, being a log cabin some little distance off. On the floor of the dining room is plain white matting with oil-cloth in front of the stove. In the other rooms I have open wood fires. On one side is my book case made by one of the hands in one day. It is about six and one-half feet high, with six shelves five feet long and one foot wide. Each side is made of one plank, with a notch cut at the bottom to make feet for it to stand on. It is poplar, as yet unpainted or unstained.

The sideboard is also home-made of southern pine, varnished first with shellac and afterwards with copal varnish. It is open in front, with two shelves, on which my china and glass stand. It is about five feet long and four feet high, with a low back as a finish. It was made by the same colored man who made the book-case, not a regular carpenter, and out of unseasoned pine, the best I could get at the time. It looks very nicely, but if made of better wood could be much improved.

My best bedroom up-stairs is blue. The carpet, ingrain, is pieced in about twenty places, in fact I had never thought it could be used again, but with a pretty border to match, and laid as a rug with white matting around, looks very respectable. The furniture is a cottage set, painted to order, gray (almost lavender) and blue, with little bunches of flowers on each drawer, etc.

The closet is made of blue cretonne hung from a cross-piece nailed about seven feet from the floor. There are two breadths of the cretonne finished with a ruffle at the top, and nailed so as to lap a little. Inside, a row of nails were driven at the right height.

In my other bedroom a dark cretonne is used. The bedstead is walnut, the bureau is chestnut, an old one of my grandmother's, the wash-stand an old-fashioned mahogany one. The dressing table is a dry goods box with two shelves inside, and covered with the cretonne plaited around as a curtain. The top is wadded and then covered. A frame extends above the table high enough for a mirror to hang and is draped with a cretonne curtain. I had two barrel chairs made, but they were not perfect successes, as it was very difficult to stuff them. The closet is made the same way as in the other room.

I will give a hint that I found very useful, to any who are just going to house-keeping. Get everything you need for the kitchen and dining room, even if you have to wait a little while before furnishing your parlor.

This is a long letter, but I want to add a few hints for those like myself with a little baby, but who haven't "a grandma just across the road." If baby's eyes are sore, get some sassafras, scrape out the pith and make a tea of it. This should boil until it forms a gelatinous substance. With this bathe the child's eyes and it is almost a sure cure. A few drops of lime

water in milk, four or five drops, will often settle a child's stomach if it throws up sour milk. If troubled with diarrhea during teething, or from any cause, bind a flannel band across the abdomen, keeping it well pulled down, and let the child wear it day and night. This is also good for grown persons. I speak from experience. Boiled flour is also good. Tie a cup of flour in a tight ball in a cloth, let it boil three hours, then dry either in the sun or in an oven; grate off about a tablespoonful to a cup of milk, and boil it five minutes in the milk.

When grandma arranged the baby's crib, she lined it with white muslin over blue cambric, and had a piece of wood fastened to the top with a short cross piece. From this hung curtains of the muslin and cambric. When the netting is placed on this, it is so far above the baby's head he cannot reach to pull it down. The lining prevents the flies crawling in at the sides of the crib, and also makes it softer when he hits against the side.

One more suggestion and I will close this long letter. When you are making baby's clothes, make a little under sack or waist of white flannel, with long sleeves, open behind. This is a great protection, and largely saves the use of knit sacks. BROWNIE.

LETTER FROM CHARITY SNOW.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—When I obtain a new number of THE HOUSEHOLD, I always find so much in the letter department that I would like to answer that I have hard work to keep my pen still. So many items in the February number especially interest me that I must indulge myself in a short letter.

The Rosamond E. sensation seems to be getting somewhat exciting and not a little amusing. Pearl Van Horn caps the climax of criticism. If R. E. is genuine, won't Pearl have to eat humble pie, when she makes her that visit, and apologizes for all the sharp things she has said! And won't Mrs. Rosamond have to be very forgiving to enjoy Pearl's company, or even invite her? But since remarkable people are capable of remarkable things, no doubt R. E. will be equal to the occasion. There are a great many remarkable people in the world, dear sisters. I know of more than one woman who, I think, can equal our HOUSEHOLD prodigy, were all their doings published to the world. I must say she puzzles me a little, but I have never yet come to the point where I feel clear to denounce her as a "fraud."

The washing question is also one that interests me very much. I am glad to find that one woman in a late HOUSEHOLD, A. B., who does not bow down and worship Dobbins' Soap. I had very much the experience she speaks of. Clothes that could be easily cleaned any way, looked very nice, but the most soiled ones washed very hard, and grew very grimy in a few weeks, and that is just where I, and every woman who washes, needs help the most. I used several pounds of the soap, then gave it up as too expensive with small results.

Where is Innovator? Why does she not give us her superior methods of cookery? It is my opinion that she has starved herself to death, and we shall never hear of her more?

I greatly admire the practical ideas of Rosella Rice on Christmas presents, *i. e.*, giving useful rather than ornamental gifts. A nice, pasteboard water pail came to me from the Christmas tree last year filled with groceries. It was one of my most valued gifts. A nice lace necktie which will answer for my "meetinest" tie for months, was another. But I had one present which I am in a quandary

what to do with, a pair of dainty vase mats. You say, "Set your vases on them." But you see, I haven't a vase to my name, unfortunately my former small stock I have broken. Now, shall I wait till next Christmas, and see if some one will donate a pair to go with the mats, or shall I buy a pair, which I do not feel able to do, in view of greater needs, or shall I pin them at my throat and make believe that I have a brand-new style of bow? You will readily take in my dilemma. If I could only get into Mrs. Prof. Lattimer's "world," I should be tempted to beg, borrow, or steal some of her superfluous vases.

Among the very many useful articles sent out by the Dover Stamping Co., is the dish-drainer advertised in THE HOUSEHOLD. It almost does away with the necessity of using a drying cloth at all, as they nearly dry themselves, especially if hot water is poured over them.

I think Dr. Hanaford's answers are very helpful. I would like to ask if he uses alcohol in diphtheria.

Will any one give me a real, true recipe for crackers of any kind? Is there not some baker's wife in the sisterhood who could accommodate us. I think none of us would make them in such quantities as to injure the trade very much. CHARITY SNOW.

LONGFELLOW MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The death of the poet Longfellow has taken from the world one upon whom the affections of all English-speaking people unite.

To provide some lasting memorial which shall testify to future generations the tender respect in which his contemporaries hold that pure and gentle life is the purpose for which the Longfellow Memorial Association has been formed.

From his early manhood Mr. Longfellow lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in a house already famous as for a time the home of Washington.

This venerable house stands facing the Charles River (the poet's favorite view), towards which looked the windows of his study, and of which he wrote:

"—long years of mingled feeling,
Half in rest and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life."

The association hopes to raise money enough to secure that part of Mr. Longfellow's grounds which lies between the house and the river, there to erect an enduring memorial to Mr. Longfellow, and to keep the spot, doubly rich in associations, forever open to the people. It is also included within the plans of the association to provide for the permanent preservation of the house, should it ever pass out of the possession of the family of Mr. Longfellow.

In order to accomplish this, or to erect some other public and appropriate memorial near the scenes of the poet's life, this association calls for a national subscription. It asks for contributions of one dollar each, for which a certificate of honorary membership in the association will be given.

The certificate to be given to members of the Longfellow Memorial Association will be of a suitable size and form for framing and preservation. It will have on it the poet's portrait, a view of his house and an extract from his poetry, with his autograph in fac-simile.

Contributions will be received by the editor of THE HOUSEHOLD, or may be sent to John Bartlett, Treasurer, P. O. box 1590, Boston, Mass.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

For Nervousness, Indigestion, etc.
Send to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I., for pamphlet. Mailed free.

KIDNEY-WORT
FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSTIPATION.
No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, proper use of this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complication with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

If you have either of these troubles

PRICE \$1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

CHICAGO SCALE CO.,
147, 149 & 151 Jefferson St., Chicago.
MANUFACTURE MORE THAN
300 Different Varieties.
Buy the Best Quality at Lowest Prices.



2-Ton Wagon Scales (Platform 6x12) --- \$10
3-Ton, 7x13, --- \$50 **4-Ton, 8x14, --- \$60**
All other sizes in proportion. All Scales perfect. Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Beam, Beam-Box and building directions with each Scale.
The "Little Detective" for Family or Office, \$3.
Sold by dealers everywhere. Send for price-list.

FANCY WORK A BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS and Patterns for Artistic Needle Work, Kensington Embroidery, directions for making numerous kinds of Crochet and Knitted Work, Patterns for Hand Bags, Scrap Baskets, Tidy, Mat, Oak Leaf Lace, Piano Cover, etc. Tells how to make South Kensington, Outline, Persian, Tent, Star, Satin and Feather Stitches, etc. Price 35 cts., or twelve three-cent stamps; 4 Books, \$1.

WORSTED CROSS-STITCH PATTERNS.
A BOOK of 100 Patterns for Worsted Work, etc. Borders, Corners, Flowers, Birds, Animals, Pansies, Storks, Deer, Roses, Elephant, Comic Designs, 8 Alphabets, etc. Price 25 cts.; 8 Books \$1. 4 large Tidy Patterns, 10 cts. **Special Offer—All for 18 Three-Cent Stamps.**
J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass., box T.

CANVASSING AGENTS WANTED!

Everywhere, either male or female, to solicit orders for portraits painted from all kinds of small pictures. Old established and reliable house. Liberal inducements offered and constant employment given. Exclusive territory. For full particulars enclose 3c. stamp and address

North American Photo-Copying Co.,
25, 27, 29 and 31 East 3d St.,
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

INWOOD'S HAIR PRODUCER. A purely vegetable compound that contains nothing injurious and will positively make the hair grow if the roots are not entirely destroyed. A few applications will stop the hair from falling out. \$1.00 per bottle. **TOILET LOTION** removes sunburn and tan; renders the skin soft and white. \$1.00 per bottle. **ELEGANT TOILET POWDER.** 50 cts. per box, sent on receipt of price. Mrs. D. A. INWOOD, 147 Tremont St., Room 3, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED.

GUSTIN'S OINTMENT.

This really valuable Ointment is now for the first time offered to the public. For many years its extraordinary curative virtues have been handed down from generation to generation in one family, who, with their friends, have been the only ones benefited thereby. The recipe for making it was obtained in the last century from the Indians by one of Vermont's early and distinguished physicians, and used by him during his life with wonderful success. It will perform what is promised for it, and we now offer it as standing without a rival for relieving and curing

Piles, Burns, Bruises, Bites and Stings, Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Sore Nipples, Etc.

For the Piles its truly wonderful effects can only be fully appreciated in its use by the afflicted one. It is equally beneficial for the speedy cure of Sore Nipples, no harm coming to the infant. The Ointment is neatly put up in tin boxes, and will be sent post-paid to any part of the United States or Canada on receipt of 25 cts. Liberal discount to the trade.

THOMPSON & CO.,
12- Brattleboro, Vt.

We take pleasure in speaking a word in praise of this Ointment. It has been used in our family for several years and always with the most satisfactory results.

ED HOUSEHOLD.

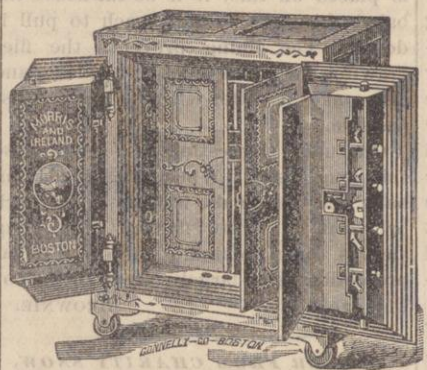
CHILDREN'S WARDROBE.

I will send to any readers of THE HOUSEHOLD for one dollar and fifteen cents the following patterns, viz.: Infant's night slip, shirt, two dresses, one sack, one bill, barrow coat band, petticoat band; or for the same price patterns for first short clothes, three dresses, two aprons, under waist, day drawers, night drawers, sack, skirt, and sunbonnet, with full directions for making. State sex in writing. Address, CHRISTIE IRVING, 120 Maple Ave., Springfield, Ohio

BEATTY'S ORGANS 27 stops, \$90. Pianos \$125. Factory running day and night. Catalogue free. Address D. F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

Morris & Ireland's NEW IMPROVED EIGHT FLANGE FIRE-PROOF SAFE.

**CHAMPION RECORD IN THE
Great Boston Fire, 1872;
Great Haverhill Fire, 1882;
Great Hopkinton Fire, 1882;
Great Attleboro Fire, 1882.**



THE ONLY EIGHT FLANGE SAFE MADE IN THE WORLD,
AND CONTAINING

Patent Inside Bolt Work,
Patent Hinged Cap,
Four-Wheel Locks,
Inside Iron Linings,
Solid Angle Corners.

Send for Prices and Descriptive Circulars to

MORRIS & IRELAND,
64 Sudbury Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Boston University Law School
OPENS OCT. 4. ADDRESS THE DEAN,
EDMUND H. BENNETT, LL. D., BOSTON, MASS.

Dr. Hanaford's Card.

The sick, who give a careful description of condition, symptoms, temperament, employments, etc., will receive medicine for six weeks, with carefully prepared directions. Fee \$3, sent with the order.

STOMACH REGULATOR AND LIVER INVIGORATOR. Indicated for Dyspepsia, Pouch Stomach, Indigestion, Nausea, Torpidity of the Liver, and all derangements of that organ. Price 40 cents (stamps) for enough to last one month; \$1.00 for three packages, three months.

MOTHER AND CHILD, giving the treatment of prospective mothers, and of the infant, treating of food, clothing, bathing, air and sunlight—all needed by both—will be sent by mail, free, for \$1.25.

OUR HOME GIRLS, a pamphlet treating of the management of the girl, her recreations, dress, education, proper food, etc. Sent by mail for 25 cents.

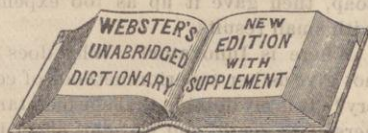
ANTI-FAT AND ANTI-LEAN, a small treatise treating of the means of restoring both the fat and lean to their normal condition, the former without medicine, or mainly by food, and the latter by food and medicine. Price 25 cents.

GOOD DIGESTION, OR THE DYSPEPTIC'S FRIEND.—This is intended to meet the wants of a large class of the victims of Dyspepsia, Liver and Bowel Complaints, Indigestion, etc. The principles are clearly and plainly given in the language of the people. A pamphlet of 60 pages, 20 cents.

GOOD BREAD AND HOW TO MAKE IT.—This pamphlet of 26 pages contains the principles of bread making, with much other important matter for the housekeeper. Price 12 cents.

HEALTH RULES sent with "Good Bread," "Anti-Fat," etc., and medicine. All sent free by mail.

Dr. J. H. HANAFORD, Reading, Mass.



Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.

LATEST-LARGEST-BEST.
1928 Pages, 3000 Engravings.
4600 NEW WORDS and Meanings.
Biographical Dictionary
of over 9700 Names.

THE BEST GIFT

For all times,

HOLIDAYS, WEDDING, BIRTHDAY,
ANNIVERSARY, or any other day; for
PASTOR, TEACHER, PARENT, CHILD, FRIEND.

BEATTY'S BEETHOVEN ORGANS

Suitable for the Parlor, Chapel, Lodge, Church or Sabbath School.

I announced, during the Winter months, that the price of the Beethoven would be \$125, on and after May 1st, 1882, on account of the great rise in labor and material; but having recently largely increased my facilities (such as building a switch-back railroad, so as to handle coal, lumber and organs without expense of cartage, adding new labor-saving machinery, &c.) for making this particular style of Organ, and building and shipping them at the rate of over 1,000 per month, I shall continue to sell the following instrument for **ONLY \$90.00**, which includes a beautiful Organ Bench, Music Book, etc., securely packed, boxed and delivered on board cars. **Order now;** as the instrument cannot be sold at such figures for any great length of time. **Factory running day and night to all orders promptly.** Every BEETHOVEN sold is a standing advertisement. If you will order one, and give it a trial at your own house, this is all I ask. It speaks for itself. Thousands of testimonials have been received from influential persons.

This beautiful Organ is manufactured from the choicest of thoroughly seasoned and well selected Black Walnut. It will stand the test of any climate. It is elegantly proportioned, ornately carved, and has fret and gold arabesque ornamentation. The case has a rich varnish finish, will not take the dirt or dust. It is called "BEETHOVEN," as its musical effects are the most wonderful yet produced at any price, hence it is named after the World's greatest composer. The variety, expression, tone beauties and combination effects cannot be equalled by any other manufacturer at less than \$450. Why? Because the Patented Improvements are my own and no one else can build an Organ on this plan.

27 STOPS.

(1) Cello, 8 feet tone, (2) Melodia, (3) Clarabella, (4) Manual Sub-Bass, 16 feet tone, (5) Bourdon, 16 feet tone, (6) Saxophone, 8 ft. tone, (7) Viola di Gamba, 8 ft. tone, (8) Diapason, 8 ft. tone, (9) Viola Dolce, 4 ft. tone, (10) Grand Expression, 8 ft. tone, (11) French Horn, 8 ft. tone, (12) Harp Solian, (13) Vox Humana, Tremulant, (14) Echo, 8 ft. tone, (15) Dulciana, 8 ft. tone, (16) Clarinet, 8 ft. tone, (17) Voix Celeste, 8 ft. tone, (18) Violina, 4 ft. tone, (19) Vox Jubilant, 8 and 4 feet tone, (20) Piccolo, 2 ft. tone, (21) Coupler Harmonique, (22) Orchestral Forte, (23) Grand Organ Knee Stop, (24) Right Valve Stop, (25) Automatic Stop, (26) Right Duplex Damper, (27) Left Duplex Damper.

With grand and thrilling accessory and combination effects.

This Organ contains 10 full sets Golden Tongue Reeds, arranged on a new and patented plan surpassing all previous attempts at organ building. It has Upright Bellows, with 3 sections, giving an increase of power over the usual style of bellows made

by other manufacturers. Fitted with Steel Springs, Music Pocket, Sliding Fall with Lock (nickel plated), Elegant Lamp Stands, Nickel-Plated Foot-plates on pedals, which never rust or wear, besides 2 Knee Swells, Handles and Rollers for moving. With each Organ hereafter an elegant solid Organ Bench will be sent, free of charge. This is far superior to the ordinary stool for Organ use and is more ornamental, useful. Order direct from this advertisement. It has been improved and perfected since first invented, and those who want music and not furniture, (although this case is very handsome), should order this Organ.

Visitors Are Always Welcome.—A Free Coach with polite attendants, meets all trains. Five dollars (\$5) allowed to pay your traveling expenses if you buy.

Address or call upon **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

NEW STYLE No. 9000, SOLID WALNUT CASE.
Height, 75 ins., Length, 46 ins., Depth, 23 ins.

10 Full Sets GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS.
\$90

How to Order by Mail.—Remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, or by express, prepaid. Beethoven Organs shipped same day order is received. Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed in every particular, or money promptly refunded with interest, if the instrument is not precisely as represented, after one year's use. Surely nothing can be fairer than this. **Organs built after the old plan, 8 to 11 Stops, only \$30, \$40, \$50.** Cathedral Church, Chapel, Parlor and Cabinet organs, \$30 upwards. Pianos, Grand, Square and Upright, \$25 to \$100.

If you cannot call and see me personally, be sure to order a Beethoven on one year's trial, or send for Circulars, Illustrated Catalogue, and Quarterly Mid-summer Edition, before you decide to buy elsewhere.

FREE TO ALL!

Books 2 1/2 Cts. Each

We have just published, in neat pamphlet form, handsomely illustrated and printed from large clear type on fine paper, **Ten Valuable Books** by ten of the greatest authors in the world, all of which we will send by mail post-paid to any address upon receipt of **Only 25 Cents** in postage stamps. Each book is complete and unabridged, and in cloth bound form they would cost at least one dollar each. The titles are as follows: 1. **The Lady of the Lake**, a romance in verse, by Sir Walter Scott; 2. **Grimm's Fairy Tales for the Young**, the best collection of fairy stories ever published; 3. **David Hunt**, a novel, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens; 4. **Reaping the Whirlwind**, a novel, by Mary Cecil Hay; 5. **Budley Carleton**, a novel, by Miss M. E. Braddon; 6. **Essays**, or, **THE MYSTERY OF THE HEADLANDS**, a novel, by Eliza W. Pierce; 7. **A Golden Dawn**, a novel, by the author of "Dora Thorne"; 8. **Valerie's Fate**, a novel, by Mrs. Alexander; 9. **Sister Rose**, a novel, by Willie Collins; 10. **Anne**, a novel, by Mrs. Henry Wood. Remember, we will send all the above books by mail, post-paid, upon receipt of only **Twenty-five cents** in postage stamps. Was there ever such a chance for getting so much for so little money before? Twenty-five cents invested in these books now will furnish enjoyment for the whole family for months to come, to say nothing of the valuable information you will derive from them. **Just think of it—Ten Valuable Books for 25 Cents!** Don't miss the chance! Send for them, and if you can conscientiously say that you are not perfectly satisfied, we will refund your money and make you a present of them! Not less than the entire list of ten will be sold. **For \$1.00 we will send Five Sets of the ten books;** therefore by showing this advertisement and getting four of your neighbors to buy one set each, you can get your own books free. As to our reliability, we refer to any newspaper publisher in New York, and to the Commercial Agencies, as we have been long established and are well known. Address, **F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 27 Park Place, New York.**

LABOR SAVING ARTICLES

Indispensable in Every Family.

BREAD MIXER AND KNEADER,
Dutcher Temple Co., Hopedale, Mass.

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP,
I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

DOVER EGG BEATER,
Dover Stamping Co., Boston, Mass.

PEA AND BEAN SHELLER,
E. H. Whitney, Providence, R. I.

MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. **I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor Me.**

A Sure Asthma.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Price 25 cts. by mail.

STOWELL & CO.,
Charlestown, Mass.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,



Woman can Sympathize with Woman.

Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population. It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box. Sold by all Druggists.

THE "LITTLE DETECTIVE."

No More Short Weights.

\$10 SCALE FOR \$3.



Weights from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs.

This little Scale is made with Steel Bearings and a Brass Beam, and will weigh accurately any package from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs. It is intended to supply the great demand for a Housekeeper's Scale. Nothing of the kind ever having been sold before for less than from \$8 to \$12. Every Scale is perfect and will last a person's life time. With one of these Scales you need not complain to your Butcher or Grocer of short weights without cause, and if you have Butter, Cheese, or any article that goes by weight to sell, you need not guess at it, or trust others to weigh for you. Every family in City, Village or Country should have one. It is also a valuable Scale in every Office, for Weighing Mail matter as well as a convenient Scale for any Store.

We will send one of the above Scales, on receipt of \$3.00, or the Scales together with THE HOUSEHOLD for one year, to any address in the United States for \$3.50. Address, THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

CONVENIENT ARTICLES

Mailed for the prices given, and worth the money:

Toilet Box, containing 200 ne plus Pins, 6 white Toilet Pins, 6 black Toilet Pins, 25 satin finished Hair Pins, and 12 shoe buttons; price 10 cents.

Pocket Nail Cutter and Cleaner, the best thing for the purpose ever invented, and indispensable where, neat, well kept nails are desired; 20 cents.

Combined Pocket Tape Measure, Mirror and Pin Cushion, nickel plated; 25 cents.

Pocket Drinking Cup, of polished metal, telescoping together, and enclosed in a tin box; 30 cents.

Vest Pocket Scale, weighing half ounce to eight pounds, suitable for fishermen, and adapted to other purposes; handsomely nickel plated; 35 cents.

Elegant Birthday Cards; 5, 10, 15 and 25c. each.

Do not fail to give complete postoffice address, including state. Address

CHENEY & CLAPP Booksellers and Stationers, BRATTLEBORO, VT.

\$777 a Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE

for all Kidney Complaints and for all diseases of the

LIVER.

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

If you are bilious, dyspeptic, constipated, or suffering from malaria, Kidney-Wort is the remedy you need.

FAIL NOT TO TRY IT. PRICE \$1. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR walls of Churches, Chapels and Homes, Velve Paper Letters, forming the words

HAVE FAITH IN GOD,

mailed for Fifty Cents, by

CHENEY & CLAPP, Brattleboro, Vermont.

DOVER EGG BEATER.

Beats the whites of the Eggs thoroughly in 10 seconds.

The Beating Floats revolve on two centers, one inch apart.

And curiously interlace each other—notice them.

"DOVER EGG BEATER" in large letters on the wheel.

Equally valuable for eggs, cake, or salad cream.

No joints or rivets to get loose.

Cleaned instantly.

Money refunded if you are not delighted with it.

A woman and her "Dover Beater" cannot be separated.

The "DOVER EGG BEATER" is the only article in the world that is Warranted to DELIGHT the Purchaser. There NEVER has been, and is not now, another article made that men DARE to support with such a warrant. For 50 cts. one is sent by mail, postpaid.

Dover Stamping Co., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

SUMMER Sunday School, Musical

Temperance or School ASSEMBLIES

OR CONVENTIONS, CANNOT DO BETTER THAN TO EXAMINE, APPROVE AND ADOPT DITSON & CO.'S CHOICE SERIES OF MUSIC BOOKS.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS cannot help being taken with our truly golden trio of Sunday School singers.

Light and Life. 35 CENTS. Shining with Gospel Light. Replete with the Life of joyous childhood.

BANNER OF VICTORY. 35 CENTS. In the front rank. Will be received with a shout by happy young singers.

Beacon Light. 35 CENTS. No better hymns. No better music can be found anywhere.

TENNEY & HOFFMAN.

SCHOOL TEACHERS WILL NOT FAIL TO USE Song Books (50 cts.) for Common Schools, or Welcome Chorus (\$1) for High Schools.

LOVERS OF GOSPEL MUSIC WILL LIKE MALE VOICE CHORUS (50 cts.), by Emerson, as it has a capital set of tunes and hymns, easy to sing and of moderate compass.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

Game OF THE STATES.

PUBLISHED BY HENRY G. FIELD, CHEAP EDITION, 25 CENTS.

PRICE 50 CENTS. BRATTLEBORO, VT.

The Game of the "STATES" is pronounced by competent judges, the most Popular, Instructive and Entertaining Game ever published. It is a favorite wherever it may be found; can be played by every member of a company; no one is left out—ALL can take part. It is a thorough method of learning the location of the States and Towns in the United States. It has received the highest commendation from thousands of School Teachers, Clergymen and others, all over the country. It is not a silly, senseless game, but very instructive and amusing. It should be in every family where there are children. Buy it and see how your children will improve in the study of Geography. It will more than repay you.

Cheap Edition, 25 Cents.

Fine Edition, Elegant Tinted Cards, 50 CENTS.

If not for sale in your place, send direct to the publisher, and you will receive it by return of mail.

HENRY G. FIELD, Publisher, Brattleboro, Vermont.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the

body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price \$1. per package.

C. N. Crittenton, Sole Wholesale Agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's Remedies, 115 Fulton St., New York.

AGENTS! AGENTS! AGENTS!

GEN. DODGES' new book, just published, entitled

THIRTY-THREE YEARS AMONG OUR WILD INDIANS

is the grandest chance ever offered to you. Introduction by GEN. SHERMAN. This superbly illustrated, first-class and thrilling work outlasts all others 10 to 1, and is the fastest selling book ever published. Agents average 10 to 20 orders a day. 17th thousand in press. First-class AGENTS WANTED. Exclusive Territory and Extra Terms given. Send for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

Attention, Book Buyers! Big Pay to Agents.

FARMERS, Engineers, Mechanics, Mill Owners, Manufacturers, Builders, Miners, Merchants, etc., will find in MOORE'S UNIVERSAL ASSISTANT AND COMPLETE MECHANIC, a work containing 1016 pages, 500 Engravings, 461 Tables, and over 1,000,000 Industrial Facts, Calculations, Processes, Secrets, Rules, etc., of rare utility in 200 Trades. A \$5 book free by mail for \$2.50, worth its weight in gold to any Mechanic, Farmer, or Business Man. Agents Wanted. Sure sale everywhere for all time. For full Contents Pamphlet, Terms, and 128 page Catalogue of nearly 3,000 Standard Books, address NATIONAL BOOK CO., 73 Beekman street, New York. Mention this paper.

BALL'S HEALTH PRESERVING CORSET.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.

By a novel arrangement of fine coiled wire springs, which yield readily to every movement of the wearer, the most PERFECT FITTING and comfortable corset ever made is secured.

Is Approved by the Best Physicians.

For sale by all leading dealers.

Lady Agents wanted.

PRICE BY MAIL, \$1.50.

Manufactured only by

OR CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago, Ill.

And

POY, HARMON & CO., New Haven, Ct.

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY.

OUR NEW PACK FOR 1882, 50 All Chromo Cards, (Extra fine Stock) Artistic designs of Swiss, Florentine, Sea-view, Wreath, Landscape, Gold & Silver panels, Bird Motto, Butterfly, Moonlight, Summer & Winter Scenes, all in beautiful (not gaudy) colors, with your name in fancy type, 10c. Sample Book of 90 cards for 1882, 25c. 40 per cent paid Agents, or beautiful prizes given for clubs. Full particulars with every order. CAXTON PRINTING CO., Northford, Conn.

70 ELEGANT CARDS.

(Extra fine Stock) Gilt-Ivy, Wreath, Gilt Vase of Roses, etc., name neatly printed in fancy type 10c. 14 names \$1. Agents make 40 per cent. Book of 90 Styles for 1882 25c. or free with \$1 order. CAXTON PRINTING CO., Northford, Ct.

Gustin's Ointment.

See the adv't.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

SURPRISING EFFECTS

OF EXTRACT OF CELERY AND

CHAMOMILE UPON THE

NERVOUS SYSTEM AND DIGESTIVE

ORGANS.

AS INVARIABLY PRODUCED BY DR.

C. W. BENSON'S CELERY AND

CHAMOMILE PILLS.

They have been tested time and time again, and always with satisfactory results. This preparation just meets the necessities of the case. Let me state just what my Pills are made to cure, and what they have cured and will cure: Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Sleeplessness, Paralysis and Dyspepsia. These diseases are all nervous diseases. Nervousness embraces nervous weakness, irritation, despondency, melancholy, and a restless, dissatisfied, miserable state of mind and body, indescribable.

These are some of the symptoms of nervousness; now, to be fully restored to health and happiness is a priceless boon, and yet, for 50 cents, you can satisfy yourself that there is a cure for you, and for \$5 at the very furthest that cure can be fully secured. These Pills are all they are represented to be, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction if used as directed and will cure any case.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box.

Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for \$1 or six boxes for \$2.50 to any address.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the

body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price \$1. per package.

C. N. Crittenton, Sole Wholesale Agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's Remedies, 115 Fulton St., New York.

AGENTS! AGENTS! AGENTS!

GEN. DODGES' new book, just published, entitled

THIRTY-THREE YEARS AMONG OUR WILD INDIANS

is the grandest chance ever offered to you. Introduction by GEN. SHERMAN. This superbly illustrated, first-class and thrilling work outlasts all others 10 to 1, and is the fastest selling book ever published. Agents average 10 to 20 orders a day. 17th thousand in press. First-class AGENTS WANTED. Exclusive Territory and Extra Terms given. Send for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

Attention, Book Buyers! Big Pay to Agents.

FARMERS, Engineers, Mechanics, Mill Owners, Manufacturers, Builders, Miners, Merchants, etc., will find in MOORE'S UNIVERSAL ASSISTANT AND COMPLETE MECHANIC, a work containing 1016 pages, 500 Engravings, 461 Tables, and over 1,000,000 Industrial Facts, Calculations, Processes, Secrets, Rules, etc., of rare utility in 200 Trades. A \$5 book free by mail for \$2.50, worth its weight in gold to any Mechanic, Farmer, or Business Man. Agents Wanted. Sure sale everywhere for all time. For full Contents Pamphlet, Terms, and 128 page Catalogue of nearly 3,000 Standard Books, address NATIONAL BOOK CO., 73 Beekman street, New York. Mention this paper.

BALL'S HEALTH PRESERVING CORSET.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.

By a novel arrangement of fine coiled wire springs, which yield readily to every movement of the wearer, the most PERFECT FITTING and comfortable corset ever made is secured.

Is Approved by the Best Physicians.

For sale by all leading dealers.

Lady Agents wanted.

PRICE BY MAIL, \$1.50.

Manufactured only by

OR CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago, Ill.

And

POY, HARMON & CO., New Haven, Ct.

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY.

OUR NEW PACK FOR 1882, 50 All Chromo Cards, (Extra fine Stock) Artistic designs of Swiss, Florentine, Sea-view, Wreath, Landscape, Gold & Silver panels, Bird Motto, Butterfly, Moonlight, Summer & Winter Scenes, all in beautiful (not gaudy) colors, with your name in fancy type, 10c. Sample Book of 90 cards for 1882, 25c. 40 per cent paid Agents, or beautiful prizes given for clubs. Full particulars with every order. CAXTON PRINTING CO., Northford, Conn.

70 ELEGANT CARDS.

(Extra fine Stock) Gilt-Ivy, Wreath, Gilt Vase of Roses, etc., name neatly printed in fancy type 10c. 14 names \$1. Agents make 40 per cent. Book of 90 Styles for 1882 25c. or free with \$1 order. CAXTON PRINTING CO., Northford, Ct.

Gustin's Ointment.

See the adv't.

HOUSEHOLD PREMIUMS.

We offer the following list of PREMIUM ARTICLES to those who are disposed to aid in extending the circulation of THE HOUSEHOLD. With the number and name of each article, we have given its cash price and the number of subscribers for one year each, required to obtain it free:

No. PREMIUM. Price. Subs.

1—One box Stationery, \$0 50 2

2—Indelible Pencil, (Clark's), 50 2

3—Embroidery Scissors, 50 2

4—Name Plate, brush, ink, etc., 60 2

5—Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife, 75 3

6—Sugar Spoon, 75 3

7—Autograph Album, 1 00 3

8—Package Garden Seeds, 1 00 3

9—Package Flower Seeds, 1 00 3

10—Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, or May Flowers, 1 00 3

11—Butter Knife, 1 00 3

12—Turkey Morocco Pocket Book, 1 00 3

13—One vol. Household, 1 10 4

14—Fruit Knife, 1 25 4

15—Pair Tablespoons, 1 50 5

16—Call Bell, 1 75 5

17—Carving Knife and Fork, 1 75 5

18—One pair Napkin Rings, 2 00 5

19—Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings, 2 00 5

20—Six Teaspoons, 2 25 5

21—Rosewood Writing Desk, 2 25 5

22—Rosewood Work Box, 2 50 5

23—Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick, 2 25 6

24—Child's knife, fork and spoon, 2 50 6

25—Gold Pen with Silver Case, 2 50 6

26—Six Tea Knives, 2 50 7

27—Six Nut Picks, 2 75 7

28—Gilt cup, 2 75 7

29—Photograph Album, 3 00 7

30—Spoon Holder, 3 00 8

31—Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler,) 4 00 8

32—Pie Knife, 3 50 9

33—Soup Ladle, 3 50 9

34—Cake Knife, 3 50 9

35—Pickle Jar, with Fork, 3 50 9

36—Six Tablespoons, 4 00 9

37—Six Table Forks, medium, 4 00 9

38—Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles, 3 75 10

39—1 doz. Teaspoons, 4 50 10

40—Family scales, (24 lbs., Shaler,) 5 00 10

41—1 doz. Tea Knives, 5 00 10

42—Sheet Music, (Agent's selection), 5 00 10

43—Carving Knife and Fork, 4 00 12

44—Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g, 5 00 12

45—Butter Dish, covered, 5 00 12

46—1 pair Napkin Rings, neat, 5 00 12

47—Syrup Cup, 5 50 12

48—Gold Pen and Pencil, 6 00 12

49—Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles, 5 50 14

50—Caster, 6 00 14

51—Cake Basket, 6 50 14

52—Croquet Set, 6 50 14

53—Family Scales, (50 lbs., Shaler,) 7 00 14

54—Webster's National Dictionary, 6 00 15

55—Clothes Wringer, 7 50 15

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 54,000 Copies.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
Half inch,	\$3.25	\$6.00	\$8.75	\$11.50	\$16.50	\$30.00
One "	6.00	11.50	16.50	21.50	30.00	50.00
Two "	11.50	21.50	30.00	37.50	50.00	90.00
Three "	16.50	30.00	41.00	50.00	71.50	130.00
Four "	21.50	37.50	50.00	64.50	90.00	170.00
Six "	30.00	50.00	71.50	90.00	130.00	235.00
Eight "	37.50	64.50	90.00	118.00	170.00	300.00
One column,	50.00	90.00	130.00	170.00	235.00	400.00

Less than one-half inch at line rates.

Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.

Reading notices 75 cents per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1882, by Geo. E. Crocell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

The Government Chemist Analyzes two of the Leading Baking Powders, and what he finds them made of.

I have examined samples of "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder" and "Royal Baking Powder," purchased by myself in this city, and I find they contain:

"Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder."
Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Flour

Available carbonic acid gas 12.61 per cent., equivalent to 118.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

"Royal Baking Powder."
Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Carbonate of Ammonia
Tartaric Acid
Starch

Available carbonic acid gas 12.40 per cent., equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

Ammonia gas 0.43 per cent., equivalent to 10.4 cubic inches per ounce of Powder.

Note.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless introduced as free acid, but subsequently combined with ammonia, and exists in the Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.

E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.

NEW YORK, JAN'Y 17TH, 1881.

The above shows conclusively that "Cleveland's Superior" is a strictly pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. It has also been analyzed by Professor Johnson of Yale College; Dr. Genth of the University of Pennsylvania; President Morton of the Stevens Institute; Wm. M. Habirshaw, F. C. S., Analyst for the Chemical Trade of New York, and other eminent chemists, all of whom pronounce it absolutely pure and healthful.—*Hall's Journal of Health* for April, 1882.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878. BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

TRACTS FOR FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

Friends Book and Tract Committee, New York. Price Ten Cents per package. Address, DAVID S. TABER, 714 Water St., New York.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in Cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

JAMES PYLE'S



PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR
WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME AND SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

We are winning a great success with Mail Orders. If you need clothing, ready made or to order, for men or boys, send your address, and we will mail you our Spring Book for 1882.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
Oak Hall,

The Largest Retail Clothing House,
Sixth and Market Streets,
Philadelphia.

Mention THE HOUSEHOLD.



WALTHAM WATCHES

A full and complete stock of these celebrated Watches, in all grades, at very low prices.

STEM WINDERS,

in Gold and Silver Cases, both plain and ornamental, for Ladies, Gentlemen and Boys.

BIGELOW, KENNARD & CO.,
511 Washington Street,
BOSTON.

LOOK! 16 choice ICE CREAM receipts, full directions; 12 cake receipts, "Angel Cake," etc., postpaid, 15c. in stamps. TRINITY M. E. CHURCH, West Medford, Mass.

STRONG FACTS!

A great many people are asking what particular troubles BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is good for.

It will cure Heart Disease, Paralysis, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all similar diseases.

Its wonderful curative power is simply because it purifies and enriches the blood, thus beginning at the foundation, and by building up the system, drives out all disease.

A Lady Cured of Rheumatism.

Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1880.
My health was much shattered by Rheumatism when I commenced taking Brown's Iron Bitters, and I scarcely had strength enough to attend to my daily household duties. I am now using the third bottle and I am regaining strength daily, and I cheerfully recommend it to all.
I cannot say too much in praise of it. Mrs. MARY E. BRASHEAR,
173 Prestman St.

Kidney Disease Cured.

Christiansburg, Va., 1881.
Suffering from kidney disease, from which I could get no relief, I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, which cured me completely. A child of mine, recovering from scarlet fever, had no appetite and did not seem to be able to eat at all. I gave him Iron Bitters with the happiest results.
J. KYLE MONTAGUE.

Heart Disease.

Vine St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Dec. 2, 1881.
After trying different physicians and many remedies for palpitation of the heart without receiving any benefit, I was advised to try Brown's Iron Bitters. I have used two bottles and never found anything that gave me so much relief.
Mrs. JENNIE HESS.

For the peculiar troubles to which ladies are subject, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is invaluable. Try it.

Be sure and get the Genuine.

Something New for the Blind!

The Blind or partially blind knowing how to write, are enabled to do so with as much ease and rapidity, forming the lines nearly as straight and equidistant as those having good sight, by using the subscriber's WRITING TABLET FOR THE BLIND. Address, for illustrated circular giving description and price, Z. M. LANE, Rockland, Plymouth Co., Mass.

DR. SWETT'S ROOT BEER.

A Desirable Summer Drink!

Made from articles of a superior quality, including DANDELION, SASSAPARILLA, SPIKENARD, WINTERGREEN and CHECKERBERRY.

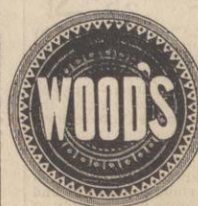
A Package Contains a sufficient quantity to make five gallons at the low price of 25 CENTS PER PACKAGE.

Sent by mail for 31c. in stamps. Four packages, \$1.00, by mail, prepaid.

This Beer is in many respects the BEST DRINK of the kind manufactured, as its medicinal properties render it exceedingly valuable in any disarrangement of the Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys, a free use of it keeping those important members in a healthy condition. Dr. Swett's Root Beer Packages are being extensively counterfeited; see that his autograph is on the end of each in red ink. Prepared and put up at the

NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT,
245 Washington Street, Boston.

GEO. W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor.



PURE
FLAVORING EXTRACTS
and brands of
Genuine Selected
SPICES

by superior strength & flavor are preferable to all others.
THOS. WOOD & CO., Boston.

SEND for Mrs. J. M. FARNHAM'S
Waist & Skirt Supporter Pattern,
advertised on last page of May number. Many sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD have received it and praise it highly. One sister writes: "Every woman and girl should have it." Address, Mrs. J. M. FARNHAM, Rockland, Maine.



The King of the Body is the brain; the stomach its main support; the nerves its messengers; the bowels, the kidneys and the pores its safeguards. Indigestion creates a violent revolt among these attaches of the regal organ, and to bring them back to their duty, there is nothing like the regulating, purifying, invigorating, cooling operation of TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. It renovates the system and restores to health both the body and the mind.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

CORTICELLI
SPOOL SILK
AND TWIST
UNEQUALLED.

Florence Etching
Silk, Soft Finish,
for Art Designs in
outline. Durable
both in color and
texture.

Description of this Cut, with
over 50 other valuable illustra-
ted rules for using FLORENCE
KNITTING SILK, with Samples of
Silk, sent on receipt of 3-cent stamp.
Nonotuck Silk Co.,
Florence, Mass.

Florence
Knitting Silk.

ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER FOR THESE GOODS.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (½-lb. and 1-lb.), labeled

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists
LONDON ENGLAND

TEN CENTS and a stamp sent to A. C. CLAY, Piermont, N. H., will give one of the new emery bags to THE HOUSEHOLD SISTERS. No others need apply.

PATTERSON ORGAN

4 Sets Reeds

SUB BASS and OCT. COUPLER.

with Stool and Book.

ONLY \$75

Fully WARRANTED for 6 years, and Shipped on 15 Days' Test Trial.



Style 407. Action 407. 11 useful stops, Solid Walnut Case, (like cut). Buy your Organs from the manufacturer direct and save from 50 to 100 per cent., by avoiding the usual commission paid to dealers and agents. Write for descriptive Catalogue giving full information, free. Address the Manufacturer, JAMES T. PATTERSON, Bridgeport, Conn.