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THE HOUSEHOLD
BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME
ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 7.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., DECEMBER, 1874.

No. 12.

The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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WINTER DAYS.

O winter days are short, my dear,
And winter nights are long,
In which amid our dreams we hear
The trill of summer song.
There are no seasons dark and cold
That through the cycles last;
Through every chilling time we hold
Some warmth of sunshine past.
O sweetest days of all the year
Are days of summer song;
And winter days are short, my dear,
But summer days are long!

O winter days are short, my dear,
But lengthen to the spring,
When in the budding of the year
Our hopes begin to sing;
When hints of bloom upon the air
Add sweetness to the breath;
When suns are warm and skies are fair,
And darkness vanisheth.
When winter days grow long, my dear,
The nearer is the spring;
And in the budding of the year
Our hopes will gladly sing.

O winter days are short, my dear,
And winter dreams are long,
And through them warms a touch of cheer
Like warmth of summer song.
Sweet dream! they wait fulfillment rare
When summer days appear;
And faith goes out in tender prayer
Till summer days are here.
O sweetest days of all the year
Are days of summer song,
And winter days are short, my dear,
But summer days are long!

ABOUT LAWNS.

VERY few even of our best farmers think that a lawn is of any value to the farm. The popular idea in regard to a lawn for the farm house, is that it is costly, difficult to get up, and expensive to keep in order. Now all three of the propositions are at fault. A lawn of two acres can be cheaply planned, planted and cared for. In the first place, it must be planted and cultivated for three or four years before seeding down. In laying the lawn out you do not need a landscape gardener; in fact, I have never seen a satisfactory farm lawn paying institution, and, with its many

planned by one of the profession. They are spoiled with over-planting. In a village, or the suburbs of the city, this close planting is in better taste, but for the farm we want the lawn crowned with a few stately trees, with a light filling of shrubs; but no flower-beds; let the flowers go to beautify the garden. Noble trees, symmetrical shrubs, and a carpet of soft grass, is all we ask for the lawn. The grass may be cut half a dozen times during the season for soiling, or we may cut it weekly with a lawnmower. These useful machines are now within the reach of farmers of moderate means.

In the planting the three acres of my house grounds, I have put in three or four times too many trees and shrubs. Year after year I thin out, and yet it looks too much like a tangled thicket. The trees and shrubs that please and attract attention are those that stand separate and not those in clumps. Norway spruce, white, and Austrian pines, that stand in a setting of blue grass, with their lower branches resting on the ground, are specimens of nature's art. They need no shears to make them symmetrical. Silver maple, elm, catalpa, Osage, white and golden willow, the ash-leaved maple, and the poplars give variety when filled in with snowballs, Japan quince, spiraea, lilacs, syringes, red bud, roses, fringe, tamaracks, honeysuckles, and altheas. Peonies and lilies are also admissible in small clumps; but every tree and shrub should be planted by itself, and stand upon its individual merits.

If you plant in clumps, the weak must give place to the strong and, after a few years, these latter must disappear. Your flowering almonds and beautiful spireas and syringes will give way. Give your trees and plants room if they are to fight their way in the grass. If they head low, as evergreens and shrubs ought to, they will keep weeds and grass from under them. On the other hand, the deciduous forest trees should be trimmed up five or six feet before the head is formed. Keep the space open about the house, and thicken the planting as you near the borders of the grounds. On the outside, the lawn may be separated with an evergreen hedge or flanked with the orchard. In my grounds are ninety dwarf pear and some twenty cherry trees, besides crab apples and quince.

The produce of this lawn consists of several tons of hay for soiling, twenty to thirty bushels of cherries and generally as many bushels of pears sold, besides fruit for the family. In short, in point of dollars, it is a

points of injudicious planting, on the whole, a passable piece of ornamental ground.

Now is the season to plan our lawns, or to see wherein we can make a change for the better. If we can afford to dispense with the value of the grass for soiling, we may use the lawn mower exclusively; but I apprehend that most of our farmers would prefer to feed out the grass, and to sacrifice much of the beauty. To use a top-dressing of manure once in two or three years keeps everything in a thrifty condition.

My lawn cost some \$400 or \$500, but I could now make a better one for \$100. I should dispense with the winding paths that are now almost obliterated, plant sparingly, and nothing in clumps, except a few herbaceous plants. In the fall I feed off with horses and colts, and to some extent in spring, and cut the grass with a short lawn scythe. This season I used a lawn mower on part of the grounds, but could not think of keeping three acres in hand with this implement when the farm, the garden, and the orchard demand so much attention.

Almost any farmer can add to his house grounds, and by a small outlay make them not only more inviting, but even more profitable, for my three acres not only pay the interest on the injudicious first cost, but a better profit over this than ordinary farm crops.—*Chicago Tribune*.

HEALTHFUL DWELLINGS.

Among the indispensable requisites of a healthful dwelling are that it shall be absolutely free from damp;

because a damp house is a most potent and active and ever-present cause of disease, especially of rheumatism, neuralgia, colds, coughs, consumption and such like. The site, therefore, if not naturally dry, must be rendered so by means of asphalt or cement, throughout the foundation, and the roof and gutters and drainage must be perfect. All the house-drains should terminate outside the house on an open grid or trap; that is, they should be cut off from the street drain, and they should be ventilated by having a pipe run up from every soil-pipe and every bend in the house. And, the house should be so placed that the direct rays of the sun shall have free admission into the living apartments; because the sun's rays impart a healthy and invigorating quality to the air, and stimulate the vitality of human beings as they do that of plants, and without sunlight, human beings, as well as plants, would sicken and die. The aspect, therefore, should be south-east.



VISITORS AND VISITING.

BY AUNT LEISURELY.

MY DEAR NIECE ZILLAH:—I have just returned from a visit to a dear friend and found your letter asking me to expatiate on that very subject for your benefit, so I hasten to comply with your request.

You say your brother is coming home to spend his few days vacation, he expects to bring two of his schoolmates, young men of his own age with him, you wish to make a little entertainment for him the evening of his arrival, you have invited a young lady friend to visit you at the same time, and when she returns to her home you are to accompany her and you want a little advice on visits and visiting; "and, dear aunty! should I have wine?"

A visit to be what it is designed, should be a pleasure to entertainer and guest; on the part of the entertainer, a feeling of satisfaction that they have received into the home circle one whose presence is agreeable, who is received joyfully as an acquisition to the already cheerful fireside; and on the part of the guest, a certainty of entire welcome, the pleasure of seeing and enjoying a change of scenery and society, to recreate body and mind, such is my idea of visiting.

I have seen persons playing the part of entertainers, really kind, hospitable people they were too, sincerely anxious that their guests should enjoy the visit, but the *modus operandi* for entertaining was all spread out for the visitors' inspection, enabling them to see just where their entertainers were put to trouble on their account and feel themselves in the way.

For instance; "I had intended taking you out driving this afternoon, but husband needs the horse to plough, still, I can have it if I insist upon it." What guest after that would feel any desire to go, or supposing they went would enjoy the drive? or, "the bolt is out of our carriage, we could get one of a neighbor, although he is not very willing to either lend or hire it, but I would not care much about that if you would really like to go;" why not substitute a pleasant walk or some other amusement and say nothing about the drive if it is inconvenient to go at that time? The truest politeness and kindness will keep all such little matters from a visitor's knowledge.

and not let them see it requires planning for their enjoyment.

The really most agreeable places to visit are where no perceptible change is made by your coming, where you feel you are truly welcome and no fuss about it, where if you please you can go to your own room and read or sew for a time without being considered unsocial, in short to have perfect freedom to enjoy yourself in your own way as much as possible.

And, "by no fuss about it," I do not mean the entertainers should not exert themselves for their visitors' pleasure, only that it should not be so perceptible to the guests as to cause them to feel they are giving trouble.

Say what we will of being above epicureanism we all feel the better for a good meal, and a change of diet is very apt to give one a better appetite, in fact that is one of the benefits to be derived from a visit, therefore, a table so meagerly supplied as to cause a guest to rise from it unsatisfied, is one of the things that should be placed in the litany.

Good old Bennie Franklin's maxim, "To always rise from the table with an appetite," is very good in the almanac, but few visitors feel like putting it in practice, particularly if there is enough on the table to satisfy it.

Nor is there any use of going to the opposite extreme of having such a multiplicity of edibles that one is confused in a choice, but just comfortable, genial, cheery little meals, where abundance but not lavishness crowns the board.

Meal time in my opinion should always be a cheerful time, visitors or no visitors, no hurrying through it as though it were a disagreeable duty that must be performed in the least possible time, but a place to linger, to chat, to enjoy the good cheer, to laugh at the merry jest, to feel when you arise from it you are refreshed all over.

Make a visitor feel at home although not quite after the manner of a young lady I read of once who invited a schoolmate to visit her, "and just come any time," she added, "for we shall go to no trouble but just treat you as one of the family." Being treated as one of the family she found when she went, was to share a little dingy back bedroom with her friend and two of her friend's little sisters, while the large, airy, guest chamber with its cheerful front windows and pleasant prospect, its wardrobe and dressing glass, (all minus in the little den she had to go out into the entry to turn round in;) was standing unoccupied. And this was a sample of the visit throughout; she found she was expected to help in the household duties, and all requests of the kind were prefaced or concluded with "for we want you to feel just as though you were one of the family."

And speaking of assisting in household affairs, I think where a visitor sees any little service she could render would be acceptable, she should offer it, but it is a favor that should be tendered on the part of the guest, not demanded as a right on the part of the entertainer.

Every lady while visiting should keep her bed-room in order and so make no more extra work than

possible, unless it is where plenty of help is kept, and her hostess prefers the servants should attend to it. And just here I may say, that visiting, is one of the times that a knowledge of fancy-work serves a good purpose, enabling one to make some little keepsake that shall be treasured by the entertainer as a memento of the visit.

Letting visitors feel they are conferring a pleasure by their visit is one of the truest ways of making them enjoy it, although not in quite the conspicuous manner of a young cousin and myself, once upon a time. It makes me smile at this late day every time I think of it, and I may as well tell you how it was. We were away at school together, and during vacation we made a visit to an aunt who resided in a neighboring town. One afternoon just as we had arisen from a siesta, two cards were brought up to us, two gentlemen whom we had met a few evenings before had called to see us, the first call by the way that either of us had received from gentlemen, so of course we were not only considerably flattered but flustered.

Our good aunt Rachel seeing our preparation ~~had~~ fair to be a work of time, descended to the parlor to entertain them until we were ready to assume that agreeable duty, and our dressing waxed fast and furious. As Irving says, "All was slip-slop, click-clack and perfume." Hair pins and curl papers flew to the right-about; in our wild gyrations round the room, we were entirely too busy to stop to think that every move could be distinctly heard in the parlor directly below us. Aunt Rachel told us afterward she could scarcely keep her face straight, and she really pitied the young men it was such a tax on their politeness to keep from laughing at the hurry-scurry their advent had occasioned. Our dresses were hanging on hooks, we jumped up in chairs to reach them and jumped down again with an emphasis that shook the house, then the giggling, the trotting about, the splashing of water, the calling for fresh towels, until our toilets completed, we shut our door with a bang and clattered noisily down the stairs and stopped in the hall to collect our scattered wits before making our entree; but the fun of it was, when we got in and settled ourselves we had nothing more to say; all our vivacity had effervesced in the steam of preparation and left us bashful and ill at ease. I will continue this subject next month.

ETIQUETTE WITHOUT A MASTER.

Etiquette is the art of behaving yourself. Manners not only make the man, but the woman, too, what they ought to be—ladies and gentleman, whether they roll through life in their carriages, or trudge along the pavement in the lowly Blucher. True gentility is the exercise of a due regard for the feelings of your neighbors, and etiquette is the essence of gentility. You cannot wash the blackamoor white, nor could all the teachings of Lord Chesterfield convert his boor of a son into a polished gentleman. You must have the material to work upon; so to all who go in for "speaking their mind," and setting up their backs against the conventionalities of well-

behaved society, we have not a word to say. Our present precepts are intended for those who will receive them in the spirit in which they are offered, and will lay our golden words to heart, and commit the many priceless pearls of worldly wisdom to memory.

party to keep the heat within and the frost without our houses. Loose, fitting garments enable it to do a like service for the protection of our bodies, as we then carry with us wrappings of air interposed between the layers of apparel.

Tight fitting clothes are a serious evil; but a far greater one is their unequal distribution upon the person. One part over-clothed, and another not half clad, is a very common condition, especially among women and children. Women are governed by fashion; children are governed by women; and it is the great resource of fashion to produce new effects by piling on the textures, now here, and now there, and by leaving other parts exposed. If the declared purpose were, to induce disease, no surer or more effectual way could be found to do it than this. The derangement of the circulation is direct and immediate. Its healthy equilibrium is destroyed; the thinly dressed parts lose their blood to the more vascular; and internal derangements give rise to various chronic bodily ailments.

The skin, in its interactions with the internal system and the outer agencies, is governed by laws which have been traced in their most delicate operation. The regulator of bodily temperature is capillary tension. As cold contracts the capillary arteries of the skin, their tension is increased, and the blood is driven inward from the surface. As now it cannot lose its heat, the first effect is that the temperature of the body rises. On the other hand, the effect of warmth upon the skin is to lower the arterial tension and admit the blood to the surface, by radiation and conduction, it parts with its heat, and the whole body is cooled. We have thus the anomalous effect, on a small scale, of cold warming the body, and warmth cooling it. On stripping off the clothes in cold air, the capillary tension is increased, and the bodily temperature immediately rises. But Mr. Garrod, of Cambridge, England, has lately shown, by a series of delicate experiments, that, when the body is thus stripped, the tension and temperature both fall by covering only a part of it. Simply heating the feet lowers the cutaneous tension, increases the radiation, and thus cools the body. So sensitive is the whole system to local influences. Mr. Garrod applies this principle to explain a fact familiarly known. Every one may have remarked that on a cold day, the effect of sitting with one side of the body in the direct rays of a fire is to cause the other side to feel much colder than if there were no fire at all. The reason offered is, that the fire lowers the tension all over the body, and supplies heat to the full cutaneous vessels of one side only. But the other side, being equally supplied with blood in the skin, and receiving no heat, loses it rapidly to the clothes, with an increased sensation of cold.

But if, even in the minor variations of temperature, there is thus an intimate dependence of the whole upon the parts, how much more must this be true when the unprotected or half protected parts are exposed to extreme changes of temperature or to protracted cold! The generation of a



THE PHYSIOLOGY OF CLOTHING.

THE arrival of the cold weather should warn us to look well to our bodily wrappings. Fashion will see to it that they are elegantly shaped and properly combined to please the eye. But Fashion has only an eye; it is without brains or heart; and, if these are not brought to bear to check its absurdities, it will work the direst mischief to health and life. Three-quarters of the internal congestions and inflammations common to the winter season are caused by external chilling due to insufficient or badly disposed clothing. The effect of cold upon the skin, as everybody should know, is, to send an increased volume of blood inward upon the vital organs, gorging their vessels, and disordering their functions. One part is thus robbed of his blood, while another is overloaded with it, and we have that most common and active cause of disease—an unbalanced state of the circulation. To guard against this vascular disturbance and its injurious consequences, the object should be, to keep the skin in the most vigorous state. For this purpose, the first condition is the cold bath two or three times a week, followed on each occasion by an energetic rubbing of the whole surface of the body. The object is, to invigorate the cutaneous organ which is exposed to the various changes of the atmosphere—thermal, humid and electric. The glow which results is the chief secret of the tonic influence of the bath. It arises from the blood returning in a larger stream to the surface from which it had been partially banished, and it has these two good effects—through the increased supply of blood to the external parts, it is a strong safeguard against chills, and, for the same reason, it protects the vital organs from the congestive effects of deranged circulation.

The skin being thus brought up to its highest state of tone, it is the physiological office of clothing to preserve it from losing its heat, and to protect it from atmospheric changes. For this purpose, apparel should be sufficient in quantity, and loosely worn. If loosely clad, we avoid all compression of superficial tissues, and thereby escape a very frequent cause of obstructed circulation. Clothing thus worn performs its protective office better—that is, is much warmer—than that which fits the person closely. It is well known that stagnant air is an excellent non-conductor, so that, by means of double windows and hollow walls, we avail ourselves of this pro-

due amount of animal heat to maintain an equalized temperature of ninety-eight degrees throughout the system being a fundamental condition of those harmonized and regulated physiological changes which constitute health, it follows that the habit of accumulating the wrappings upon some parts of the body, and neglecting others, must be productive of the most serious consequences, and experience abundantly verifies the conclusion. Men are far from being exempt from these effects, but the miseries suffered by women and children from this cause are too great to be estimated. Children, no doubt, are the worst victims. Between the vanity and caprice of mothers, and the indifference of fathers, the treatment of the little ones is often simply inhuman. Much as has been said in denunciation of this practice, it is still common to see children overloaded with clothes about the head and trunk, but with their arms and legs quite naked or so thinly clad as to be of small service for warmth. How little is it understood that these unguarded surfaces become the means of draining away the vital forces of the system, reducing and perverting the organic processes, and laying the foundation for future feebleness, suffering and aggravated disease!—Appleton.

FASHIONS IN JEWELRY.

From the earliest times, jewels, ornaments of gold and silver, and precious stones, have been regarded as a very important part of individual, family, and even of national wealth. The crown jewels of kings and emperors,—which includes not only the gems set in the crown itself, but all those valuable stones, set or unset, which have, by conquest or otherwise, come into the possession of the royal family,—have often represented fabulous riches.

Indeed it has always been considered a convenience to be able to convert money into jewels. In this way it is possible to hold the maximum of value in the minimum of space; and thus, enormous wealth can be placed in very small compass and easily transported, even on the person, from place to place. Then the value of jewels is little altered by any condition of place or time, and wherever or whenever it may be desired, they can always be converted into money. Not in mid ocean, perhaps, or on the sands of Sahara, or the summit of Chimborazo, but wherever money is found and can be made available for the procuring of the necessities of life, there gems are readily convertible into the medium of exchange whatever that may be. The demand for them is universal, and dates back in the history of every nation, in a greater or less degree, to days when history itself is lost in the mists of tradition.

In proportion to the advancement in civilization of a nation, the admiration of precious stones always increases, and their market value is thus augmented, and to-day, notwithstanding the sources of supply developed in different directions, the price of diamonds, emeralds, pearls, and all really valuable gems is much greater than it was fifty years ago.

Knowing, then, that jewels and precious stones change little in value in passing years, save to advance steadily with the increase of wealth and civilization, we are disposed to infer that the mutations of the world of fashion affect them but slightly, which is the fact. Jewels are always in fashion—with people who pay any heed whatever to the dress and customs of their generation, I am not sure whether Quakers and Shakers indulge in such vain adornments or not. And the more valuable the gem, the more unwavering is its value and popularity. For certain of the colored stones there have been at various times a special *furore* and thus they have acquired for a time a factitious value, but this has always been short-lived, the fancy has changed, and the pet stone of a season has fallen back to its normal valuation. The fancies of fashion, however, have never affected in any perceptible degree the value of the colorless stones,—diamonds and pearls.

Ladies whose position renders it necessary for them to dress with elegance, yet who do not wish to follow the fancy of the season in colored stones, prefer a diamond set to any other, its value and favor preserving uniformity. The fashion of setting diamonds, however, has changed somewhat of late years. Formerly, they were set low and flat, embedded in the precious metal, and much of their beauty was in this way lost. Now they are set high, in such a way that the light reflects from all sides, much increasing their beauty. This is also increased and their apparent size also, by the present fashion of cutting the diamond, the rose form, as it is called, and by it the number of faces and angles from which the light is reflected is much greater than in the old, flat way of cutting—the table form, as it was termed.

The favorite form of diamond pins and earrings now is the cross, made of all sizes and, if for a brooch, fitted with a pin. An old-fashioned cluster pin, if re-set thus, becomes apparently trebled in value. Diamond rings are the only kind now used among fashionable people, for engagement rings, and these should always be solitaires, that is, single stones, which are, relatively speaking, much more valuable than clusters.

One of the especial favorites among new forms of jewelry, is black onyx set with gold and pearls. Onyx in its various colors is not only a very beautiful stone, but it has the advantage of being comparatively inexpensive. It is far less costly than amethysts, emeralds, and many others, and the fact that it is among the favorites of fashion just now, is matter for congratulation.

Another comparatively inexpensive style in jewelry is now very fashionable, and that is cut coral. No style of ornament is more sought after by young girls, to whom its simple elegance is particularly appropriate. The carving upon many of them is most exquisite.

In sets, the ball ear-rings with pendant balls to match at the neck and the wrists, are still very much worn, although those who make pretensions to extreme style have quite put them

by. The simplicity of the design, allowing for no especial fancy or variety, would be likely to cause it to be short-lived. For this reason, too, it is not seen in very expensive sets, except a very few of real pearl. Imitation pearls are seen in abundance. Pressed gold is really the most tasteful and effective, except the few real pearls, and finer than any other design.

Gold mounted cut coral, and chased gold in new sets, brooch and ear-rings, with swinging pendants, are among especial favorites. They are of about the same prices, too, varying from thirty to one hundred dollars. The sets of black onyx, before spoken of, range in price from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars.

Opera chains are beginning to decline in favor, giving place to the simple guard chain. There is no difference between the two, excepting that the opera chain has a slide with short chain attached. The opera chain is the most serviceable, for the parts can be separated and put to different uses. The cost of a good gold chain now is two dollars a pennyweight, and the price, therefore, depends upon the thickness and weight of the whole.

Bracelets were never more fashionable than now. They will be worn rumor says, this winter, not only upon the wrists, but the upper part of the arm. The narrow bands are very fashionable, both in plain gold, and gold with jet and black enamel. They range in width from one-eighth to one-half an inch. Rich gold bracelets in fancy patterns, of heavy Etruscan metal, are now much in favor. These have pendant ends, and are finished with the new patent guard, or slide, which makes it impossible for the bracelet to be lost, though it should become unclasped.

Rings are now, as always, favorite ornaments. Whatever have been the changes of fancy with regard to other articles of jewelry, rings have always been worn and highly valued. But the styles of rings have been many.

Just now, the fancy is for large stones in them, and these are cut square or oval, and set high, to give a massive effect to the gem. Colored stones are more in favor than ever, though diamonds are no less the dream of every maiden's heart, and pearls set in gold with jet mountings, are only second to diamonds in real elegance.

Jet is used in great profusion for ornaments. Massive necklaces formed of several strands, and falling low upon the bust, are of Whitby jet, and the more brilliant but heavier cut variety.

They vary in price from five dollars upward. Rubber necklaces are also much used, made with a single strand of oval, round or oblong links, to which is attached a cross, medallion, or locket of jet; these cost from one dollar upward. These ornaments can hardly be classed as jewelry, but the use of real jet in beautifully carved designs for brooches, ear-rings, and bracelets, justifies us in speaking of jet jewelry as popular.

What is called "dollar" jewelry is now so wholly discredited by persons of taste, that no person of any refinement whatever would think for a moment of wearing it. It is far better to wear no jewelry at all, or to wear

but a single article of real value, than to display a great number of cheap shams, which can only bring upon the wearer the contempt of all sensible people.—*Fireside Friend*.

DISTILLATION OF PERFUMES.

The invention of this process is ascribed to Avicenna, an Arabian doctor, who flourished in the tenth century. Previous to his time resins, spices, and oils or ointments, scented by contact with fragrant substances, were the chief, if not the only, forms of perfume known. To him, it is said, belongs the honor of first separating the aromas of plants and flowers in such a manner that they could be readily applied where greasy unguents and smoking incense were alike unavailable.

To the invention of Avicenna we are indebted for the most durable elements of modern perfumery; but our most fragrant and delicate odors are produced by another process, of much later discovery, which we will attempt to describe in the paragraphs that follow.

The odors of all vegetable matters reside in a principle or constituent known as essential oil, or, more properly, otto. Each individual plant or flower contains a greater or less amount of this principle, the separation of which from the parent substance is the initial movement in all the most important of the perfumer's operations. As it exists in but small proportion, we have in it when isolated a remarkable concentration of odor, and its stability when so separated is so great that many varieties can be kept for years unchanged. In the otto we not only possess the fragrance of the flower long after the season of blooming is past, but by its use can impart a favorite odor to a thousand bodies scentless in themselves.

Ottos are all in the liquid form, are of an oily appearance, vary in color from light straw to dark red or brown, and possess, as before stated, the odor of the substances from which they are derived. The yield of this principle from various materials ranges from six per cent. or more down to very minute quantities. Nutmegs, for instance, are very rich in otto; lemon rinds contain it in such abundance that it can be profitably extracted by expression; while roses yield so little that but three teaspoonfuls are obtained from a hundred pounds of the petals.

The well-known process of distillation is the method most frequently employed to procure these ottos. The process, as almost every one knows, consists essentially in vaporizing a liquid in a closed vessel, and conducting the vapor to a receiver, in which it is condensed by the application of cold water. When a given plant or flower is placed in the still with a proper proportion of water, and heat applied, its otto, being volatile, rises with the steam, and both being condensed together, they readily separate on cooling. When applied to this purpose the process is often conducted by passing steam through the material to be exhausted instead of boiling it in the usual way.—*Harper's Magazine*.



WHAT HAPPENED TO CHARLIE.

CHARLIE was wondering. He had held the speckled hen under the pump, while Johnnie showered her, "just for fun;" he had "plugged" two or three of papa's tiny green water-melons "to see if they're ripe any;" had fallen into the horse trough, fished himself out again, and had attempted to dry himself by sliding down a sand bank on his stomach, much to the detriment of the clean dress, patient mamma had put on him only an hour or two ago. And lastly Charlie had opened the barn door just for a little peep at the "pink and white bossy," and coming away, had forgotten to close the door, thus giving the bossy an opportunity which it had long coveted, to whisk out and into papa's garden, where now the happy creature was capering about among the waving corn-stalks, and stumbling over the treacherous pumpkin vines, enjoying to the full its liberty.

All these "mischiefs" had Charlie been into, within the last half hour; and now he was swinging slowly to and fro, upon the gate, and wondering "what he'd better do next."

Up above him, the robins were flying in and out of the big cherry tree, chattering to themselves in their happy way; the sun looked "big and goldy" up in the sky; and from the kitchen came a busy sound and a savory odor that Charlie recognized. "Mamma was frying turnovers, he knew, wish't he had one orful, but spected he'd better wait, and not go in till his dwess got dwy; hateful old horse-troff to make him fall in it!"

The soft south wind blew the tangled curls into his big, blue eyes; he put up his hand. Oh, dear! wish't he had his hat; Oh! he 'membered it tumbled off when he leaned over the pig-pen, to poke that black pig with the pitchfork; didn't he act funny? got so skeely though thought mama'd hear him. Wonder if piggy'd ate the hat all up? Never mind papa'd say 'twas a axdent, and give him cent to buy new one. Course mama'd say, Naughty boy! 'Spose mama'd want him to get into pen with tross ole pig, to get a' ole hat? o' course not.

The little barn gate, swung faster and faster, and creaked louder, and louder, as Charlie busied himself with devising some new mischief, until suddenly looking down the street, he saw something which put a new idea into his curly pate. Coming slowly down the dusty street, he saw old Salome, the colored woman who sometimes washed for mamma. She walked slowly, with her head bent down, Charlie was sure she did not see him. Upon her back and suspended by a strap across her chest, she carried a huge basket. Between her lips she held the stump of an old clay-pipe, at which she was puffing vigorously.

"Good mind to scare her orful," thought Charlie; "hide right ahind the

lilac bush here, and growl like a lion. No, I'll make faces at her, hear her swear like a naughty man."

Down dropped Charlie upon his hands and knees, just behind the gate, and pressing his dust-grimed little face closely up against the bars, began to screw up his rosy little mouth, wrinkle up his tiny pug nose, and roll his big blue eyes, in the funniest manner possible.

Old Salome was directly opposite him now, and Charlie twisted his face worse than ever. The old woman glanced crossly at him, and plodded on.

What! wasn't she going to notice his horrible faces? Guess'd he knew how he could make her cross, so he'd try.

Charlie swung the gate wide open, poked out his curly head, and called out "ole 'quaw! ole 'quaw!" with a wicked little laugh, and a duck of the head inside the gate again.

Too late however; for almost quicker than he could think, a great black hand swooped down upon him; he saw ole Salome bending over him, saw her swing the great basket off her shoulders and felt himself lifted bodily into the basket and hoisted upon her back, where he lay for a moment crumpled up in a promiscuous heap, not daring to stir or to cry out; conscious only of a vague fear that he should never see mamma again. He lifted his curly top-knot above the edge of the basket and "peaked out;" there were people passing on the other side of the street; "he'd scream and they'd take him 'way from this 'ole 'quaw,'" and call the police to send her off to jail."

So Charlie leaned as far out of the basket as he dared, and screamed, and screamed, like a frantic locomotive; but those who heard him, only laughed and shook their heads at him, as if to say, "Ah! young man, for once you are getting your deserts, you needed a little wholesome discipline," and passed quietly on their way, for Charlie, young as he was, had the reputation of being a desperate rogue.

Kneeling at mamma's knee at night he would repeat his prayer, adding always, as a last petition. "An' pe'ese God, help me keep out mistifs," and spring to his feet, to pull Johnny's hair, or tread on poor kitty's tail, almost before the words had died upon his lips.

But "what was going to become of him?"

He kicked, and screamed, and struggled to throw himself out, but he could not liberate himself.

The smoke from that dreadful pipe crept in through the chinks of the basket, and "most put out his eyes." It choked in his throat, and his poor little head grew dizzy.

"What s'pose ailed him? Going to die he guessed, an' mamma wouldn't have no little Charlie. Papa wouldn't have no little boy to run meet him when he's comin' home. Spose'd now he's dead Johnny Mack'd have his new spade an' all his pretty dresses, an' oh dear! they'd bury him up in the old 'quaw'sdraveyard, an' mamma wouldn't know where to look for him, an' oh dear! oh dear! there's mamma cooking turnovers, and they smelt so good and Charlie's so hungry, and he didn't want to die atabout one single taste of 'turnover.'"

And at thought of the "turnovers" in which his small soul delighted, Charlie howled and kicked, until old Salome, whose back must have begun to ache sadly by this time, suddenly came to a stand still. Charlie "peaked out" again and "took an observation."

They had turned into a green, grassy lane, just off the main road, and there was no other person in sight.

Poor little Charlie, his heart quaked. What was going to be done with him? He fear'd to ask any questions, but tried his old tactics of screaming and kicking, as well as he could in his rather close quarters.

Suddenly he felt the basket swing heavily off Salome's shoulders, to the ground, and himself lifted out in those great powerful black hands and seated upon the grass with a thud that made his teeth chatter:

"Now you young 'limb' you, jest you make tracks for home, quicker! an' ef ever you sass me that way again, I'll take you to my hoase an' keep you there a year an' a day, see'f I don't."

But before Salome's harangue was finished, Charlie was half way down the lane, running as fast as fear, and his scarlet stocking legs could take him; old Salome watching him, and shaking her fat sides with laughter, while tears of mirth rolled down her cheeks.

Half an hour later, a wet, dirty, shame-faced little boy, crept into the kitchen, and sidled up to mamma, and when mamma asked, "where has Charlie been so long?" the little rascal answered,

"I've been finkin' mamma, about what would you do atabout any Charlie boy to love, if I was all deaded, an' what'd I do atabout any mamma, an' it made me feel awfu' bad, an' faint to my stomach, an' between his sobs, "I wish't I had 'turnover.'"

And mamma washed the dirty little face, and kissed away the tears, and cuddled him in her, arms; while Charlie munching away at a plump turnover, wondered "what mamma'd say" she knew he called Salome 'ole 'quaw' and hoped when he got to be a man some day, he could put ole Salome in a big bag an' frow her in the river."

BARBARA BRANDT.

THE INHUMANITIES OF PARENTS.

A positively and graciously courteous manner toward children is a thing so rarely seen in average daily life, the rudenesses which they receive are so innumerable, that it is hard to tell where to begin in setting forth the evil. Children themselves often bring their sharp and unexpected logic to bear on some incident illustrating the difference in this matter of behaviour between what is required from them and what is shown to them; as did a little boy I know, whose father said crossly to him one morning, as he came into the breakfast-room, "Will you ever learn to shut the door after you?" and a few seconds later as the child was rather sulkily sitting down in his chair, "And do you mean to bid any body 'good morning,' or not?" "I don't think you gave me a very nice 'good morning,' any how," replied satirical justice, aged seven.

Then of course he was reproved for speaking disrespectfully; and so in the space of three minutes the beautiful opening of the new day, for both parents and children, was jarred and robbed of its fresh harmony by the father's thoughtless rudeness.

Scores of times in a day a child is told in a short, authoritative way, to do or not to do such little things as we ask at the hands of elder people, as favors, graciously, and with deference to their choice. "Would you be so very kind as to close that window?" "May I trouble you for that cricket?" "If you would be as comfortable in this chair as in that, I would like to change places with you." "Oh, excuse me, but your head is between me and the light; could you see as well if you moved a little?" "Would it hinder you too long if you stopped at the store for me? I would be very much obliged to you if you would." "Pray do not let me crowd you," etc. In most people's speech we find as synonyms for these polite phrases; "Shut that window down, this minute." "Bring me that cricket." "I want that chair; get up. You can sit in this." "Don't you see that you are right in my light? Move along." "I want you to leave off playing and go right down to the store for me." "Don't crowd so. Can't you see that there is not room enough for two people here?" and so on.

On the other hand, let a child ask for anything without saying "please," receive anything without saying "thank you," sit still in the most comfortable seat without offering to give it up, or press its own preference for a particular book, chair or apple, to the inconveniencing of an elder, and what an outcry we have; "Such rudeness!" "Such an ill-mannered child!" "His parents must have neglected him strangely." Not at all: they have been telling him a great many times every day not to do these precise things which you dislike. But they themselves have been all the while doing these very things to him.

Probably most parents, even very kindly ones, would be a little startled at the assertion that a child ought never to be reproved in the presence of others. This is so constant an occurrence that nobody thinks of noticing it, nobody thinks of considering whether it be right and best or not. But it is a great rudeness to a child. I am entirely sure that it ought never to be done. Mortification is a condition as unwholesome as it is uncomfortable. When the wound is inflicted by the hand of a parent, it is all the more certain to rankle and do harm. Let a child see that his mother is so anxious that he should have the approbation and good will of her friends that she will not call their attention to his faults; and that while she never, under any circumstances, allows herself to forget to tell him afterward, alone, if he has behaved improperly, she will spare him the additional pain and mortification of a public reproof; and, while that child will lay these secret reproofs to heart, he will still be happy.

I knew a mother who had the insight to see this and the patience to make it a rule; for it takes far more

patience, far more time, than the common method.

She said something to her little boy, after visitors had left the parlor, "Now, dear, I am going to be your little girl, and you are to be my papa. And we will play that a gentleman has just come in to see you, and I will show you exactly how you have been behaving while this lady has been calling to see me."

Here is a dramatic representation at once which that boy does not need to see repeated many times before he is forever cured of interrupting, of pulling his mother's gown, of drumming on the piano, etc.—of the thousand and one things which able-bodied children can do to render social visiting where they are a martyrdom and a penance.

Once I saw the same little boy behave so boisterously and rudely at the dinner table in the presence of guests, that I said to myself: "Surely, this time she will have to break her rule, and reprove him openly. I

saw several telegraphic signals of rebuke, entreaty and warning from her gentle eyes to his; but nothing did any good.

Nature was too much for him; he could not at that minute force himself to be quiet. Presently she said, in a perfectly natural and easy tone, "Oh, Charley, come here a minute; I want to tell you something."

Not any one at the table supposed it had anything to do with his bad behavior. She did not intend that they should. As she whispered to him, I alone saw his cheek flush, and that he looked quickly and imploringly into her face; I alone saw that tears were almost in her eyes. But she shook her head, and he went back to his seat with a mournful but very red little face. In a few moments he laid down his knife and fork and said, "Mamma, will you please to excuse me?" "Certainly, my dear," said she. Nobody but I understood it, or observed that the little fellow had to run very fast to get out of the room without crying. Afterward she told me that she never sent a child from the table in any other way.

When we consider seriously what ought to be the nature of a reproof from a parent to a child, and what is its end, the answer is simple enough. It should be nothing but the superior wisdom and strength, explaining to inexperience and feebleness wherein they have made a mistake, to the end that they may avoid such mistakes in future. If personal annoyance, impatience, antagonism enter in, the relation is marred and the end endangered.

Most sacred and inalienable of all rights is the right of helplessness to protection from the strong, of ignorance to counsel from the wise. If we give our protection and counsel grudgingly; or in a churlish, unkind manner, even to the stranger that is in our gates, we are no Christians, and deserve to be stripped of what little wisdom and strength we have hoarded. But there are no words to say what we are or what we deserve if we do this to the little children whom we have dared, for our own pleasure, to bring into the perils of this life, and whose whole future may be blighted by the mistakes of our careless hands.—*Bits of Talk.*

EARNEST WORDS WITH PARENTS.

Number Fifteen.

Our children must be trained for the business world. If they live, the time is not far distant when they must shift for themselves. To ensure their success, they must acquire the habits of integrity, prudence and economy; they must learn the value and purposes of money, and must become self-reliant and industrious. Now, home training must be chiefly relied upon for the needed instruction and discipline. Hence, the money question, in the management of children, may be properly discussed in this connection. Children, like older persons, desire what money will purchase; and the practical question is, to what extent and in what manner shall they be gratified? The only way for children to learn the use of money, either for their present or future benefit, is by using it.

How then shall our children be taught the important principles of political economy?

The more common way of furnishing them money, is to give only when they ask for it, and in quantities determined by the frequency and importunity of their calls. Let us see how this method operates in a practical way.

If the boy finds that he can be gratified only through importunity and servility, it is natural to suppose that he will soon lose all feelings of delicacy and manly pride in business matters. He will learn to gain his object through artfulness and pertinacity, and will have no inducement to take care of his money, to form plans of expenditure, or to practice self-denial. The amount he can obtain does not depend upon his frugality or financial skill, but upon his coaxing and persistency.

Hence, the tendency of this fitful and uncertain method of obtaining money, is to foster the growth of all the ignoble propensities of the boy's nature, and to discourage the cultivation of his better qualities. There must, therefore, be a better way, which here suggests itself, viz.: let the parents fix upon a definite sum of money to be given to the child, at stated times. It may be a weekly or monthly allowance of so much as is thought to be for the child's good to control.

This amount should always be promptly paid and be left entirely at the disposal of the party who receives it.

Promptness of payment by the parents, tends to cultivate the same habit in the children, and giving up the control of such accumulations, enables the parents to instruct them as to the uses and abuses of money, and to train them from their earliest years, to habits of forecast and thrift, of economy and benevolence. They must be taught to distinguish between what is useful and what is injurious, and encouraged to spend their money for their own gratification, and for what is harmless, or really beneficial. They should be encouraged to contribute to the relief of the suffering and needy, and thus taught to seek the enjoyment which results from doing good, in distinction from that which arises from self-gratification.

The objection sometimes made to this method of furnishing money to children, is that they may come to regard their regular payments as debts, instead of gifts from their parents, and hence, will lose all feelings of obligation. But this systematic arrangement for furnishing spending money does not prevent occasional gifts as rewards of merit, or expressions of parental affection and confidence towards their children.

The object to be gained is the cultivation of correct habits in the use of money, and in business life, and not the winning of affection. And it must be admitted that the bestowing of gifts upon children, too often results in the cultivation of selfishness, instead of love and a sense of obligation. This is a point to be guarded. A modification of the method of furnishing money to children above recommended, may be still better.

Instead of giving money at stated periods, let parents open an account with their children. Let each one have a separate book of suitable size and properly ruled, in which the weekly or monthly allowance is to be credited, and all sums that the child draws out be charged. This obviates the necessity of prompt payment. It enables children early to become acquainted with business forms, and real business transactions, and habituated to the management of their own affairs, in a systematic manner. And after a short time under instruction, they can keep their own books, and transact their own business.

In this way parents can open with their children a kind of savings bank, encouraging them to allow to remain on interest the larger amount of their income, adding interest to principal, until enough has accumulated to make some profitable investment for the distant future. Thus will something be saved and such business habits formed as will result in future success in life. Under proper instructions and after a limited practice, these children will need no dictation nor restraint as to the manner of spending or investing their money.

They will form a correct judgment and acquire an accuracy and self-reliance which will be very valuable in business matters. Better allow them to make some blunders to be corrected, than deprive them of the benefit of the discipline. We may be as generous as we please with our children, but all business with them must be transacted with promptness and accuracy, in a business like way. Thus may we save them from prodigality, dissipation and ruin. EXPERIENCE.

THE PUZZLER.

We will send a copy of *THE HOUSEHOLD* for one year to the one who first sends full and correct answers to The Puzzler for any month. Answers first received for Puzzler in November number from Mrs. I. N. Roseman, Morris, Ill.

ANSWERS:—1. Subscribe for *THE HOUSEHOLD*. 2. Songs of the Sierras by Joaquin Miller. 3. Money.

4. Yet, courage soul, nor hold thy strength in vain,

In faith o'ercome the steps God sets for thee;

For past the Alpine summits of great pain,

Lieth the Italy.

5. Blackstone. 6. Home-sick. 7. True-ant.

8. Lives of great men all remind us, That we too may make our lives sub-lime;

And departing leave behind us, Footprints on the sands of time.

9. D A M E 10. B O N E
A D A M O V I D
M A G I N I C E
E M I T E D E N

11. H a n D
A d i e U
N e w S
N e s T
A t o O
H y m N
12. Haste makes waste—waste makes want.

ENIGMA.

1. I'm composed of fifty-three letters. My 7, 43, 26, 15, 22, 11, 29, 42, 53 is a flower.

My 28, 1, 35, 43, 6, 12 is a river. My 37, 21, 39 brings sorrow to many. My 19, 3, 8, 34, 27, 21 is a girl's name.

My 20, 31, 2, 50, 45 is a color. My 46, 51, 40, 47, 16 is a division of nature.

My 10, 4, 29, 5, 33 is a bird. My 48, 29, 32, 13, 18, 25, 42 is a fish. My 23, 30, 41, 14, 36 are a hardy people.

My 9, 17, 38, 24, 18 is a part of man. My 44 is a consonant.

My whole is two lines of a poem.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in purpose but not in will. My second is in quiet but not in still.

My third is in power but not in might. My fourth is in darkness but not in night.

My fifth is in lead but not in follow. My sixth is in cavern but not in hollow.

My seventh is in battle but not in war. My eight is in orner but not in law. My ninth is in seek and should he heed it,

My whole will reward him who wishes to read it.

CHARADE.

3. My first is a nickname (like Sam or Ben),

Familiar to every boy;

My second is an animal useful to men, Found often in their employ;

My third was once needful for ladies to wear,

Though often discarded now;

My whole is the name of a poet,

Well know to you all I trow.

SQUARE WORDS.

4. An ornament; a metal; a girl's name; an insect.

5. The desire of many; an adverb; a pet; a part of man.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

6. A consonant; a cooking utensil; a man's name; a vegetable; a tree; an article of furniture; a precious stone, and a vowel. The centrals read horizontally and perpendicularly will name an author.

DROP LETTER ENIGMA.

7. S-m-m-r-u-w-e-t-e-r-k-i-c-e-r-n-w-o

-l-b-i-h-t-v-e,

I-o-e-m-l-s-e-c-k-f-a-k-p-e-r-n-h-i-g-e-t-

e-v-n-f-l-e

A-d-o-e-i-h-h-n-f-l-o-e-r-f-l-d-f-u-o-e-t

-e-k-f-i-h

O-e-a-f-o-'s-o-d-e-e-g-l

T-e-a-k-e-s-f-h-i-n-g-t.

R. K. P.



POPULAR ERRORS.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

AFUNDAMENTAL error in the care of the sick is based on the idea that nourishment is always demanded irrespective of the existence of an appetite, which may be regarded as the index of the true wants of the system, though, of course, that may become vitiated. From the fact that one cannot long labor without nourishment it is inferred that life cannot be sustained for the same length of time, under any circumstances, without the same supply of nourishment, a very false conclusion, as facts amply demonstrate. Though in the natural state of the body we suppose that strength is made dependent upon our food, yet an excess does not increase that strength while, in sickness, all physicians well know that there is sometimes an increase of strength even before the return of the appetite, before any food has been taken, which is no matter of surprise to the intelligent. It is not true, therefore, that our only strength is derived from the food taken at that time. Indeed, it is evident that some of our physical power is derived from sources in no way connected with what we ordinarily regard as food.

But "wind in the stomach" is the great bugbear, the terrible evil to be dreaded while fasting. The great error in this connection is the supposition that this "wind" (carbonic acid gas) is the outer air and that it rushes into the stomach in consequence of the absence of food. For reasons that need not here be stated this idea is absurd in all of its bearings. Such atmospheric air even if it were possible for it to rush in and fill a supposed vacuum, could do no material harm, simply distending that organ. But, on the contrary, it is made in the stomach, as it ordinarily is, by fermentation. When the stomach is so far overtaxed, as it very often is, that it cannot possibly do its work well, and when the amount of the food is so great that it cannot be fairly digested, the undigested part of it remains to await future action of the stomach but before that action occurs still another meal is taken, the old food mingling with the new. Like all such substances, under similar circumstances in a warm place, it commences directly—after a given period—the process of fermentation if vegetable, and putrefaction if animal, of course evolving this gas. If the good housewife would be familiar with the same gas let her examine her dough when sour or too much fermented and she will find ample evidence of the presence of "wind" in the over raised dough, puffing up and seeming very much like a sour or "windy stomach." All of the "wind," therefore, in the stomach is ready made and the result of indigestion and then of the processes of fermentation and subsequent decay, the rational cure for which is

to take less food, or no more than the stomach can digest. If this is true, it is manifest that the attempt to prevent it by crowding down still more food to fill a supposed vacancy, when already too much food has been taken, really the cause of the whole difficulty, is the height of folly, destructive of good digestive powers, and at war with physiological principles. That filling the stomach with food or any other substance may expel the gas is admitted, but its mere expulsion is not all that is needed. If only its expulsion is needed simple water will effect that and with far less injury than food, since that demands no excessive labor of the stomach and still occupies the supposed space, I say supposed from the well-known fact that the stomach contracts when not distended by food, or as it is sometimes said is always full whether it contains much or little.

It should also be remembered that food not only does not but cannot afford strength till it becomes changed or digested and is made into blood. If it remains unchanged in the stomach, it must decay, irritate the stomach and by such a decay cause disease of that organ. Of course this putrid and decayed food, absorbed as it is and carried into all parts of the system, must contaminate the blood, and in that way produce fevers and inflammations. Indeed, a very prominent cause of "bad breath" may be traced to the decay and putrefaction of the surplus of undigested animal food, while the mere sour odor may result from such fermenting vegetable food. And it should also be remembered that such decaying food, while it cannot add to the strength of the body, not till its digestion is effected, must diminish the strength by the extra and unavailing labor of the digestive organs to dispose of this surplus. Instead, therefore, of adding to physical power by forcing food when the appetite plainly forbids such a foolish course, we utterly fail and become still more debilitated.

Hunger, therefore, is the true indication that food is needed, when this exists it is manifest that food should be reasonably taken. The body is constantly wearing out, as a result of exercise, and this decay of the body makes an additional amount of food necessary, as a means of supplying the waste, the wearing out of the machinery. This hunger is supposed to correspond precisely with this wearing away of the muscles, etc. In sickness there is or should be less exercise and of course less demand for food. Of necessity, therefore, the appetite is diminished or destroyed altogether. It makes no demand for food simply because none is needed. The gastric juice—needed for digestion—is the result of exercise and does not exist in the stomach in certain forms of disease. Instead, therefore, of forcing food in the absence of hunger, when the stomach is not in a condition to use it, common sense would dictate rest, rest for the body and for the organs of digestion, with exercise, only as soon as consistent with the state of the body, or a means of encouraging the secretion of the gastric juice, so that the digestive process may be natural and effective. At such times the stomach needs rest

and gastric juice far more than it does tonics and stimulants, which tend, at that time, to deceive and produce an artificial, spurious appetite. To indulge such an appetite of necessity must eventually be more disastrous.

I repeat, we cannot remove "wind" permanently by filling the supposed vacancy with food, for all such food must add to the gas already in the over-taxed stomach.

FOR THE TOO THIN.

You would like to be round and rosy-cheeked. Then go to bed early after having spent the evening socially. Cheerfulness and content are the best friends of healthfulness. Sleep in a pure atmosphere and in a room into which the sun has shone through the day. Don't be afraid of the night air, for there is no other air at night, and you would certainly die before morning if you did not breathe it; avoid draughts and dampness; sleep as long as you can and get up as soon as you wake, if you feel rested. Drink all the pure cold water you can swallow first, and ride or walk in the open air for half an hour; then eat a breakfast of Graham bread, baked sweet apples with cream, or some other fruit, with a soft, fresh-boiled egg, or a bit of beefsteak and a baked potato, and drink a glass of new milk, if you like it.

Enjoy what you are doing, either for itself or what it will bring you, Breathe as much pure air as possible; bad food and pure air will make flesh faster than impure air and good food. For dinner, eat roast beef or mutton, or rare steak, with bread, potatoes and all vegetables that are relished, a dessert of plenty of ripe fruit, with cream and sugar, but without pastry or cake. If tired, rest a little before dinner, and take a short nap after it. Don't work hard enough to produce excessive perspiration, if you can help it, or until you feel very much exhausted.

For supper, eat oat-meal porridge, cracked wheat, or Graham mush, with cream and fruit, and a fresh roll; or, if you don't feel hungry, take a glass of milk and eat nothing. Drink little tea or coffee, or none at all. Bathe every day to keep the skin clean and in a surprisingly short time you will grow plump and light-hearted. But remember, you must laugh to grow fat.—*Milwaukee Magazine.*

IN CASE OF FIRE.

There are few accidents more terrible than the setting fire to the loose vestments worn by women. Instantly the lower part of the dress is ignited, the flames rush upward with great velocity, and the whole of the garments are involved in the conflagration. Even if almost immediately extinguished, so large a portion of the skin is scorched that death often ensues from the shock of the system, through perhaps the actual injury does not often appear to be severe.

Let us consider the best method of proceeding when the dress is on fire. The first impulse of the victim is to rush about shrieking for help; the second, to open the door, if possible, and run along the passage out into the open air, thus fanning the flames to

the utmost. No line of action could be more fatal in its consequences. It cannot be too constantly borne in mind that the only safety is to fall down quickly on the floor. If a small portion of the clothing only is ignited, it may be put out by thrusting it under the body, and by rolling upon it. By rolling over and over the person on fire is comparatively safe, as the flames ascend away from the body, and thus do comparatively little damage.

The course of action for bystanders is evident; it is to seize any woolen covering near at hand—as a blanket, shawl, hearthrug, coat, or curtain—throw it instantly around the sufferer, and roll her on the floor in its folds. Scores of lives have been saved by bystanders taking off their coats and instantly extinguishing the flames in this manner. As soon as the victim is on the ground the greatest danger is over; the flames no longer rise to the face, and the breathing of the overheated air, which is always fatal, is prevented.

WARTS AND CORNS.

Warts may be removed by carefully paring them, and then rubbing nitrate of silver upon them. Muriate of ammonia, instead of caustic, if carefully applied, is said to be very effective in disposing of them. If the wart-troubled person will bathe often in cold water and practice great simplicity in his diet, avoiding as much as possible oily or greasy food, and eat the plainest articles, the system will acquire a tone most favorable to the entire eradication of such growths.

As regards corns, one must wear shoes large enough for comfort if he would not suffer from them. To get rid of them, the same treatment may be pursued as with warts. A common practice with surgeons in treating severe cases, is to have the foot bathed in warm water at night and in the morning, and to keep the corn covered with a plaster of soap and oil spread on very soft leather. When the corn has become sodden by these means, it is carefully detached from the adjoining flesh by a circular incision and then gently drawn out by the roots. Those who frequently wash the feet and wear well-fitting shoes are rarely subject to corns.

CHILBLAINS.

Sunshine can surely cure chilblains in the following manner: Take an old tin pan, or anything fire-proof, put into it some live coals, sprinkle over them a small quantity of corn meal; hold the naked feet over the smoke; repeat a few times. This is a sure cure. MRS. G. D. H.

Lowell, Mass.

TO HAVE SOUND TEETH.—Poor teeth become hereditary, simply because the ancestral stock was deprived, either by a perverted taste, or the habit of feasting on rich, concentrated diet, of the phosphate of lime which nature provides in the coverings of grain used for food, and in some kinds of flesh on which carnivorous animals live. We cannot have sound teeth unless the stomach has the right material for their manufacture.



THE UMPKIN.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

O, greenly and fair in the land of the sun,
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
And the rock and the tree and the cottage en-
fold
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms
all gold,
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once
grew,
While he waited to know that his warning was
true,
And loosed for the storm-cloud, and listened in
vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire rain.
On the banks of the Xenn the dark Spanish
maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tingled vine
laden:
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange-leaves shining the broad spheres
of gold;
Yet with clearer delight from his home in the
North,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks
forth,
Where crook-necks are coiling an' yellow fruit
shines,
And the sun of September melts down in his
vines.
Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from East and
from West,
From North and from South comes the pilgrim
and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees
round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-worn man seeks his mother
once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl
smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the
eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin
pie?
O, fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days re-
calling,
When wood grapes were purpling and brown
nuts were falling!
When wild ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle
within!
When we laughed round the corn heap, with
hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our lantern the
moon.
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like
steam,
In a pumpkin shell coach, with two rats for her
team!
Then thanks for the present!—none sweeter or
better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more
fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than
thine!
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to
express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be
less,
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened be-
low,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin vine
grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset
sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin
pie!

CONCERNING PIES.

If we have a national dish, says a writer in *Hearth and Home*, we suppose its name is "Pie." At the infrequent stations along the railways, where an official bobs his head in at the door of the car to shout, "Ten minutes for refreshments," the staple refreshment is always pie. The line

between winter and spring is accurately defined in the minds of half the housewives in the country as the "time when there is nothing to make pies of." Dried apples are used up, prunes are too expensive, and rhubarb has not yet made its appearance, so that the inventive and economical faculties of womankind are surely tried to fill up the vacuum.

Every other woman among us, it may be said, without exaggeration, has lost her bloom and her strength in making pie-crust, and as a not unnatural result, every other man has a touch of dyspepsia in consequence of eating it. The mother spends her Saturday morning in laborious effort between the table and the oven, and sits down in her rocking-chair for a breath of ease and rest, proudly surveying the results of her skill. Alas! nothing is so ephemeral. Father and the boys soon make an end of them. Given three or four growing boys and the ordinary gifts on their part of appreciation for toothsome viands, and it takes a vast amount of pie to satisfy their demands. The more delicate and dainty the composition of the dish, the lighter and flakier the upper crust, and the more pleasantly spiced the materials that compose its lining, the quicker it fades from view.

We all know how long it takes to use up that which, for any reason, is tough or unpalatable, or which has lost its delicacy of flavor—as, for instance, the bread that is sour or the butter that is too salt—and with what astonishing ease and celerity the good bread and the fresh butter fly from the table.

It is precisely so with pies. The golden cocoanut, the creamy lemon, the subtle mince, and the satisfying apple, each in its turn, if a success, is sure of being eaten. The lady whose pies are not a success, who makes tough, leathery, inedible crusts, and who knows not the secret of proportioning her sugar and her spice to her fruit, feels that in whatever other direction she may be a shining example, yet when the crowning accomplishment of feminine handiwork is discussed, she must, with a blush, retire.

Yet we almost all are agreed in the opinion that of much pie-crust comes much sick headache and nervousness and neuralgia.

We are sure that our children would have brighter eyes and rosier cheeks if they lived on plainer food, and ate less unwholesome pastry and confectionary. We are sure, beyond a doubt, that the time spent by the pie-makers in compounding the pies, and the pie-eaters in getting them digested, might be utilized by both parties in a much better way.

Imagine yourself, dear madame, for the next six weeks absolutely emancipated from all your obligations in the way of pies, and the fanciful cookery of which pie is the representative!

How many books you could read! How much sewing you could get out of the way! How much time you would have for visiting and for repose! And how much better off your husband and children would be without the appetizing dainties!

"But we can't keep house without pies!" Not if you eschew the frying pan and its attendant horrors, and de-

pend upon healthful roasts and broils? Not if you make puddings, easily mixed and deliciously flavored, of rice, or tapioca, sago, or Indian meal? Try for a little while, and see whether the change will not be a grateful one.

TABLE CUSTOMS IN ANCIENT TIMES.

Forks were not used in England until the reign of James I. They were first used in Italy, and we have a very amusing account of an Englishman's first impressions in regard to the custom:

"I observed," he says, "a custom in all those Italian cities and townes through which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels, neither doe I think that any other nation of Christendome doth use it, but only Italy. The Italian, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, doe alwaies at their meals, use a little forke, when they cut their meate. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hande, they cut the meate out of the fish, they fasten their forke, which they hold in the other hande, upon the same dish. This form of feeding, I understand, they use in all places in Italy, their forke being for the most part made of yron or steel, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this, their curiosity, is because the Italian can not by any means indure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon I, myself, thought good to imitate the Italian fashion, by this forked cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home."—Coryan.

The salt cellar at this time occupied the middle of the table, and thus the table was divided into two distinct parts; the more eminent guests and head of the family sitting "above the salt," while inferiors and dependents sat below. Thus, Ben Johnson says, of a proud and contemptuous person, that "he never drinks below the salt."

The dresser or cupboard and its furniture became a great means of display among the wealthy. A prince of the royal blood might have five steps to his dresser; nobles of the highest rank could have four; dukes three, and knights two.

The guests sat now not in couples, as described of the Normans, but in fours, each four eating from the same dish and served by one attendant. This was called a mess, a term still used, particularly in the army. One of the dishes at dessert was a castle made from sugar and almonds, which the guests would playfully attack with sugar plums and batter it to pieces. Taylor says:

"Castles for ladies and for carpet knights,
Unmercifully spoiled at feasting fights,
Where battering bullets are fine sugared plums."

The custom of pledging in drinking was carried to great excess. Each person, in turn, drank to the health of some person at the table. To show that they had emptied the cup, they would turn it over and pour what remained on the nail. If any ran off, they were condemned to fill the cup again and drink.

It was against such excesses that the Puritans especially exclaimed, and over which they finally prevailed. Surely neither Englishman nor American would feel at home at the table of his ancestors, neither will any admit that the present is not the better way. Yet it is granted that on this side the ocean, at least, we have much to learn before our tables are generally supplied with the right kind of food, cooked in the best manner, and eaten so as most to promote health.

THE DESSERT.

—A Boston Court has decided that if a woman lends money to her husband she cannot get it back. The decision will not be new to many wives.

—Doctor (who has been out for a days sport) "It is too bad! Here I've been out all day and not killed a single hare!" *Forester*— "Prescribe something for the hare, doctor, that will fetch him, sure!"

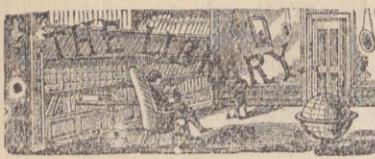
—Bus-driver to conductor of opposition bus. "I've known yer ever since you was born. I knowed yer mother; she had two on yer at that time. One was a werry nice little boy, t'other was a half idiot—a sort of brown paper feller. The werry nice little boy died werry young, he did."

—When Gen. Thomas was asked for a furlough by a backwoods soldier, in order that he might visit his wife to whom he had been married but three months, he replied, "Why, my dear fellow, I haven't seen my wife for three years." The backwoodsman stared incredulous at the general for a moment and then broke out: "But, you see, me and my wife ain't that kind."

—A Yankee gentleman, escorting a British friend to view the different objects of attraction in the vicinity of Boston, brought him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid monument, when the Yankee said: "This is the place where Warren fell."

"Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted in local historical matters, "did it hurt him much?" "Hurt him!" said he, "he was killed, sir." "Ah, he was eh?" said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and computing its height layer by layer. "Well, I should think he would have been, to fall so far."

—The Providence Journal says that a deal of laughter on the sly was done during the eating of the shore dinner at Riverside yesterday, and a deal of hearty laughing has been done since, at a woman who was evidently bound to get all she paid for. She was accompanied by a son of five or six years, who, having gone through baked clams and chowder once to his stomach's content, and commenced over again on clams, drank hearty of water, and passed his cup for more. At this the mother, with a smart sprinkling of asperity in her tone, and with a manner that showed her to be oblivious to the fact that any one else was within hearing, said, "Look ahere! I've paid for a clam dinner for you, and now I ain't going to have you filling up with water." The little fellow paid strict attention to clams after that.



AN OLD SONG.

You laugh as you turn the yellow page
Of that queer old song you sing,
And wonder how folks could ever see
A charm in the simple melody
Of suc' an old-fashioned thing.

That yellow page was fair to view,
That quaint old type was fresh and new,
That simple strain was our delight,
When here we gathered night by night,
And thought the music of our day
An endless joy to sing and pray.

In our youth, long, long ago.
A joyous group, we loved to meet,
When hope was high, and life was sweet;
When romance shed its golden light
That circled in a nimbus bright
O'er time's unwrinkled brow.

The lips are mute that sang these words;
The hands are still that struck these chords;
The loving heart is cold.

From out the circle, one by one,
Some dear companion there has gone;
While others stay to find how true
That life has chord and discord too,
And all of us are old.

'Tis not alone, when music thrills,
The power of thought profound that fills
The soul. 'Tis not all art!
The old familiar tones we hear
Die not upon the listening ear;

They vibrate in the heart.

And now you know the reason, dear,
Why I have kept and treasured here
This song of bygone years,
You laugh at the old-fashioned strain;
It brings my childhood back again,
And fills my eyes with tears.

Old and New.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF SCHOOL TEACHING.

IT is hoped that Maud and others, will not expect that the bright side will be wholly presented in this article, for space would not allow of it, even were it possible so to do, neither was all of the opposite side given in the August number of THE HOUSEHOLD; but in order to give all encouragement in my power, and redeem the promise made in part, I will endeavor to give a few thoughts on the bright side of school teaching. Teachers often look back to their labors in the school-room with a feeling of gratification, and the heart swells with emotions of pride as their thoughts go out after their old pupils; some of whom are intending to become teachers, and some have already taken upon themselves that responsibility. Others are studying for the ministry, doctors, lawyers; and so we might go on increasing the list, until several branches of business, callings, and professions were enumerated. The thought comes home to them, "perhaps I was instrumental in some measure, in their becoming what they are," which probably is true. I am speaking of those conscientious, self-denying, hard working teachers who have striven to perform their duties faithfully, with higher notions in view than the mere value of dollars and cents.

Recompense is necessary, and must be had as means of support, but those who teach (?) with no other purpose than that of "passing away the time and getting the money," because they must do something to maintain subsistence (I have heard similar remarks

from those who call themselves school teachers,) have no right to take any praise to themselves, and cannot claim the least share even, in the above probability. However they are doubtless very anxious to have it understood that such and such an one, as a popular minister, wealthy merchant, or flourishing doctor "who is getting all the ride," were once their scholars; for that sounds well before the public, and will lead it perchance to connect their prosperity in some manner with themselves, as having been the author of it. More is the shame for such. They desire fame without winning it; and would share equally with those "who have borne the heat and burden of the day." How impressive the words of the Psalmist; "verily, every man at his best state is altogether vanity." But I am digressing.

As the teacher journeys on through all the various walks of life, it is pleasant to meet here and there loved scholars; to feel the warm grasp of the hand, and listen to words of love and appreciation of labors done in their behalf such as, "Oh, I wish you would teach in our district another term, for I never learned so much at any school before yours," and "I never should have learned to write but for you, for no one ever took any pains with me." It is encouraging and pleasant to have parents say to you, "my children never seemed to take any interest in their studies before; why, I had to drive them off to school, now I cannot keep them at home one day to help me." It is enlivening to have groups of children run to meet you, as you plod wearily toward the school house, and witness the strife among them as to which will be the first one to seize the teacher's hand, books, satchel, and the various articles with which a "boarding around" teacher is obliged to be encumbered. It is not cheering to hear pupils cry, but if they must, let them do so because they cannot all stand or sit by you at a time to study their lessons, and perhaps retain possession of your hand within their own. It is encouraging to receive applications from school committees, saying they had been directed to you upon enquiries for a good teacher; also, to receive official notice for several seasons in succession from the same district, "that you can have the school if you wish, before all others." Though you may be unable to accept, it shows the confidence they feel in you, after having served them in that capacity on former occasions. Are not the prospects brighter, Maud?

I would not have one for a moment entertain the idea, that an agreeable school is engaged because it chances to be located in a village! I will relate my experience; asking pardon for being compelled to give the dark, as well as the bright side. I supposed that I was comfortably settled in a school for six months one summer, in quite a large and thriving village, containing three churches, a postoffice, hotel, several stores, shops, etc., all within ear-shot of my school-room, but found myself mistaken, for in the midst of this apparent thrift, strange as it may appear to the reader, (without it catches the eye of some who have had like experience,) I actually

suffered for the necessities of life. What state of mind and body could a teacher of whom so much is required be in, to go forth to her daily task? The school expenses had been made upon the grand list for several seasons before this, but at the annual meeting, those owning the property "stood out" about boarding the teacher, so the vote was carried that those sending scholars only, were obliged to board, while the other expenses were to be defrayed as heretofore.

As it happened the poorer class (which was comprised of some of almost every nationality,) were the ones mostly who had children to send. The families having the greatest number were very destitute; scarcely able to board themselves. These people had no voice in the business done at the meeting, and did not know of the change, consequently would not believe it, and were unwilling to board. What was the teacher to do? The committee said, "stop the school according to the vote, if they would not board." His notice was given out, and the matter explained and rather than have no school, some decided to board. I lived more comfortably through the summer, from the fact of having had a home of my own in the district, though off at considerable distance, the long walks proving injurious to health. Many could give an occasional meal, but had no conveniences for lodging; for such I lodged at home. To make a long story, I boarded myself more than half of the time. Pay was received in part for some, (though grudgingly given) while from others nothing but promises to "do what is right about it" was ever realized, justice would not be done without saying that there were those who acted nobly, and hesitated not to board their share. Doubtless some will say upon reading this that they should have left the school; but being late in the season, schools were "taken up," though teachers in this dilemma, with no home in the district, would have had no other alternative, for they, the same as other people, are so constituted that they cannot exist without food. After this review, a peaceful assurance is pleasant, "conscience bearing witness" of having in no instance omitted a known duty toward those under my care through all the unpropitious circumstances related.

The brightest part of the picture is yet to come. A large girl, who had always been an object of ridicule in school, had always had the privilege of attending, but never learned to read, it having been said that it was an impossible thing. It was known that the parents and older children never learned, but I was determined that she should not remain a woman grown (as she nearly was) any longer, without knowing how to read, were it possible and within my power. It required untold patience, and was a difficult task; but through all discouragements, it was accomplished by assiduous toil. Her parents declared, that it was a great comfort to have one in the family that could read to them, and they were willing, and craved the pleasure of paying the teacher's board in any family that she might select; but they belong to

the class that pay in promises, and nothing more.

What matters that now? When she is seen in Sabbath school so interested in her books and papers, and is heard to recite, and read verse after verse in the scriptures, and to know that she is now a consistent member of the church, ample compensation for all things suffered and done, which are so vividly recalled to mind, is received, it is often thought were there no other reward. Thus, in after life when the busy thoughts wander back to the days of "auld lang syne," the teacher will enjoy many bright and blissful dreams in the untried future, to cheer them on through all the vicissitudes of life, to which the human family are subjected.

MARY.

THE PIANO.

A celebrated writer on music begs that every girl, whether naturally musical or not, should be taught the piano—at least for a time. He thinks that, even if she has no musical gifts, the study is valuable as a means of mental training; and the opportunity of gaining a sympathetic companion for life should be afforded to everyone. A good play on the piano not unfrequently takes the place of a good cry, and a cloud of ill-temper had better break in song than in scolding.

But, if a person is not really musical, piano-fore instruction after a certain time is only wasted. Beyond becoming intelligently acquainted with the theory of music, there is nothing to be gained by long-continued musical study where there is no real taste for it. Why should not a girl try drawing, painting, or literary composition?

Many a one with real literary or artistic taste has achieved excellence in nothing because her energies have been concentrated upon the piano, which she will never play well, or on songs which no one cares to hear her sing.

THE REVIEWER.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY began a new volume with the number for November. The publishers announce that "The Story of Seven Oaks," a serial novel by the editor, J. G. Holland, will begin in the January number, and that the well-known agricultural writer, Col. Waring, of Ogden Farm, will furnish six articles, "A Farmer's Vacation in Europe," describing a tour in Holland, Normandy, the Channel Islands, etc., in the autumn of 1873, giving special attention to the system of farming, the series to be fully illustrated. There are other special attractions announced for the new volume. This magazine has had, and deserved, remarkable success. It is admirably edited and illustrated. Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, N. Y., Publishers; subscription price \$4 a year.

OLD AND NEW, edited by Edward E. Hale, assisted by F. B. Perkins, F. B. Sanborn, and others, announces for 1875 the continuance and improvement of all its popular features. This magazine takes a wide range, freely discussing political, religious and educational matters, as well as giving stories, essays, etc. Roberts Bro's, 143 Washington St., Boston, Publishers. \$4 a year. New subscribers for 1875 will receive October, November and December numbers free.

ST. NICHOLAS, edited by Mary Mapes Dodge, and published by Scribner & Co., New York, at \$3 a year, is decidedly the most beautiful and best magazine for young people we have ever seen. It contains a large quantity of interesting and useful reading and many beautiful pictures each month.

For 1875, J. T. Trowbridge will have a serial story called "The Young Surveyor," and Louisa M. Alcott, a serial called "Eight Cousins." Thousands of parents who may think the cost too much for them to afford, spend several times 25 cents a month for comparatively useless articles for their children.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH for November discusses in a sensible manner the questions of Beds, What They Should Be; The Temperance Problem; Parental Responsibility; Regular Meals: Baneful Habits Affecting Health; Disease and Its Treatment; Infant Mortality; The Great Scandal a Possible Blessing; Kitchen Utensils, illustrated; How to Keep Warm; Suicides: Doctors and Quacks; with a variety of specially useful information in the Household Department and Answers to Correspondents. The present is a favorable time to subscribe for the SCIENCE OF HEALTH, which is one of the most useful of all our magazines. Price only 20 cents a number; or, \$2.00 a year, and three months free to all who subscribe at once for 1875. Address S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway.



THE FUSCHIA.

Within the mountain lodge we sat
At night, and watched the slanted snow
Blown headlong over hill and moor,
And heard, from dell and tarn below,
The loosened torrents thundering slow.

'Twas such a night as drowns the stars,
And blots the moon from out the sky;
We could not see our favorite larch,
Yet heard it rave incessantly,
As the white whirlwinds drifted by.

Sad thoughts were near; we might not bar
Their stern intrusion from the door;
Till you rose meekly, lamp in hand,
And, from an inner chamber, bore
A book renowned by sea and shore.

And, as you flung it open, lo!
Between the pictured leaflets lay—
Embalmed by processes of Time—
A gift of mine, a fuchsia spray,
I gathered one glad holiday.

Then, suddenly the chamber changed,
And we forgot the snow and wind;
Once more we paced the garden path,
With even feet and even mind—
That red spray in your hair confined.

The cistus trembled by the porch,
The shadow round the dial moved;
I knew this, though I marked them not,
For I had spoken, unreprieved,
And, dreamlike, knew that I was loved.

Sweet wife! when falls a darker night,
May some pure flower of memory,
Hid in the volume of the soul,
Bring back, o'er life's tormented sea,
As dear a peace to you and me.

—Chamber's Journal.

PRESSED FLOWERS AND PICTURE FRAMES.

IN these days when chromos and pictures of all kinds and descriptions are so easily obtained, given away, or offered by nearly every publisher as an inducement to the public, for subscriptions to their papers, magazines, etc.,—we are glad that Mr. Crowell does not include a five or ten dollar (?) chromo with THE HOUSEHOLD, for we rather have it without a prize than to receive the prize, and not get "much of a paper" as some of them prove to be—it may not seem worth while to spend much time in manufacturing them ourselves, but I have one that I would not exchange for any chromo. A much loved sister hangs it up by. A ring strong enough

who resides far, far away, was in the to hold it up by was sewed on the top

habit of sending pressed flowers in her letters which were carefully preserved in a box, until so many accumulated that I was anxious for another way of keeping them, for in looking them over, they would become broken more and more every time. The following way was no sooner thought of, than I set myself about accomplishing it.

I arranged them on a sheet of white paper in the form of a bouquet and pasted them on with wheat flour paste, putting but a very small quantity here and there under the thickest parts of the flowers. I managed to save them all and not soil the paper, but it required the utmost care, as the flowers when dampened were in all shapes, but they came out good when dry. I framed it in this way:—A stiff piece of pasteboard, one and one-half inches wide, cut so that the inside of the frame was some smaller than the outside of the picture, and covered with old, coarse, brown cambric—the glue and burs will adhere to such, better than to new or glazed cambric—which was pasted smoothly on with good flour paste, nearly dried, then ironed on both sides to make it lie flat. The next thing after drying the glass is fixed in. In all the directions that I have seen for framing pictures, I never read how to put in the glass, which to me was the most difficult part of the work, and after experimenting in several different ways, I found the following to be the most satisfactory, which I will try to explain, as nearly as it is possible to do on paper, for the benefit of others who perhaps are troubled as I was, and tempted to give it all up just for the want of this necessary knowledge; for a nice picture as every one knows, will not be worth much long, without a glass to protect it.

I sewed a strip of strong cloth across the bottom of the frame, on the wrong side which I call a pocket, to hold the glass in, after measuring by the glass to know where to sew it. I used window glass; my glue was hot, and with a small brush the inside of this pocket was besmeared with it, and the glass set in, and the cloth pressed firmly down with the fingers. Then strips of cloth wet in glue—which must always be hot—placed across the corners both top and bottom and sides, using caution not to let them come out beyond the inside of the frame on the glass. Next, the picture is placed and daubed at each corner and the sides with either paste or glue—but only a very small quantity was used, and taking care first that the glass was entirely free from dust or drops or glue—a piece of newspaper with paste all around the edge placed over this, and lastly, a piece of the cambric put over this in the same way. Light weights were laid on the glass to keep it square and flat, and it was left to dry on a flat surface. I then threaded a darning-needle with brown carpet twine, twisted and doubled it in my needle and took a stitch half an inch long at the edge of the glass on each side, about one-third of the length of the frame from the top, and tied it on the back side for

on the wrong side also. I usually put a ring and these loops in too, then it can be hung by the ring or picture end as one chooses. It was then ready for the burs.

Many put these on first, then turn it over and fix the glass in, which is apt to loosen, or jar off the burs. For the leader of the frame, both outside and inside, I used the layers that compose pine cones, after stripping and cutting them off square, close to the part that grows outside. They need trimming with shears to render them all the same size; with the brush I spread glue enough for the space of only one of these at a time. A large acorn in its saucer is glued at each corner, then a row all of the same sized hemlock burs are glued on, pointing upwards until the middle of the side is reached, then reversed for the remainder of the side. The other side, top and bottom are done the same way. A row of smaller burs are glued on each side of this, and all around the acorns. After being thoroughly dried, it was varnished, dried, then varnished again. In place of a suitable brush I used hens' feathers stripped almost to the ends to apply the varnish with, which is just as good. This hangs by the ring, and makes a pretty frame. I have made ten in this way, and some of them have been hanging for years, which are as good as ever.

The burs are put on in a great variety of ways, with walnuts, double acorns in the saucers, and other things. Much depends upon having the glue of the right consistency to insure good success in framing, I find. Some of the cords for hanging them by, I made by covering strong, large twine with old red dress braid, using the same colored thread. If one had not the braid, it would probably be as cheap to buy the cord, as the braid, to do this with. A cheap and pretty frame is made by covering smooth pasteboard with gold paper, (this is not expensive) which is pasted on; it is very tender when wet, and requires care in handling. Sew the ring on the back side at the top, before covering; I use such for cheap pictures without a glass. When one is soiled, tear it out and replace with a new one; away from dust and flies one will look nice for years.

ing basket of white cloth. Take one yard of coarse bleached cloth, tear off the selvedge, then tear in strips an inch wide, across the cloth. Now take one of the strips, fasten one end with a sewing-bird or pin it firmly to something; take the other end in your fingers. Sit off from it so that you can hold it comfortably and keep it straight at the same time; ravel on both edges till you have left three or four threads in the middle. Three of these strips slightly twisted and laid side by side, form each of the three cords by which it is hung up. Three more depending from the basket entwine near their ends six or eight inches below the basket and form a tassel. The basket itself is a bit of hoop skirt wire—the widest is the best—wound with white tied in a circle five or six inches in diameter and then draped or festooned with strips of the raveled cloth till it bears the shape of a basket. A few little bouquets of bright-tinted autumn leaves, add much to its beauty. A few grasses crystallized or not improve it.

I have another very pretty hanging basket which is made in this way. Take a small basket made of wire or split willow; take some lamp cotton, untwist it and wind it around every portion of the basket. Crystallize according to directions for grasses. Be sure to let it remain in the solution twenty-four hours, completely covered and undisturbed. By experimenting it will be easy to extend the process to many other objects.

Ida M. can dry flowers by pressing between several sheets of blotting paper, with a warm iron. The amount of heat required for different kinds of flowers can only be ascertained by experiment. The plants you wish to preserve should be gathered when the weather is dry, the ends placed in water and kept in a cool place till the next day. I find that an iron pretty strongly heated and passed quickly over the flowers or plants till all the moisture is dissipated answers almost equally well with those of every variety of hue and thickness.

Lowell, Mass. Mrs. G. D. H.

HOW TO MAKE A WAX CROSS.

Take a wooden cross the size you wish; take plain, thick, white paper of any kind, have ready some paste or anything that will stick good, and first daub the cross all over with it, then wet the paper with the same and cover your cross neatly with paper having it meet at one corner on the back of the cross. The bottom or base of the cross must be fitted with paper, having it meet but not lap at the corners; let it dry a little while, then cover with white wax in the same manner as you covered with paper,—large sized sheets of wax being used. Then take diamond dust and put it on except where you wish the vine or stems to stick; then your cross is ready to trim as you wish. This will make a clear white cross and cannot fall to please. I have one covered in the same way, and like it very much, and should I ever make another I should cover it in the same way. I hope this will please some who are fond of wax work.

MATTIE.



CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

BY U. U.

WE read an article not long since concerning the recent report of the Board of Health of the city of Boston, in which particular mention is made of the essay upon "The Chemical Analysis of articles liable to Adulteration." In this essay we find that almost every manufactured article of diet contains foreign substances, and in many cases poisonous and unwholesome materials are introduced. In view of these facts the writer closes his article with the sage remark; "But now that we know all this, what can we do about it? That is a conundrum."

This may be a conundrum to men, who are obliged to eat what is set before them, and also to purchase, perhaps, such articles as the good housewife notes down on her tablet, as needful to be sent into the kitchen; but may not this same housewife, if she thinks of the matter, and "knows how it is herself," do something about it?

Sugar was found, in the analysis, to be about the only pure article, scarce a sample being found sanded, but in this article as we know the best is usually the purest and so the cheapest in the end. But when we come to coffee such as is prepared for boiling, six out of seven samples were found to be adulterated, being mixed with chickory, peas, beans, etc., harmless in themselves but a fraud nevertheless, and one which any housekeeper may avoid being taken in by if she will only order or buy the coffee berry and roast and grind it herself. This is, I know, some trouble, but even were we sure of getting the pure article ready ground, we should choose to prepare it ourselves, because the fresh ground is so far preferable to that which we can buy, and which by standing must lose some of the aroma that goes to make a fragrant cup of coffee. One reason why many resort to buying ground coffee is of the liability of getting it burned in browning, especially if left to the care of careless servants.

A good way to manage this, and avoid spending time to watch the browning every moment is to take enough to last a week, putting it in a convenient dish, and have it in the oven while doing the family baking. I always brown my week's supply of coffee while baking on Saturday, and as one then looks often into the oven at such times there is little danger of ever losing a mess of coffee by burning. So here is one answer to "What are we going to do about it?"—do it ourselves. Or if we depend upon others' help, a cook or servant can as well learn to brown the coffee as to do any other part of the cooking, and thus give us real coffee, not adulterated stuff for our breakfast.

As for tea, that is less adulterated than coffee; but what we can do about that is a conundrum, indeed unless we go to China and gather it for ourselves

or—what would be no hardship to some of us—go without it.

Then comes peppers, spices, mustard, etc., scarce a specimen of the ground article being fine. In pepper, for example, is found sand, grit, husks and flour; in ground mustard, tumeric, an Indian root from which yellow dye is manufactured, and which of course is cheaper than pure mustard, else it would not be used. And so it is with our little boxes of "Pure ground cinnamon," cloves and other commodities which go into our every day cooking operations. What we can do about this, need be no conundrum at all; or if it is to any, such can readily solve it by purchasing only the whole pepper, whole mustard seed, cinnamon bark, etc., unto the end. Having these and a good iron mortar, or else a spice mill—as spices injure the taste of coffee, I think, if ground in the same mill—any housekeeper can secure fine spices, while the little that is used in moderate families makes it a trifle additional work for any one. I know that it is difficult to produce the fineness of ground preparations, but boxes with perforated covers can be used, and the luxury of knowing we are using pure articles repays the little trouble it costs.

For my own part it needs no chemical apparatus besides one's fingers to detect grit and dust in much of the ground stuff, and what else there is in it we leave the chemists to find out, for we never buy the preparations and care little except that others do and will use them.

The effectual way then to prevent these adulterations is to let them alone so far as we possibly can by obtaining the genuine article and having it prepared in our kitchens. I know that people have become so much habituated to getting the more convenient ready prepared articles that it may seem a task to do otherwise, but few, we think, will be content to eat dirt when they find by trial how much more to be preferred are our own preparations. Besides the pure article costs less in the first place, goes farther, because it is pure and does not lose its strength and flavor as do these fine ground substances by keeping. We can easily keep small quantities ground and corked in bottles or boxes ready for use, yet this does not necessitate the long standing such as is inevitable in most of such articles that we purchase manufactured for use.

Canned fruits, put up in tin, were found by analysis to be very unwholesome, and though those obliged to buy in such cans or go without can do little to solve the conundrum, yet all housewives may eschew tin entirely and use only glass or stone cans for fruit. It is not only better but safer and cheaper in the end.

I was reading not long since of a large company being made very sick by eating of custard flavored with extract of lemon; the lemon upon after analysis having been found to contain a virulent poison. Since that time I have prepared my own lemon—as by directions I gave in the September *HOUSEHOLD*—and find it very satisfactory in every respect.

Candies, as we are told, contain large quantities of poisonous coloring matter, as well as plaster of Paris, starch, etc., and thus if confectionery

must be eaten, it is wise to select the pure white; while a little experience will teach one to learn what candies are starched and what not, by the looks. And thus exercising care and taking a little trouble ourselves, we can in a measure obviate the necessity of using adulterated articles, and this is what I propose that we "do about it."

THE ART OF DISH-WASHING.

BY MRS. B.

I was just fresh from boarding school, and knew about as much of practical housekeeping as an unfledged robin, but I had something that stood me in good stead, notwithstanding my ignorance, and that was a determination to become a good housekeeper, or perish in the attempt. I had no mother to teach me, but a dear old auntie undertook the task of trying to make me keep house in a sensible way. She was a neighborhood oracle, and had the rare tact of always making things just right. Such appetizing odors as came from an oven door when she opened it! Such savory smells from boiling kettles! One could hardly enter her kitchen without feeling symptoms of starvation and never left it without a sense of hearty satisfaction. She was not only a natural cook, but she knew nice ways of making what we call drudgery—bearable and even pleasant.

Well, you must know, I was going to be married, and meant to over-thrown all John's preconceived ideas of school-girl inefficiency, and astonish him with an unparalleled display of housekeeping talent. So one afternoon I went down to Aunt Rachel's with a pillow-sham slyly tucked under my arm, and while I was embroidering my initial, Aunt Rachel was to give me a lesson on housekeeping.

"Well, Alice," said Aunt Rachel, sitting back in her old fashioned rocking-chair and taking her knitting, "I suppose we must begin at the beginning."

"Oh, don't think I'm quite a goose, auntie, I do know how to wash dishes."

"Ah ha, let's see," said she, "what do you do first?"

"Well," I said with a slight feeling of wounded dignity, "I should take a clean rag—you know anybody has plenty of old rags—and some soap and warm water, and then I should put in my glass ware first, and wash that, and then my cups and saucers, and then my plates—"

"Oh, that's enough of that folly," laughed Aunt Rachel. "Now do be sensible, Alice, and don't fuss. I've washed dishes for twenty years, and my dishes don't look as though they had been neglected all that time do they?"

You must know the art of dishwashing begins with clearing off the table. Make your plates clean by scraping off all gravy, crumbs and pie juice, and rinse anything that has had milk or vinegar in it, before putting into the dishpan. Then pray don't put big plates and little plates, "helter skelter," and a great platter on top. Put plates of a size together, and saucers and sauce plates, and don't mix

spoons with knives and forks. Now then, take a big dishpan, one that will hold all your earthen dishes, and remember, put them all in, that is all you can get in and conveniently handle in a lot of good hot suds. It is all nonsense for a woman to lose her time and patience scraping and digging at sticky dishes, when a good pan full of hot water will do the business alone. In the first place if you have a dish you know will be hard to get clean, just as soon as it is emptied, put it into the sink and fill it with water, and when you come to wash it will not bother. By the way, don't forget to heat plenty of water for washing dishes, whenever you get a meal. Well, when you get your dishes nicely packed into the dishpan put in hot water enough to cover them, and soap enough for a good suds, then wash your knives first, scour them carefully if they are steel, and wipe them from the suds—

At this point I lifted my eyes in questioning astonishment, but Aunt Rachel only laughed and said, "I know a great many folks would tell you it wasn't the thing to wash your knives first, but if you have as much clean dishwater as you ought to have there won't be a trace of dirt from them. Dear me!" and Aunt Rachel grew red in the face, and drew off her glasses almost spitefully, "I believe I should get completely disgusted with you, Alice, if you should be such a sozzle about washing dishes, as I have seen in my lifetime. They will put in a few dishes at a time and have the water almost stone cold so that the grease and crumbs, and bits of meat will rise on top making it look more like a French soup than anything else, and then they'll fetch up at the last end with scouring knives that have been getting blacker and blacker every minute. It is just that kind of a dishwasher that thinks it isn't nice to scour knives first. After you get your knives out you will find they look to suit you, and all that time your dishes will be soaking, and all you will have to do will be to pass your dishcloth quickly over them, for the soap and water can do more than you towards making them clean."

I haven't said anything to you about a dishcloth, but don't you ever let me know of your using any old flapping rag, like a shirt sleeve or anything that belongs to the rag bag, for a dishcloth. To begin with, they won't wear any, and to end with, it is shiftless to catch the first rag you find, to use for dishes. Get you some good coarse unbleached cotton cloth—not too thick for it won't wring well if you do—make into half a yard square cloths and hem them. These will last you a year and always look tidy and decent.

Then for wiping towels if you don't want your dishes to look as if they had just feathered out, don't use old linen towels that are past service for the hands, to leave lint on your dishes. Make your dish wipers of new cotton cloth, not too coarse, a yard square in size, hem them, and two such will last you two or three years.

Folks don't begrudge pillow shams and sheet shams and fine towels that nobody ever thinks of using, but they

think any old worn-out rags will do for washing and wiping dishes."

"But, Aunt Rachel," I faintly suggested, "you haven't finished about wiping dishes."

"The fact is," said she, "I couldn't bear to have those dishes that we had just washed in clean suds, wiped on an old linty towel, so I stopped to tell you about that. Well, after you get the dishes washed, put them back into the pan, pour hot water over them, take them out and let them drain while you rinse the goblets in the hot water and wipe them out immediately and they will be beautifully clear."

"Why, Aunt Rachel!" I ventured to remonstrate, "I should think you would break the goblets in such hot water!"

"Nonsense, child! I never broke a goblet in that way. If one was ice-cold and you should put it into hot water it would break of course, but not otherwise. Some would tell you to rinse glass ware in cold water, and not wipe at all, but who wants to have such things standing round dripping over everything when they can be wiped from hot water to look much clearer, and can be put away at once."

Putting the last finishing stroke to my initial and gathering my pillow-sham and myself into as small a compass as possible, I meekly took myself out of Aunt Rachel's house, thinking what a mercy it was I knew so little of house-keeping, since even in such a simple thing as dishwashing, I had so much to unlearn.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—When the Christian Standard of Cincinnati offered to give THE HOUSEHOLD as a premium to each subscriber, I thought we might speak for it to the Editor, and, if it were good for nothing else, it might, at least, serve for waste paper. But I feel now after reading it for a year as though I owed you an apology for even doubting the excellence of the dear HOUSEHOLD before seeing it. I think I shall not do without it hereafter. I find much in it that does me good, not only in practical hints for house and home keeping, but

in the free exchange of thoughts and feelings of the contributors. I know of no other paper in which all speak so freely and unreservedly and receive such kindly sympathy from each other. I almost wish I had some perplexing question to settle that I might have the pleasure of hearing some of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters talk to me. But because I have no doleful story to tell, shall I not write? I am either happily constituted or else am singularly blest, for life seems to me full of sunshine and poetry and gladness. The poetry that comes through love, and the gladness that comes through helping others to a higher life. I have so many to love me that it fills me with joy to overflowing. Some may criticize me and misunderstand me, but I forget that in the joy of being trusted and understood by all the rest. I don't think I am so very lovable either. I think the people in general are glad and willing to love any one who will just give them an opportunity by showing himself friendly and courteous. Look on the bright side of peo-

ple and things. If we shut our eyes to the glorious sunlight and mourn over the dark spots on the sun's disc, what fools we are. Don't think of the spots but go along on your way thanking God that there is plenty of light as it is.

Do you suppose when Jesus went up on the Mount to look beyond, away to the "beautiful land," that he took particular notice of all the dark valleys lying between the sunlit hills? Don't you suppose he forgot to contemplate even the valley of the Jordan, the type of the shadow of death, and saw only the beauty and the glory of sunlit Zion and Olivet and Hermon and Carmel? My dear sisters, keep your eyes above the shadows and see only the sunshine. This is not what I intended to write, but it crowded itself in and I will leave it. It may lead some one else to forget the ills of life and remember only the good.

I want to give you the recipe for making the kind of graham bread we have been using for some time. We think it much superior to yeast bread.

Take one quart of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt. Put all the other ingredients in the milk first and then stir in graham flour to make a very stiff batter—as stiff as you can stir with an iron spoon.

Stir as little as possible; grease a narrow, deep pan and pour your batter in two parts, one in each end and bake immediately in a quick oven. Let it get cold and you will find it light and sweet if made properly. If your loaves have run together so that there

is no depression between them your batter was too thin. Molasses may be substituted for the sugar, in which case a little more soda will be required.

You have all had trouble no doubt in watering house plants without spattering the water over everything. Get a small sponge, dip it in the basin of water, carry it to the pot down close to the earth and squeeze it out. Try it and you will like it. I use quite warm water in winter. When you want to wet the leaves make a business of it. Take the plants out doors or set them in a tub or basin and sprinkle them with lukewarm water.

MRS. B. G. J.

Washington, Pa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—Still another stranger knocks at your door and asks permission to enter, is there room for one more? is there room for me? I would be content even with standing room could I be allowed to enter, and be recognized as one of the Band. I am a new subscriber not having long made your acquaintance but I grasp the ever welcome HOUSEHOLD as eagerly as I would the hand of an old friend I had not seen for a long time, for it brings words of cheer to the tired, weary mother, joy and consolation to the sorrowing. I hear a whisper from sister Allie afar off in Omaha, she feels heart-sick at times, her little ones claim so much of her care and attention, and family cares

seem almost innumerable. Cheer up, dear sister, do not despair, there are yet many happy hours in store for you, your little ones will not always need the constant care you now bestow upon them, you have a happy home, a

kind and affectionate husband, you have taken upon you the sacred responsibility of wife and mother; show him, whom you have chosen to share life's joys and sorrows, that you are fully competent of that noble position, even though it may deprive you of some of the pleasures and company you enjoyed when a girl.

I think I understand the meaning of family cares, I have been married fifteen years, during which time four bright-eyed darlings have come to gladden our hearts, two of which are now in heaven, and through the kindness of Him, who "doeth all things well," two are left to cheer our home with their sports and laughter. It has also been my lot to administer to the wants of a dear invalid mother, who has not walked a step for seventeen years, and has lived with us ever since we were married. God grant that my life may be spared to cheer her remaining days, as she journeys on to the heavenly shores.

How I would like to step into your western home, and spend the day with you, and drop a few words of consolation, but many miles lie between us. I was born and reared in good old Massachusetts, and here I expect to spend my days.

FANNY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am not an old married woman, nor a young married woman, nor an old maid, nor a little girl, nor a man of any description, because if I were I could vote, for I've been "twenty-one" almost six months, I'm jes' only me, but, dear HOUSEHOLD, I think you are just splendid. I don't know what part of you we could spare, and yet when I am reading "Letters to THE HOUSEHOLD" I almost wish it all came under that head; every word is so friendly, so helpful, so sisterly. Are we not just one big family?

Many people call me a "highty tighty" creature, but I do have lots of serious thoughts, and do try real hard to "be good, and do good,"—I put that in quotation marks because I've had it for my motto so long.

I like the great earnest words of the sisters, and feel like saying with the one from Rutland, Vt., (whose whole letter in the February number was so beautiful) "Alas! why is it that we stifle the heart's purest utterance and are so careful to conceal our better nature." Only to our two or three intimate friends do we whisper those words which are really the best part of us.

I hope "Sunshine" and "Pearl" have opened a correspondence and found that they are kindred spirits. I feel so sorry for any young lady who has not a dear friend of her own sex.

Girls, I have a real lover and she is a girl and it seems to me now that she is worth a whole car-load of the other kind, and we got acquainted by pen and ink. We met and liked each other, but it was through our correspondence that we learned to love each other.

If this assertion is found to be cor-

HOW TO MAKE SOAP FOR A CENT A POUND.

The following recipe has never been made public until now. It is claimed that Dobbins' Electric Soap possesses merits that no other soap in the world does, and now we give a very simple and inexpensive mode of testing the truth of the assertions, as to the purity and wonderful chemical properties of this "ne plus ultra" of modern chemistry, Dobbins' Electric Soap. Shave into small pieces three bars of Dobbins' Electric soap, and boil in three quarts of water until the soap is thoroughly dissolved, so that upon straining through a sieve nothing remains; add to the solution or "suds" three gallons of cold water; stir briskly for several minutes to mix and set it away to cool. Though it will look like nothing but soap-suds while warm, a chemical reaction will take place and in twenty-four hours' time will develop forty or fifty pounds of magnificent and milk-white soap, costing less than one cent a pound, and as good as many of the adulterated compounds called soap, and sold at seven to ten cents per pound.

rect on trial, we can say nothing more eloquent than this single argument, and the manufacturers of this soap would hardly offer this as a test of its merits if they did not know that any housewife would be able to demonstrate to her own satisfaction its truth. The manufacturers make in their factory, every day, barrels of soap weighing 250 pounds, using only 12 pounds of the Dobbins' Electric Soap, but have every facility and convenience for so doing. How long would it take for any other soap used the same to become anything but "soap suds?" Any housewife knows that it cannot be done with any soap she has ever used. See if it can with Dobbins.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MR CROWELL.—*Sir*:—Being an interested reader of your very valuable paper and seeing many recipes thought I would send a few which might be a little benefit to some of your many readers, if thought worthy to have place.

ORANGE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of cold water, three eggs, (reserving the whites of two for frosting,) two even cups of sifted flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, juice and pulp of one orange. Bake in three jelly tins. Make a frosting of the whites of the eggs, two-thirds of a cup of white sugar, and grated peel of one orange, spreading it on each layer.

HICKORYNUT CAKE.—The whites of three eggs, one cup of white sugar, one half cup of butter, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half of a teaspoonful of soda, two cups of flour and one cup of hickorynut meal. Beat the eggs to a froth.

CUSTARD CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one egg, and one-third of a cup of butter, put together and beat to a cream; then add one cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda and two teaspoons of cream of tartar. Bake in jelly tins. Custard for inside—one and one-half cups of milk, two eggs, (reserving one white for frosting if desired,) one tablespoonful of corn starch and one cup of sugar. Flavor to suit the taste.

MOTHER'S COOKIES.—Two cups of cream, one heaping teaspoonful of soda, and one even teaspoonful of salt, two cups of sugar, (we use white,) one egg and flour enough to roll; when very nearly the thickness desired sprinkle on sugar and roll once over.

JO.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In the last issue of our magazine, I saw a question asking for a good receipt for Omelet. Here are two that we think are very nice.

SUPERIOR OMELET.—Beat six eggs very light, the whites to a stiff froth that will stand alone, the yolks to a smooth thick batter; add to the yolks a small cupful of milk, pepper and salt to season properly. Lastly stir in the whites lightly; have ready in a hot frying pan a good lump of butter, when it hisses pour in your mixture and set over a clear fire, do not stir it but contrive as the eggs set to slip a broad-bladed knife under the omelet to guard against burning at the bottom. It should cook in eight or ten minutes at the most. When done lay a hot plate bottom upwards on the pan, turn it over and bring the browned side up. To be eaten hot.

OMELET SOUFFLE.—Break six eggs; separate the whites from the yolks, to the latter put four dessert spoonfuls of powdered sugar and the rind of a lemon chopped exceedingly small; mix them well. Whip the whites to a stiff froth and add the rest. Put a lump of butter into the frying pan over a slow fire, cook carefully and serve as the first omelet.

EFFIE WHIPPLE.

COOKING SQUASH.—*Editor Household*:—In the May number "A Reader" asks for directions for cooking squash. If the hard-shelled or Hubbard squash is meant, it

is nice either baked or steamed in the shell cut in convenient slices. For common family eating if taken to the table in the shell it retains the heat better and each one can season to suit the taste with butter and pepper. Summer squash needs to be boiled, then put in a cloth and the water pressed out. Season with plenty of butter and a little pepper.

North Freedom, Wis. MRS. M. F. B.

FRENCH LOAF.—*Mr. Crowell*:—I am a young housekeeper and have my full share of the trials and troubles incident to first experiences in housekeeping, but I have been very greatly benefited, and wonderfully encouraged too, by the kind words and earnest counsels of my sisters. Many of the recipes I have tried and found them in every way satisfactory, and now I would like to add my mite. I have a recipe for French Loaf which my mother has used for years and we all consider it excellent; perhaps some lady reader would like to try it.

FRENCH LOAF.—Three teacups of light bread, two cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of raisins, three eggs, one nutmeg and one teaspoonful of selenatus. Rub the butter and sugar together, then add the eggs, lastly the bread and fruit. Bake in two loaves one hour and a half.

CURRENT CATCHUP.—I have also a recipe for currant catchup which is very nice. Four pounds of currants, one and one-half pounds of sugar, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one tablespoonful each of salt, pepper and cloves, and one pint of vinegar. Stew the currants and sugar until quite thick then add the other ingredients.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup of cream, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of ginger, one of selenatus, dissolved in hot water, and a little salt.

M. M. B.

INDIAN PUDDING.—Minnie P. wishes to know how to make an old fashioned Indian pudding; I will tell her my way. Take three pints of sweet milk heat scalding hot, then add one and one-half cups of meal, one-half of a cup of molasses one teaspoonful of ginger, and a little salt; just before putting in the oven add one-half cup of cold milk. Bake two hours and eat with sweetened cream.

A. M. H.

BLANC MANGE.—*Mr. Crowell*:—I will send Mrs. H. J. H. a good recipe for Blanc Mange. Take a handful of Irish moss, (it can be obtained from her grocer) wash it, put it in about three pints of milk, let it boil about fifteen minutes, stirring all the while to prevent scorching, then pour it through a colander; when it is thoroughly cold it is ready for the table. Serve with cream and sugar.

DELLA M. C.

MOCK MINCE PIES.—Three cups of sugar, two cups of raisins, one cup of vinegar, one cup of water, one cup of butter, two cups of bread crumbs, soaked in the water and vinegar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one of cloves,—both ground—and one of nutmeg.

LEMON PIES.—Three teacups of sugar, one-half cup of melted butter, one-half pint of warm sweet milk, the juice of two lemons, six eggs, beat separately, whites of eggs last. Bake with an upper crust.

MARY WOOD.

TO COLOR BROWN.—*Mr. Crowell*, Sir:—C. P. S. wishes a recipe for coloring brown; here is one from The Druggist's Circular, which I think is good. For ten pounds of yarn or cloth, boil two pounds of prepared catechu and three ounces of blue vitriol together. Put the yarn or cloth into the hot liquid and let it remain over night. In the morning prepare a hot solution of seven ounces of bichromate of potash—just by dissolving the bichromate in water—into which put the goods after wringing it from the first preparation, let it remain in this solution till the right shade is acquired; then rinse and dry. This is for dyeing cotton or linen.

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.—A piece of white soap, a little sweet milk in a saucer and a clean cloth folded two or three times. On the cloth spread out the glove smoothly. Take a piece of flannel, dip it in the milk, then rub off a good quantity of soap on the wetted flannel, commence to rub toward the

fingers holding it firmly with the left hand. Continue the process until the glove, if white, looks of a dingy yellow, if colored, till it looks spoiled; lay it to dry and you will soon see that the glove looks nearly new. It will be soft and elastic.

A GOOD INDIAN PUDDING.—One quart of scalded milk, into which stir six tablespoonsfuls of meal, one tablespoonful of flour, one-half a cup of molasses, a little salt, add a little cold milk before putting into the steamer; steam one and one-half hours, then set in the oven one-half hour.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—One cup of sour milk, one cup of sugar, one egg, two tablespoonsfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, two cups of flour; steam one hour, serve with sauce.

MRS. S. S.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Aunt Leisurely's compliments to Mrs. A. C., of Meridian, Miss., and while she acknowledges that nothing would give her greater pleasure than to comply with her request, fears, that owing to the effervescent nature of yeast, when not kept in a cellar or other cool place, that we might get into trouble with "Uncle Sam" if we gave him the job of carrying it out to Mississippi. If the bakers and her neighbors make good bread, their yeast must be good also, so we must look about us for some other cause for her failure. All the recipes for yeast and sponge that have come under my notice, say they must be allowed to cool "blood warm," "milk warm" or "tepid" before adding the cup of lively yeast; I do not consider that warm enough, and as it is difficult to convey to another mind the exact degree of temperature one wishes to express, when the sense of touch cannot be exercised, in my zeal to have the bread from the beginning kept warm enough I may have given an impression of heat I did not wish to convey. Too much heat would of course be as bad as not enough for it would scald the life-giving or rising property out of the cups of leaven, and the result would be anything but "foam." So, while your yeast is boiling, add one teacupful of sugar, half a teacupful of salt, and one tablespoonful of ginger, and when a little more than milk warm, put in a pint of baker's yeast, in yeast cakes obtained from the neighbor who makes the best bread, and I think failure as far as your jar of bitter yeast is concerned is out of the question.

Mrs. A. C.'s inquiry caused me to look over my article in bread carefully, and I find that in making the sponge, only one pint of cold water is added to two quarts of boiling milk or buttermilk, it should be three pints of cold water.

For the benefit of those who, having no milk to make bread, have to use water, I would suggest that a tablespoonful of melted lard, added to the sponge makes it softer and whiter. Also, if by chance either yeast or sponge gets chilled in the process of making, the best method of warming it, is to set crock and all in a pan of hot water.

Knowing the importance of sweet, whole-some "staff of life" in the household we should all feel a conscientious desire to aid each other in obtaining all the light possible on the subject, and if by the mistakes in the wording of the recipe any have been misled, I am sorry, and have done what I could to rectify it.

AUNT LEISURELY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am one of your happy band. Although my voice has till now been silent, it has not been so because I do not appreciate the excellent paper, which for the last two years has been a source of pleasure to every one of our family. In fact, I do not see how we ever did without it; and I assure you that, so long as I am able to raise a dollar, THE HOUSEHOLD shall continue to be a welcome visitor at our house.

Will some member of our HOUSEHOLD please oblige me by sending answers to the following questions?

1st. How can we make sweet peonies bloom? Ours have not bloomed for three years. They come up nicely in the spring look thrifty, and have buds on them, but these buds never come to perfection. They turn black and drop off before they attain the size of a large pea. We tried moving them, and putting them in different soil, but the result was the same.

2nd. I should like to know how to color a brown that will not rub off or fade on being exposed to the sun. Also, how to color white feathers a bright garnet. Any information on these subjects will be thankfully received by

EVA CASON.

Merom, Indiana.

Will the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD please give their experience on the subject of lace curtains; the price and number of yards to make a full, graceful curtain, and the best method of hanging them. I have heard that there is a sort of girt dagger over which a curtain can be draped whole, instead of being open at the top. Does any lady know where these can be obtained? E. L. H. A.

Kansas.

MR. CROWELL.—*Sir*:—Will some one be kind enough to inform me, through your columns, what will restore gray hair to its original color without injury to the head. And greatly oblige, GUSSE M.

Maysville, S. C.

A subscriber wishes to know what time of day Aunt Leisurely sets her yeast to rise; I have tried it twice and have failed both times; I made the yeast in the evening. MARY W.

Will some of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please give some recipes for cooking vegetables and meats also. Tell us how to can fruit so that we can put up soft peaches and not have them break in pieces. And greatly oblige, MRS. B. M. C.

MR. CROWELL.—E. C. S., of Franklin, Mass., wishes to know "how to remove rust from a new teakettle?" I have used lime water, or well water, it forms a coating which is much better than rust.

She also asks "how to make nice, light graham bread?" The day before I wish to bake I boil potatoes for dinner, take the water they are cooked in, with one large potato, mashed fine and strained through a sieve. When I get supper, I warm it by adding hot water until I have three pints; into this I stir sifted white flour enough to form a batter, adding one tablespoonful of salt, one handful of white sugar, four mixing spoonfuls of yeast; set it on a warm brick or board, and in a short time it will be light and spongy. About nine o'clock, or later if the weather is very hot, I stir equal parts of white and graham flour into my bread bowl, and mix it just as you would white bread, only mixing just enough to form a soft dough, not working it any. In the morning form it into loaves, with as little handling as possible; this quantity will make three loaves. It is the best when a day old. For yeast I use the recipe found in the January number of THE HOUSEHOLD, page 13, only I add three or four potatoes. Perhaps I should say for the benefit of inexperienced persons, that in very hot weather the sponge can be set cold, without the use of hot bricks, or board. M. JENNIE C. B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In reading my paper, which I so highly appreciate, I find many valuable recipes, and yet there are two others I should like very much to have given, and beg pardon, for the intrusion upon your notice.

1st. Will some friend tell me how citrons are candied for cakes and mince pies, or for winter use?

2nd. Will some friend tell me how to prepare colored glasses for a winter bouquet? Please answer through the columns of our paper.

MRS. LENORA.

Sedgwick, Kansas.

MR. CROWELL.—*Sir*:—I would like to ask through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, if any of your numerous correspondents can give me directions for preserving a wreath of natural flowers, to be framed, so they will look as nicely as when first gathered. Any information will be gratefully received by CLARA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the many readers please tell me how to clean a corn color poonie parasol that has become soiled from use? Also, what will take a grease spot out of a brown silk poplin dress? and what will take a white spot off a window sill, caused by water running over from a flower pot? And oblige,

DAUGHTER OF A SUBSCRIBER.



A YEAR AGO.

A year ago this morn, love, we stood here side by side,
And vowed to love and cherish till death should us divide;
For better or for worse, love, in poverty or wealth,
In sorrow or in gladness, in sickness or in health.

Then came the cordial greeting, kind words from friends and kin,
All bright and happy seemed without, but happier still within;
And then our ride together by river and o'er hill,
Those scenes so calm and beautiful, dost thou not see them still?

The waving fields, and rivers bright, the rocks and cliffs so high,
The lofty hoary mountain tops uprising to the sky.
And then those dear old rooms, love, most pleasant because ours,
The books and shells and pictures and vases of rich flowers.

A year has passed away, love, how quickly hath it flown,
Surely a happier twelve months my life has never known;
For we've been aye together, at home, at work, away,
With hearts and hopes and plans all one, united day by day.

Ah! dearer, dearer far than when we made that sacred vow,
We thought we loved each other then, but oh, we know it now.
God teach us how to prove to thee a true and loving wife,
Thy comfort and thy treasure, the blessing of thy life.

A year has passed away, love, and how much pain and woe
Its hours have brought to other hearts, alas, we ne'er may know.
Thousands upon the battle field have lain in ragged pain
Longing for rest and peace, but oh! longing for ease in vain.

How many homes made cheerless that once were glad and bright!
How many hearts made hopeless that once were free and light!

The sick in crowded hospital's who greet the rising day
Wan, weary, helpless and forlorn, wearing the hours away.

No mother kind is near them, no wife or sister dear,
Cold strangers all around them, and no loved face to cheer;
But sickness, pain and sorrow, and want of love and care,
Unhappy, bitter restless hearts, we find them everywhere.

Here, in this very village, around us, we might know
Hearts sick and lone and cheerless and filled with many a woe.

Ah! why are we thus favored? Ah! why are we thus blest?

We wake each morn to gladness, each evening brings us rest.

Oh, are we not ungrateful for all these gifts of love?
Do they make us love the Giver, the glorious One above?

Soon one by one our years, love, swiftly will pass away.

Oh be it ours to live so that at life's closing day
When dimly from our vision recedes each earthly good

We may feel with hearts of gladness we have done whate'er we could.

A. H.

A WOMAN'S CRUSADE OF TWENTY YEARS AGO.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

Number Three.

OUR next step was to ask of our physicians a pledge not to order intoxicating liquors in their practice, "except in cases where no other article would answer the purpose."

The first of these, whom we found at his office, was a young man just from a medical school, waiting, as he told us, with a somewhat bitter smile, "for something to turn up."

"My feelings are with you ladies," said he, "but my signature will do you little good, as I have at present, neither experience nor influence. I have chosen my profession from a sincere belief that I can do some good to my fellow beings. The world is today suffering more from lack of knowledge of the laws which govern our physical health, than of those which govern the universe."

Perhaps we shall never know until we have laid aside these bodies of ours, how much we were affected by their wants and their weaknesses. At all hazards of my own professional success, I shall try to be a reformer of this evil, and so avoid the thought in future years that my prescriptions have led any one into the path which leads to the drunkard's grave."

We thanked him for his assurance of sympathy, and reminded him that if we could secure all the young people to our cause, the rolling years would soon accomplish the work.

For as one generation followeth another so rapidly in the great panorama of life, we must not be disheartened if those whose opinions have been formed in the old days, when babes drew in the poison with their mother's milk, and fathers fed their toddlings with the sugared dregs in "the cup which doth intoxicate," are slow to leave the old ruts, even for a better pathway. Let us give our best efforts to winning the men and women of the future, and even now they will be our best advocates with their parents.

Already had little Birdie done for us with closed lips from her lowly coffin, what scores of orators with eloquent words from pulpit or rostrum could not have accomplished.

We passed on our way cheerfully and hopefully, yet we felt sure our next task would be a hard, even if not an unsuccessful one. For we sought one of brilliant talents, and considerable culture, who was himself the slave of the cup. "If he is only sober," was the constant exclamation, if his services were required. Indeed it was a common thing in the neighborhood to direct the messenger thus,

"call Dr. H. if he is sober, if not, go for Dr. B., if he is absent, go for young G."

We found him sober, and very serious also. To our utter amazement, he at once signed our paper, and thanked us for the opportunity.

"Now, ladies," said he, "go on with your good work. You have my thanks and my prayers! If you can keep intoxicating liquors away from me, have no fear that I shall prescribe them for my patients. I do not believe I ever do it, when not myself somewhat under their influence. When entirely myself, I feel too deeply the injury which the fatal appetite, inherited from an inebriate father, has done to me. Body, mind, heart, soul, prospects in life, all are more or less marred, and yet I am only thirty years of age.

Never will I marry, until I am sure this fatal appetite is utterly subdued,

for I will not bequeath to my children the terrible inheritance my father gave to me." He extended his hand, his tones had grown tremulous, and "God bless you, ladies!" responded with a fervent "God keep and help you!" which come from our hearts, and we passed on our way.

Rejoicingly, yet prayerfully, for while we felt to rejoice as do "the angels in Heaven, over one sinner that repented," we yet felt that he was to encounter many temptations on earth.

To call upon good Dr. B. was not an unpleasant task. He signed our pledge willingly, but remarked as he returned it, "you need not have made that exception, ladies, for there are no such cases. I do not remember a case in all my practice where some other prescription would not have done as well."

"Then why do your profession so frequently direct its use?" we asked amazed and indignant.

"Indolence! My dear ladies, sheer indolence. Alcohol and whiskey are cheap and common, altogether too much so, most people have them in the house, and many people regard them as a panacea for all their pains. To humor a prejudice is easier than to refute it, and leaves one vastly more in favor with its owner."

So you see, ladies, when a man is hurried, and tired, and already late home, or other patients are waiting, and he knows people will get this stuff without grumbling, and it is the only stuff some of them are willing to get, he orders it, if it will answer the purpose, although something else would do better perhaps.

As to the wealthier classes, most of them have already a habit of using the more expensive liquors and it is no worse for those people to have their medicines mixed with them than to take them otherwise.

It is no more injurious to have wine or brandy mingled with some bitter drug than with the rich pies and puddings whose too free use have compelled the prescription." We ventured to suggest that two wrongs can never make a right.

"No, ladies, it is all wrong, and I had resolved upon this thing once before you called upon me. If you are not in a hurry, I will tell you the reason why."

We were through with the work we, as a committee from the woman's meeting, had been appointed to do, with the exception of the village drug store, and its proprietor was a staunch friend of temperance, who would never think of selling a drop, without a physician's prescription, and even then it would be with reluctance. So,

as we had obtained from each of our three physicians the pledge not to prescribe it except in case of dire necessity, and Dr. B's opinion that such necessity did not exist was, we hoped, shared by his younger professional brothers, we were quite willing to listen to the somewhat garrulous old man.

"When a student in college, I became acquainted with a young man, somewhat younger than myself, who soon became very dear to me. You,

ladies, may, perhaps, imagine that all the friendship in the world belongs to your own sex, if so, let me assure you, it is a mistake. Possibly you may give a greater amount of romantic and sentimental feeling to your friendships, but depend upon it, they are no stronger or more enduring than ours. We may not talk so much about them, a man seldom gives another man an assurance of love, but we make sacrifices, and render assistance as often as any of you can to each other's interest.

Henry W— and I were friends when he was twenty, and I but a few years older. Last week I stood by his grave, with an agony of feeling which I will not attempt to describe.

I recalled the bright, beautiful boy whom I first saw at nineteen, the many acts of kindness which endeared him to me during the next year in which we shared one couch, and sat side by side at the table of his parents, with whom I boarded. His father's sudden death changed all his plans in life.

He left school, and found a place as clerk in a neighboring city. There his winning manner, and strict attention to business, won the regard of his employers. Those who purchased goods of him once, always looked for him when next they entered the store.

Slowly, but steadily, he worked his way upward. It is only in the story-books, that clerks rise at once to be junior partners, then marry the only daughter of the senior, then take the old man's place, to the mutual advantage and satisfaction of each, and the astonishment of all the rest of the world.

Yet a few years steady labor and unwavering fidelity, did achieve for him a position as head clerk, with a salary which enabled him to assist his mother, and give to a younger brother the education he had so coveted for himself.

Meanwhile I remained at my studies. First the four years at college, then the usual medical course. I toiled away at my books, and although I liked study, I sometimes envied the ignorant plowboy who trudged whistling along the furrows, for his face grew ruddy with health, and his muscles were strengthened by the very labor they performed.

It was then no post of a teacher's duty to care for the bodily health, and physical exercise was ignored by the college course. So our best schools turned out annually a class of pale-faced, narrow-chested, dyspeptic or consumptive students, to swell the ranks of professional invalids or die soon after and become 'mysterious dispensations of providence.'

At the close of my last year in college I found myself very likely to become one of the latter number, when my good friend Dr. L— to whom I applied for advice with regard to a voyage to the Mediterranean, gave his opinion thus plainly.

"Go home! young man! go home! Let your mother nurse you as mothers best know how. Get up early, drink all the new milk you want, go hunting or fishing with the boys, picnicing with the girls, anything that will keep you out of doors. You will soon find yourself strong enough to toss over the hay, or at least rake after the cart. Then help about all the little farm jobs that interest you. Lock up your

books and forgot them. Don't be like a merchant I once knew, who rested, even on the Sabbath, by posting his ledger. After a while death came along, and demanded payment of his last debt. Don't write, not even so much as to let me know how you are; I'll run down to your place in a few weeks if I can get away, and present my bill to your good mother, to be paid in strawberries and cream!"

This medical advice being very pleasant to take, I at once departed for my home in the country. Calling upon my way to see Henry W—, I found him looking almost as pale over his day-book and ledger, as I had become over Greek, Latin and mathematics. I gave him the same advice Dr. L— had given me, and invited him to go with me to my father's house, help me to ramble amid the grand old woods, and climb the lofty hills which raised their peaks skyward not far from my birthplace.

He shook his head rather sadly, 'Business has no variation as churches and colleges have. The wheel turns, and the machinery whizzes on, those whose business it is to attend to it must be in their places.'

Fortunately I was acquainted with his employer, having myself first introduced Henry as a candidate for a situation. So impressed was I with the conviction that a season of rest and change of air was absolutely necessary to Henry's health, if not his life, that I soon opened the really kind-hearted merchant's eyes to the same fact. So it was soon arranged that he would himself discharge Henry's duties with assistance of the next clerk, and that Henry should have a month's vacation.

'I cannot possibly spend a whole month in idleness,' said Henry, when he was informed of the arrangement, 'my mother would miss the help my salary affords her. I will take a week with gratitude.'

'Yes, my good fellow! so you will, and three more after that. You don't usually find me doing my work by halves. Of course, I expected your salary to continue all the same while you were getting more strength to work with, and lest you should be thinking of the extra expenses here it is in advance. Now hurry off, and get all the country air you can. Don't let us see you here again, till your cheeks are brown as a berry.'

Henry's books were always ready for the scrutiny of his employer, so he had no delay or fear on that account, and we were soon welcome guests at the old farmhouse.

It did not take me long to become a boy again, and the frank cordiality with which my parents received Henry soon made him at home there also. All the old haunts were explored, and as one ramble or ride always seemed to give strength for another one, we soon extended our tours until the whole county, within a score or two of miles, was familiar as my father's farm. When good Dr. L— came down for a day or two, having as he said, sent most of his patients into the country, so that he could get a chance to go there himself, he found two sun-browned young men who bore slight resemblance to the pale-faced boys of a month previous.

'Well! well!' said he, 'I suppose I shall fare as badly as the physician in our town once did, who prescribed for an invalid lady. When he told her husband he had only given her a few lectures upon the laws of health and God had furnished the medicines; the stingy old fellow thanked God for the medicine and told the doctor his wife would return the lectures, she was the best hand at lecturing he knew of when she was well enough.'

Mother laughed and set before him a large dish full of the fee for which he had stipulated—strawberries and cream.

But, ladies, I am forgetting that you did not come here to listen to an old man's reminiscences. I fear I have already wearied your patience.'

We were, indeed, beginning to think of our families' at home, who would soon be wondering, why mother did not return, but we really wanted to know what had induced the old doctor to resolve upon a change in his mode of prescriptions even before our call, so we begged him to proceed.

'I soon noticed that when my shy little sister, Ellen, was of the party, Henry enjoyed it much more, and that he usually monopolized the whole care of her. Indeed, he soon usurped all my brotherly privileges, of assisting her across the streams, and up the steep hills, so entirely, that I became quite vexed. At length, finding that my company was no longer as necessary to the pleasure of the rambles, as it had formerly been, I began to seek other companions. After renewing my childhood's acquaintance with Alice N—, the lady whom you now know as Mrs. Dr. B—, I became quite reconciled to the loss of Henry's society.

So it came to pass that when at the end of his vacation Henry left us to return to his duty, he carried with him, not only restored health, but that most precious of all gifts, the love of a true-hearted woman. I tarried a month or two longer, gaining a new hold upon life with every hour of brain-rest and physical exercise, and winning, ere I left, a promise that made life doubly valuable to me. To you, ladies, who so well know my wife, it is unnecessary to say she is not one of those who 'keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the heart.'

When my studies were over, and Henry had risen to the place of junior partner, for he did win that place, though not, according to stereotyped way, by attracting the affection of his employer's daughter, we went to my father's house again together.

This time we each brought back with us a bonnie bride.

Although I at that time thought Henry W— as nearly perfection as it is possible for a mortal to become, yet I question if I should have confided to his care my petted sister, without many pangs of jealousy, had not my own life's happiness attracted my attention. Perhaps too, for our motives are very much mixed oftentimes, it was a relief to me that she was pleasantly occupied with her own lover, during those hours which I wished to spend with my own love. It is so annoying to a young man 'who would a

wooing go' to be called upon to escort his sister, cousin, or maiden aunt to a concert.

I brought my wife to S—, and here we have jogged along very cosily together until now. No need to rehearse the life we have lived here, before the eyes, of some, at least, of our townspeople, we now rejoice in the title, which means so much in Illinois, 'old settlers.'

Letters from my sister came often. At first they were quite voluminous, narrating to my wife all her small experiences in housekeeping. A few years more—they grew shorter, and less frequent. They were rather reports of husband and the children's welfare, than her own, and at last, they nearly ceased.

Then came one—short—blurred—incoherent—begging me to come and try if my medical skill could save her husband's life.

Hastily arranging for my own patients with Dr. L—, an experienced physician who then resided a few miles from here, but who has since gone to the land where sickness is unknown, I was soon in their city home.

Henry was in the grasp of a malignant fever. Small need to recount the days and nights we watched the struggle, we have all had the same experience sometime in life. He lay unconscious alike of his own danger, or of our watchful solicitude; sometimes tossing in delirious fever, raving wildly of his business plans, eager to arise and enter once more the arena; at other times in a seeming stupor, from which it seemed impossible to arouse him.

The devoted wife was almost frantic with fear. They had lived unusually quiet, happy lives, never separated, even for a single week, since their union. They had five beautiful children, all fondly attached to their father, and all adding to the perplexity of a physician, by their terror and despair; only the assurance that her husband's life might depend upon her calmness, could have restrained Ellen from violent demonstrations of emotion. This assurance, however, gave her that quietude of manner which is so needful to a good nurse. From that time until the patient's recovery, she was constantly at her post, as untiring as she was undemonstrative.

In my experience as a physician I am often the witness of this mastery over feelings, which even the weakest of your sex seem to command in an hour of emergency. With quiet smile and well-weighed words, she succeeded in reassuring the little ones, without deceiving them or concealing their father's danger.

Then, together by his side we worked, and waited, watched and prayed, for, ladies, I prayed then as only an agonized soul can pray, until the crisis was past, and he was given back to us.

Given back in mind, the fever and delirium all gone, but oh! how weak in body. He lay prostrate, pallid as a corpse, with scarcely enough of physical strength to return the smile of his loved ones, or to murmur a few words of wondering inquiry.

You must imagine, for I cannot describe, the joy of our hearts. It seemed as if he had been given back

in pity to our tears, in answer to our prayers. Perhaps he was, for the Lord who hath promised to hear our prayers hath many ways of answering them, and some of them seem dark to our tear-blinded eyes. Yet the sun of wisdom still shines upon us all, and the hand of love still leads us!

It is not my practice to mourn over what is past, and can never be recalled. If we have acted from right motives, and in the light of the best knowledge we have, it is wrong to spend our present in unavailing regrets. I have even parodied my favorite poet, and said:

'Weakest of words from the tongue or pen,
Are those which mourn o'er the 'might have been.'

Yet with this faith as firmly in-wrought in my very being as any belief can be, in our finite state, I still cannot look back upon that next week, without a great uprising of agonized emotions in my heart, and in my mind, a throng of unavailing 'ifs!'

That next week, in which I fed him almost entirely, with the liquors which afterwards blighted his very existence! At first a few drops of wine and water every few minutes; then a little brandy every half hour; then other cordials and tonics variously prepared with other liquors.

At the end of that time I left him to return to my own family, and resume my place with such of my patients as Dr. L— had not, to use his own expression, 'finished.' I left behind me, however, directions for a continuance of the same kind of treatment, particularly the tonics.

Could it have been all written out for us then! The years of bitterness and shame! The tears and prayers of the wife! The blighted lives of the little ones! The miserable death! The grave by which it was at once a sorrow and a relief to kneel! How different would have been my feelings during my homeward ride, could I have looked forward to all this.

That fair, young, loving wife! How would the thanksgivings perpetually hovering upon her lips have died into a moan of agony. How would we all have prayed, 'Father, take him now, while yet he is a blessing to us all!'

Yet in the range of medical science, there are invigorating influences, which I might have used for his recuperation, without aid of intoxicating liquors. God has not left us dependent upon Satan, for either health or happiness. It is our own perverseness and moral cowardice, our blindly following along in the track of an ignorant past, ignoring water, light, and air, because our old Dr. So and So did, and prescribing stimulants in their stead, because that is the way so many generations before us have been treated, and a few of them have lived to a healthy old age in despite of it all.

Our drug shops are filled with still worse traps for the unwary, in which the credulous public are caught, body and soul. Alcoholic mixtures, diluted and sweetened, mixed with a few bitter roots at the expense of a few pennies, and sold for dollars. Thousands seek a drunkard's grave through this well-trodden path. In almost every city, you may see at least one palatial

residence, which has been crested with the profits of this nefarious business.

Yet temperance men and Christians take their dram before or after every meal, if only it is disguised by some nauseous drug, and swallowed in the name of Hygea. Mothers not only take these 'bitters' themselves, but give them to their children, overloading the little one's system with improper food, and then adding evil to evil, in their ignorant terror, when the sickness for which they have paved the way arrives, and the death they have invited, knocks at their half-opened door.

Pardon me, ladies, for this digression, and I will return to my sister's sorrows. Her joys, rather they were, for a few months after her husband's convalescence. As she slowly nursed him back to health, she thought herself the happiest of women. She administered the 'tonics' with her own hand, little thinking of the ruin they have since wrought in her happy home.

After his return to business, she still watched over him, reminded him of his 'bitters' every morning before breakfast, and poured for him a cordial as soon as he came in weary from the store. After a time, it was evident, even to her love-blinded eyes, that he no longer needed a reminder, and the glass of cordial was followed soon by another, and too often, still another.

Henry's early habits of temperance, now only made him the easier prey. It took less to obscure his perceptions, and overcome his power of resistance, than if he had from youth been accustomed to the power of the tempter, and once fallen, his very tenderness of conscience, made him more deeply feel the degradation.

'It seems as if his very virtues have conspired against him,' said Ellen sadly when she first revealed to me her sorrow.

And so it was. Social to a fault, gentle as a woman, altogether too easily persuaded, he was an easy prey to those who are always ready to volunteer as runners for the service of sin.

His business affairs now became embarrassed. He had long since advanced to the highest position in a mercantile firm whose name was almost world-wide, and honored wherever known. An almost imperceptible shadow seemed now to rest upon that name. A whisper—a rumor—a dread only, yet the reputation was tarnished.

Like the advancing of the eclipsing shadow, it came on slowly but steadily, but it did not like that pass slowly away.

Why linger over this painful story? You may remember the failure of 'W— and Co.' a few years since, and the ruin it wrought in business circles.

Still greater was the ruin in his own home. The red flag of the auctioneer floated before his door, and the hammer resounded among the treasures of the household.

Ellen bore this bravely, for these were not her heart treasures. Yet it was among these last that the saddest ruin was wrought. The many efforts at reformation my poor friend made,

and in which we so eagerly assisted him, all proved of short duration. Again and again would Ellen write, 'Henry is becoming a reformed man, and we are quite happy,' or words of similar import.

I think now the difficulty lay in this: He did not attempt to abstain entirely, but only to return to drinking moderately. No one who has once been fascinated by the gaze of the serpent, need feel safe within reach of his influence.

So he passed on the downward path. His gentle wife has clung to him, and borne everything for his sake, which a drunkard's wife must bear. Hardest of all, she has seen her children suffer all the misery and shame which are the heritage of a drunkard's offspring. We have begged her to leave him to his career of sorrow, have offered to provide a comfortable home for them all, if only she would separate her lot from his, but she has steadily refused.

Yet one amelioration of her lot has been, that he has never offered physical abuse to either her or the children. Had he done this, as most drunkard's do, we would have preemptorily insisted upon her taking a different course.

A few weeks since, she wrote again. 'Come to us, once more, my brother, if possible!' and I obeyed the summons.

Have you ever seen a case of delirium tremens? If not, may you ever be spared the horror of the scenes to which I was called. 'My punishment has been greater than I can bear' with fortitude, in assisting to care for that poor maniac, and reflecting that perhaps but for my prescriptions of years long gone, he might yet have been a blessing to his family, and a useful member of society.

We have laid him in the grave which covers all our faults, and he has left to his family no other legacy than the remembrance of what he once was, before the serpent crushed him in its folds."

The good physician's voice had grown tremulous, and we wisely withdrew as soon as possible, simply thanking him for his kind reception of our call.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

BY GYPSY TRAINE.

I wonder if any one ever passes through this changing world without 'blue' days. You do sometimes know a man, or woman, who always appears jolly and cheerful, even when the best cow has taken a notion to get choked to death, or the cat has made her breakfast upon the pet canary. I always look upon such people with mingled astonishment and veneration, for they must have been created out of very different material from the common run of mortals. I don't know what foolishness I might be guilty of, if I didn't have a suspicion that, deep in the shades of night, with their heads beneath the bedclothes, they indulge in the same tears and groans which most of us wickedly inflict upon our friends. But it does not matter to us whether in secret they heroically bear their burdens, or, whether they do not really feel the rough knocks of the

world, as long as they keep a cheerful countenance for us.

Don't you know among your acquaintances a bundle of walking sighs? You cannot get further than an exchange of civilities, before you must listen to a rehearsal of all the aches and pains that have troubled her since she saw you two days ago. No one ever had such a horrid toothache as she endured for two days and nights, and then, too, the neuralgia troubled the whole length of her body, from the top of her head, to the ends of her toes. You listen and try to sympathize with her, as you feel that you ought to do, but, considering that this is the fiftieth time you have heard the same story, it is not strange if you find yourself wondering if she ever intends to die. I suppose such people are more to be pitied than blamed. It may be a constitutional defect which they cannot remedy. The green fields and murmuring waters never woo them into the bright sunlight, to inhale the pure, sweet breezes. The warbling of the forest songsters have no delightful sound to their ears, and the gaily decked flowers awaken no thought of the Creator's goodness in making the world so beautiful for them. Hunting for the shadows, they miss the sunshine; wrapping themselves in their own gloomy thoughts, they shut out the influences that would bring them comfort and blessings.

How many of us all make the best of our trials? How much easier it is, when Biddy breaks our china, or burns our bread, to utter a few sharp, impatient words, than to guard our lips with care! When we stop to think how little time we have in this life, and that each moment is fraught with good, or evil, how insignificant appear these daily trials that have seemed so hard to bear with patience. Yet there are trials that are neither trifling, nor easy to be borne, when it requires all your faith in God and His strong arms to support you, to enable you to endure them. When your heart is weary, oh, so weary, and life, which a short

time ago seemed so joyous, is now become a burden to you, when the bitterness of sorrow has entered your soul and torn your heartstrings asunder, then there is but one source of consolation, there is but One, who can heal the wounds he has made, and bestow the benediction of peace and rest upon you.

If we cannot all take a religious view of our duty in bearing our burdens, we may, at least, accept a moral one. Let us pause a moment and listen to this conversation between Mary Smith and Anna Hazen. They were at play, and, as Mary runs by an old barrel in the yard, she catches her dress upon a nail and makes a large rent. "O, dear!" she cries, "how sorry I am! Mamma will have to sit up half the night to mend it. I must go home and tell her."

"Pshaw!" answered Anna, "I shouldn't. When I tear my clothes I just throw them down and let mamma find them, and then I get rid of the scolding till I have forgotten all about it."

"Mamma never scolds me," says Mary, "but she looks so sorry and talks to me so kindly, that I try harder than ever to be careful."

"I wish my mamma didn't scold," replies Anna, "for it always makes me so angry that I don't care if I do tear my clothes."

Are there not too many mothers like Anna's? that instead of kindly reproofing, impatiently find fault with their children when careless. It is an injury to the child in more ways than one. It feels that it is treated unjustly, and, learning to fear its parent, learns also to decieve, even if it does not tell downright falsehoods. O, mothers! are your children's garments of more value to you than their souls? Can you not afford to check the angry word, before it has sown seeds in that little bosom, that shall furnish a harvest of vile weeds? Constant watchfulness is the inheritance of every mother.

A young couple start in life with fair and brilliant prospects. At the end of a year a struggle begins. If the wife bear her part of the burden carefully, all will be well. If she constantly repines for the luxuries they can no longer afford, and induces her husband to indulge her whims beyond his means, utter ruin lies before them.

Many young men are struggling under a burden of debt, striving to maintain their families in style, growing old before their time, in a desperate moment committing crime, because their wives have not learned to bravely bear the ills of life, and, thankful for present blessings, cease to sigh for impossible ones.

How contemptible the lives of these women appear beside those of noble, self-sacrificing wives, who not only endure their own trials in grand silence, but cheer and strengthen their husbands, when ready to give up the fight. The memory of one such woman is of more value than the lives of a thousand of these senseless butterflies.

Because you have to give up the society to which you have been accustomed, is it well to fret about it, and make yourself and your home unhappy thereby?

"A man's house is his castle," and his home should be a little heaven to him, where he can rest from his labors and care, and the coming to which he can anticipate with a thrill of pleasure through the busy, trying day. If he meets there a querulous, peevish wife, thoughtful only to relate all her annoyances of the day, it will not be strange if he seek pleasure in the bar-room, or saloon.

I am not unmindful of those wives who strive daily, and strive in vain, to make their homes so cheery that the husband shall care to seek no brighter spot. I can imagine what tears you have shed, what prayers have gone up from broken hearts, what anguish is yours, as you realize that your love and happiness are no longer clear to the ones bound to you by the tenderest ties. I can only join my tears with yours, and point to the Father who is always ready to listen to the pleadings of His children. He will give you strength and patience to bear your trials and help you to "make the best of it."

Finally, whatever may be our crosses, let us endure to the end, neither fainting by the roadside, nor becoming cold and hardened in life's battle, but

with hearts open to receive other's sorrows, by soothing theirs, heal our wounds, taking up our burdens bravely, bearing them without murmuring, being assured that "the end crowns the work," that if not here, hereafter we shall receive the full measure of recompense.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Forty-nine.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

One who heard the substance of our HOUSEHOLD talk for November before it reached your ears, dear friends, said to me, "You give but cold comfort to 'Allie' when you tell her she was too young when she married. She can't help that now."

Which is very true. But her letter afforded so good a text for a little sermon to the girls, that I could not help preaching it. Yet if Allie, as she tells us, loves her husband and children more than she dares to say, no words of mine will make her regret her marriage, even though she may perceive that it would have been wiser to have deferred it for a while. Doubtless it was harder for her to conform to circumstances, to take up the burdens of her life, and to turn her back upon whatever it was that made her, as she says, "one of the wildest and happiest girls in the world before she was married," than it would have been had she been older; and that fact should have its due weight in our consideration of her affairs.

But whatever she may have been before her marriage, she is now no longer a girl, but a woman—the mistress of a family—the wife of a husband who loves her—the mother of two little children, the clinging touch of whose "hindering hands" clasp the innermost fibres of her heart. She should look forward, not backward. She should put away childish things, and stop thinking about the lost delights of her girlhood. If she has lost something—as without doubt she has—has she not gained immeasurably more? Let her, in all seriousness of soul, ask herself that question. Compensation is the law of life. There are gains for all our losses. Out of the night of every sorrow there rises some star, sooner or later; and it is worse than folly to so closely veil our eyes that its clear, far-reaching beams cannot light our darkness.

Party-going and theatre-going, and even church-going where circumstances seem to forbid it, are not essential to happiness. I know many women who live in cities or large towns, even, who have attended so-called "places of amusement" no oftener during the last seven years than Allie has. But it is essential to the happiness of every woman on earth that she should learn to look for it within and not without. This happiness that we all talk so much about, is a very elusive thing. When we deliberately start out in pursuit of it, we seldom find it. When we go where we think we cannot fail to meet it—lo! it is like the Irishman's fea; it isn't there! No girl was ever a more thorough coquette. When we coax it, it turns away its head; when we call, it refuses to answer; when

we fall at its feet with imploring prayers, it frowns and gives us the cold shoulder. But the very next hour, in the clearing, the primeval forest may be, when giving over the rash pursuit we sit quietly down to the doing of whatever duty the day demands, it comes tiptoeing along so stealthily that we hardly hear its approach, lays its soft palm upon our forehead, and save now and then the wigwam bends down to kiss our lips. I do not an Indian. There were no neighbors mean when we are at work, merely. Sometimes the duty the day demands of us, is just doing nothing. "They also serve, who only stand and wait." church, because the cars which on week days led out of this wilderness to "run in" of an afternoon or an evening; there was no chance to go to the incipient "city" nine miles away, did not run on Sunday.

But there was a home there, and a happy one, if there was little else; and in it dwelt a young wife who had

literally all one could see about the house. Beyond the ghostly pines of the clearing, the primeval forest stretched on for miles and miles. You could have gone straight through the unbroken wilderness to the southeast, till you came out at Mackinaw, and have seen no sign of human habitation, to "run in" of an afternoon or an evening; there was no chance to go to the incipient "city" nine miles away, did not run on Sunday.

But there was a home there, and a happy one, if there was little else; and in it dwelt a young wife who had gone straight from Eastern culture and refinement to that wild, desolate place. Do you think she made herself miserable because of the loneliness of her life, or pined for what she had given up? Not she! No bird that sung in the wild woods was blither or brighter than she; no flower that blossomed under the shadow of the pine-trees—for they did have birds and wild flowers up there in the short summer-time—was more content.

The secret of this was not in her

surroundings, but in herself. She had

resources within, of which no dreariness of out-door life, no loneliness,

no isolation, could rob her. She was

as busy as a bee, giving herself no

time for *ennui* or morbidness. What

with her housework, her sewing, her

books, her pen, her piano and her

easel, every moment was filled. And

when night fell upon the clearing, and

the young husband came in from mill

or office—that was company enough!

Right here I want to say something that does not seem quite to the point, and yet I am not sure but that it is. She always dressed for him—and he for her. Each treated the other with the same respect, as far as dress went, that they would have paid to their guests—if they had had any. I think myself that was one of the little things that helped to make life in the woods endurable. It is astonishing how much "dressing up" and making the most of oneself has to do with a woman's spirits!

But I wish I could make you see that little home. It was not much bigger than a bird's nest, or a baby-house, anyway. It was just big enough for two. By and by when there were two and a half in it, it grew crowded, and the inmates flitted away to larger quarters. It seemed like magic when one opened the door of the small house, and stepped from the bleak, bare desolation without,

into the warmth and cheer and brightness within. Such a pretty little place it was, with its soft tints and sunny light, the pictures on the low walls, the plants and flowers in the windows, the vines that swung like a green curtain from a tiny archway, or wandered hither and yon at their own sweet will! But you would be surprised if I were to tell you how little it all cost. It was about as cheap a nest as any "well to-do" young couple ever went to housekeeping in.

Allie speaks of "the horrible longing for something besides the dreary monotony of household duties" that sometimes gets the better of her.

Household duties may be, often must be, monotonous, but they need not be dreary. It is a beautiful thing to create a beautiful home; and it should be the aim of every woman who possesses a home, to make it as beautiful as she can. Don't wait until you "get rich," Allie, before you begin to have "nice times," and to take comfort! But comfort does not consist merely in going somewhere, or in being "taken around." Try to be happy *at home*, dear, and to make your home the sweetest spot on earth. Interest yourself in its appointments, adding to its beauty and its real comfort in every possible way. The moment you fully appreciate your true worth and dignity as the real home-maker, for such the wife is, you will find your highest joy, your chiefest solace, your ever-new delight there—in the home around which your loves and your ambitions gather.

Do you cultivate plants and flowers? Do you make yourself glad with the sight of trailing vines, and sweet, tremulous blossoms? Do you coax that kind husband of yours to bring home to you, once-in-a-while, a graceful photograph, or a pretty bit of color, that simply framed and hung upon your wall, shall rest you every time your eyes fall upon it? Do you make pretty things for your house? Not elaborate pieces of worsted work, that are a weariness to the flesh, but the thousand and one little things that would grow so quickly under your deft fingers?

Perhaps you will say you have no money to spare. But I saw such a pretty bracket the other day that did not cost two cents, and it was the work of a young wife scarcely older than yourself. Or rather, it was her thought. There was not much work about it. It was one of those strange fungus growths that are often found upon trees, and are easily detached, about as large as your two hands, and about the shape of the half of a toadstool or mushroom. On the underside it was a rich, glossy brown, looking as if it had been varnished. This shell-like excrescence—was fastened to the wall beneath a picture; on the slightly concave upper surface a little earth was placed, in which trailing moneywort and tradescantia were planted. It was a thing of beauty all winter long, and cost nothing but a little good taste and half an hour's work. I mention this merely as a suggestion. Nature does so much for those who have eyes to see, that even without much money we can have beautiful homes if we will.

Are you fond of reading? If you are, you need not sigh for company. Think what a glorious host—the mighty living and the mightier dead—are waiting their turn; waiting to speak to you words of help, of consolation, of strength, of warning! But you have no time? Yes, you have. Any woman who really wishes it can find at least a few minutes in the day for reading; and in those minutes she may taste angelic food, she may breathe clearer, purer air, she may hear the heavenly voices. She may bathe tired body and tired soul alike, in a fountain of living waters.

Dear Allie, you have your home, your husband, your two dear children.

They love you and you love them. If the burden seems heavy, if sometimes you are worn and weary, think how empty your arms would be without it, think how desolate your life would be if you had no one to care for, no one to labor for. When you are inclined to lament that you cannot escape the monotony of home, think how blessed a thing it is to have a home, and think of the countless hearts that are mourning to-day because they are homeless and childless and loveless.

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So says the poet about the drear, inclement season so soon to visit us. This was an unusual thought, and yet if we are so fortunate as to have a cheerful home well supplied with necessary comforts, including a box of Peerless Soap, we shall find that even winter is at least very endurable.

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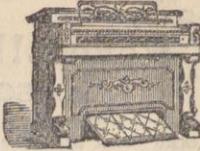
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