The household. Vol. 7, No. 2 February 1874

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, February 1874

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., FEBRUARY, 1874. No. 2.

The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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CROSBY BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,

BRATTLEBORO, VT.

TERMS:—$1 00 per year in advance.

THE LITTLE BROWN HOUSE.

Just over the brow of the hill,
Overlooking the valley below,
Where the feathery pines are all tipp'd
With crystals of beautiful snow,
A little brown cottage doth stand,
And some of the inmates I know,

There's Jemmy, a red-headed lad,
Full of business from morning till night,
Nicely blending his work with his play,
And seeming in both to delight,
With a motive that's higher than they—
An earnest desire to do right.

There's Annie, a gay little witch;
With round rosy cheeks and black eyes,
With a voice that is sweet as a bird's,
And lips that would scorn to tell lies;
With hands always ready to help—
Is not little Annie a prize?

The grey-headed grandfather sits
In a chair by the warm-glowing fire;
Half asleep in the soft light he sits,
And the children draw near to admire
The thin snowy locks and white beard
Which mark the long years of the sire.

The dear mother's grave, pleasant face
For a moment a dull shadow wears;
But shadows are there out of place,
And the wife has forgotten her cares;
For hark! on the still evening air,
Her husband's quick footstep she hears.

There is poverty, so says the world,
In the little brown house on the hill!
There are riches of value untold
That the heart with contentment doth fill;
The wealth that is better than gold,
That all men may have if they will.

MAKING HOMES PLEASANT.

MAKE your homes pleasant, so that when your children arrive at man and woman's estate, the scenes and associations of their childhood will act as a magnet—drawing them to settle for life around you, thus contributing a comfort and happiness to you in your old age. Cultivate in your children a taste for the pure and beautiful; surround them with influences that will teach them to journey through life as God intended—intelligent, happy and generous beings, filling their places with joy and sunshine. At a very early period in life is a child's mind formed for good or evil, and impressions stamped on their minds then are never effaced. A kind look, word, or attention to their innocent plays are never forgotten; neither is a "Get out of the way;" or "Hush that noise;" and how much oftener do the little ones receive the latter than the former; and in the treatment of stock, how much oftener the boys see the example of beating and scolding rather than kindness.

Plant trees, clean up the rubbish, and put the fences in order about the house; make walks, so that you can get into the house on a rainy day without the usual amount of mud; and above all, take the papers, and especially those devoted to agriculture. Don't content yourself with one, but take several; their value is incalculable, simply to keep your boys at home of evenings, and on Sundays, to say nothing of the knowledge and information they impart. Books and papers of the right sort are silent but very effectual auxiliaries in making the home pleasant. They expand the mind, open up the thoughts, give rise to new ideas, and impart a desire for more knowledge.

By making some conveniences about the house, save the "good woman" some of those countless steps she is obliged to take in her daily routine. Give your daughters birds and flowers, and your boys something they can take care of and call their own—thus early learning them to form habits of care and attention; make them feel it is their own, and carefully husband the proceeds when sold, until they are old enough to appreciate it, and then let them take care of it themselves. But don't give "Sammy" a pig that you think will die, and after he has nursed, taken care of and fattened it, with the incentive that the pig was his (you encouraged his sense of property when you gave it to him), sell it, and then "take the wind out of his sails," and crush him by saying, "Sammy, your pig brought six dollars, and I guess you had better let mother have the money to buy a new dress." Or worse still, to keep the money yourself. (Here "Sammy" feels as though his rights had been trampled on, and he don't feel right and cannot forget it.)

If you have the means, spend it in beautifying your homes; if you have not, flowers do not cost anything. Forest trees you can always get for the time spent in transplanting, and so with countless other things which will add to the comfort and beauty of your home.

Farmers, I appeal to your pockets now. It pays financially to do these things. Did you ever notice the fact, that farms with pleasant looking buildings, the house surrounded with trees and shrubbery, the fences in good repair, and everything presenting a neat, tidy appearance, will sell for more money, and meet with a readier sale when offered, although the soil, perhaps, may be of inferior quality, than others without those attractions, although the buildings may have cost more money?

Do these things now; don't say, "well, this is all very nice, but I am old—have but a short time to live," but think that it will tend to make those few days pleasanter, and that after you are dead and gone, somebody will bless you.—*C. S. P., in Iowa Homestead.*

A NEW IDEA IN BUILDING.

We see it stated in the scientific journals that wire netting for plastering is being rapidly introduced to take the place of laths. It takes less labor to place it on the wall; it is more continuous, and will not burn. Coarse netting, with one inch mesh, and made of strong wire, is found to answer best. For ornamental cornice work it is especially valuable, for it can be bent into any desired form. Secured to an iron studding in a brick building our greatest danger on account of fire would be removed.

A still further application of this plan is to make round bags of wire, resembling barrels, and to coat them inside and out with cement. When it hardens they resemble stone barrels. Filled with sand and sunk in rows and messes, they make excellent building material for breakwaters.

Another extension of the idea has been tried with success in England. It consists in making iron-framed buildings, covering them with wire netting and spreading cement on both sides. It is claimed that a house—walls, floors, roofs, doors, partitions and all—has been built that is strong, firm and absolutely incombustible. Various applications of the use of wire netting and plaster or cement readily suggest themselves, and is worthy of the attention of mechanics and builders.

—An exchange suggests the following points to be looked to, for a residence in the country:

Facility of access. Water and its character. Location as to health, etc. Educational and religious facilities. Beauty of prospect, exposure to the winds, character of the land itself. Prospective value of the property. Facilities for purchasing family supplies. There are other points, and we only present these as among the most important.

POLITENESS.

BY MRS. JOHN SMITH.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD FRIENDS; It has occured to me to write a few words on "politeness," a well worn theme, but inexhaustible, for its requirements are so many, and so frequent are its breaches, that one cannot fail of saying something new on the subject. To be remarked of one that he or she is always polite, is a very great compliment in my eyes, for it indicates great kindness of heart, exceeding self-control, superior intellect, keen discernment, and a thorough knowledge of human nature; for, to be always polite one must learn to adapt themselves to circumstances.

Many well-meaning people overdo the thing and become patronizing, which is felt, very keenly by the recipient, to be the reverse of polite. The Golden Rule of scripture is the only infallible guide book, on this subject. But as I started out to criticise some people who pride themselves on their politeness, I will mention a little circumstance that is of daily occurrence and yet, but little thought of probably.

Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. and others dine or take tea with Mrs. C. Mrs. C. knows that Mrs. A. never drinks coffee, neither does Mrs. B.; of the others she is not quite certain, therefore she will have both, and thus be sure of pleasing everybody in the matter. On asking Mr. D. his preference, he declares "it as immaterial, either will do," upon which Mrs. C. being a timid little hostess becomes confused, and embarrassed and feels that her efforts to please are not appreciated. Now it will not be polite. but when Mr. D. refuses to decide at my table, I shall mix them, just to learn, him you know.

And this disposed of, there is another little custom I wish to speak of and I should like to hear from others. Regarding this matter of seating people in church. Must I get up, back around the end of the pew, with squeaky shoes or boots and let the stranger in, and then sit down in the best place myself, or shall I not quietly move to the other end of the seat, and thus make no display, and wherein lies the discourtesy; For on this point I have been criticised; this has been often discussed and written upon, and will bear it. There have been certain rules laid down and enforced

which are arbitrary, while others are neglected, of more importance.

Now I hope I shall not make any modest readers of THE HOUSEHOLD blush, but my friend Mrs. Candid, in speaking of a late rail-road accident at table the other evening where many ladies and gentlemen were interested listeners, said one lady had both legs broken, and one arm; of all that company there were but two who were not horribly shocked at her vulgarity and who did not severely criticise, and declare she was no lady and "had no business in genteel society," those two were the Dr. and myself, —who were wise enough to know that legs were limbs as well as arms, and should be called by their particular names.

There are many other points of the same nature that I should like to write upon but I am not sure of the sympathy of THE HOUSEHOLD readers and therefore I will not venture.

There is a great complaint of want of politeness, among ladies, by gentlemen in cars, ominbus seat, etc., which is not always deserved. They maintain that ladies will coolly take the proffered seat without a word of thanks, when the truth is, they never give them time, and don't hear them if they do. No lady feels comfortable in a seat she occupies at the expense of somebody standing, let that somebody be ever so insignificant. It is mortifyingly true, there are a great many selfish beings in silk and velvet, who think their own comfort the only consideration, but we hope they are exceptions and not the rule.

WALLS AND THEIR COVERING.

In the old days of wainscots, when every room of any pretentions to elegance was banded with light or dark wood to a height of three or four feet from the base, it was far easier to effectively ornament the portion of the wall left uncovered, than it is when an unbroken surface sweeps, as now, from floor to ceiling.

If the patterns which cover this surface be large and positive, the effect is to lessen the apparent size of the room, and confuse with vulgar repetition. If, on the contrary, it is small and inconspicuous, there is a wearisome effect of monotony displeasing to a trained eye. Even if the paper be of a plain tint, and intended merely as a background for pictures, etc., the effect is enhanced by contrast and breaks in surface. There are various methods to produce this result, as for instance:

A space corresponding to the ancient wainscot is left to the height of three or four feet above the floor, and filled in with paint or paper of solid color, harmonizing or contrasting with that which is used on the upper part of the wall. This is usually topped with a wooden moulding to serve as a "chairing," above which the lower tint of plain gray, pearl, green, is repeated in subdued pattern, the surface being broken at top and bottom by a narrow band of contrasting color.

Or again: The paper, which is of any quiet shade, is relieved above and below by a broad band of velvet paper in rich, deep color, which, running also up the corners of the room, frames the paler tint, as it were, into a number of large pannels. This plan is sometimes carried out very effectively.

Another way is to paper in three horizontal bands, the lower being of dark brown, simulating wainscot, the next of plain green or fawn, as background for a line of pictures, and the upper of delicate, fanciful pattern, finished at the cornice by soft fresco tints.

Of these three plans we should recommend the first to people of moderate means and tastes. It costs no more to paper the lower part of a wall with plain paper than with figured, the strip of moulding at top adds little to the expense, and the prettiness and effect of the whole is infinitely enhanced by the use of a cheap and simple method.

Paint *versus* paper is a point on which rival housekeepers disagree. Very beautiful results can certainly be obtained by paint, but the really beautiful ones are laborious and usually expensive. Kalsomine, which is a process of water-coloring, gives extremely pretty effects, and for ceilings, cornices, or any place not exposed to much rubbing and scraping, is sufficiently permanent. The process of sanding paint and painting over the sand produces a depth and richness of color only equaled by velvet paper, and far more superior to that in durability.

Stenciling on wood, on rough plaster, and on paint, is so cheap and excellent a method of decoration that we wonder it is not more often resorted to. A row of encaustic tiles are often set, in England, as a finish at top of wainscoting. These tiles, which are but little used among us, are susceptible of many graceful applications to the ornamentation of houses, and we hope the time will come for their fuller introduction on this side of the ocean.

The tone of the ceiling should be lighter than that of the wall, and the tone of the wall lighter than that of the floor. Attention to this simple law would obviate the distressing effect occasionally produced in modern houses, when, by reason of the lightness of the carpet and the heaviness of the fresco, the room seems in danger of falling in upon itself and its inhabitants.—*Scribner.*

TALKING AND LISTENING.

Listening is a trade, which must be acquired; there must effort be made to subdue the propensity to loquacity.

But this is not all. You must not only be silent, but attentive—the mark of a good listener. You should know what to appropriate of what you hear, and what to reject. Here is the benefit—to get the good which a good talker well impart, or which conversation will develop. It is like reading a book, like reading nature, or like thinking; you are furnished with new and profitable ideas, if you are in a select or proper company; hence the importance of choosing one's society. Better be with the society of your books, or with nature, infinitely, than in a vicious atmosphere of talk, for there is the personal influence of the talker or the circle to affect you.

Talk when you can contribute your quota of good; occupy only the time that is your own, and in a large circle this is only a small part, a word now and then. Never forget that the main thing is not to talk, not even to entertain, but to listen. A social circle is an audience on a small scale; we should all be listeners to the one that talks.

In listening we must deny ourselves, especially if we have a talent for talking. Here tuition must make itself felt; we must restrain for the good of others, and we must listen to them with attention—not in an attitude of indifference or formality. If this is impossible, the subject or the society unsuitable, you are not in the proper place to listen. Avoid it, and seek congenial company.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY WYNIE WYLDE.

Beautiful, tinted autumn leaves,
Scarlet, golden and brown!
This is the chaplet nature weaves
For the year a royal crown.

All through the springtime in sunshine and rain,
Wakened the buds to the light;
Widening and growing with might and main,
Busily day and night.

All through the summer the soft, light breeze
Sung as it wandered by,
Deepening the hue of the forest trees,
Under the azure sky.

All through the spring and the summer days,
All through the calm, still eves,
Filling with beauty the woodland ways,
Broadened the fresh, green leaves.

Till later, in nature's harvest-time,
When life's tenderest pulses flow,
They garner their wealth in its proudest prime,
And dwell in its perfect glow.

So oft-times we in our humble place,
Like the gay leaves golden and brown,
May know at last, we were made to grace
Some spot in life's royal crown.

—*Gospel Banner.*

PARLOR AND WINDOW GARDENING.

FLOWERS cost so little, and their care and culture is commingled with so much pleasure in watching their progress, that they may be considered the cheapest luxuries afforded humanity. It is a mistaken idea that plants and flowers in a room exhale poisonous gasses. A single lamp takes from a room more oxygen than a whole bay window full of plants. Plants or flowers giving off strong perfume should not be permitted in a sleeping room. Plants, like human beings, subsist upon food, air and light, and it is given to those who become most familiar with the proper proportion required of each to reach the greatest success in maturing and having choice flowers. An even temperature as a general thing is best for house plants, and they should never be kept in a room where it is below 40°. Too great heat and too little light are injurious to plants. Guard against too dry a heat in a room by having a dish of water where it can be evaporated by the heat. Plants should be ventilated, although not allowed a draft of very cold air. A few of the large leaved plants, such as callas, camellias, oleanders, etc., should also be washed, (taking care to avoid wetting the flowers,) for the leaves of plants, like the human body, contain innumerable pores which should not be allowed to become clogged. Finally, they should be watered judiciously, and to such an extent as a careful study only of their needs may dictate.

Window plants may be grown in various ways, either in pots, rustic boxes, or hanging baskets, etc., as the taste or purse may direct. It must be borne in mind that the most important point to be observed is in obtaining a supply of good, fresh or new soil, adapted to the purpose. The best soil we have ever used in our practice, consists of two parts rotted sods, one part well rotted old manure, to which is added a fifth part of sand. These should be thoroughly mixed together. This will suit almost every plant which we are in the habit of growing. For such plants as begonias, fittonias, gloxinias, etc., etc., a greater quantity of sand than above indicated should be added to give the best results. It would be likewise advisable for amateurs, in the majority of cases, to sift both the soil and the manure through a sieve, by which means stones and other useless matter are removed.

Watering plants at the right time is one of the great secrets in plant growing. Friends often exclaim, "How often ought I to water my plants?" We answer, as often as they require it; in summer, if in a dry situation, they will need an abundance of water, sometimes as often as twice a day; later in the season, and during the winter months, they will not require watering so often. A practiced eye can readily detect when the soil is becoming dry and filled with air. A little observation and care will, however, soon secure the right attention in this respect. Be sure that enough water is given to soak through the soil and out of the bottom of the pot, but in no instance allow water to stand in the saucers. Some persons water (as they are pleased to term it) their plants by filling the saucers in which they stand with water. Nothing can be more pernicious than this practice; indeed, very few plants survive such treatment. The Calla Lily (an amphibious plant) is one of the very few exceptions to this rule.

The best aspect for plants during winter is in windows facing south and southeast, where they can secure all the sunshine to be had during the severe cold weather. Sunlight imparts vigor to the plants, color to their foliage, and makes them more productive of flowers.

Among the most desirable plants adapted to pot culture may be mentioned Marie Lemoine, soft rose, William Pfitzer, bright scarlet, and Crown Prince, bright rose color, among the double geraniums. They are of dwarf growth and quite floriferous. Madame Vaucher, white; Father Hyacinth, pink, and General Grant, large scarlet, among the single Zonales. Lady Plymouth, (beautiful variegated leaves,) Rose-scented, and Dr. Livingstone, among the sweet smelling kinds. Bijou, green and white foliage,

a most beautiful and the most striking variety of all the silver leaved geraniums. The fuchsia makes an elegant, graceful and satisfactory plant for the pot and window. Try-me-O', dark red, single; Arabella improved, light, single; Rose of Castile, single; George Felton, dark, double; Tower of London, very large, double; and Vainquer de Puebla, doubled, white centered, are among the most desirable of the fuchsias. Begonia hybrida coccinea, and Begonia Weltoniensis, are two elegant and effective window plants, and will give the very best satisfaction.

Among roses, those known as Chinas, or Monthlies, and Teas, are the most to be desired, as they bloom more freely than the other kinds.

Sedum Seiboldii and Sedum Seiboldii variegatum, are among the most desirable of plants for baskets, and pot culture. Among the plants suitable for glass shades, ferneries, etc., are the varieties of fittonias, peperomas, lycobodiums, ferns, and the Rex or leaf varieties of the begonias. Of course no one would think of omitting such beauties as hyacinths, tulips, narcissus, crocuses, etc., from their collections of winter and early spring blooming plants.—*Briggs & Bro.'s Catalogue.*

FLOWERS.

We commence the subject of flowers this season with a few words to a particular class of our readers, namely—those who have but little time to devote to flower culture, whose means are limited; who have but slight acquaintance with the different kinds, and their modes of culture; housekeepers who do their own work; wives and daughters of farmers who must prepare meals, on time, for the farmer and his hired assistants, who would not excuse any lack in variety or quality of food caused by the diversion of a few moments of the housekeepers' time, from the exhausting labors within, to the recreations of flower culture.

This class want but few varieties, and those the most easily grown, and the most certain and persistent bloomers. To such we would say have your flowers in the dooryard by the side of the house, in full view of the windows of those rooms in which you spend the greater portion of your time by day. Raise flowers, not so much to be seen by neighbors and strangers passing by, as to be enjoyed by yourselves and your family. Have something beautiful to rest your eyes upon when you pass near the windows in your daily labors, and within a few steps, whenever you find an interval of five or ten minutes, in your toil to bestow upon your flowers. Under such an arrangement, your flowers would become (unlike your parlor) a source of everyday enjoyment, and you would realize an improvement in taste—a growth of the love of the beautiful—that Divinely implanted sentiment which rightly developed is very nearly related to the love of the good.

The flower beds should be spaded up a full spade deep, and the lumps all broken up fine. They should be so small that the center can be reached without stepping upon the bed—may be round, oblong, or any form that pleases the fancy. If the soil is not naturally light and fertile it should be made so by the addition of well-rotted cow manure, swamp muck that has been exposed for some months to the air, sun, and frost, or rich light loam from old fence corners. This should be thoroughly mixed with the natural soil by using the hoe and steel-rake. You must get the "men folks" to prepare the beds for you, while their teams are eating at noon. All subsequent culture you can do yourselves, independently of the men. We find that ladies enjoy working among flowers. That instead of increasing the weariness caused by in-door labor, it is a sort of a relaxation to go forth into the open air, and weed, or dig among, or transplant flowers. A few light, neat implements—as hoe, trowel, digging-fork, and steel rake should be procured, to facilitate, as much as possible, the operations.

Before you begin, there is one caution, you would do well to heed—do not attempt too much. There are so many species and varieties of really beautiful flowers, that the temptation to undertake too much is almost irresistible. If you start more than you can cultivate well, the result will be inferior plants and flowers, and consequent disappointment. Better have one variety well developed, than twenty choked with weeds and stunted. To assist the novice in the selection of a few of our most popular sorts, and to show how small a sum will purchase seed enough to raise a great many flowers, we append a list of choice varieties, with the price per package charged by our seedsmen:

	Per package.
Antirrhinum, (Snapdragon,) best and bright-est varieties, mixed,	cts. 05
Aster—Truffant's Pœny-flowered Perfection, mixed colors,	15
Aster, New Rose, mixed colors,	15
Aster, Imbrique Pompon,	15
Aster, Dwarf Pyramidal Bouquet, Blood Red,	20
Balsam, Dwarf Camelia-flowered Spotted German,	15
Balsam, Solferino,	25
Candytuft—Rocket, pure white,	05
Celosia, (Cockscomb,) Crimson Dwarf,	10
Celosia, (Cockscomb,) Scarlet Giant,	10
Delphinum (Larkspur) Double Dwarf Rocket,	05
Delphinum Candelabrum,	15
Eschscholtzia Californica,	05
Nemophila, mixed varieties,	05
Pansy, mixed varieties,	20
Petunia, Blotched and Striped,	10
Petunia, mixed varieties,	10
Phlox Drummondii, Brilliant Scarlet,	10
Phlox Drummondii, Leopoldi,	10
Phlox Drummondii, Radowitzii,	10
Phlox Drummondii, flore albo oculata,	10
Phlox Drummondii, all varieties mixed,	10
Portulacca, single varieties mixed,	05
Portulacca, Double Rose-flowered, mixed colors,	20
Stock, Ten Weeks, New, Largest Flowering Dwarf,	20
Total cost,	$3.00

Here we have thirteen species, and about sixty varieties of the very choicest annuals, the seeds of which can be purchased for the small sum of three dollars, which any family can save by denying themselves a few less important luxuries. Of the above, Antirrhinum, Candytuft, Delphinum, Eschscholtzia, Nemophila, Pansy, Petunia, Phlox and Portulacca are hardy, and the seed may be sown in the open ground as soon as it is sufficiently warm and dry. The remaining four—Aster, Balsam, Celosia and Stock are a little tender—would be liable to be injured by frosts, and for that reason should not be sown until about planting corn time—the first half of May. By a little care, they can be started in April in boxes, in the house, occasionally watered with warm water, and in warm days placed on the south side of the house, and transplanted into the beds when all fear of frost is past.

One word here in regard to sowing the seed. The seed of many flowers are very small, and if covered deep will never come up. Such should have but a little fine dirt sifted over them. The coarser kinds may be covered a little deeper, but no lumps should be allowed above, or near any flower seed. As these fine seeds must be so near the surface they are liable to suffer from drouth, and should be frequently watered with a watering-pot having a rose attached, pierced with very small holes. A light watering will generally suffice. — *Rural Home.*

A GREAT FLOWER GARDEN.

You have heard of old bachelors' whims. There are lots of them on record. But Henry Shaw, of St. Louis, has given practical execution to the most remarkable bachelor's crotchet of the age.

He is a Scotchman, a millionaire, and some seventy-five years old. He has constructed the finest private flower garden in the world. It has three hundred and fifty acres in it, and is a gorgeous marvel of a garden. It has every flower in it, obtainable over the world, that will live in the St. Louis climate.

It is a bewildering paradise of floral beauty. The flowers number by the millions. Its cost no one can tell. Shaw himself don't know. It is threaded by walks, and adorned by observatories and hot-houses full of the rarest exotics. A force of one hundred gardeners is needed to keep the place in order. Shaw, it is said, spends his entire income from his millions in keeping it up. He began the thing after the war, and for several years he has opened it to the public. Hundreds of thousands of visitors resort to it. It is the chief attraction and curiosity for the stranger in St. Louis to visit. And, strange to say, no police guard it, and no flowers are pilfered. This is the public reverence to the man's generous enterprise.

We visited the elegant house at the head of the garden. A picture of Shaw represented him standing among his flowers. Two elegant portraits of beautiful ladies in the garb of a past day, represent some of his female progenitors. A huge book is kept there for visitors to record their names in.

A curious feature of the garden is beds devoted to one flower. For instance, here is a large bed with every variety of cactus; another with hundreds of verbenas; and so on. Everything is in a prodigal profusion.

It is a curious notion this, that prompts a rich man to devote a great income in one pet caprice, and that principally for the benefit of others. But in this very caprice, so unusual and so expensive, is wrapped up his own personal aspiration. He thus makes his celebrity. And why should a man not strive to become known through his mammoth gardens, as well as through his statemanship or achievements of arms or genius.

Shaw is near the grave. He has, in pursuance of his ambition, willed his gardens to the city, on condition that the city binds itself to keep them up. The city has eagerly accepted the bequest, and thus, through private liberality, gets without cost, a public garden not surpassed in the world for magnificence and beauty.

The garden will be forever dubbed "Shaw's Garden," and thus he travels on to immortality on the successful realization of his stupenduous and most beautiful crotchet. — *Atlantic Constitution.*

GROWING HYACINTHS IN SPONGE.

A very interesting experiment and a new idea in home gardening respecting the growing of hyacinths is related by Charles Reese, in the Country Gentleman:

Remembering the slow growth of the bulbs in glasses, often not coming into bloom till near spring, he pondered whether there was not some substance in the great laboratory of Nature more closely resembling the soft, warm bosom of the earth than the hard, cold glass. The sponge suggested itself to his mind as possessing just the qualities required: Soft, warm and yielding; power of capillary attraction perfect; porous, admitting freely the fruitful atmosphere through a thousand tiny apertures; a powerful absorbent and evaporator of moisture; and, besides all this, an animal substance, and doubtless filled with nitrogenous matters, which, after dissolving in water, will act as fertilizers to the plants; or, if they be not there in sufficient quantities, they may be placed in the water with the same result—liquid manure.

He took a large sponge, made incisions about three inches deep and two long, inserted bulbs in them, the sponge filled with bulbs in the top of a large vase, and filled the vase by pouring water through the sponge until about one-half the sponge was below the water. The water was slightly warm, and, being kept in a warm room, was not allowed to become cold.

In two or three days the bulbs began to shoot their bright green spires upward, giving promise of success, and in two or three weeks they were five or six inches high. About this time, in order to hide the unsightly appearance of the sponge, I scattered a few thimblefuls of rapeseed over the surface, between the bulbs; which sprang up almost immediately, and covered it entirely with a fine moss-like mantle, adding greatly to the beauty of the experiment.

Desiring to give the knowledge and usefulness of the discovery and the enjoyment of its beauty, I now had it taken to my store in town, where it soon became an object of interest to great numbers of ladies, who watched its progress almost daily, until the bright flowers, more radiant than "Solomon in all his glory," unfolded their shining petals, filling the air with fragrance and astonishing every one with their unusually large size and perfect form.

The experiment was pronounced a complete success.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

The rights of woman, what are they?
The right to labor, love and pray;
The right to weep with those that weep,
The right to wake when others sleep.

The right to dry the falling tear,
The right to quell the rising fear:
The right to smooth the brow of care,
And whisper comfort to despair.

The right to watch the parting breath,
To soothe and cheer the bed of death;
The right, when earthly hopes all fail
To point to that within the veil.

The right the wanderer to reclaim,
And win the lost from paths of shame;
The right to comfort and to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

The right the little ones to guide
In simple faith to Him who died;
With earnest love and gentle praise,
To bless and cheer their youthful days.

The right the intellect to train,
And guide the soul to noble aim;
Teach it to rise above earth's toys,
And wing its flight for heavenly joys.

The right to live for those we love,
The right to die that love to prove;
The right to brighten earthly homes,
With pleasant smiles and gentle tones.

Are these thy rights? Then use them well;
Thy silent influence none can tell.
If these are thine, why ask for more?
Thou hast enough to answer for.

ANOTHER SOCIAL COBWEB.

BY E. D. K.

I HAD occasion to employ a paper-hanger not long ago, and he did me a service outside the line of his business. Moreover, he made no charge for it upon his bill, though a stranger to me.

I had been greatly annoyed for some time by a dusty network of cobwebs which had hung far up over the stair-case, and neither steps nor ladder could be so placed as to bring them within broom-leverage. Our paperer contrived a scaffolding, and swept them down, spiders, and all, much to my relief.

But even unsordid paperers, with friendly intentions and blessed with inventive genius, cannot reach all the cobwebs. They canopy society, and the spiders are indefatigable. Reforms accomplish little. They are apt to be spasmodic in their action, and their methods are often impracticable. Besides, they lack too frequently the conscientious and persevering earnestness essential to success. Webs demolished to-day are replaced by new ones to-morrow. The spiders remain uncaught, and spin and spin untiringly. We overlook them being indifferent to them, or purposely pass them by because they seem ugly to us, or let them live under protest because we cannot reach them, and shall not find legitimate business for our paper-hanger before next year.

But I think most of us women are afraid of them. There is the spider Fashion, for example. Now and then some daring daughter of Eve makes a dash at her web with the besom of dress-reform, and then retreats precipitately, terrified at the possible consequences of her rashness. Nobody follows up the assault, and with undaunted front, she repairs the broken meshes, and in the face of her adversary, proceeds to enlarge and strengthen her boundaries, guarding in person the threatened outpost. By and by we shall not have standing room in our house. She will come into full possession, and we shall wake up some morning to find ourselves inextricably entangled in her silken ropes. Let us lift the broom once more,—if not for our own sakes, in behalf of our children.

The main prop of our Republic, is the intelligent good sense of the masses; and it stands upon the broad, solid, and level foundation of a generous system of general education. Because "all men are born free and equal," as a government and as states we endeavor to distribute impartially the favors and helps to culture and success which it is in the power and ought to be the privilege of all good governments to bestow. We build school-houses; we found libraries and colleges; we throw open the doors of noble scientific institutions to all who may choose to enter. Rich and poor are alike eligible to their benefits. We go farther than this. We step down among the people, and invite them, with offers of pecuniary assistance to those who need; indeed, in Massachusetts and some some other states, we compel the ignorant, indifferent, and prejudiced to avail themselves of our bounty under penalty for neglect to do so. And here executive and judicial responsibility end. The application of these immeasurable treasures placed at our disposal, rests with those whom we may choose to appoint to the office of instructors and guardians.

But while our free educational institutions are essentially Democratic in their character, recognizing neither class nor sect, they are not forced upon our people as the sole vehicle for their intellectual training and culture; they suppose other schools, more or less generously endowed and supported by individuals, and devoted to special aims; and are compulsory upon none except the persistently ignorant and vicious. Their purpose is a broad and noble one; to protect and enhance the interests of those who in monarchical countries are thrust one side or coolly ignored, lifting the laboring man to the same level of privilege with the millionaire, and offering his children equal advantages with those of his wealthy neighbor; to place before the lowest and most degraded the possibility of a useful and honorable manhood; to fit the savage, even, to become a respectable citizen, if he will, and claim and exercise all the rights of a civilized freeman.

But that aim is being perverted; and our public schools are not faithfully answering the ends contemplated in their establishment.

We are alert and troubled because the Papists and their allies, the free-thinkers, have succeeded in one or two of our large cities in diverting the funds appropriated to the support of general education to sectarian uses, and in ousting the Bible from our schools; but we have a more dangerous enemy than the Roman Catholics and infidels to deal with,—the love of display in dress; which, like the insane grasping for money, is a salient characteristic of the age in which we live.

Our boys and girls are men and women in miniature, and they pretty faithfully repeat the leading traits and aims of their elders. And so Fashion is weaving her web quietly and firmly about the public school system.

She began with the seminaries and other private institutions of learning, representing in their patrons the wealthier portions of our communities; and since in the matter of actual attainments, and mental discipline and culture, the plebeian of the free schools stood shoulder to shoulder with the patrician of the paid on Class and Graduation days, she suggested a new source of rivalry, where the advantage would be entirely upon the side of the longest and heaviest purses. Brains were unceremoniously shuffled out of consideration; and the scions of our first families, already tainted with the prevailing mania for luxurious personal adornment, and glad of any pretext for display, began to vie with each other in the beauty, richness, and novelty of their attire. Costly silks which it had been the custom to hold in reserve for more special occasions, were donned for daily wear; rare laces and expensive jewelry added their filminess and sparkle to the dainty toilet; until the acquisition of useful knowledge has at length become the flimsy apology for such an exhibition of novel and *recherche* costumes as can scarcely be matched at a fashionable Paris "opening."

Of course only the *creme de la creme* of our plutocracy can long submit to the tax consequent upon such a cheapening of this most sacred of their prerogatives; and so the representatives of incomes which are finite and measurable, quietly drop out of the select schools, and society closes over them with scarcely a ripple, save perhaps in the occasional Jenkins' gossip of a provincial newspaper.

But it is the fashion to be in the fashion; with people of limited as well as people of abundant means. We rather naturally follow those who aspire to lead, and do not always stop to inquire whether we are herding in the direction of ampler feeding grounds and purer water courses, or are being driven toward precipitate destruction in a land of treacherous breaks and yawning canons. The belief, habits, manners, and morals of those whom worth, ambition or accident has lifted to positions of power and influence, are reflected to a greater or less extent in the masses; and so our common schools have not been slow to appropriate the warped aims and ape the dangerous follies of the plutocratic private institutions. "What shall I wear?" already unblushingly takes precedence of "What shall I study?" Tournures are discarded and flounces multiplied, ruffs widened and frizzes smoothed out according to the latest caprice of fashion; and the wisdom of the wise becomes the maundering of idiocy, and French is Greek, and Greek is the unintelligible jargon of Babel to the distracted young creature who at the nod of the teacher, rises redingoteless in a room full of redingotes — the observed of all observers—the theme of silent speculative criticism—the barely tolerated object of patronzing pity.

Seriously, this deference to and passion for dress and display in our high and grammar schools—yes, upon our a, b, c benches, even, has become a crying evil. The poor, who cannot afford to wear fine clothes, are being pushed to the wall. Even the necessary expenses involved in an education which does not take graduation into the account, small as they are in proportion to the benefits received, are not unfrequently a burden calling for the greatest self-denial on the part of parents; and competition in dress with the more prosperous classes, is, of course, in such cases, utterly out of the question. Yet the children of the poor are human beings, like other children. They are open to æsthetic influences — are sensitive, ambitious, quick, discerning; feeling quite as keenly, oftentimes, there is little doubt, slight and insolence, intolerance and contempt, as those who innocently or arrogantly subject them to the bitter ordeal of contrast. The boy or girl, who, born of poverty, and reared in the midst of privation, can struggle successfully upwards through the various grades of our city schools, and legitimately wear their highest honors at last, is either exceptionally noble and heroic, or exceptionally callous and therefore dangerous.

But not only are the children of parents in humble circumstances being injured in character and disposition through caste distinctions in the schoolroom and on the playground, if indeed those distinctions have not by petty persecution crowded them out of rights and privileges and amenities to which they are entitled, but people comfortably situated, who have never known the actual grinding of want, are beginning to chafe under taxes for numerous special purposes, imposed without apology in the name of precedent or fashion. There are base ball and company uniforms for boys, and on gruduation days, fine broadcloth and gold watches; and for the girls, not only the annual stipend for teachers' presents and florists' decorations, and the indispensable and everlastingly puffed and ruffled and lace-edged book-muslin or India-mull marvel of the dress-maker's skill, with its bows, sashes, and overskirt loopings, and its accessories of white kid boots and button gloves, fan, and handkerchief, and bouquet-holder; but there must be the album keepsake of class photographs and autographs, or the heavy class ring—perhaps both; and then the supper and dance. What wonder that our laboring population, as a rule, allow their children to remain in school only long enough barely to acquire a superficial knowledge of the common branches of study? What wonder that even our well-to-do mechanics and tradesmen who have families, hesitate, and, counting up the cost, of a thorough so-called *free*-school education in books, dress, and incidentals, and scanning the results in the children of their neighbors, shake their heads dubiously over the question, "Does it all pay?"

And their doubts are honest, sensi-

ble, and well-founded. It does not pay—this pandering to fashion in dress and other needless luxuries. It fosters vanity, self-indulgence, envy, jealousy—all the worst passions the human heart can know. It takes the innocence, the careless happiness, the generous sympathy, the loving trust,—the tenderness and truth and honor away from our children, and makes them false and disobedient, mean and cruel, treacherous and vicious. Our girls are neither childlike nor womanly; our boys seem to have but a vague conception of the true honor and glory of manhood. Is it not so? Are we not degenerating in morals and manners and aims? and will the next generation be more upright and trustworthy, high-minded, self-denying, and philanthropic than we? Is our indulgence of our children's caprices—our silent or spoken flattery of their beauty, or grace, their accomplishments, or "smartness"—our readiness to gratify their foolish vanity in dress and adornments—are all these reprehensible concessions to their self-love going to teach them humility, patience, forbearance—the womanly virtues which spring from self-denial—the manly heroism which is born of self-conquest?

Let us go back to simpler and better ways, and begin the reform with our children's dress, since we are too timid to begin with our own. Perhaps it will give us the courage to push the work farther and deeper, by and by. And the present affords a most favorable opportunity for the inauguration of such a movement. People are wisely planning how they can economise during the coming months; and retrenchment is to be "the fashion" this winter. Still, I would not recommend that we do right in the name of Fashion; but because it *is* right, and for the best interests of those we love dearer than our own lives.

Let the daily and religious press agitate the matter; let the boards of School Committee take it up, and give expression to the good sense of the majority of our people in spirited resolutions condemning that mania for display which seeks to convert the school-room into a show-room, and recommending plainness and even severity in dress while children are under tutelage; let teachers set a worthy example in their own attire; let the young ladies in our high schools and the higher classes in our grammar schools band together and pledge themselves to do away with the unnecessary and onerous expenses which have hitherto attended graduation; and it will not be long before we shall see the tide of extravagance swept backward, and shall feel the salutary influence of such a revolution in the home-circle as well as the school-room; in the conduct, bearing, and happiness of our children as well as in their mental culture and progress.

THE FOLLY AND DANGER OF OVER-DRESSING.

Wearing clothes unsuitable to the occasion—broadcloth for an ordinary working-suit or a party dress in the street, or trailing long skirts in the dirt—is the easiest way of falling into this fault; but, in general, the addition of the least thing more than enough is too much, is ridiculous, is over-dressing. Nothing is more surely fatal than "piling it on."

And what is the use, after all, since the basement can and will caricature, if not outshine, the parlor and the second floor front? Dress as you will, mesdames, when you have done your worst to destroy the effect of your natural attractions, and sally forth, on a Sunday morning, to hear your especial reverend, with hair parted in the middle and such a heavenly smile, as he pats his mouth with white cambric, (initials worked in the corner,) as he sweetly says, "Beloved brethren," you see Bridget on the other side of the street, a finer lady than you, with a larger hoop than yours, a higher-heeled shoe than yours, a bigger chignon, and a more "stunning" hat than yours. She has spent her earnings thus, together with sundries from the basement, and fortune has favored her with shop keepers as well as you. Where you have diamonds, silks, velvet, gold and laces, she can make almost as good a show with glass, cheap silks, velveteens, brass and golding; put a gold band on your head, and she follows by putting a gilt robe on hers; and all the beef-marrow in the market is ready for her thick locks—thicker than yours too, probably.

When Adolphus, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has appropriated St. Clare's gorgeously-flowered vest, St. Clare apologizes by saying that, as the masters haven't brought up those poor devils any better than to find their chief good in such things, why, let them have them. Blunt Miss Ophelia answers by the close query, but why have you not brought them up better? Mesdames, with great respect, why don't you set the basement a better example?

SHODDY MANUFACTURES.

It is a mistake to suppose that the use and origin of "shoddy" is due to the fertility of Yankee brains. It had long been a staple material with English manufacturers before its notoriety commenced in America. It is, as is well known, the produce of soft woolen rags, such as old worn out carpets, flannels, stockings, and similar fabrics. These woolen rags are collected for the English dealers, packed in bales, and sent from Russia, Egypt, Turkey, the entire area of Europe, India, China, and, in fact, from all parts of the world where woolen garments are worn, and rags produced and can be collected. They come to the manufacturers from districts where plague, fever, smallpox and loathsome skin diseases extensively prevail. The bales are opened and the rags are sorted by human fingers before being placed in machines, which break up, tear, separate, and cleanse the fiber for manufacturing uses. It is stated, however, that no disease has ever broken out among the persons who thus manipulate their old woolen rags, although in many of the countries in which they are collected they are believed to be peculiarly plague-bearing materials.

In manufactures shoddy is mixed with wool in proportion from one-third to two-thirds, and is used in the production of cheap broadcloths, fine cloths for ladies' capes and cloaks, pilots, padings, linings, fabrics used for rough and loose great coats, office coats, trousers, pea jackets, blankets, etc. A considerable quantity is used in the form of flocks for beds. Felted cloth is extensively manufactured; it dispenses with spinning and weaving, depending on the felting property of wool, by reason of the curl in the fiber. The process is carried on by the aid of warm moisture, pressure, and milling; such cloth is used for table covers, horse spreads, carpets, paddings, druggets, and the coarser and thicker kinds for covering steam boilers, steam pipes and ships' bottom beneath the copper. Some of the finer and better class is printed.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

KNITTED ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

Tiger Lily; or Turk's Cap.—Six petals for each flower; which must be knitted in bright orange wool, split in two.

Cast on four stitches. Knit and purl alternate rows, until you have done about an inch in length.* Continue knitting and purling, increasing one stitch at the beginning of each row, both plain and purled, until you have fourteen or sixteen stitches; then knit and purl alternately four rows more, without increasing; then continue to knit and purl, decreasing one at the beginning of each row, till three stitches only are left, purl these three as one, fasten the wool, and sew a piece of wire round the petal.

When the six petals are completed, take a needleful of dark red brown China sewing silk (or brown wool split in four) and embroider on each petal several long stitches, in imitation of the dark spots of the natural tiger lily.

Pistil.—Make a tuft of orange wool with some brown wool mixed with it, fix it on a bit of wire, cut the wool quite short, and cover the stem with orange wool split.

Stamen.—Take a piece of wire, call one extremity No. 1, and the other No. 2, begin in the middle of the wire to twist some brown wool, split in four, round the wire, going towards the extremity No. 1; do the same with orange wool, beginning at the same point, but going towards No. 2. Having covered about the length of the nail of your little finger each way, fold the wire in the middle, and cover the remainder as the stem, with orange wool. Mount the flower without sewing the petals together, as in the white lily, but merely twist the six petals tightly together.

Buds and leaves are like those of the white lily, but of a rather darker shade of green; the whole stem must be covered with green split wool.

*If the last row of four stitches is plain knitting, the first increasing row must be knit also, in order to turn the work, the right side becoming the wrong.

AN APPROPRIATE COSTUME.

A sensible writer truly says: "The secret of woman's dressing well, simply consists in her knowing three grand unities of dress—her own position, her own age, her own points—and no woman can dress well who does not. After this we need not say that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome or accomplished, but we will answer for her being even tempered, well informed, thoroughly sensible, and a complete lady."

Another fact we would like to impress upon our young lady readers. It is not always necessary to follow a style to be fashionable. A costume most elegant and stylish upon the tall, handsome Miss Blonde, would be absolutely dowdy upon the short, stout, and joyous Miss Noir.

A young English nobleman, while traveling in America, became deeply interested in a young country girl, who had never even visited a city or large town. He was most anxious to make her his wife; but, knowing the fastidious tastes of his family he feared to take among them one who could certainly have no knowledge in the art of dress. His companion, an older and wiser man, suggested, as no better opportunity to see the young lady in full dress in her country home, that she and her sisters should attend a ball in a neighboring place. The invitation was accepted, and the simple toilet of the country girl so charmed the noble lover, that he at once offered her his hand and heart. Is she the only one who has ever won a husband by her taste in dress? We think not; for although men certainly desire other qualities in a wife, we never knew one who objected to seeing his wife well and tastily attired.

THE WEDDING RING.

The ring was used by the Pagans in confirming contracts, and hence used, as some supposed, in the marriage contract. It is placed on the fourth finger of the left hand, from the beautiful but idle conceit that a vein ran from it direct to the heart. The old writers, however, were not, after all, so very wide of the mark. If they had said a nerve instead of a vein, they would have been nearer the truth; for in neuralgic affections of the heart, as all know who have experienced them, there is a close sympathy between it and the left arm, which often seems to culminate in the main nerve in the fourth finger—and this may have given rise to the notion, which is at least beautiful, if not anatomically or physiologically correct. However this may be, this solution has occurred to us, and we have no hesitation in putting it into print.

Some women, applying the words, "till death doth us part," to the wedding ring, never take it off, even in washing their hands. The old proverb,

> "As your wedding ring wears,
> Your cares shall wear away"

has no doubt done duty in its time in comforting and encouraging those who have been minded to try the marriage state.

—The first knitting mill ever put up in the United States was erected and operated at Cohoes. N. Y,, in 1832. That place has now eighteen of these mills, which each turn out an average of about $100,000 worth of knitted shirts and drawers annually.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Placing the little hats all in a row,
Ready for church in the morrow, you know;
Washing wee faces and little black fists,
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed;
Putting them into clean garments and white,
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spying out holes in the little worn hose,
Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes,
Looking o'er garments that so faded and thin—
Who but a mother knows where to begin?
Changing a button to make it look right—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all 'round her chair,
Hearing them lisp forth their soft evening prayer,
Telling them stories of Jesus of old,
Who loves to gather the lambs to His fold;
Watching them listen with childish delight—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep,
After the little ones are all asleep;
Anxious to know if the children are warm
Tucking the b'ankets round each little form
Kissing each little face, rosy and bright—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed,
Lowly and meekly she bows down her head,
Praying as only mothers can pray,
"God guide and keep them from going astray."

THE CARE OF INFANTS.

Number Three.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

IN addition to the matter of nursing, it is important to have regard to the care of the stomach in other respects, since the health and the comfort of the child and its attendants depend upon these considerations far more than is generally supposed. The regularity in nursing, a conscientious regard to the principles on which healthy digestion depends as connected with this digestion of the proper food for the infant, are, indeed, matters of vital importance, yet there are other considerations of even greater importance, if possible. I refer to the precise food to be given to infants.

When the apostle said, "Milk for babes," he not only announced a moral precept with great force, but added to its importance by availing himself of a well established physiological principle, by way of illustration. Indeed, common sense and observation would seem sufficient to guide the mother in this respect—observing the habits of the young of the lower orders of creation—though most of these, unlike the infant, are provided with teeth with which to masticate their food, of course admitting of an earlier use of solid food. The absence of these teeth in the human young is an unmistakable indication of the food intended by the good Father, that afforded by the mother, and that only, at least until about the proper time of weaning, or until the appearance of the teeth, which do not appear in natural and healthy children to any great extent till about the age of one year. This fact and an observation of the habits of the young of the brutes, as the lamb, for example, nursing till nearly half grown, may serve as a guide in weaning infants.

While it may be unwise to nurse some at all, on account of the ill health of the mother, or to nurse others more than a few months, nature will allow a healthy child to get its nourishment from a healthy mother—and it should not destroy the health of the mother to follow the plan of the great Creator—at least for one year, while two years may be perfectly safe, in many instances, both for the mother and child since this is a natural condition, a God-ordained relation, favorable to our highest physical welfare.

But to return. Until the appearance of some of the teeth, at least, it is manifestly unwise—under ordinary circumstances, if not under all—to allow any food beyond that furnished by nature, which contains the necessary elements of nourishment in their most perfect forms and combinations. The Creator makes no mistakes and proffers us nothing harmful. That the infant may live and even thrive on good milk for at least one year will not admit of a reasonable doubt.

The two more prominent errors in the feeding of infants are of giving solid food too soon and of giving bad food, that totally unfit for the stomach of a tender infant. Nature, as we have seen, has plainly indicated the food for the first months of mortal life, by the absence of the means of mastication, teeth, and no mastication by proxy can possibly meet nature's requirements. But perhaps the most pernicious consequences follow the use of improper articles of food and at a time when only the mother's milk is admissible.

In some localities almost the first delicacy (?) offered the tender infant is that pet abomination, a rind of fat pork, unfit for even the stomach of the adult. If such a dose is not succeeded by vomiting it must indicate a torpid state of the stomach or an unusual affinity for impurity. To this article are added a variety of sweetmeats, preserves, pastry made soft by the addition of milk, toasted cheese, it may be, articles far too concentrated and too difficult of digestion for the stomach of a frail infant, from necessity having only weak powers of digestion, as frail in this respect as in its bodily powers in general. The custom of far too many of allowing an infant, even when somewhat advanced, to partake of the "same food as the family" can scarcely be censured in too strong terms, when we remember the tenderness and frailty of such tender buds of humanity, so often nipped, withered and destroyed during their first unfoldings, by the overtasking of their powers of digestion.

If hard labor and appropriate exercise in the adult constitute the basis of a good appetite and vigorous digestion, rendering even objectionable articles comparatively safe, it must be apparent that the child, having but little exercise, little loss of tissue, or waste, can have no powers of the organs of digestion to warrant the use of the foods so often offered by doting mothers, as ignorant of the real wants of the child, as they are blindly devoted to their offspring. It is by no means strange that a fearful number, a large per cent. of the young are annually sacrificed in this country, many, if not most of whom are victims of wrong habits of feeding. Indeed, it seems strange that there are not even more, when they are subjected to such unphysiological habits.

It is safe and judicious to allow nothing to the nursing child differing materially in its form and nature from milk and until several teeth appear, to continue a similar food, largely consisting of milk, baked potatoes, plain puddings—such as hasty-pudding, rye, wheat and oat meals—and the fruits, as ripe apples, peaches, the pulp of the smaller berries, etc., bland, simple, easy of digestion, and at the same time containing sufficient nourishment to meet the wants of the system, under the circumstances.

EARNEST WORDS WITH PARENTS.

Number Eight.

The certainty that merited punishment will follow every transgression, is the secret remedy for insubordination. The child approaches too near the fire, or puts his finger into the blaze of a candle, and he suffers pain in consequence; and every time he disobeys the prohibition, he suffers the penalty. The result is, he soon learns obedience to the laws of nature, and keeps at a proper distance from the fire. The certainty of being burned is a sure remedy for the evil, and it requires but slight pain to accomplish the object.

This example illustrates. Let the mother see to it, that every time her child disregards her wishes, or disobeys her commands, he will suffer for the wrong, and she will seldom, if ever, have occasion to administer other than the mildest penalties. It is the certainty and not the severity of the punishment which makes it effectual. This kind of management is what may be termed mild severity, and if attended with steadiness, firmness and decision, it will accomplish much more than scolding and threatening, with occasional acts of violence made necessary, perhaps, by parental weakness.

Again, let punishment be, as far as possible, the natural consequence of the fault which has been committed. For example, suppose the child has never learned to hang his hat upon the rack, but throws it upon the floor, and the mother wishes to correct the habit. She may require him to take it from the floor and place it upon the rack, every time, and for the first omission detain him from play for five minutes. If the fault is repeated, she may detain him five minutes longer, each time, until her object is accomplished. In this way the privation is associated with the fault, and seems naturally to result from it. The child has opportunity for reflection, and a strong motive to correct the careless habit.

Or suppose the child is allowed a recess from study of thirty minutes, but remains at his play for forty minutes, under the special prohibition of his mother. She may punish the fault by shortening the recess to twenty minutes, and for the second offense to ten minutes, and for the third, allow him no time for play, until it shall appear evident that his careless habit is corrected.

All punishments of this kind are designed to correct and cure the evil, for the future benefit of the offender. They may be mild or severe, as the case requires, but should not be vindictive, nor ever administered in anger, or under excitement. Promptness and firmness are demanded, in correcting the faults of children, but harshness and ill-temper never.

Affection and sympathy are also powerful disciplinary agencies, and should always accompany every reproof and act of severity. Let the child understand that every look of disapprobation, every word of rebuke, and every penalty inflicted, is prompted by maternal love, and the spirit of rebellion will be subdued and easily overcome. And the power and influence of mutual sympathy between the parent and the child, when brought to bear in family discipline, cannot be overestimated.

Look at the natural effects of human sympathy in its material and mental aspects. The act of gaping by one person is, through sympathy, imparted to the whole company; cheerfulness and joy, or sorrow and sadness expressed by one individual, carry either happiness or gloom to the hearts of the circle in which he mingles. It is through sympathy that mankind gain the power to influence each other, in forming the character and shaping the destiny of those around them. They embrace the opinions and cherish the feelings of those they love, and if these opinions and feelings are changed in matured life, the change even, is more the result of sympathy than argument.

We can easily understand, therefore, the power of this principle over childhood. The child is in full sympathy with the true parent; clings to her in the hour of danger; believes and confides in her, with unwaving confidence, imitates her actions, treasures up her words and imbibes her very feelings and emotions. This results partly from the very relations they sustain to each other, and partly from judicious training. The degree of the child's love and confidence for the mother depends upon the amount of given sympathy she manifests in his childish hopes and fears; joys and sorrows; recreations and amusements, and in his ideas and fancies. The more childlike the parent, the better qualified she is to manage and guide her child. Here is seen the great importance of gaining the love and confidence of our children, as a means of controlling them; and the still greater importance of being ourselves, in life and character, what we desire our children to become.

EXPERIENCE.

SOMETHING WRONG.

Something was wrong with Nell that morning. Every one at the breakfast table noticed it when she came in.

What was it? Were not her clothes in order? Yes; her dress was neat and whole; and she had on a pretty white apron; it could not have been that.

Was there rain to spoil any of her plans? No; the sun was shining beautifully, and the birds were singing gaily. But Nell did not sing with them; she did not feel like singing—something was wrong.

"Haven't you finished your composition?" asked her brother Henry, looking across the table at her cloudy face.

"O, you needn't worry about my composition?" Nell answered, ungraciously, and Henry shrugged his shoulders, and said something about "getting out of bed on the wrong side."

Now, Nell might have said a pleasant "Yes," to her brother's question, for she had her composition written and folded nicely away within the leaves of her Reader.

What could have happened to make Nell speak and act so?

Nothing went rightly, and nothing looked bright to poor Nell all that day. It was such a beautiful, sunshiny day, too!

On her way to school, she overtook some of her classmates, who were flitting about in a field of early green grass, like so many happy butterflies, and talking and laughing merrily.

"O, Nell! see here," one cried as she came up. "Just look what lovely violets, and such heaps of them."

"And buttercups, too!" called another, holding up her hand full of the shining yellow flowers.

"Come in and get some! I'm going to take Miss Denton a splendid bunch for her desk!"

"Who cares for violets? I don't want any; it's too much trouble to pick them!"

"Why, Nell! I thought you liked violets."

"Well, I wouldn't go in that nasty, wet grass for them, anyhow!"

O Nell, Nell! the beautiful wild flowers and the sweet fresh grass which God made! how could you speak so of them? How sorry it must have made him, to hear you talk so ungrateful about the pretty things which he sent to make earth pleasant for you!

"May be Nell has new shoes on, and don't want to get the dew on them," said one of the girls, laughing, and then taking another step right into the pearly drops that shone on every blade of grass.

Nell made no answer; but walked slowly on, wondering what made the girls "all so crazy for flowers that morning, and why some of them couldn't have gone on with her? She didn't believe they cared for her at all—not one of them, or they wouldn't treat her so."

Then the little cloud grew larger and darker; and the day went on without any sunlight at all for Nell.

What was the reason? Nobody else seemed to have any trouble. Miss Denton praised the girls' compositions, and that made them all feel happy, except Nell—who did not seem to care much.

And after school, Alice Lee asked her to go home with her and play croquet, as she had often done before. But Nell said "No;" and then went on home, thinking to herself how she would have liked a game, only she guessed Alice didn't want her much, or she wouldn't have left her, just to get those violets in the morning.

Poor Nell! her unsatisfying, cheerless day came to an end at last. And when she lay in bed and thought it all over, I am quite sure that she must have found out why it was that everything seemed to go wrong.

What do you suppose was the reason? I will tell you. Nell had not spoken to God all that day! Just think of it! Not one single word!—not as much as a "good morning," or a "thank you," or a "please." His loving arm had been folded about her all night long; and when she awoke that morning, there was his beautiful world, all full of good and pleasant things, waiting for her to arise and enjoy them.

But she went out and began the day without saying one word to the dear Father in heaven, who gave her so many blessings.

How sad it was! Do you wonder that everything went wrong with her that day? How could a day be pleasant and right and good without God's smile upon it?

Dear children, did you ever spend a whole day without speaking to God? If you did, I know it was just such a naughty, unhappy day as the one Nell spent.

Why, just think of it! Suppose you should spend a whole day without speaking a word to your father or mother; would you not think it dreadful? To be in the room with them; to eat with them; to hear their voices; to see your mother mending your clothes, and father going out to labor for you—and yet not speak to them all the while! why, I don't believe you could bear it!

And now think of God,—the great God who made you and who died for you, and who loves you a great deal more than father or mother does, who does so much to make you happy, and who never forgets you for a single moment,—think of living on his earth; no matter where you go, think of him walking by your side all the time; think of smelling his flowers, and listening to his little birds, and breathing his sweet air; and yet not speaking one word to him! Is it not treating him very ungratefully?

Do not treat the dear God so! Do not have such gloomy, crooked days as Nell had!

Talk to God every day. Tell him everything; thank him for everything and see what bright, beautiful days you will always have.—*Prot. Churchman.*

AMUSING LITTLE ONES.

My baby not three years old, is supremely happy if allowed a piece of newspaper spread over a cane seat chair, and an ivory knittingneedle, with which she punches in the paper to correspond with those in the chair. For an older child, a piece of printed paper, a cushion and a pin, with directions to pierce every o, for instance, or any other letter chosen, will amuse a long time. A forfeit for every letter omitted, or a reward if there be no mistake, adds very much to the interest of the occasion.

Another thing which amuses our babies is to get mamma's box of buttons and a needle with a strong thread, and allow them to string all the buttons upon the thread. A few cheap beads will answer the same purpose. I have seen a child of four years amuse itself many hours a day for weeks with a quantity of pasteboard, a number of clean round straws, cut into short, even lengths, and a quart of beans of various sizes and colors. The pasteboard was cut and folded by the child, without assistance, into houses, chicken-coops, dog-kennels, etc. The straws were used for fence-bars supported by pasteboard posts, while the beans—with four pins to form legs for the large animals—were supposed to be dogs, horses, cows and sheep.

Sometimes the house and its attendant out-buildings were placed upon books, which represented hills, while the flocks and herds were restrained in "the valley"—otherwise the floor—by the straw fences. Sometimes a hurricane—being a breeze from a large fan—would bring destruction upon all, and then the patient inhabitants—a tiny china doll or two—would have to re-locate and establish themselves. These are only a few of many simple ways in which girls, and boys, too, may entertain the wee ones.—*Hearth and Home.*

THE FAMILY BOOK.

The family is like a book,
The children are the leaves;
The parents are the cover which
Protecting beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book
Are blank and purely fair,
But time soon writeth memories
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
Which bindeth up the trust.
O break it not lest all the leaves
Should scatter and be lost.

THE PUZZLER.

We will send a copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to the one who first sends full and correct answers to The Puzzler for any month. Answers should be sent with all contributions to this column.

ANSWERS:—1. Julia C. R. Dorr. 2. Anagram.

3. Leaves of all hues, red, green and brown,
Ruins of summer bowers,
A thousand times more beautiful
Than all her fairest flowers.

4. BIDE
IDEA
DEAR
EARN

5. PRESS
RIVAL
EVADE
SADIE
SLEET

ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of fifty-one letters.
My 10, 49, 12, 41, 15, 3, 11, 22 is a magistrate,
My 36, 13, 11, 51, 18, 45 is a hard worker.
My 35, 44, 39, 23 is an animal.
My 8, 17, 27, 34, 24, 48 is to boil.
My 1, 21, 16, 6, 43 is a kind of cloth.
My 25, 33, 7, 47, 48, 2 is an article of food.
My 9, 38, 46, 26 is to agitate.
My 30, 4, 28, 13, 37, 32, 39, 10 is an insect.
My 19, 48, 40, 23 is a skin.
My 29, 49, 14, 20, 28, 38, 5 is an ornament.
My 42, 15, 45, 50, 31 is crabbed.
My whole is a proverb.

MUSICAL ENIGMA.

2. I am composed of twenty-one letters.
My 7, 2, 20, 16, 11 is an opera.
My 15, 3, 14, 20 is a mark in music.
My 8, 6, 10, 14, 21 is one of the elements of music.
My 1, 19, 8, 21, 18 is a dance.
My 15, 17, 7, 9, 21, 6 is a tune.
My 4 is one of the keys.
My 13, 12, 5, 13, 1, 17, 2, 12 is a polka.
My whole is a celebrated music composer.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

3. My first is in poetry and also in prose,
My second is in friends but not in foes,
My third is in engine but not in hose,
My fourth is in search but not in quest,
My fifth is in repose and also in rest,
My sixth is in trial but not in test,
My seventh is in proud but not in vain,
My eighth is in Portugal but not in Spain,
My ninth is in Vermont and also in Maine,
My whole was a poet "Like Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius, two-fifths sheer fudge,"
As was said of him by an able judge.
M. D. H.

ANAGRAM.

4. I ese het gonl ropseosnoi
Listl gapsnis ot dan for,
Eht ougny thear, tho adn tressles,
Nda eth dol, budsdue dna wlos,
Dan froevre, nad vereofr,
Sa glon sa het verir wolfs,
Sa lnog sa eth hreta sah inspoass,
Sa ognl sa flie ash sowe;
Het mono dna tis norkbe lecfrentio,
Adn tis wodsha lalsh paprea,
Sa het bmyols fo velo ni neavhe,
Nda sti vringwae gamie hree.
JULIA.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

5. Cunning; a man's name; to destroy; a lesser circle; a champion; a naval commander; a kind of cloth. My whole was the name of one of the presidents. JULIA.

HIDDEN TREES.

6. There is a pin, Ellen, pick it up.
7. I got up early this morning.
8. Where is my cap? please find it for me.
9. There is a bee, Charlie, look out!
10. What a wretched home that hovel must be.
11. If I go you may go with me.
12. I came up almost a week ago.
13. Grandma Plenty sits smiling at your door.
14. He will own that property some day. JULIA.

CHARADES.

15. My first is used in the cultivation of that of which my second is made, and my whole is relished by a hungry man.

16. My first is water; my second is in the ocean; my third is often in and often out of the water; my whole is a weapon.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

17. A consonant; a small house; a boat; to be composed; sentenced; result; debated; sickness; giver; seen in winter; a vowel.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

18. A mine. 19. When ripe hams. 20. Lead ware. 21. As same out hests. 22. A thorn can roll. 23. Pendivorce.

24. *A quotation from Shakespeare.*—Aaaaaaabcddddeeeeeehhiiiimmmmnnnoooooorrrssttwy.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.

Large, round apple dumplings! what feelings are stirred
In the sad lonesome heart at the sound of that word!
Not the sweet breathing music of piano and harp
Such pleasing sensations can ever impart!

Large, round apple dumplings! why even the thought
Of a thing so enchanting with music is fraught;
And the heart that has pined in secret distress,
Has acknowledged their virtues to comfort and bless!

Large, round apple dumplings! why, even the sight
Will dart through the bosom a thrill of delight;
We sit chained to the spot as their flavors arise,
And wreathing in circlets float off to the skies!

If the thought of the dumplings will gladden the heart,
And their odors such exquisite sensations impart,
How surpassingly glorious the eating must be!
Oh, the large apple dumplings for ever for me!

ECONOMY IN COOKING.

FROM an article in Blackwood's Magazine we take the following, illustrating the contrast between the English and French methods of cooking, from which some of our American cooks may be able to learn some valuable hints.

In England, taking the people as a whole, and excluding the special cases, there are but three known national ways of dressing food—roasting, boiling, and that inconceivable horror known as "hash." Roasting is not badly done for us, and we fry soles fairly; but there end our faculties; what we call "boiling" is one of the most senseless acts to which human intelligence can descend; it is an inexcusable, unjustifiable, wanton folly. To people who have been "boiling" all their lives, these adjectives may seem strong; but have they ever really asked themselves what this boiling means? Have they ever reflected for one instant over the operation they are performing?

To boil food, be it meat or be it vegetable, is to extract from it, first, its volatile aroma, then its essences and juices, and, finally, its power of nutrition; aroma, essence, juice and strength go out into the hot water, leaving behind them the fiber which they have quitted. Now, in France this process is called making soup; the water becomes excellent, but the materials which have imparted their nature to it are considered with some few exceptions, to have lost all claim to be considered as real food, and are only used as inferior aliments. So thoroughly is this principle applied, that even the water in which white haricots or cauliflowers have been boiled, is always kept to serve as a basis for vegetable soups. Every liquid which has received the extracted flavor of a boiled substance, is looked upon as precious, and is employed again in some special form, so as not to waste the properties which it has acquired.

In England, on the contrary, when we have carefully abstracted from turkey, or from beef, from chicken, ham, legs of mutton, green peas or beans, all that steady red-hot boiling can take of them, we eat the tasteless, azoteless relics of our work, and we diligently throw away the "dirty water" which contains all the nutrition that we have distilled. This may be worthy of a great nation, but it is not easy to see how. Scotland, at all events, uses mutton-broth, but no right-minded Englishman will condescend to swallow any such "stuff," or if he does, he calls it "hot water stirred with a tallow candle."

If ever prejudice and ignorance were thoroughly synonymes, (as they almost always are,) it is surely in their application to British cooking. Now, look at France and see what is done by the people who, according to our lofty convictions, live contemptibly on "kickshaws." Their dogma is, that everything which is in food ought to be left in it by the cook, and to be found in it by the eater. The entire theory of French cooking, both in form and in result, is contained in that one article of faith; its consequence is, that the whole nutritive elements of every substance employed pass into the stomach, instead of being partially poured down the sink or sent out to the pigs, as is the case in this free and eminently great country. Yet we despise the eating of those miserable French, with all our hearts, and look scornfully down upon it fron the glorious summit of our boiling.

The explanation of this insanity—though the word explanation is miserably misemployed in such a sense—is, that we imagine that because we buy more meat than they do, we are necessarily better fed. So perhaps we should be if we swallowed it all, though even then a good deal might be said against so needless a use of flesh; but as, on an average, we take out of it, by what we call cooking, at least a fourth of its alimentary value, we do not in reality get any more chemical result out of the sixty pounds of meat (beef, mutton, veal and pork) which each inhabitant of Great Britain (babies included) devours every year, than the Frenchman does out of the forty-five pounds of the same nature which he consumes.

He, at all events, extracts the uttermost from what he digests, for the simple reason that it is all there to be digested; not a grain of it has gone into the sewers or the sty—it is all in the dish, either in solid or in liquid. We should think it folly to throw away the gravy which exudes during the act of roasting; but not only do we take it quite natural to fling to waste the entire product of the far more exhausting process of boiling, but we resolutely apply that process to the larger part of what we eat, as if it were the right thing to do. Excepting the harder vegetables, the French boil absolutely nothing, in our meaning of the word at least. From Dunkerque to Boyonne, from Strasbourg to Nice, not one ounce of anything goes into the pot unless it be to make soup; but there the nation lives on soup. Roast meat costs too much for the every-day consumption of a population whose earnings average eighteen pence a head; so they feed on a copious stew of bacon, sausage, cabbage, potatoes and bread; and very good indeed it is, provided one is hungry. This aspect of the case, of course, excludes all idea of serious cookery; it means feeding and nothing else; but it is feeding in which everything is food, where what has been stewed out stops in the stew, where not one scrap is lost, where every centime spent, produces its full result in the stomach.

FEAT OF AN INEXPERIENCED COOK.

Uncle Enoch T., the hero of the annexed incident, was not an experienced cook, as we shall presently show. He and Tom B., once went on a clamming and eeling cruise, to stay several days.

They carried provisions with them, and took possession of a small house, built for the convenience of such parties, where they could lodge and do their own cooking.

One day, when they had been at work hard digging clams until the sun was getting well up toward meridian, Enoch started to the house to make preparations for dinner.

The bill of fare for the day was to consist simply of boiled rice.

Some half an hour later, his partner with appetite sharp set, walked into the shanty.

He was struck with astonishment at beholding their two little tin campans heaped up with half-cooked rice, and a pyramid of the same on the inverted pot-lid.

Enoch was holding a ladle full in his hand, and staring aghast at the rice in the pot, which was swarming over the rim like a cloud of white ants, while a suspicious oder indicated that it was "burning on" at the bottom.

"Where under the canopy will I put all this swamp seed?" he exclaimed in despair. "I've filled all the dishes in the shanty, and I don't gain on it much."

Tom saw how the case stood and became volcanic with inward laughter.

"How much of the rice did you put in the pot, Uncle Enoch?"

"Well, I filled her right up, level full—I thought I'd cook enough, as we might be pretty hungry."

"You old wooden-head! Didn't you know that rice would swell in boiling?"

"Swell?" he repeated, as if his mind was just grasping a new philosophical fact. "Swell? Yes, yes. So 'twill. Wall, it's too late now to stop it. I reckon we'll have to let her swell."

And to this day Tom B. "swells," even to the point of explosion, whenever he recalls the scene to his mind.

AMERICAN DIET.

We are greasy people; from the pork fat of New England to the ham fat, of the South, we wallow in greasy food. This becomes rancid on the stomach, and superinduces what Dr. Urquhart pronounces the sum of all diseases—dyspepsia. We drink tea that would frighten a Chinaman, and coffee that would serve as an antidote to opium. We pour down doses of alcoholic fluids which eat into the coatings of our intestines and destroy the gastric fluids juices. We go to bed overtasked, body and mind, sleep with sluggish blood in a state of stagnation, and get up only when the broad sun in staring is angrily at us through our bedroom windows. We are reckless in our pursuit or pleasure; we strain our mental powers to their utmost tension; and end, old men and women before our time, or fill a cell in an insane asylum.

THE DESSERT.

—"Are you not afraid that whiskey 'll get into your head?" "No," said the old toper, "this liquor is too weak to climb."

—Light-headed people will be pleased to learn that the heaviest brain on record was recently found in the skull of a London brick-layer, who could neither read nor write. Its weight is said to have been sixty-seven ounces.

—"Sir," said the astonished landlady to a traveler, who had sent his cup forward for the seventh time, "you must be very fond of coffee." "Yes, madam, I am," he replied, "or I should never have drank so much water to get a little."

—There was a brave and good little Ohio boy who sat on the fence for two hours in the freezing winter cold, and watched a broken rail on the railroad track, so as to carry the latest news of the impending accident to his father, who was a local editor.

—"I am not used to begging," said a little girl to a lady of whom she had asked alms, "because only two weeks ago my father was a merchant!" "Why, child, how could he be reduced to poverty so soon?" "He took a bad two-dollar bill at his peannt stand, and it ruined him," sobbed the child.

—An illiterate person, who always volunteered to "go round with the hat," but was suspected of sparing his own pocket, over-hearing a hint once to that effect, replied: "Other gentlemen puts down what they thinks proper, and so do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I give is nothing to nobody."

—A Detroit boy knocked at the door and carelessly inquired of the man of the house: "Are you going to move to-day." "No," is the answer. "I'll bet $25 you are," responds the boy. "Why, you impudent dog?" "Cos, your roof's a blazing," screams the adolescent rascal, as he runs for life; and it was true.

—Affected young lady, seated in a rocking chair reading the Bible, exclaims: "Mother, here is a grammatical error in the Bible!" Mother, lowering her spectacles, and approaching the reader in a very scrutinizing attitude, says: "Kill it, kill it! It is the very thing that has been eating the book-marks."

—A western editor relates that he once stopped at a restaurant in Washington, and, noticing that the waiter was uncommonly sober, asked him if he was sick. "Yes," very curtly, "I is." "What's the matter?" "Why, sir, Washin'ton's the wus place ever I see. When it's dry you can't see where you're gwine to, and when it's wet you can't go."

DROWSINESS AND REMEDIES FOR IT.

THE phenomenon of sleep is yet enveloped in profound mystery. Volumes have been written upon it; numberless experiments have been performed; and after all we know nothing whatever of its true character. Experiment has taught us, however, that drugs produce it when taken into the stomach, or otherwise conveyed into the system; that certain habits produce a greater desire for it than is natural; and that the will has power to resist its demands to a limited extent.

The causes of sleep are then either natural, or unnatural, and the phenomenon is correspondingly morbid or healthy. The natural and healthy sleep consequent upon exhaustion, can never be intefered with without greater or less damage to the general health in each instance. Unnatural drowsiness generally results from some error in the habits of living, or it is a constitutional affection, and they are curable.

Many cases of supposed abnormal drowsiness, are not abnormal at all. People who work hard all day, or who have been exposed to cold winds, are apt to feel sleepy when they find themselves comfortably housed in the evening, especially if they have indulged in a hearty supper. All these causes naturally induce sleep, and when the tendency to sleep is powerful it ought not to be resisted. Many will find the disposition to sleep postponed for several hours, by the substitution of a very light meal for the hearty one which is often taken at the close of the day's work. Others will find that this does not avail them, and that notwithstanding their abstemiousness, the drowsy god still asserts its sway. These people will have to submit, and either doze in their easy chairs or go to bed; but they need not on that account be deprived of time for study. They will almost invariably find that they can rise two or three hours earlier than other people, without inconvenience, and they will further find that their three morning hours before breakfast are as good as four in the evening after supper would be if they could keep awake and study. They may, at first, find some difficulty in waking at the proper time; an alarm clock will overcome that. They should not, at first, apply themselves to reading or study in these reclaimed morning hours, but should engage in some active occupation until the habit of thoroughly waking is established, after which in the majority of cases no inconvenience will be experienced.

A feeling of drowsiness after eating is perfectly natural and healthy, but it is easy to see that overeating might so intensify the feeling as to render it nearly impossible to resist it. Those troubled with this complaint, ought then to carefully avoid over-eating at any time, and particularly so before any period during which they desire to keep awake.

In this, as in all other complaints, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. It will, we think, be rare that drowsiness will occur if perfectly regular hours for sleeping are observed; unless it is induced by a plethoric condition, so consequent upon high living, or a constitutional habit. Nevertheless, there are some simple remedies. One of the best is to wet the head suddenly and thoroughly with cold water. The shock will generally suffice to throw off the sleepy feeling.

Strong tea or coffee will often aid in preventing drowsiness, but these are only temporary helps. A radical cure can only be obtained by the correction of the habits, whatever they may be, that induce it. Temperance in eating as well as in drinking, regular hours, avoidance of too exhaustive labor, must be observed. We do not advocate the use of drugs for this complaint. Each person so afflicted ought to make a thorough examination of his habits of living, and in most cases he will find the stomach the offending organ.—*Selected.*

MEDICINAL PROPERTIES OF THE ONION.

In the medicinal point of view, the onion is of more importance than any other of our domestic vegetables. It is a powerful diuretic, and is said, as such, to have been successfully used as a specific in dropsy, gout, gravel, lumbago, and generally in all affections of the kidneys and urinary organs. As an instance of its efficacy in dropsy, we shall relate a circumstance which came within our observation a few years since. We were traveling through one of the middle departments of France, in company with a very eminent counsellor, and member of the Parisian bar, who had turned his attention to discovering the medicinal properties of simples, in illustration of a favorite theory of his, that all the ailiments which afflict mankind may be removed by remedies from the vegetable kingdom, to the utter exclusion of all mineral substances.

One day we stopped and claimed the privileges of hospitality at a beautiful "chateau" belonging to a distant relative of our friend. We were most kindly received by the lord of the mansion, a fine looking middle-aged man who, with tears in his eyes, informed us that his lady, whom our friend described as a most gentle, kind-hearted, and noble-minded dame, was dying of dropsy, all the medical men in the neighborhood having stated that nothing more could be done for her. "That remains to be seen," said our friend hastily. "I must see her forthwith," and he proceeded to her bedchamber dragging us with him—a circumstance which will create no surprise in those acquainted with the manner of the French. The lady was alarmingly ill and had swollen to an enormous size; she had been tapped once before, but on the present occasion had absolutely refused that mode of relief.

The Parisian lawyer, nothing daunted, called for some white onions. Having peeled a sufficient quantity he filled with them a pipkin or coarse earthern mug, holding about three pints. Having put in as many onions as the vessel would contain, he filled this with cold water, covered it and set it in the midst of the warm embers, where the water would simmer with very little ebullition. He let the onions stew until they were reduced to a pap, and the water to half its original quantity—a process which required three or four hours, as the vessel was kept closely covered and the fire slow. He strained the liquor through a linen bag, carefully pressing every drop of juice from the pulp. Having extracted the liquor, he carefully weighed it, and then, gently over the fire, but without boiling, dissolved in it its own weight of coarse brown sugar.

Of this syrup he gave his patient two tablespoonfuls every two hours, a fresh quantity being made, so as to keep by a constant supply. In a day or two the lady felt better, and in about six weeks, during which time we remained at the chateau as guests, she was able to walk with us about the grounds. We had occasion to visit our kind host about six months after our former visit, and found his lady enjoying excellent health, and valuing her cousin's onion syrup as a specific for all complaints "that flesh is heir to."—*Cor. English Magazine.*

STOVES AND FURNACES.

The season of the year has arrived when the most danger is to be apprehended from the escape of deleterious gases into dwellings, from stoves and furnaces. Let all our readers carefully examine their stoves and flues, and remove the accumulations of waste material, that the smoke and gases may have free exit into the outside atmosphere. The health of thousands is seriously impaired every year by breathing the gases escaping from stoves, and many have lost their lives from this source. The saddest sight we ever looked upon was one quiet Sunday morning in March, a few years ago when we were called to the house of a neighbor, to view the lifeless bodies of the father and mother of a family, lying in bed precisely as they sunk into repose the night before. During the night coal gas escaped from a furnace in the cellar, and from thence into the chambers, and the whole family narrowly escaped from that sleep that knows no waking. As it was the father and mother lost their lives.

Several of the products of combustion are of a deleterious nature, particularly carbonic oxide and carbonic acid. Anthracite and bituminous coals contain considerable sulphur, which partially oxidizes during combustion and forms sulphurous acid gas, and this is very suffocating and injurious when breathed in the lungs. Sulphurous acid always escapes along with the other gases from burning coals.

It was supposed formerly that carbonic acid was a poisonous product, but it is now known not to be, but is nevertheless fatal to human life, when inhaled, as it operates to exclude oxygen from the respiratory apparatus. A person can be drowned in carbonic acid as well as in water.

But carbonic oxide is a destructive poison and certainly and rapidly fatal to animal existence even when largely diluted with air. When coals are burned slowly and imperfectly, large quantities of this gas are formed, and if it escapes into rooms, even in minute amounts, headache, vertigo, lassitude, are sure to result.

Physicians in searching for the cause of ill-health in patients should not overlook the fruitful sources connected with the apparatus for household warmth. Examine the stoves, we say. Is the draught good? Are the dampers properly adjusted? Is the ventilaton of rooms such as it should be? Look well to the stoves and furnaces.—*Journal of Pharmacy and Chemistry.*

HOW TO MAKE A MUSTARD PLASTER.

How many people are there who really know how to make a mustard plaster? Not one in a hundred, at the most, perhaps, and yet mustard plasters are used in every family, and physicians prescribe their application, never telling anybody how to make them, for the simple reason that the doctors do not know, as a rule. The ordinary way is to mix the mustard with water, tempering it with a little flour, but such a plaster as that makes is simply abominable. Before it has half done its work it begins to blister the patient, and leaves him finally with a painful, flayed spot, after having produced far less effect in a beneficial way than was intended.

Now a mustard plaster should never make a blister at all. If a blister is wanted, there are other plasters far better than mustard for the purpose. When you make a mustard plaster, then, use no water whatever, but mix the mustard with the white of an egg, and the result will be a plaster that will "draw" perfectly, but will not produce a blister even upon the skin of an infant, no matter how long it is allowed to remain upon the part. For this we have the word of an old and eminent physician, as well as our own experience.

HOW TO GO TO SLEEP.

The following is given in Blinn's anatomy of sleep, or the art of procuring sound and refreshing slumber at will, published in London in 1842. The principle feature of Blinn's system is for the patient to fix his attention on his own breathing:

"He must depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream, and the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive this, apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart; imagination slumbers; fancy becomes dormant; thought subdued; the sentient faculties lose their susceptibility; the vital or ganglionic system assumes sovereignty, and he no longer wakes, but sleeps."

A newspaper writer says he has practiced the above for years whenever nature needed any assistance, and can fully endorse the prescription. It will put any one to sleep who has not an evil conscience, a jumping tooth, or a bank note past due.

THROUGH LIFE.

We slight the gifts that every season bears,
And let them fall unheeded from our grasp,
In our great eagerness to reach and clasp
The promised treasures of the coming years:

Or else we mourn some great good passed away,
And in the shadow of our grief shut in,
Refuse the lesser good we yet might win,
The offered peace and gladness of to day.

So through the chambers of our life we pass,
And leave them one by one, and never stay,
Not knowing how much pleasantness there was
In each, until the closing of the door
Has sounded through the house, and died away,
And in our hearts we sigh, "For evermore."

PREPARATION OF MANUSCRIPT FOR THE PRESS.

AMONG the many trials and perplexites of an editor's life, says an exchange, there is no one which is so vexatious and so unsatisfying as the deciphering and correcting of badly written and improperly prepared manuscript. If aspirants for literary honors knew how much really depended upon the legibility and correct appearance of their contributions, they would be far more careful than they are. The best of articles, if the "pen is poor and the ink is pale," has half its excellence obscured in the reading, whether it be read aloud haltingly and hesitatingly, and both reader and listener but half catch the meaning of the writer, or whether it is glanced over with an impatient eye, which omits what it cannot immediately comprehend.

Then even if the reader be satisfied of its merits to the point of acceptance, if the article is prepared improperly for the printer, it is still necessary to reject it. For an editor has little time to spare for the correction or rewriting of manuscript.

But how should manuscript be prepared to please both editor and printer?—will be asked by all those who do not already know.

The first consideration is the paper. The best is common white foolscap, the two leaves of the sheet not merely cut, but the pages folded down the middle and cut again, so as to form long, narrow strips. If the writer prefers to use the whole width of the sheet, it is imperatively necessary that the two leaves should be cut apart, as it is exceedingly inconvenient to the reader to have to turn over the leaf in reading, and then fold it back again to preserve the pages in their proper order. Common note paper is unobjectionable, cut into single leaves, as the page is not a wide one; but it is more expensive than foolscap, and not any better.

Never write on both sides of the page. Use the best black ink, and write plainly, without any attempt at ornamentation. Punctuate carefully, and remember that paragraphs are occasionally necessary in an article, and that quotations must be used in conversation. Number the pages, and when the article is completed, the leaves may not be fastened together. A single pin if there are not too many sheets, is really better than the most elaborate stitching, or fanciful tying with a ribbon, as it can be easily removed in reading, and as easily replaced.

Never roll manuscript, but fold it if it is too large to send unfolded. Rolled manuscript is very troublesome for both reader and printer. Manuscripts, if placed in a package with one end open, can be sent by mail at phamphlet rates of postage. Whatever the manner of sending there should always be a private letter, giving the name and address of the writer, stating whether pay is required, and at what rates, mentioning whether a return of the manuscript is desired if it is not accepted; and, in this case, inclosing sufficient stamps to pay for its return. This letter must be sent separately if the manuscript is sent open, or the whole will be subject to letter postage.

We might give further hints as to grammar, spelling, use of capitals, etc., but for two reasons we abstain. First, because those who cannot spell and compose with average correctness ought not to attempt to write for the public at all; and secondly, whatever our advice might be, such writers are not likely to heed us, but will go on scribbling all the same as much and as incorrectly as ever.

A LETTER ON SPELLING.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—Can there be any good reason given, why the letter C or Ch, should ever be sounded like K? or why the words terminating in tion, sion, cion, should not all terminate in shun, as that is the sound given in the case? or why the letter G should ever be sounded like J? When we want the sound of K, why not always use K? and when we want the sound of J, why not use it? Why not discontinue the use of silent letters, and spell words in a natural way? Instead of though, write tho. For through, write thru. For tough, write tuf, and so of the rest.

If all the improvements in this line, were made that might be, the expense of time and money in learning children to spell and read, would be lessened at least two-thirds, and in the United States many millions of dollars might annually be saved, and children know far more certainly what they have learned. We see many, otherwise good readers, at a loss whether to give G, its hard or soft sound. Also whether to sound ch, as in character or as in choose. All who can read the books now in use would find no difficulty with the new plan, as it would be natural.

If this change is ever brought about, it will be done by talking it over, and agitating the subject, by editors and others. Can it be, that Americans, so celebrated for progress in every thing useful, will suffer this great bore to knowledge, to remain without an effort to remove it? Benevolence, economy of time and money in education, call loudly for these changes.

For a copy of Webster unabridged, fully arranged on this plan I will pay fifty dollars, if completed while I live. How many others will take copies at that price and so induce the undertaking? REKRAP.

THE INVENTOR OF STEEL PENS.

Nobody who pays for his own stationery now thinks of using the goose quill for writing purposes. The feather, classical and emphatic, only retains its hold in public offices, where the state or some other reckless spender of the people's money provides the furniture. The new members of the Legislature, on making the acquaintance of the State House, generally indulge, for tradition's sake, in a few awkward attempts at writing with the quills that are still provided at the ancient hostelry, but as soon as they get over their reverence for the dignity of the commonwealth they return to the hardier steel pens and carve into toothpicks the rejected weapons.

The steel pen is now so universal a tool that it is difficult to contemplate it as among the things that had to be invented. Nevertheless, it has fought its way up, with the other labor-saving machines of civilization, and has as complete a history as the steam engine or telegraph. James Perry, an English schoolmaster, who drudged at whittling his urchins' quills, made the first steel pen, and was so good a business man that he succeeded in introducing it as the Perryan pen. In 1823 he had fifty men engaged in the business of making pens; but it was left for Jeremiah Mason to make the pen popular, the same man, by the way, who since became a second Peabody by establishing an asylum endowed with $1,200,000.

Mason was a Kidderminster carpet-weaver, but went to Birmingham and manufactured pins, needles, shoe strings, and other infinitesimal essentials. Here he saw in a shop window a steel pen, priced at sixpence. He bought three, made better and lighter ones at a penny and a quarter apiece, and sent specimens to Perry. The inventor was delighted, advanced money to Mason, and the intercourse so honorably commenced, ended in partnership and mutual wealth. Perry has since died, and Mason is sole proprietor of the Perryan pen.

THE REVIEWER.

THE OTHER GIRLS. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This is a late publication from the pen of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, well known in the literary world. It is sufficient commendation of this volume to say that the author has fully sustained her former reputation, as seen in "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," "We Girls." "Real Folks," and kindred works. It sparkles with original thought, abounds in good sense, salutary sentiment, apt illustrations and "sound doctrine," and is ably written—really a valuable book, such as the conscientious will welcome in the family. It gives us fine illustrations of the influence of wealth and of the abrupt changes incident to life in the "Hub" and vicinity, with beautiful outcroppings of real merit, existing somewhat disconnected with the more usual aids to distinction. It is really a readable book, one almost to be studied, if we would reach its lowest stratum.

ONE YEAR AT OUR BOARDING SCHOOL. By Agnes Phelps. One 12 mo. volume. Cloth. Price $1.25. Boston: Loring, Publisher.

Boarding-school stories have a singular charm for girls preparing to enter one; young ladies at one; all graduates from one. Each turn with delight to the story of the first trials that the new pupil encounters; the ecstatic friendships *made* and *unmade*—the worries and joys of studies mastered—the jolly *scrapes* and *escapes* that over exuberant spirits are always getting into—the preparations for and excitements of the closing Exhibition—and the touching partings, as each departs to enter into the new life awaiting them. In the brief period of "one year," friendships are cemented whose influence lasts through life,—giving to this grouping a bewitching fascination. Miss Phelps's book is sure to have a very cordial welcome. For sale in Brattleboro by Cheney & Clapp.

"THE LIFE OF TRUST," being a Narrative of the Lord's Dealings with George Muller. Written by himself, with an introduction by Francis Wayland. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 12mo. cloth, sent postpaid on receipt of price. $1.75.

The wonderful history of Mr. Muller and his marvelous philanthropic work at Bristol, England, is known to all. He works by prayer alone, *never soliciting a dollar*, and has received in answer, as he believes and affirms, to his prayers, over $2,500,000, by means of which five buildings for the accommodation of 2,000 orphans have been erected and finished, and the orphans fed, clothed, educated, etc. It is a wonderful record, and should be read by all.

BED-TIME STORIES. By Louisa Chandler Moulton. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This book contains sixteen excellent stories for the children. Just such a book as we like to put in the hands of the little ones for we feel sure no harm, but much good, will come of the reading. The stories are told in an entertaining and interesting way, and they will be gladly welcomed and eagerly read by thousands of children who will find in them something to brighten their eyes, delight their young imaginations and teach them some useful moral lessons besides.

LIFE OF NAPOLEN III. Boston: B. B. Russell.

Perhaps it is enough simply to say that the author is John S. C. Abbott, a sufficient commendation, even when that popular and able writer only selects an ordinary theme, but when he selects a theme, or a *world* of themes, like those connected with the remarkable history of France, eventful, singularly thrilling, and full of deep and soul stirring interest, no one can fail to read such a volume with a constant interest.

MYSTERY OF THE LODGE. Boston: D. Lathrop & Co.

This is a charming book by Mary Dwinell Chellis, whose name is a sufficient guaranty for its excellence. Chaste in style, elevated in sentiment, eminently pure and correct in morals and in religious tone, rich in its general plot, it can hardly fail to secure a wide circulation. The most conscientious Christian parent cannot but approve of this book in the family. Sent prepaid. Price $1.50.

STOLEN FROM HOME. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

This is another of Mrs. Denison's good books—what we might expect from her pen. Excellent in sentiment, pure in style, with well-chosen characters and a well-conceived plot, she has made a book for the family, one which the conscientious mother will hail as an aid in her work of moulding her family. Sent by mail at $1.60.

Messrs. Osgood & Co. have sold three of their periodicals, the Atlantic, Our Young Folks, and Every Saturday. The first and last named to Hurd & Houghton, New York, and the remaining to Scribner & Co., who will merge it into their new juvenile magazine Saint Nicholas. The Atlantic will still be edited by Mr Howells, and will carry out the programme of the late publisher. It is reported that this important transfer of the magazines with which the Boston house has been so long identified involves a large sum of money, and has been made upon terms which are regarded by all parties as mutually advantageous.

TROTTY'S WEDDING TOUR, published by Osgood & Co., is a particularly appropriate book for a holiday gift. It is just what the children are waiting for, and no doubt the enterprising publishers have already made a large sale of them to Santa Claus. Many stories of this volume have appeared in Our Young Folks, but all of them will bear reading in the beautiful binding. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is the author. "Babbitt's Hotel" and "How June found Massa Linkum" and the other fascinating stories will long be remembered. Price, $1.50.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—Among the noteworthy articles contained in the last weekly numbers of The Living Age, are The Growth of Commonwealths, English Dictionaries, The Iron Mask, Growth and Decay of Mind, The Emotional Language of the Future, The United States and Spain, Temper, and the usual amount of shorter articles, miscellany, etc. Littell & Gay, Boston, Publishers.

The Sunlight is Beautiful.

Words by ED A. LEWIS. Music by EDWARD CLARK.

1. The sunlight is beau - tiful, moth - er; The flow - ers are blooming so gay; And birds in the branches are sing - ing, And car - ol - ing all of the day. Last night I was thinking, dear moth - er, How lone - ly and friendless was I; And I scarce - ly can tell why 'twas, mother, But, Oh! I was longing to die.
2. Thro' the por - tals of heav - en, dear mother, Came the love - ly and lost ones of yore, And they told me they waited my com - ing, Up there on that ech - o - less shore. And now I will go with them, moth - er, To that heav - en be - yond the sky's blue; For I know you will meet me, dear mother, And, Oh! I am longing for you.
3. I'm lone - ly without you, dear mother, This earth seems so dreary and cold; And I'm longing to see you, dear moth - er, With your smile and ca - ress as of old. My heart with e - mo - tion beats high, moth - er, And life seems be - reft of its pain, When I think up in heaven, dear mother, We ne'er shall be parted a - gain.

CHORUS.

The sunlight is beautiful, mother, The flowers are blooming so gay, And birds in the branches are singing, And caroling all of the day.

The sunlight is beautiful, mother, The flowers are blooming so gay, And birds in the branches are singing, And caroling all of the day.

THE LOVE OF THE HOME.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

I dream by the stream in the twilight;
Soft breezes blow over my soul;
And I long in the hush of the even
For love that will gladden my goal,—
For love so above me in goodness,
So tenderly faithful and true
'Twill lead me through sin and temptation
As dark as the world ever knew;

For love that shall hold me to manhood,
Shall steady my faltering feet,
Shall fill to the fullness of honor
Each promise my lips may repeat;
For love that shall scorn all deception,
Shall smile on each loss for the right,
Shall touch me to zeal with its fervor,
And panoply faith with its might?

I wait by the gate, on returning,
And look through the window to see
My wife with the little ones round her
Aglow with their innocent glee;
And my heart stirs to quicker pulsations,
The blood courses fast in my veins,
As I think though man fell from his Eden,
A little of Eden remains!

I wait by the gate, and I fancy
This home-love I hold in my heart
Is something so tender and holy
'Twill make of my heaven a part;
And I know by the thrill of my being,
At seeing that picture divine—
The mother with children encircled—
That what I most long for is mine!

HOUSEKEEPER'S PESTS.

BY E. D. K.

Second Paper.

FLEAS AND MOSQUITOES.

AFTER the concert the other evening, Nemo and I walked home with our friend Clio. We stood awhile on the steps, and then Clio's mother, opening the door, begged us to come in.

"Yes, do," urged Clio "let us finish our chat in the library. Besides, I want you should have some of our pears and grapes."

But I declined. Hesperidean apples could not have tempted me. For Clio was the owner of a great Maltese cat wearing a pretentious silver-plated collar, whose throne-room was the library; and that cat had fleas. I was certain of it, notwithstanding Clio's previously expressed doubts, and her solemn assurance that "she had no idea what fleas were—she had never seen or felt one in her life;" for on the occasion of my last call, Mordecai had scratched his head and bitten his back incessantly during my visit, and when I went to bed that night, I felt that I could in a measure sympathize with the agony of poor Job. And he had had nothing but an unsatisfactory potsherd to scrape himself with. O, if I had only known him, how gladly would I have lent him a flesh-brush, or even our curry-comb, had the former not been sufficient!

And yet, Clio did not half believe there were such insects as fleas. Well, there are people whom they never trouble—I am convinced of it. Nemo is one of them. But if there is a flea on the stairs, or in the yard, or indulging in active gymnastics upon the sidewalk where a feline battle took place last night, and I pass within six feet of him, he attaches himself to me fervently, and from that moment I am his prey. Then follows torture—absolute torture—for the flea is an indefatigable blood-sucker, and punctures without mercy. Voracious as is the chinch, after his meal he will hive away and digest what he has eaten; but the flea digests as he feeds, and so though always full while at his repast, he is always empty. He sings no song, like the mosquito—he emits no vile odor, like the bed-bug; search for him, and he is not there, though only a second ago his lancets were draining you, and the evidence is under your very eyes. He is emphatically a felt presence, and what wonder that Saint Dominic fancied him the devil embodied?

For the flea has a body, notwithstanding Clio's doubt, and Monsieur Pulex's acrobatic performances; and I have had the occasional satisfaction of proving it between my two thumb nails. It is a little black fellow, usually of the size of a pin-head, with a hard shell, and such active legs that he will sometimes spring two hundred times the length of his body. His leap is upward rather than forward, and after it, unless something interposes, he will generally descend pretty near his former locality. Do not flatter youself that he will remain there, however, he has a constitutional objection to being caught, and will vault a dozen times in succession while you are trying to obtain a glimpse of him, likely enough landing for variety, after the dozenth leap, in that little defile between your collar and your neck, or under the arch-way of your coat-sleeve. Yes; search for him; it will educate your eyes: and, when you get tired, and imagine he has escaped, and will trouble you no longer, run your finger along your cervical vertibræ, and—*scratch*. Repeat the experiment of endeavoring to secure your pestiferious enemy; retire to your chamber, and strip off and examine every article of clothing you have on. Have you got him? No, and you cannot put your finger on him. But he will torment you for the rest of the day, and perhaps share your couch at night, while you share his vigil.

Shake the bed-clothing out of the window in the morning, and sun and air it well. But do you imagine he has been foolish enough to let your gymnastics outrival his? Not he. He needs no signal, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!" He is upon you already, and you have another day's tribulation in prospect. Trust me, before the week is out, you will be blind, and deaf, and dumb to every consideration but the one of finding, catching, and slaying that flea. And since I know all about it through bitter experiences often repeated, allow me to give you a hint or two.

When you remove your clothing—as you will be obliged to do in order to conduct your researches, take it off carefully, and article by article, hold it so the light may shine through it. Sharpen your eye-sight, now, and if you conduct your investigations with proper caution, you will soon see Monsieur Pulex at some of his feats zampercrostation — isn't that what the hand-bills cal the mid-air circuit performances? Seize him suddenly from the outside, wrapped in the cloth, but before you attempt to "beard the lion in his den," moisten the thumb and forefinger of your right hand. Now carefully loosen your hold on the garment, watching closely. There he is! Presto! Seize him with that wet forceps of yours, and remember that his hard, shiney black coat is as slippery as glass. Now wet the thumb nail of your left hand, and crack him without delay, and tell me, did you ever feel a greater relief in your life?

The sand-flea is bad enough. The dog-flea is worse, however; but the cat-flea is the worst of all, known to civilization. Reflect how the poor felines most suffer during the months of August and September, when many of them become so covered with live stock that they actually sicken and die of the blood-letting. For one flea will, sonetimes deposit nearly two hundred eggs at a time, and it takes only six weeks for these to come to maturity. Do you know what the fox does when he wants to rid himself of the vermin? He gathers wool from the bushes, and holding it in his mouth, makes his way slowly into the water. But a wetting is what the fleas most dread, accordingly they retreat to the fleece. The fox barks, the wool floats, and Reynard swims back to land. What a pity poor puss had not some such instinct! But a forced plunge-bath, though she struggles against it fiercely, will often be a great kindness to her in the end.

As to the fleas which domicile in our carpets, a thorough beating is the best means of dislodging them; if that fails, get an ounce or so of wormseed, and scatter it about your rooms; but I will not warrant that they will jump out of the windows in consequence. You may find—unless you want to try a strong wormwood bath yourself—that you have exchanged the frying-pan for the fire.

But wormwood, however, has no terrors for mosquitoes. It is said that cloths saturated with camphor and hung about the walls, will drive them away. Be this as it may, I would recommend also plenty of wetting for window-screens, door-screens, and bed-hangings, and presistent search when you hear the thin piping which is so familiar to people who live on the borders of salt-marshes or low-lying lands often overflowed, or near thick woods. Of course you know that these localities are mosquitoes' best breeding-places; for, unlike the flea, Madam Maringouin is never so much at home as when she is on the water or resting on damp, cool leafage.

Is there a tub standing out of doors under a leaky eaves-spout? or a hogs-head in the yard from which you draw your supply of soft water on washing-days? and did you never observe the little "wrigglers" in it? They are not worms, but the larve of mosquitoes, and in due course will pass into the pupa state, and seaming open along their backs, emerge, all plumes and silver lace, to torment you with their midnight serenades. Is it a fairy guitar which madam plays, or is it the bag-pipes? I know not; but this I do know,—that even Holmes's organ grinder with his "discords" stinging "through Burns and Moore," could not so lacerate one's sensibilities, and roil and aggravate one's temper, and humiliate one's pride, and open one's mouth to foolish and even wicked ejaculations of impatience and indignation, as do her delicately vibrant inarticulate taunts and threats, so full of direful meaning to a full-blooded, healthy human subject, every night in many a household, from the middle of July to the first of November.

But the gallinippers of the southern swamps and pine-barrens! Heaven defend us from their lancets! Would that some Lord Timothy Dexter might arise, who should utilize them in the name of science for purposes of vaccination! Mock not at the suggestion; for did not the mosquitoes of the Jersey marshes pierce the military boots of the truthful hero of the hatchet and pear-tree, and cause him for once in his exemplary life to indulge in profanity? What, then, shall hinder their use in surgery? Not their frail substance, certainly.

You remember the old saying, "There is nothing so bad but it might be worse:" and when history tells us that the army of Julian the apostate was compelled to retreat before superior numbers—of mosquitoes — and that Sapor raised the seige of Nisibis on account of these same potent warriors, may we not indulge in a modicum of complacent self-gratulation, that though the lancets of our little Culex Americanus are very keen, they are comparatively few in number, while its digestive organs are diminutive when placed side by side with those of its Oriental congeners?

BREAD.

BY AUNT LEISURELY.

MY DEAR NEICE ZILLAH:—Before I received your letter, I was suffering with an ambition to do something to distinguish myself, and had almost arrived at the conclusion to give myself out as that noble writer H. H. which would bring the answer until I was found out, and by that time my reputation would be so firmly established, nothing could shake it, but your letter asking how to make bread, directed my energies into another channel, so I have laid the former sealed proposal on the shelf, and if this don't succeed, nor the H. H. dodge either, I shall get up a book on my own hook, call it "Bits of Laugh" by H. H. Jr. (which is the short for Ha-Ha my love) then I shan't care a button who finds me out, and the sooner the better, and if I don't make the dry bones to rattle and cause somebody to be glad or sorry, my name's not Aunt Leisurely.

You say you sometimes have good bread, and sometimes the reverse, that receipt-books do not enter into little particulars of bread-making, so necessary to a beginner; you think there should be a rule that is infallible for making it; you don't like the rickety, hit and miss style, of doing it, that goes on in so many households, and you are right my dear, there is no occasion for ever having anything but light, sweet, wholesome bread, unless,

as it happens, once in a great while, the wheat crops from some cause or other may be injured; then, though the bread may not be so white, it need never be sour or heavy.

"Give us this day our daily bread," (your little aunt understands that to mean temporally as well as spiritually) is a prayer constantly ascending from all parts of the civilized world, but to take a peep at some of the stuff dignified by that name, one would scarcely suppose it had been bestowed by a kind and beneficent Father, but had been thrown from a volcano by some artful imp of darkness, intent on man's destruction, and knew no better article for conjuring up the evil latent in one's nature could by any means be devised.

My mother-in-law taught me to bake, and you know any husband's mother usually can't be excelled, and when your aunty takes premiums at fairs for her superior bread she feels perfectly competent to teach all the world and her neice Zillah, how it is done. Remember I do not consider my way the only way to make good bread; I know many excellent bakers, and they all vary in style, while the result is the same; but this is my way, and that is what you asked me for.

Before I learned, our kitchen was a regular circumlocution office, and how not to do it was the order of the day; but now, if I ever happen to have bread not up to the high-water mark, no one need ever expect to see me in exuberant spirits, until every crumb and crust has vanished, for it is not in the word. I feel I have committed sacrilege in converting one of God's best gifts into a mockery. I had a a girl once, a good soul, but no cook; she tried her best to make good bread, and generally failed lamentably; I, at that time was no more competent to teach her than a frog; the most that could be expected of me was to praise it by eating a double quantity of it when it was good and croaking over it when it was bad, and the master part of the time the croaks had the best run. One day she went to a neighbor's of an errand, the lady was baking and Katie came back jubilant, singing the changes, over the "elegantest bread you ever see mam, as light as a cork, and as white as a miller's beard, the same bread, every loaf had three sticks of a fork in it, and I mane to try it." I could not for the life of me see where the advantage was, but did not interfere, so next baking day our loaves went into the oven with the magical three sticks of a fork in them, but I am free to confess they did not improve the bread; what it needed was inward regeneration, and it would not rise up and call us blessed without it.

Some poor souls are almost worried out of their wits because they can't make good bread with all their trying, others never have good bread from one year's end to another, and the worst of it is they don't know it; habit to them has made it good, but in their case ignorance is not bliss, for the evil consequences—dyspepsia, and its parasites, (low-spirits and ill-temper) as surely follow as though it was done wittingly.

Many an excellent barrel of flour is ruined in baking, and the poor miller gets his full share of reproach. I was once taking tea with a friend of mine whose husband was a miller, a cheerful, hospitable man, and while helping himself to another slice of the excellent bread he remarked, jocosely, "who gets credit for this good bread, wife, the miller of course, for I know very well, he would get the blame, if it was poor." My hostess had the good sense to laugh, although she colored a little as she replied, naively, "but never before folks Isaac, never before folks."

Every scrap of good bread can be used to advantage, but bad bread never makes as good an appearance anywhere as in the swill barrel, although it is rather expensive food for swine. "Bad bread again," mutters the hungry and disappointed head of the house as he takes a slice of the vegetable putty, which graces his table, and who can blame the poor man; he is an object of sincere commiseration, and no wife should have the heart to add insult to injury by giving him a sharp reply when he thus complains. I consider it one of the greatest favors one woman can confer upon another, to teach her to bake, and if I had my choice of accomplishments, and could have but one, it should certainly be that of making good bread; and the greatest belle in the land might, and if she has any brains will be proud if she possesses it. If I were a young man, I should ask no lady to be my wife, though Pandora's box of good gifts were showered upon her, if this one were omitted; duty to himself and future family demand it. I am aware, dear Zillah, that there has been so much discussion upon this subject and so many recipes given that one would suppose the subject exhausted, but I for one will not consider it threadbare until every sour, heavy loaf has disappeared from the land.

But I am wandering from the recipe you asked of me; when I get to expatiating on this subject my feelings are too much for me.

Well, in the first place you must have good bitter yeast to begin with. I call it bitter yeast to distinguish it from the sponge which so many in recipes improperly call yeast. I have a two and a half gallon earthern crock which follows the fortunes of my bread, from the time the chrysalis in the shape of hops and water is developed into the full-fledged butterfly of loaves in the pans. There is a little fairy resides in an earthern crock, presides over the contents and charms them into being good, and that little fairy is *warmth*. Tin and stone ware chills — chills — and that should no more be allowed than if it was a rheumatic invalid you were attending. Then take as many hops as you can grasp in your hand twice, *(en-passant*, the hops should be hung in a dark closet, they lose their strength in the light) and put five pints of water to them, and boil slowly an hour; do not tie them in cloth, that keeps the pollen, which is an important rising property, from getting into the yeast, strain through a collander, and put the hop water back over the fire; while it is coming to a boil mix a paste of one pint of flour and cold water—just as though you were going to make starch—smooth and free from lumps, when the hop water boils, and not before, stir in gradually, stirring the boiling mixture constantly, while doing so. Have ready one teacupful of salt, and one tablespoonful of ginger, put all in and boil fifteen minutes, stirring all the time, then pour it into the earthern crock, and when cool enough to put some into your mouth without burning it, neither earlier or later, put in one pint of good lively yeast. Of course I always make fresh yeast, while I have enough of the last making to start it with, but if I hadn't it, I should borrow it from some one who knew how to make it, if I had to walk ten miles for it with dried peas in my shoes. Don't commit the mistake now of setting it in the cellar too soon, two days and a night from the time it is made is early enough, but watch over it like a loving mother, beat it down when it rises (I'm afraid H. H. wouldn't approve of that comparison) and at the end of the time specified, it will be ready to set in the darkest part of the cellar on the floor. I keep mine in a stone fruit can with cork to fit, set a pan under it when you first empty it into your can for it is apt to froth over from moving; in a few hours you can cork it up, and you have yeast that will keep winter and summer over two months and the last, half pint be as good as the first.

When you go to bake, take your all-efficient earthern crock, and into it put two quarts of boiling buttermilk, sour milk or skimmed sweet milk, I use whichever I happen to have, in this put one pint of cold water, and stir the flour directly in, enough to make a very stiff batter, and beat it well; in the mean time boil in another vessel four medium sized potatoes in enough water to cover them, mash well and pour water and all into the sponge, then add a small handful of salt, and it is just the right temperature to put in a little more than half a pint of the yeast, waiting its turn to swing round the circle. Some persons do not add the salt until morning, thinking it keeps the sponge from rising, but in my opinion it makes no difference when it is put in, so it goes, and if left off until morning is apt to be forgotten, and bread without salt, is Hamlet without the ghost, and a sponge with Aunt Leisurely's yeast in it would rise, if the Shah of Persia, with all his jewelry was piled on it.

Put your bread cloth over it, and wrap a heavy blanket all round it, and in addition to that, in cold weather put settee cushions over and under it, to keep it as warm as when first made up—don't set it close to the floor, but on a chair or table in a moderately warm place — and in the morning foam will be the only word that will come any where near describing it. If not ready to make it the first thing in the morning, beat it down with your yeast spoon or it will sour.

Always set the flour that you require to make it up, by it the night before, so it will be of the same temperature, and not chill it, this is especially necessary in cold weather, work in the flour, until it is stiff enough that a dent made in the dough with your finger will spring back immediately; knead it almost half an hour, put back in the crock, and set it in a moderately warm place, when risen to the top of the crock and beginning to show a getting out propensity, mould it into loaves, it will make three large ones and a pan of rusk, for I make my rusk of the bread at this stage; take two pints of dough, one teacupful of sugar and half a teacupful of butter, knead them well, add nutmeg to the taste, let it rise again, then mould into cakes. They will be ready to go into the stove when the bread is done.

When your bread has risen in the pans, half as large again as when moulded, put them to bake, turning pretty often at first—so it may rise evenly and not split at the sides. If you can't bake all at once mould again those that have to wait, or they will sour. With the right kind of a fire, they will bake in about one hour, but do not trust to time; underdone bread is as great an abomination as smoke in the eyes. By rapping on the bottom of the loaves, experience will teach you when they are done by the hollow sound, but until she does teach you, run a clean broom splint in it, if it comes out perfectly dry, the bread is done; wrap it up in your bread cloth, put the blanket over it to soften it, and spread a clean table-cloth over that for appearance sake, and you have bread that would bring Diogones out of his tub.

I know of an old woman once, who made a loaf of white bread (as she called it) once a week; she was very poor, and corn bread of the poorest kind was her main diet. The loaf of bread was to her a greater treat than the richest cake to most persons, and no wonder for it was simply delicious. I happened to see some of it once, but did not know the history of it, until many years afterwards. She had a sister as poor as herself, who was a widow, with a large family of little children, and every week she invariably sent a slice of her bread to the mother and each of her children, which just took half of her loaf. One of her daughters since grown, and in a good home of her own, told me she never tasted anything since, that equaled aunt Nellie's bread; she said there was a jubilee every week at their house when the slice all around and one for mother came, and her only regret was, that when they grew up and could have taken care of her, she had slipped away from earth.

Long will that little kindness be treasured in the memorys of those children, and handed down to the next generation; she did what she could, it was an earnest of what she would have done had Providence blessed her with means.

Speaking of baking bread, my mother had an Irish girl, when I was a young girl at home, who was an excellent bread-maker, but with Irish prodigality of fuel, invariably got the oven too "hot" as she called it, and always burned the bread a little on the bottom; her custom was to scrape off the burnt portion as soon as she took it out of the stove, and I suppose to divert our attention from it she always commenced singing as briskly as she could. I had often been amused at this free concert, and one evening several girls were spending the evening with me in the drawing-room,

which adjoined the kitchen. I knew the bread was about done, and when I heard her take it out I said, "now listen, and you will hear Biddy scrape and sing" Sure enough the solo with its novel and original accompaniment presently rang out loud and long; we cheered vociferously and applauded rapturously (when we could do so for laughing, for it requires very little to create merriment among a parcel of merry young folks,) which brought Biddy to the door, with knife in hand and scowl on her brow, to see what was up, and when the performance was caricatured by half a dozen giggling girls mounted on chairs and tables with imaginary knives and loaves, her chagrin knew no bounds, she retired in disgust, and I am pleased to say, this seasonable ridicule accomplished a greater saving of fuel, than whole bundles of expostulations had been able to accomplish.

Josh Billings in his lecture on "milk," said the best article he ever saw on milk was cream, and I close mine by saying the best article I ever saw on "bread" (except this one) was butter.

THE TRUE USE OF WHEAT.

Number Two.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

If the principles already presented are correct, it follows that a separation of the natural elements, or an undue use of one and a discarding of another element of food, such as is really needed, uniformly produce unfavorable results, derangements of the organs of digestion,—dyspepsia. Some fifty years since the learned and now lamented Dr. J. C. Warren was convinced that the separation of the bran from the starch was unnatural and productive of dyspepsia. Hence, he introduced the "wheaten bread," that made of meal instead of simple fine flour This he called "dyspepsia bread," believing that its use would cure or modify this terrible disease. With his high medical position, he could well afford the sneers of a certain class, and he lived long enough to see it introduced into Europe and America and acknowledged as the most wholesome bread.

Below are extracts from the prince of chemists, Liebig, with two others from well-known and popular authors, and from Prof. Bellows, well known as an author of great merit:

"The separation of the bran from the flour in bolting is a matter of luxury and injurious rather than beneficial as regards the nutritive power of the bread."—*Liebig.*

"Wheat by universal consent ranks first in nutritive value among grains. It abounds in the valuable elements which the body requires, mineral matter for bones, gluten for tissues, starch for respiration; yet the relation of the commercial value of flour to its nutritive value, instead of coinciding, they actually antagonize. We prize and estimate flour directly in proportion to its whiteness, we give most for that which nourishes the least."—*Youmans.*

"The bran or husk of wheat which is separated from the flour in the mill, and is often condemned to humble uses is somewhat more nutritious than either the grain as a whole, or the whiter part of flour. The nutritive quality of any variety of grain depends very much upon the proportion of gluten it contains. The whole meal obtained by simply grinding (or crushing) the grain, is equally nutritious with the grain itself. By sifting out the bran we render the meal less nutritious, weight for weight, and when we consider that the bran is rarely less and is sometimes considerably more than one-fourth of the whole weight of the grain, we must see that a total separation of the covering of the grain causes much waste of wholesome human food. Bread or food made from the whole wheat or meal is therefore more nutritious, and as many persons find it also a more salutary food than white bread, it ought to be more generally preferred and used."—*Johnston.*

"And so perfectly ignorant are people generally of the laws of nature, that they give their pigs the food which their children need to develop muscle and brain, and give their children what their pigs need to develop fat. For example, the farmer separates from milk the muscle-making and brain-feeding nitrates and phosphates, and gives them to his pigs in the form of buttermilk, while the fattening carbonates he gives to his children in butter. He sifts out the bran and outer crust from the wheat which contains the nitrates and phosphates, and gives them also to his pigs and cattle, while the fine flour containing little else than heating carbonates he gives to his children, and yet they are expected to live and be perfectly developed, both mentally and physically, without care or consideration regarding their food."—*Bellows.*

It is claimed for such bread that it is not only more wholesome—especially for the sick—than the pure white bread, but sweeter, more palatable to the natural appetite, and by far more nourishing. It is more nourishing partly from the fact that the stomach will appropriate more of its nourishment, relatively, since that organ, when surfeited by an excess of carbonaceous food necessarily rejects a part of the carbon element of white bread, thus wasting what might under some circumstances be nourishment. If, on the contrary, the coarse should be used, to the exclusion of the central carbon, with an excess of the bone and muscle element, we should not expect the body to use all the materials consumed simply because they would not be needed.

Again it is an admitted fact, never questioned by respectable authority, that fine flour produces constipation of the bowels with a sluggishness of the organs of digestion, including the liver. This is regarded as the first form and cause of that dreaded disease dyspepsia. But whether the cause or the effect, it is manifest that they are inseparable.

It is equally plain that the tendency of the use of fruits, some of the vegetables, etc., with the meals of the various grains—the starch the bone and muscle elements—the whole of the grain is to regulate the stomach and bowels, securing them natural openness and action, of course promotive of health. Indeed, it is not too much to attribute much if not most of the indigestion, the lack of energy and snap, the nervousness, or lack of nerve power, as the result of starved nerves with the flabbiness of the muscles and an absence of vital force and endurance, at this time so prevalent, to this waste of true nourishment, the separation by man of "what God has joined together." Such a course can not but be destructive to the health, giving one element in excess, largely in excess, while some of the most important elements, both of nutrition and stimulation, are discarded as useless or simply fit for the brutes. But it is fortunate that the alarm of such men as Liebig and Warren have been heard and to some extent heeded, that in intelligent society a part, at least, of the coarse is now used.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

A STANGER'S PLEA.

BY ALPHA.

Fair HOUSEHOLD band, are you complete?
Will you not let a stranger in,
A stranger now, yet longs to be
A sister, and your love to win?

Long I have lingered at your door
On the Veranda, sunny, wide;
Have listened as your brothers planned
To make each home a joy and pride.

The Drawing Room invited rest,
But could I dare to enter there,
For each who does must bring some prize
To add new grace or beauty rare.

And the Conservatory sweet!
Oh may I not a little stay
With birds and blossoms, songs and flowers?
You surely will not tell me, nay.

The Dressing Room! with happy air
Flit busy maidens to and fro,
Their dress so charming, fashions neat,
I wonder if they'll bid me go!

I hear the sound of children's mirth;
The Nursery! what a charming place;
Sacred to innocence and love,
I long to kiss each childish face.

The Dispensary—invaluable—
The Dining Room—I'm hungry now—
The Library with wisdom filled—
O dear! how can I ever go.

And here's the Kitchen: I can cook,
I'd help you every bit I could;
Ye matrons wise who reigneth here,
Say, mayn't I come if I'll be good?

Hark! from the Parlor now there comes
The words of wisdom, wit and song;
THE HOUSEHOLD, grave and gay, I see,
A loving, joyous, happy throng.

O shall I plead to you in vain.
Your hearts so full of love and cheer,
Can you not take one sister more,
The stranger who is waiting here?

Natick, R. I., Dec. 11th, 1873.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I enclose one dollar for your paper another year. I have become so much attached to it in the one year that I have received it, that I do not feel like giving it up. I have enjoyed reading the letters from the different members of your HOUSEHOLD, giving their experience in regard to various matters, and have received many useful hints. I am not going to tell you how I cook, nor what I think is the proper way of doing things—but I would like to tell you something about how some of my neighbors manage their domestic affairs.

They have but one room in their houses, or tents, rather, and of course this must serve for sitting-rooom, bedroom, kitchen, pantry, and all. The lady of the house sits at the right of the door as you enter, (the door consists of a hole about large enough for a good sized dog to crawl through,) and there she is surrounded by her cooking utensils and provisions, so that she can begin and prepare her meal, bake or fry her bread, boil her meat, and make her coffee. The fire is in the center of the tent, but she can easily reach that from where she sits. When all is ready she can pass it to the different members of the family without once rising to her feet. Sometimes she has to stop and drive away some dog that is helping himself most too bountifully. When it is bedtime she has only to push aside pots and kettles and curl down in her buffalo robe or blanket for the night.

I am glad to be able to tell you that some of them have taken a step towards civilization and Christianity, and have built log houses for themselves, and in some cases own a cooking stove. Will you not pray that the Holy Spirit may accompany us in our labors for this people? and that these Indian women may soon learn a better way? S. A. W.

Yankton Agency, Dakota Ter.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Month after month I have sat apart an eager listener to your words, until it seems as though the fullness of time had come for me to claim my kinship and send a word of greeting. I want to tell you what a comfort this letter corner has been to me. I am glad there are those who will pen down their domestic experience for the mutual benefit of themselves and others. Some one has beautifully said "Mutuality is the golden wedding ring of the universe." Is that not a faithful saying?

How often through the experience of others have we found an escape from the very trials that beset us. When wearied and perplexed with the cares of our household, how wonderfully restful are these words of counsel and sympathy that come to us from almost every state between the Atlantic and Pacific. Our small troubles are not always least aggravating. Sometimes we feel that we bear a great trial like Stephen of old, when the little daily frets and anxieties in the treadmill of life crush the very spirit out of us. From the utter weariness of the strife comes a feverish excitement which leads us often into sad errors.

Is it not dear sisters when we are overtaxing mind and body and working with a perfect desperation of energy, that we so often speak those bitter words in our homes—words which cost us many an after-pang? It is just here that we need the upholding of encouragement and the cooling balm of sympathy. Just then it does us good to creep away in some quiet place and read how some one else has just been bringing order out of the same chaos. Yes, read it and marvel at another's experience being so like your own: and you see that peace and rest did come at last, so you rise refreshed and comforted to finish your tasks.

The dear elder sister of THE HOUSEHOLD brought a balm to my heart once when it was aching for the loss of my

golden-haired baby-boy. I met her soon after in a gathering and how I longed but did not dare, to clasp her hand and thank her for those loving, restful words. Alas! why is it that we stifle the heart's purest utterances and are so careful to conceal our better nature. But dear HOUSEHOLD I fear I shall prove a sorry visitor if I tarry much longer. Let me wish you a long and prosperous life and bid you—adieu. A SISTER.

Rutland, Vt.

—Mashed potatoes, left from dinner, are very nice treated in this way: Make them into cakes about half an inch in thickness; put them in the cellar until next morning, laying them singly on the plate; roll them in flour, and fry in butter enough to keep them from sticking, until brown; turn and brown the other side.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

AUNT BETSY'S RECIPE FOR COOKING CODFISH.—Pick the fish into little bits and soak half an hour in water, then put into a sauce pan and simmer until your meal is ready; if too salt pour off the water and pour in fresh, and when it boils add half a teacupful of cream and a piece of butter the size of an egg, thicken with flour and water, pour into a tureen and stir a beaten egg into it. This is the true Yankee mode, and is good.

GOLD CAKE.—Two cups of white sugar, the yolks of eight eggs, three-fourths cup each of butter and sour milk, two cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

SILVER CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, the whites of eight eggs, one-half cup of butter, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. J. C. P.

MR. CROWELL.—*Sir:*—Looking over your November number I find recipes wanted for gold and silver cake, and for frosted lemon pie. I send mine which I know from experience are excellent.

ENGLISH GRATED LEMON PIE.—The juice and grated rind of two lemons, the yolks of three eggs, two cups of sugar, three-fourths cup of milk, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of corn starch or flour, make a rich crust, and bake as custard pie without upper crust; then take the whites of the three eggs and four tablespoonfuls of white sugar, beat to a stiff froth and put on top of pie.

GOLD CAKE.—The yolks of four eggs and one extra egg, one cup of sugar, one and three-fourths cups of flour, one-fourth cup of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, and three-eighths cup of milk.

SILVER CAKE.—The same as gold cake, using the whites in place of golds of eggs and one-fourth cup of milk.

MRS. G. H. B.

PITTSBURGH PAN CAKES.—One quart of milk, one-half teacuptul of home-made yeast, butter the size of an egg, a teaspoonful of salt, two eggs, (they can be made without eggs if desired.) Warm the milk and melt the butter with it, add salt, and eggs, and flour enough to make a thin batter, adding yeast last of all. Let it raise six or seven hours and bake as you do buckwheat cakes.

FLANNEL CAKES.—One quart of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, four eggs, and flour enough to make a batter, beat all together, and add two tablespoonfuls of home made yeast. Let it raise six or seven hours before baking, or,

FLANNEL CAKES.—One quart of flour, one teaspoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, and four eggs. Put the salt, soda and butter to melt, then slowly stir in the sour milk, add the flour, and the well beaten yolks of the eggs, thin with sweet milk, and add the whites of the eggs beaten very light, and bake.

FLANNEL CAKES.—One quart of milk, and flour enough to make a thick batter, four eggs, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Mix it quickly and bake immediately.

SODA BISCUIT.—*For Hagar.* Two quarts of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, mixed together and sifted; a small tablespoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of lard rubbed in the flour; one quart of milk with a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it. Roll thin and cut out with cake cutter.

PITTSBURGH GEMS.—Stir together one pint of warm milk, four tablespoonfuls of home-made yeast, (or one-fourth of a pint of brewer's yeast,) two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, and wheat meal enough to make stiff as you can stir it with a spoon. Let it raise about nine hours. Do not stir it but with a spoon, dip out, and fill your greased iron gem pans, about two-thirds full, and bake in the oven. M. S. B.

BROILED BEEF STEAK.—Have your round steak cut from one and a half to two inches thick, put it on your meat board, trim all fat from it, and with a sharp pointed bread knife, or a beef steak hatchet, cut the steak every imaginable way on both sides, to make it tender, then put it on your gridiron and broil over a clear fire, turning it very often. Put a lump of butter, some salt and pepper, into a flat tin or plate, and set your china steak dish in some place to get warm. When the steak is cooked, put it into the tin plate, double it over, and press on very hard with a knife, to get out all the juice you can, double, turn and press it every way, then with your cooking fork, lay it on your china dish. Put the tin plate with the juice, butter, pepper, and salt, on top of the stove and stir it all the time until it boils up and thickens, then pour it over the steak.

FRICASSEE CHICKEN.—Cut up a pair of chickens, take off the skin, wash them and let them remain in water half an hour to make them white, drain them, sprinkle with salt, and put them in the skillet with two ounces of butter, a teaspoonful of lard to keep the butter from burning, and a cup of water, cover tightly to keep in the steam, turn them often and watch that they do not burn, and add more water when necessary. When they have cooked until tender, which should be an hour and a half for young chickens and double the time for old ones, add salt and pepper to taste, a pint of milk or cream, half a tablespoonful of flour, rubbed very smooth with a little milk, stirring all the time until the gravy thickens and browns. You may add more butter if you wish it richer. EMILY.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—Jennie E. asks for a recipe for roll jelly cake. I wish to give her one which I know to be very good. One cup of sugar, one cup of flour, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, bake in a square tin. After it is baked spread with jelly and roll up.

ABBIE P.

SALLY LUNN.—Rub a piece of butter as large as an egg into a quart of flour, add one tumbler of milk, two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, and half a teaspoonful of salt. To be eaten warm with butter. MRS. A. N. D. S.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—*Dear Household:*—I have enjoyed the Kitchen corner so much, that I would like to do my part in helping to make it interesting. Three tablespoonfuls of tapioca soaked over night in water to cover. In the morning take a pail and set in a kettle of boiling water, into that put your tapioca and three pints of milk, let it boil slowly half an hour, then add the yolks of three eggs and three-fourths cup of sugar, let it cook a few minutes and pour into your dish, then add the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth, and beat all together. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.

POUND CAKE.—One pound of sugar, three-fourths pound of butter, eight eggs, one pound of sifted flour, one-fourth pound of citron, and flavor with mace or nutmeg.

LEMON PIE.—Grate the peel of two lemons, squeeze out the juice, two cups of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one-half cup of water, and the yolks of six eggs. Bake this slowly, and when done add the whites of the eggs with twelve tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar and one teaspoonful of lemon, return to the stove and brown quickly. Will make three pies on an ordinary sized pie plate. Will keep several days and be nice. E. U. M.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

GEO. E. CROWELL,—*Sir:*—A subscriber would like to inquire through your paper for recipes to make taffa candy and lemon drops.

Also, would like a recipe for apple fritters. J. C. P.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to inform the lady who is in despair on account of red ants, that if she will strew fine salt on the shelves of her pantry or cellar, first moistening them slightly with a damp cloth, the ants will trouble nothing that is placed on the shelves and in a very short time will disappear.

If L. J. J. will dissolve alum in boiling water, making a strong solution, and apply to every crack in the walls and crevice in the bedstead, she will have no more trouble with bed-bugs. I once sent this to a paper for publication, but as it never appeared I presume it was not thought worth publishing, but I know it to be most effectual.

If any are troubled with black ants a few sprigs of strong smelling herbs—such as tansy, spearmint or pennyroyal—placed upon shelves, will drive them away.

MRS. A. N. D. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Some months since Ruth inquired how to make light dumplings. Please tell her to take to each cup of cold water one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and flour sufficient to mix a little harder than common biscuit. Cut out and boil twenty minutes. These never fail to be light. AN OLD COOK.

DEAR SIR:—I want to add a word or two of my appreciation of your valuable paper. We have come to us, weekly, a large supply of papers, yet none quite takes the place of THE HOUSEHOLD. I would, and do, recommend this paper to all housekeepers, and to the younger ones. They cannot make of one dollar a more valuable investment. They will therein find what it has taken others years of experience to learn, and now, dear sisters, can we well afford to do without THE HOUSEHOLD? I say, let us all go in for THE HOUSEHOLD for 1874!

I should like to have some one tell me how to dry citron for cake? Will some one also please tell how to make hard soap that will compare favorably with Babbitts? Please answer and greatly oblige, J. E. W.

MR. CROWELL,—*Dear Sir:*—Please tell your ladies not to give recipes in pounds and ounces. We are too much driven with work here in Kansas ever to weigh anything. Give us measures.

How shall we clean zinc?

Where can shell combs be polished and a broken tooth inserted? There is a place in Boston, but we cannot ascertain the name of the firm.

Life in Kansas is a mortal conflict with dust and dirt, and myriads of insects. Decent housekeeping can be effected only at the price of "eternal vigilance." Thank THE HOUSEHOLD for its many useful hints.

Council Grove, Kansas. E. L. H. A.

MR. EDITOR.—*Dear Sir:*—Will some one of your numerous readers inform me how to keep plated and silver ware from tarnishing when not in use? I have wrapped mine in flannel, and find on examination they are so much soiled they are unfit to use until brightened. Also, the best method of removing the injury? and oblige. A SUBSCRIBER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your readers give a good recipe for rice muffins? I ate some at North Conway hotel last summer, and would like to make them. I hope some one will be able to give it through your columns, and oblige, A SUBSCRIBER.

MR. EDITOR:—Will some one of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD give some plain directions for making shell frames, and other kinds of shell work? and oblige,

LOUIE S.

MR. EDITOR:—I wish some one would send me full directions through your columns what kind of varnish is used to give walnut a good polish, and how to use it.

I would like to know the right way to make pumpkin pies with one crust? ADA.

MR. CROWELL,—*Dear Sir:*—I would like to ask if some friend of THE HOUSEHOLD can give directions for making ice cream candy? and oblige, A SUBSCRIBER.

Xenia, O.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—It is only a year since we became acquainted, and many a lonely hour have I read your cheering pages and been profited by it. Although I am no housekeeper, yet I always enjoy reading Mrs. Dorr's articles, and Patience Popular's "Hints to Housekeepers." As I read over some of the questions I wonder if it will be intruding if I ask a few questions.

Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me how to make mauve ink? also, is there any quick way of removing kerosene from an ingrain carpet? Please answer through THE HOUSEHOLD, and oblige, KIT.

Mrs. V. S. asks for a way to kill plantain. I killed it in my garden walks by cutting off the tops with a hoe close to the ground, and turning on strong brine. Any old brine will do. E. W. C.

DEAR SIR:—I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD for two years and like it very much indeed. I have tried many of the recipes and found them very good, and would like some of the many readers of your paper to inform me how to make a good rich squash pie, also how to make chocolate drops, such as are used by confectioners, and oblige, ABBY.

E. A. A. asks in the July number of THE HOUSEHOLD how to make muffins without yeast. Here is a very good recipe. One quart of flour, two eggs, beaten separately, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of lard, one teaspoonful of salt, one cup of sour milk, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

M. F. B. calls for cracker lemon pie. Here is one. To one lemon add one cup of sugar, one egg, one cracker (the large N. E. cracker) pounded fine, and one-half cup of water. Bake with two crusts.

Please tell Mrs. V. S. that she can kill plantain, or any other troublesome weed, by putting common salt on it, or treating it a few times to strong brine. We have destroyed plantain and burdock in this way during the present season.

Two inquiries come in the October number as to the treatment of the cactus. This is what the Floral Cabinet says: "Cacti succeed best in a mixture of sandy loam, mixed with brick and lime rubbish. They will stand any amount of heat, or will do well in a cool room. Keep from frost and water moderately, except while growing; water is their greatest enemy." Here let me say of The Floral Cabinet, which I see is advertised in the October number of THE HOUSEHOLD, that it is a most excellent little paper, very interesting and valuable to a lover of flowers. I hope very many of the HOUSEHOLD readers will become readers of that also. MRS. A. E. D.

I would like to have some one tell me how to make a wax cross and put on a vine of ivy leaves. If any one will tell me they will confer a great favor on a subscriber. LUE.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir:*—E. E. asks how to break the necks off of glass bottles. As she has advanced as far as the string, tell her to dip it in coal oil, tie it around where she wishes the bottle broken, light it with a match, and when the string has burned around, the glass will snap. Tap it lightly and the work is done.

I like THE HOUSEHOLD very much from beginning to end. Won't you please ask the butter-makers to come to the front? I am a new beginner in that branch, and would like to hear some suggestions. Thanks for the other recipes. MRS. P.

Crow's Landing, Cal.

LIFE'S CROSS.

In youth, life's cross to me appeared
  Only a thing of mist,
A fancied shape, in legend weird,
  That could but in a tale exist,
But year by year, though still afar,
  It near and nearer drew,
'Till now and then I saw a bar
  Across a path obstruct the view.

At most I sighed, then smiled and thought
  'Gainst stern resolve and will,
What fancied spell had ever wrought
  A great or lasting ill?
And on my way still smiling went,
  Scarce touched, though still I saw
The many forms with sorrow bent,
  The faces filled with awe.

At last it flamed before my way,
  This hateful cross of life,
It shut me from the light of day,
  And filled my soul with strife.
I would have fled, but when I turned,
  Upon me hung its weight,
Where'er it touched me there it burned,
  Its glowing angry shape.

Later, when time had schooled my eyes,
  And Patience wrought her art,
I ceased my struggles and my cries,
  And sought to bear a part.
I reached my arms to lift the load,
  I pressed it to my breast,
Content to stagger on the road,
  Without a thought of rest.

With every step with bleeding feet,
  With many a piteous loss,
Through driving storm or cold or heat,
  Still—still I bear my cross.
God knows, but yet he hides from me,
  Why we shall never part
Why he has deemed it best there be
  A cross sunk in my heart.

MAKING AN OMELETTE.

THE rain had been falling all day, and, tired out, had turned into the sort of mist that rises from the meadows at evening. We had just dined; baby, who had fallen asleep at dessert, had gone to bed, and we two, Louis and I, were standing at the open window, looking out at the sky and humming to ourselves.

"Suppose we leave the ark, Father Noah?" said my wife to me.

"I see no rainbow, my dear."

"So much the more reason for going out to look for it."

She left me, and came back hooded, booted and gloved. She took my arm with a good firm hold, leaning close up to me, as if we had just met after a long separation: "Oh how glad I am to get out! Don't you feel how good the air is? I should like to go on walking, walking. Let us go ever so far; it is broad daylight still." And she merrily urged me on, making great strides to keep pace with me.

We skirted the hedge, and, turning to the left, entered the wood. At that hour it was silent, damp and dripping, like the beard of a sea-god. The wet moss yielded to the foot like a saturated sponge, and a clear raindrop trembled to its fall on every leaf of the drooping branches.

"You will be very wet, dearest," I said to Louisa, stopping as I spoke.

"Oh, no matter; I have on my thick boots. Do let us go on."

So we went on. I thanked my wife for her courage that evening, for nothing on earth is more beautiful than the forest after a rain, especially at sunset, when all is silence and peace. The wind has gone down, the weary rain has crept back to its clouds, the very birds are falling asleep and dreaming of dryness. To me there is a well-loved charm in feeling really alone, when there are only two of us and we arm in arm; in walking under the great green arches; in breathing the keen scent of the moist wood; in striking my stick against the massive oaks and hearing the long sonorous echo from the neighboring trees; in stopping short at the cry of a breaking twig, at the sound of the drops pattering from leaf to leaf; in drawing in long breaths of the fresh, rain-washed air, in listening with my eyes (if I may use the expression) to the exquisite harmony of all these shy and subtle tones. The metaphor is so true that it has become trite, but I do not use it for the sake of stringing words together.

On a fine day, when the sun is near setting, everything grows rosy and high-colored, like the face of a handsome girl spinning over the fire. There is a warmth and vividness of tone, boon Nature is thrilled and touched, and we feel that through the day she has had her share of love and pleasure and work. The forest is warm; the foliage sparkles with diamonds and rubies and emeralds, and every now and then on the mossy trunks you catch a sudden startling gleam of gold. Then you have an orchestra with all its effect, a rich and brilliant harmony, like the unexpected sight of a royal treasure-chest, like a cathedral where the loud trumpets burst out and a whole nation shouts Allelula!

But on a gray day it is quite another thing; no brightness then, no trumpets and drums; Nature goes to her bed that night with tearful eyes and a marked desire to yawn. The violins, deadened that she may sleep, are at their lowest and slowest; you can hardly hear their music. It is like a dream, but so sweet is its voice, so exquisite its harmony, that it is not an easy thing for the loitering lover of the music of the eye to decide which phase he prefers—the forest veiled in the grey mantle of twilight or the forest dazzling in its golden gleams of splendor.

We were going along under a clump of birches, when a gentle little wind passed over us, stirring the tree-tops, and they, with a sudden shake, like a bird from the bath, sent down on us a shower of liquid diamonds.

"Oh, heavens!" cried Louisa, stopping dead short, "the horrid wind: I am soaked!"

Her skirts fluttered in the wind, and I caught sight of two tiny boots firmly planted close together in the grass.

"Perfectly soaked!" she repeated "my hood was pushed back, and I have a deluge down my neck—a whole river."

"Where, poor dear? where?"

"Where? Just in the middle of my throat, I say—in the little place—"

She looked at me and we laughed. It was there I always kissed her. Habits are easily formed, even in youth.

I brushed off all the rain, readjusted her hood, and when she was comfortable again, she said with a smile:

"You are very nice."

I rather think I kissed her. And in high good humor we danced over the fern, she leaning on my arm then, as we came into the sonorous silence of the high growth, she suddenly broke out, to the tune of the "Marseilles," into a foolish little song of her own invention about a wicked husband who did not love his wife at all, at all. She looked so mischievous as she hurried on, singing and smiling and showing her pretty white teeth, that I began to sing with her. We behaved like children; we knew it and we liked it—it is a good thing.

All at once we came to a place which might have been a quagmire, a dried-up marsh or a worked-out quarry—I don't know which; but ground was upturned, the trees were destroyed, and the gnarled roots looked angrily out from the briers.

"Are you sure we shan't lose our way?" said Louisa, looking at me.

"No, dearest."

"And if we are lost, what will that poor little fellow, asleep in his cradle this minute, say to-morrow? Shall we go back? Say, shall we go back?"

"But we are only twenty minutes from home, not more."

"Yes, yes, travelers who are lost in the woods always think they are only twenty minutes from home. I don't like those ugly twisted trees; there must be crowds of animals living in those roots." She shuddered, and stooping forward to listen, said,

"There do you hear? Don't you hear those heavy blows? Hush, hush—heavy, heavy blows. At this hour, in the forest, what can it be? The sun is setting; shan't we go back?"

I listened, and did indeed hear a dull sound, the cause of which was easy to guess. I could have told at once, but I liked too well to see her as she stood, serious and bent to listen, her lips parted, and her eyes fixed on mine; it gave me too much pleasure to have her clinging to me in her fright, and in my egotism I answered without moving a muscle:

"It is strange indeed. I do hear heavy blows. Let us go and see what it is; it can't be far."

"Go there! Dear George, you are mad!" She threw her arms around me, and raising herself to my ear, almost whispered, "I am frightened; come away, please—please come away."

"What a little coward you are! Didn't you recognize the sound—the woodcutters working in the clearing?"

"And you expect me to believe in your woodcutters? What are they doing, pray?"

"They are cutting up oak logs to make staves for barrels; that's the whole of the mystery."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, dear."

"Are woodcutters good people?"

"Particularly these; I know them well. Let us go and see them; it won't take three minutes."

She consented to follow me, lagging a little behind. In another minute or we were in the most picturesque of spots. Before us were two or three cabins like the wigwams on the shore of Lake Ontario, descibed in Cooper's novels, consisting of a pile of boards and trunks of trees, blackened, moss-grown, damp and dark, topped by a white chimney, whence a feather of blue smoke escaped into the green vault above us. Around this settlement were heaps of logs, mountains of chips, pyramids of yellowish-red planks, and on a line stretched from tree to tree a few clothes making believe to dry. The ground next to the huts was trodden down, and at a little low door an old woman was feeding a dozen chickens.

"Good evening, sir—good evening madame," said the old woman, as we approached. "Won't you come in and warm yourselves a little? It's pretty fresh this evening."

Louisa was looking at everything as she would have looked at a successful stage effect. We went in.

The inside was worthy of the outside. The hut was of irregular shape, full of chinks and corners; in the middle on the ground, blazed a magnificent fire, the fireplace being indicated by four iron bars, which kept the burning brands in their place. There was a hole in the roof, as in the impluvian of a Roman house, and the flames soared high; beyond the opening, through a yawning chimney, which let in the daylight and let out the smoke, we saw branches and gray sky. In the embers was a pot set to boil, and in the corner of the cabin, in a confusion of tools, materials and refuse, three men—one a little old fellow with hollow cheeks and a brickdust complexion—were chopping away with all their might and main. The three were father, son, and son-in-law; this was their workshop and their home, and here they lived and labored year in and year out, winter and summer through. Once a week the son went to the village for provisions, and on Sunday the whole family played at bowls under the great trees.

As we entered, they stopped work, and each man, having spoken to us, put down his axe—an enormous, sharp-pointed blade and a short handle, admirably adapted to the murder of oaks, but sinister of aspect. Louisa drew somewhat closer to me on the little bench where we had seated ourselves.

"Don't we interrupt your work?" I asked of the old man.

"Thank you kindly, no, sir; we are just going to supper."

The two young men pulled down their sleeves, and they all went round a large table of primitive construction, made of a board and four legs still in the rough. While they were setting out plates of thick blue stoneware, the old woman brought a great pan and threw into the fire an armful of chips.

In this strange, rude interior, Louisa looked so refined and delicate, with all her dainty appointments of long, undressed-kid gloves, jaunty boots and looped-up petticoat. While I talked to the woodcutters, she shielded her face from the fire with her hands, and kept her eyes on the butter beginning to sing in the pan.

Suddenly she rose, and taking the pan-handle from the old woman, said:

"Let me help you make the omelette, will you?"

The good woman let go with a smile,

and Louisa found herself alone, in the attitude of a fisherman who had just had a nibble. She stood in the full light of the fire, her eyes fixed on the melted butter, her arms tense with effort; she was biting her lips, probably in order to increase her strength.

"It's rather hard on madam's little hands," said the old man. "I bet it's the first time you ever made an omelette in a woodcutter's hut—isn't it, my young lady?"

Louisa nodded yes without turning her eyes from the omelette. "The eggs! the eggs!" she suddenly exclaimed, with such a look of uneasiness that we all burst out a laughing—"hurry with the eggs! The butter is all puffing up! Be quick, or I can't answer for the consequences."

The old woman beat the eggs energetically.

"The herbs!" cried the old man. "The lard and salt!" cried the young ones. And they all set to work, chopping, cutting, piling up, while Louisa, standing with excitement, calling out, "make haste! nake haste!"

Then there was a tremenduous bubbling in the pan, and the great work began. We were all around the fire, gazing with an anxious interest, inspired by our all having a finger in the pie.

The old woman, on her knees beside a large dish, slipped a knife under the edge of the omelette, which was turning a fine brown, "Now madame, you've only got to turn it over," she said.

"Just one little quick blow," suggested the old man.

"Musn't he violent," commanded the young man.

"All at once; up with it dear!" said I.

"If you all talk at once—"

"Make haste, madame?"

"If you all talk at once, I never shall manage it. It is too awfully heavy."

"One quick little blow."

"But I can't its going over. Oh, my gracious!"

In the heat of the action her hood had fallen off. Her cheeks were like a peach, her eyes shone, and though she lamented her fate, she burst out into a peal of laughter. At last, by a supreme effort, the pan moved and the omelette rolled over, somewhat heavily, I confess, into the large dish which the old woman was holding.

Never did omelette look better.

"I am sure the young lady's arms must be tired," said the old man, as he began cutting a round loaf into enormous slices.

"Oh no, not so very," my wife answered, with a merry laugh; "only I am crazy to taste my—our omelette."

We seated ourselves round the table. When we had eaten and drunk with the good souls, we rose and made ready to go home. The sun had set, and the whole family came out of the cabin to see us off and say good night.

"Don't you want my son to go with you?" the old woman called after us.

It was growing dark and chilly under the trees, and we gradually quickened our pace.

"Those are happy people," said Louisa. "We will come some morning and breakfast with them, shan't we? We can put the baby in one of the donkey-panniers, and in the other a large pastry and a bottle of wine. You are not afraid of losing our way, George?"

"No, dear—no fear of that."

"A pastry and a bottle of wine—what is that?"

"Nothing—the stump of a tree,"

"The stump of a tree, the stump of a tree?" she muttered. "Don't you hear something behind us?"

He is fortunate who at night in the heart of a forest, feels as calm as at his own fireside. You do not tremble, but you feel the silence. Involuntarily you look for eyes peering out of the darkness, and you try to define the confused forms appearing and chaning every minute. Something breaks and sounds beneath your tread, and if you stop you hear the distant, melancholy howl of a watch dog, the scream of an owl, and the noise, far and near, not so easily explained. A sense of strangeness surrounds you and weighs you down. If you are alone, you walk faster; if there are two of you, you draw closer to your companion. My wife clung to my arm.

"Let us turn woodcutters. We could build a pretty little hut, simple, but nice enough. I would have curtains to the windows and a carpet, and put my piano in one corner."

She spoke very low, and occasionally I felt her hand tremble on my arm.

"You would soon get enough of that, dearest."

"It isn't fair to say so." And in another minute she went on: "You think I don't love you, you and our dear boy? Oh yes, dear, I love you. Yes, yes, yes. The happines that comes every day can't be expressed; we live on it, so we don't think of it, Like our daily bread—who thinks of that? And yet it is life itself, isn't it? But when you are thinking of yourself, when you put your head down and really then you say, 'I am ungrateful, for I am happy and I give no thanks for it.' Or when we are alone together and walking arm in arm, at this very moment—I love you, dear, I love you." She put her head down on my arm and pressed it earnestly. "Oh," she said, "if I were to lose you!" She spoke very low, as if afraid. What had frightened her? the darkness and the forest, or her own words? She went on: "I have often and often dreamed that I was saying 'good-bye' to you. You both cried, and I pressed you so close to my heart that there was only one of us. It was a nightmare, you know, but I don't mind it, for it showed me that my life was in your lives, dear. What is that creaking noise? Don't you see something just in front of us?"

I answered her by taking her in my arms and folding her to my heart.

We walked on, but it was impossible to go on talking. Every now and then she would stop and say:

"Hush! hark! No, it is nothing."

At last we saw ahead of us a little light, now visible, now hidden by a tree. It was the lamp set for us in our parlor window. We crossed the stile and were at home. It was high time, for we were wet through.

I brought a huge log, and when the fire had blazed up, we sat down in the great chimney place. The poor girl was shivering. I took off her boots, and held her feet to the fire, screening them with my hands.

"Thanks, dear George, thanks!" she said, leaning on my shoulder and looking at me so tenderly that I felt almost ready to cry.

"What were you saying to me in that horrid wood, my darling?" I asked her when she was better.

"You are thinking about that? I was frightened, that is all, and when you are frightened you see ghosts."

"We will be woodcutters, shan't we?"

And kissing me with a laugh, she replied, "It is bed-time man of the woods."

I well remember that walk, for it was our last. Often, and often since, at sunset on a dark day, I have been over the same ground; often and often I have stopped where she stood, and stooped and pulled aside the fern, seeking to find, poor fool that I am, the traces of her vanished footsteps. And I have often halted in the clearing under the birches which rained down on us, and there in the shadow, I have fancied I saw the flutter of her dress, I have thought I heard her startled note of fright. And on my way home at night, at every step I have found a recollection of her in the distant barking and the breaking of branches, as in the trembling of her hand on my arm and the kiss which I gave her.

Once I went into the wood-hut. I saw it all as before—the family, the smoky interior, the little bench on which we sat—and I asked for something to drink, that I might see the glass her lips had touched.

"The little lady who maketh such good omelettes, she isn't sick, for sure?" asked the old woman.

Probably she saw the tears in my eyes, for she said no more and I came away.

And so it is all that, except in my heart, where she lives and is, all that was my darling grows faint and dark and dim.

It is the law of life, but it is a cruel law. Even my poor child is learning to forget, and when I say to him, most unwillingly, "Baby dear, do you remember how your mother did this or that?" he answers yes, but I see, alas! that he, too, is ceasing to remember.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Forty-two.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Rushing through Ohio as if borne on the wings of the wind, or to speak more prosaically, whirling through it on an express train, just after the reception of THE HOUSEHOLD for November, I thought of "Maud" and her "cry of distress." In every "queer dry, poky, out of the way place" through which we swept, without once deigning to stop, I looked for the "roof-tree" and the nine or eleven (which is it?) "olive-plants" of whom Maud is the oldest. And whenever I chanced to see by the road-side, or upon the platform of some country station, any especially bright-faced, intelligent-looking girl, who seemed as if she might be "just turned of nineteen," I wondered if it was she! But if she was there she made no sign, and I resolved that the very next time we of THE HOUSEHOLD met together after I should be at home again, I would hunt her up and we would have a little chat.

So, Maud, this bit of a talk concerns you, and the rest of the girls who like you are crying for "something to do."

You wished "Mrs. Dorr or some one else, would tell you what they think of your aspirations, or point out a better path." Dear child, that is not an easy thing to do. It is always grand to aspire,—for, as I said in this very place not long ago, aspiration is the key to all lofty living. No man or woman ever did any thing worth doing, ever accomplished any good for himself or for others, who did not aim high and who was not willing to labor long and patiently in the oftentimes vain hope of reaching the object aimed at. So you can have no aspirations after anything that shall tend to lift either yourself or your fellows to a higher plane of thought and action, in which you will not have the truest sympathy from all lovers of noble doing.

But right here I am going to take the liberty (begging the writer's pardon therefor) of making a few extracts from a letter that lies upon my table, written in a bold, manly hand.

"I am a little curious to see what you will say to 'Maud.' It is evident that she has talent; but alas! for her, if she attempts to make a living by her pen! A young friend of mine who is quite a writer, and who has received considerable remuneration from some of our best papers, is at present in a printing office. I speak of ——— ———, who has written for the ——— ———. She is setting type and writing what she can. Her education, if only her health and strength would admit, is sufficient to conduct a Ladies' Seminary, and she has done it. Yet she is content to set type."

You see the point, Maud. This young lady, who has already some reputation and who has the advantage of being thoroughly educated, finds that she *cannot earn her living by the use of her pen*. Doubtless there are hundreds of other girls, not only in this country but in England, who have within the last five years made precisely the same discovery. Perhaps since your letter was written you may have seen a late number of Scribner's monthly—I forget the exact date—in which Dr. Holland under the head of "Topics of the Times," treats of this very matter. In that article he makes what will probably seem to you an astounding statement; viz, that in his oplnion there are not ten persons in America, outside of a salaried position, whose pens actually support them! It is a hard saying, is it not? I fancy I can see just how you are shaking your head over it in a sort of incredulous dismay. For young girls—and young men, too, for the matter of that—are apt to have Utopian fancies as to the amount of money that may be coined from their bright, eager brains, teeming with a wealth of thought and emotion that is sure to prove sterling metal.

But let us look at it a little. There is a deal of good, practical common sense in your letter—a quality which

as we grow older we are fain to consider rarer than the *un*common sense we call genius—and I am sure you want the truth, rather than any sentimental rhapsody over the "craving for utterance" that sooner or later comes to nearly all of us. We are talking of writing, now, you know, merely as a means of earning one's bread and butter, the fig-leaves that seem to be indispensable in all climates, and a roof to shelter one.

The daily and weekly press, with a few rare exceptions, pay next to nothing to occasional contributors; and to the columns of those rare exceptions, it is next to impossible for a neophyte to gain admission. They need skilled labor, not the experiments of apprentices. Therefore their work is done in most cases by a well-trained editorial force, aided by experienced correspondents.

Next come the monthlies. Many of them, all the first class ones, in fact, do pay liberally for whatever articles it pleases them to accept. But just think what a vast army of writers there is, and how comparatively small is the number of articles that all the magazines in the country, taken in the aggregate, can use each month. Suppose you send your poem, story, essay, or whatever it may be, to Harper, or Scribner, or the Atlantic, or —any of the others. Ten chances to one it will come back to you in a week, (always provided you have enclosed stamps enough) and in one corner you will find a few figures. They have no cabalistic meaning. They simply indicate that your article happens to be the 37910th—more or less—on which the editors of that monthly have already passed judgment. Now it by no means follows that your "piece" is not good. It is possible that it may be just as good as the fortunate few out of the 37910, that have gone into that paradise of manuscripts, the editorial pigeon-holes. But it does mean that the supply so far exceeds the demand that even very good articles must often be declined, simply because the editors have not room to print them.

Now having supposed that you have offered your manuscripts for publication, let us farther suppose that they are accepted. Let us even imagine that you are so fortunate as to succeed in disposing of one article for each month in the year. You could hardly expect to do more than that. After remembering how fearfully manuscript shrinks under the manipulations of the printer, and how many written pages it takes to make one of printed matter, let us take into consideration the fact that it would be years, probably, before you could hope to command more than five dollars for a page the size of Harper's magazine. From many of the popular monthlies you would not get even so much as that; and I ought to add, in a parenthesis, that unless you were employed to write a serial or something of the sort, the chances of your being able to sell twelve articles a year, at a fair price, are not quite equal to those of your being struck by lightning.

It is not pleasant, dear Maud, to say this, knowing that you and, perhaps, many other young girls are hoping for a different answer. Neither is it pleasant to say another thing that remains to be said; viz, that success in literature demands a long and severe apprenticeship—an apprenticeship which comparatively few have strength or patience to endure. It means work, hard work. It is not difficult in the flush of one's eager youth, in some sudden fit of inspiration, to dash off a few graceful verses, or to write a tolerably good story. But real, downright authorship means far more than that. It means the taking up, in one sense, of a life-long burden. Having once put one's hand to the plow, it is not easy to go back. It means writing day after day when it is mere task-work—when the inspiration has all evaporated, and you bring to your labor no more enthusiasm than you would to the darning of a pair of stockings. Books are not written in spasms of enthusiastic joy, however they may be begun. The joy of creating *is* a joy; but it wears itself out, and the work begun with flushing cheeks and a throbbing pulse is often finished in weariness and pain.

No, Maud, it is not easy to earn one's livlihood by the use of one's pen. There is another thing that authorship means. It means that one must often submit to injustice and cruel misconstruction. It means that very often when you have put your whole heart and soul and conscience into a particular piece of work, when you have tried to do your very best, not only for your own sake, but for God's sake, when you have written the words of truth and soberness, or put into the form of a parable truths that seem to you vital as life itself, and as vast as eternity, some sapient critic or learned philosopher will declare that you said precisely what you did not say, and that you meant precisely what you did not mean. If you write poems you will be asked "cui bono?"—when Homer sung so many ages ago. If your thought takes the form of an essay, this same critic will say that you are prosy and tedious and that the public ear is tired of sermons. If you are guilty of writing a novel in lieu of the sermon—lo! you are that dreadful creature a sensationalist—and are pandering to unwholesome tastes, if not to unholy passions. The sooner an author grows thick-skinned the better; and after all he must seek to please himself and his own conscience rather than any critic whatsoever.

How about the "better path?" I cannot point it out, Maud. No woman can tell what another woman had better do. One thing may, however, be said for your encouragement. You are still young; and day by day the doors that lead to new fields of work for women, and to better wages as well, are opening wider. Places and circumstances order our lives for us as a general thing; for we must either rule or be ruled, and comparatively few of us women are strong enough to command fate. Yet wherever we are, whatever may be our work, if we do our best we shall not fail of our reward.

One word more. I have spoken most discouragingly of the chances of success in a literary life; and I am sorry to be obliged to believe that all authordom will endorse my words. Yet if the "woe is me" is upon you, you will write and find joy in it, in despite of crosses and disappointments and manifold hinderances—and I should be the very last to bid you forego the joy! For after all, "literature *is* its own exceeding great reward"—a reward which although it may be enhanced by popular appreciation and pecuniary success, is yet by no means dependent thereon. If you have anything to say that is worth saying, there is but little doubt that you will say it. The birds sing without reasoning about their songs, just because they cannot help it; and if you have the true fire of authorship burning in your heart as a "live coal from off the altar," you can no more help writing than you can help breathing.

But do not lean too heavily upon your pen lest it should pierce you to the heart. It is a poor support. God bless you and all the other girls of nineteen, who are bravely looking life in the face and demanding its stern secrets!

THE DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.

The little village of E——, was one of the many mining towns in the interior of California, and in this village dwelt Dr. Hammond and his family. They were noted for their kind hospitality, and the interest they took in the general welfare of the village.

So it very often happened that their only daughter Artie was the belle of many social parties. There it was that she repeatedly meet a young man by the name of Charles Bavly, and his fancy for Miss Artie's pretty face, blue eyes, and dark brown curls, kept him constantly by her side.

But what I was going to tell you was this—that the doctor had made up his mind to spend the summer up near Lake Tahoe, so he could have a fine time hunting and fishing during the heated term and, as a matter of course he wanted to take his family with him, for he could not think of leaving them down there in the terrible heat of summer.

Now Artie did not like this idea at all so after having a good cry about it, she came into the parlor where Mrs. Hammond sat and said:

"Now, mamma, this is to bad; just to think of us going away off up into the mountains, where we can't see anything but Indians and sage brush. I shall die, mamma, I know I shall, if you take me away off up there."

"I? No, my dear," said Mrs. Hammond, gently; "and to tell the truth, Artie, I shall be glad to get away off up there, where you can't do so much running around. I am about sick of this going all the time."

"Well, I am not," said Miss Artie, with an independent toss of her pretty head, as she went off to the window. She had not been there long before she saw some one coming up the lane which led to the house. Then she turned to her mother and said:

"O, mamma, Charlie Bavey is coming here."

"Yes, just as I expected; you can't think of anything but Charlie Bavey now," said Mrs. Hammond, as she left the room.

She soon heard Artie and Charlie talking very low together, so she began to wonder what they were saying, and finally she went to the door to listen. She heard Charlie say:

"Yes, darling, I will come with the buggy just at dark to-morrow, so we can go and get married in a very short time. Your folks won't think of such a thing until it's too late."

"But, Charlie, suppose papa won't forgive us," said Artie.

"Oh, there's no danger but he will; and you'll go, won't you Artie? Only think what a heavy, lonesome life it will be without you, darling."

As Artie looked up into a pair of very loving hazel eyes, she smilingly said:

"Yes, Charlie."

"Now, good night, darling, and by this time to-morrow night you'll be my darling little wife."

Saying this Charlie kissed her and was gone.

Now, as Mrs. Hammond had been listening all the time, she heard everything Charlie said. So she said to herself, ironically:

"Your dear little wife by this time to-morrow night. Oh yes, we'll see about that."

But when Artie came out, her mother was sitting at the table sewing. She looked up and asked:

"Well Artie has Charlie gone?"

"Yes, mamma," was all that she said, as she left the room.

The next day passed off, at last, and just at dark a buggy drove up at the front gate.

"Now," thought Mrs. Hammond, "I'll show them a trick that's worth two of theirs."

So she put on Artie's cloak and hat, and ran down to the gate. A gentleman very gallantly helped her into the buggy, but never spoke a word.

"Well," thought she, "he's afraid to speak for fear Artie's father and mother will hear him. Ahem!"

So away they went, and Mrs. Hammond sat there thinking what a trick she had played on Artie by running away with Charlie. Then she began to wonder if this was the way he treated Artie when they went out riding; and next, what the doctor would say? But what puzzled her the most was that they were going in an opposite direction from what she expected. So at last she said:

"Well, Charlie, hadn't we better go home?"

Imagine her surprise to hear the doctor's voice answer.

"What! Maggie, is this you? what in the name of all that's good, bad, and indifferent, are you doing here?"

"Oh, doctor, I thought it was Charlie!"

"Well, I'd like to know where you were going with Charlie, at this time of night?"

"Indeed! and I'd like to know whom you thought you had in here if not me?" answered Mrs. Hammond.

"Indeed! I thought it was Artie!"

"And what in the world ever put such a notion into your head as to take Artie out at this time of night?"

"Well, the fact of it is, Maggie, as I sat on the porch last evening I overheard Charlie and Artie talking about running off and getting married, so I thought I'd just save Charlie the

trouble, and take Artie out for a ride. I began to think she was keeping very still."

"Doctor," said Mrs. Hammond, "that's just what I heard, and my object in going with Charlie was the same as yours in taking Artie off."

"We are a couple of pretty fools to be eloping in this way; here we are home again."

Saying this the doctor helped his wife out of the buggy, and then went into the house. One glance at the empty room convinced them that Artie had gone, they could easily guess where. So they made up their minds to make the best of it, and wait for the runaways to come home.

The next morning, when Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bavey came home to implore forgiveness for running off to get married, they could not understand the mischievous twinkle in Dr. Hammond's eyes, as he readily forgave them, and said:

"Certainly, children; I ran off with your mother once and didn't know it."

Charlie and Artie looked from one to the other and asked:

"How? When? Where?"

The doctor only laughed, and shook his head, as though the story was too good to tell and that was all they could get out of him.

A LIFE IN WHICH NOTHING HAPPENED.

BY ALICE E. BRYANT.

I once remember seeing a poor little lame girl, who lay helpless, day after day, upon a bed of pain; and I asked her, "Don't you get very tired lying here, Lizzie?"

"Oh no, ma'am," was her cheerful reply, "there is always something happening to pass away the time."

After that I remember I did not pity her half as much as I did the nuns in a convent close by, in whose life nothing ever happened, or was expected to happen, when the weary, slow-footed days grew into weeks, weeks into months, and the months add themselves into years, and no change or hope of change to break the weary monotony; one day just like another, and the day of death the only one in the circle that would bring deliverance. There are many such lives, alas! outside a convent's doors. Too often men and women are content with merely vegetating; they plod along, day after day, in the dull routine of working, eating and sleeping, taking no thought of the great pulsing, throbbing stream of life, outside their insignificant boundaries, not even "Let us eat, drink, for to-morrow we die," can be their motto, for they seem to take no thought of death, or make any preparation for what lies beyond.

Thoreau says, that "most men, even in this free country, through ignorance or mistake, are so occupied by the coarse labors of life, that its finer fruits cannot be plucked by them, their fingers by excessive toil are too clumsy and tremble too much for that." How truly Mrs. Stowe recognizes that when in "Oldtown Folks" she makes one poor woman say, "I should be glad enough to get down on my knees and have a season of prayer with the ministers, but I can't leave my work. If I ever get to heaven, my mind will run, like an old rusty machine, on the work that's to be done down here, the baking, the washing, the churning, so that I'm afraid I shan't be able to rest, or to listen to the angels, a bit."

It is too true. There are thousands just such weary lives whose hearts and souls are starved, and their bodies mere machines. I know a woman thirty-five years old who is an example. She never was ten miles from her native town, never saw a city, or a railroad train, or anything of the vast world which lies outside the narrow circle of her native hills. She has been married seventeen years, and all that time she has been engaged in a ceaseless routine of sweeping, mopping, baking, and washing. She has not averaged more than five dollars a year for clothes, she has not a carpet, nor an easy chair, nor a book, picture, or ornament of any kind, to make her home attractive to her, yet she is happy, and not one of her friends thinks of pitying her. Is her condition any the less deplorable because she is ignorant of it?

"She had lived we'll say,
A harmless life, she called a virtuous life,
A quiet life, which was not life at all.
(But *that* she had not lived enough to know.")

In a little town in Vermont where I chance to be stopping, men and women alike work from sunrise till sunset, without ceasing. "What are you working for? what's your motive?" I asked my landlady, one day. "Wall, the work's got to be done, and I've got to do it, that's all I ask about it. We're working to get a living. I s'pose there aint many folks in these parts that get much more." I said, "I know a farmer in Connecticut who would pay your husband three times what he earns here, and the work not so hard; if you would consent to go, I could write him." "Wall, no, I don't s'pose we'd want to; we've always lived here, you see, and I don't believe I'd like it anywhere else." So she, and many others, are content to live, and sometime to die, in the same spot. Their hearts and souls are so buried in the ruts of hard labor and petty economy that at the last great day, how can they be resurrected and prepared for the glories of that upper world which sometimes they vaguely hope to possess?

There is a fine piece of woods not two rods from where I am stopping. I have been out there every day since I came, listening to the music of the tall pines, and the birds, seeing where tidy nature has covered dead, unsightly trees with beautiful moss, noting where mighty winds had prostrated strong trees, and the onward flow of the noisy brook had worn deep holes in its rocky bed. I gather, daily, new gems in flowers, ferns, or moss. All are strange to my landlady. "Don't you ever go out there?" I once asked. "Land sakes, no, I never go into the woods. I meant to have gone last fall and got some harbs, but somehow I never got around to it." What power shall break in upon these monotonous souls, these lives in which nothing ever happens? What can lift them up from this dead level, which is not living at all, to that higher plane of thought and action which makes an intelligent soul?

A spirit of discontent must be aroused, a sense of the soul's great need, and the folly and danger of starving it on the trivial details of household economy. Women are too self-denying, too willing to give up that which is their right to have; if they can afford to live at all, they ought to afford to have good books to give food to their souls and breadth to their ideas. I never heard of a man yet, who, if he was fond of his pipe, or his dram, did not find the means of getting them.

I hope no woman who reads this will feel too poor or too busy to feed her soul with the bread of life; there is no poverty like poverty of spirit, and, thank God, there is no need of that! Don't let your life be a dull, ceaseless monotone, a weary routine of endless drudgery, with no aim beyond. You were meant for something nobler, higher, or you would not have been created. Is the soul for the body, or the body for the soul? Are you for your house, or is your house for you? If this life you are living was all, if you were not bought for a price and put here for a purpose, and must be responsible for your own immortal soul, then might you live on a level with the brute, and be content; then might you be satisfied with your commonplaceness, your every-day routine of work and wrong, and never look up higher.

SOMETHING TO DO.

BY GYPSEY TRAINE.

"If I only had something to do," exclaimed a weary devotee to society; "there are servants enough to do the housework, sewing I know nothing about, of music and drawing I am heartily tired. If I could only do something grand, something that would make me famous, if I could follow in the footsteps of Florence Nightingale or—"

Just here Hannah looks in. "Please, Miss, a ragged little fellow at the door says, 'Will I please give him a bit of bread, or something for his sick mamma; she is very sick and has nothing to eat.'"

"That is all a made up story, Hannah. You should know better. Tell him to go to work and and earn his bread, instead of begging it through the streets."

The kind hearted Hannah slips a few pennies from her own pocket into the child's hand, and sends him away, the fine lady having refused the very work for which she had been sighing. And she is only one of a thousand. Because work finds its way to our hands unsought, or because it chances to be something so common, found in the every-day grooves of life, we often let pass the opportunity for doing good, looking for wonderful things ahead, forgetting that it is only in the present we can act. Those persons, whose reputations for charity, noble deeds and self sacrifice are world-wide, did not go about seeking for something that would engrave their names on the monument of fame, but strove, day by day, to perform well each task that came before them. Their deeds of love and mercy were to render others happy, not to aggrandize themselves. We cannot all stand on the topmost round of the ladder of life, but we can cling fast to the one on which we rest, while we strive for, and look aloft to the next.

There is something for every one to do. No one need be idle who has sufficient energy to bestir one's self. If you can do nothing more than speak a kind word to some burdened, suffering heart, do that, not in the hope of a reward, but because your soul so yearns to comfort this sorrowing one that you can't help doing it. If, perchance, you are a servant and out of patience with the petty duties you have to perform, remember it is not the "position that degrades the person, but the person that dignifies the position." Do well the work ready for you, resting assured that if God intends you to labor in other fields, He will open a way for you to enter there. If you are doing the best you can, you have no cause for discouragement, but if you are not, if you have not yet awakened to the duties and realities of life, give a few moments' thought to the object for which you are living, asking yourself the question, if the world is any better or happier for your being in it. Don't waste your time in idle complaints, when you should be wide awake, ready to seize the first opportunity of being useful. There is no use in going through the world with our eyes and hearts shut. Open both, and do not close them at the first unseemly picture that presents itself.

Should you receive reproaches instead of thanks, even then do not let the smile fade from your face in despair, for you know there is One who does not keep accounts as mortals are apt to do, and who overlooks not the smallest item.

"Let me then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

AN ITEM FOR BORROWERS.

The subject of borrowing and lending came up in the course of a conversation with a subscriber living near Ithaca, when he suddenly recollected a funny reminiscence of that character which had happened in his own neighborhood. He said he had a neighbor whose family were great borrowers, but not so distinguished as paymasters — they were always borrowing, but seldom if ever returned the exact amount borrowed. An old Quaker lady, another neighbor, who had endured these invasions for a long time patiently, hit upon a very philosophical mode of eventually putting a stop to the nuisance. Keeping her own counsel, the next time the good man went to town, he had a separate and express order to purchase a pound of the best tea, and also a new canister to put it in; as he knew she already had plenty of tea, and also a canister, he was puzzled to determine what the old lady wanted of more tea and a new canister, but his questioning and reasonings elicited nothing more than a repetition of the order:

"Jim, did I not tell thee to get me a pound of the best tea and a new canister? Now, go along and do as I bid thee."

And go along he did, and when he came home at night the tea and new canisters were his companions. The old lady took them from him with an amused expression on her usually placid features, and depositing the tea in the canister, set it on the shelf for a special use. It had not long to wait, for the borrowing neighbor had frequent use for the aromatic herb. The good old lady loaned generously, emptying back in the canister any remittance of borrowed teas which the neighbor's conscience inclined her to make.

Time went on, and after something less than the one hundredth time of borrowing, the neighbor again appeared for "just another drawing of tea," when the oft-visited tea canister was brought out, and found to be empty, and the good old lady and obliging neighbor was one pound of tea poorer than when she bought the new canister, which now only remained to tell the story. Then she made a little characteristic speech, perhaps the first in her life; she said:

"Thou seest that empty canister. I filled it for thee with a pound of my best tea, and I have let it all to thee in driblets, and put into it all thou hast sent me in return, and none but thyself hath taken therefrom or added unto it, and now thou seest it empty; therefore I will say to thee, thou hast borrowed thyself out, and I can lend thee no more!"—*Weekly Ithacan.*

WEDDING-DAY SUPERSTITIONS.

In olden days, June was held the most propitious month in the twelve for marriage, a happy result being rendered doubly certain if the ceremony was timed so as to take place at the full moon, or when the sun and moon were in conjunction. May is in these later days a favorite marrying month, so that one's matrimonial superstition has gone the way all such fancies are doomed, sooner or later, to go; for May used to be as much avoided by persons about to marry as June was favored, that merry month being supposed to be specially under the influence of malignant spirits delighting in domestic discord. "The girls are all stark naught that wed in May," is the verdict of one old saw; another declares—

> "From the marriages in May
> All the bairns die and decay;"

a third pronounces: "Who marries between the sickle and the scythe will never thrive;" while a poet complimenting the month at the expense of what should be the ruling passion in marriage-minded folks, sings—

> May never was the month of Love,
> For May is full of flowers;
> But rather April, wet by kind!
> For Love is full of showers!

But if old sayings rule the world, there would be no marrying at all, for a very old one avers that no man enters the holy state without repenting his rashness before the year is out; unless, indeed, everybody determined like the old Norfolk farmer, to cheat the adage by wedding on the 31st of December.

It was considered improper to marry upon Innocents' Day, because it commemorated the slaughter of the children by Herod; and it was equally wrong to wed upon St. John's Day. In fact, the whole season of Lent was declared sacred from the intrusion of Hymen's devotees. "Marry in Lent, and you'll repent!" and there are good people among us still who, if they do not believe that bit of proverbial wisdom to be prophetic, undoubtedly think Lenten wedders deserve to find it so.

We may possibly be doing a service to some of our readers by informing them (on the authority of a manuscript of the fifteenth century, quoted in "The Book of Days,") there are just thirty-two days in the year upon which it is unadvisable to enter into matrimony—namely, seven in January, three each in Feburary, March, May and December, two each in April, June, July, August, September and November; and one in October, the best month for committing matrimony; the actual unlucky days being these: January 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th 15th; April 6th, 11th; May 5th, 6th, 7th; June 7th, 15th; July 5th, 19th; August 15th, 19th; September 6th, 7th; October 6th; November 15th, 16th, and December 15th, 16th, 17th. As to which is the best day of the week, why—

> Monday for wealth;
> Tuesday for health;
> Wednesday the best day of all
> Thursday for crosses;
> Friday for losses;
> Saturday no luck at all,

Friday is generally considered an unlucky day in England; but in France the country lasses look upon the first Friday in the month as peculiarly favorable, if not for the actual ceremony, at least for determining who will be one of the principal actors in it.

Young ladies should abstain from listening to any one, whose surname begins with the same letter as their own.

> To change the name and not the letter,
> Is a change for the worse and not for the better.

and they would do well to take the precaution of placing their initials in conjunction with those of any admirer they incline to favor, and ask like Malvolio, "What should that alphabetical position portend?" for if, of the united initials, any word can be formed, they may be certain the owners of them will never be happy together.

It is an unhappy omen for a wedding to be put off when the day has once been fixed. In Sweden it is believed much harm will ensue if the bridegroom stands at the junction of cross roads, or beside a closed gate, upon his wedding morn. It is a bad sign if the bride fails to shed tears on the happy day, or if she indulges herself by taking a last admiring glance at the looking glass after her toilet is completed; but she may gratify her vanity without danger if she leaves one hand ungloved until beyond temptation. To meet a priest, dog, cat, lizard or serpent on the way to church—to look back, or to mount many steps before gaining the church door, are alike ominous of future unhappiness; and according to north country notions, it is courting misfortune to marry in green, or while there is an open grave in the churchyard, or to go in at one door and out at another. The weather, too, has a good or bad influence upon affairs; happy is the bride that the sun shines on, and of course, the converse is equally true. "When the bridesmaids undress the bride," says Misson, describing the marriage merriments of England, "they must throw away and lose all the pins. Woe to the bride if a single one be left about her; nothing will go right! Woe also to the bridesmaids if they keep one of them, for they will not be married before Whitsuntide, or till the Easter following, at soonest."

Where the Scottish custom is followed of the newly wedded couple being welcomed home by the husband's mother meeting them at the door, and the breaking of a currant bun over the head of the bride before her foot crosses the threshold, it is thought a very bad omen if the bun be by any mistake, broken over any head but that to which the honor is due. If a bridal party ventures off dry land, they must go up stream; should they be foolhardy enough to go down the water, either the bride, the bridegroom, or one of the bridesmaids will infallibly feed the fishes. Spite of the faith in there being luck in odd numbers, it is a belief in the north of England, that one of the wedding guests will die within a year, unless the party counts even. Another comical idea is, that whichever of the two, bride or bridegroom, goes to sleep first upon the wedding night, that one will be the first to succumb to death.

The only omens we know of tending to encourage adventures in the great lottery of life are the meeting of a wolf, spider or toad on the way to church, and a cat sneezing within the bride's hearing on the day before the wedding; but, fortunately, there are many ways of insuring happy fortune. In the Highlands of Scotland, the malicious influence of warlock and witches used to be kept at bay by preventing any unlucky dog passing between the couple on their road to church, and taking care the bridegroom's shoe bore no latchet buckle. By using gray horses in the bridal carriage, the same good purpose is effected. Swedish bridegrooms sew garlic, olives and rosemary in their wedding garments, to frustrate the evil designs of the trolls and sprites, and the attendants on the lady carry bouquets of the same herbs in their hands, while the bride herself fills her pockets with bread, which she dispenses to any poor wayfarers she espies as she goes to church, every piece she gets rid of averting a misfortune. The gift, however, is of no use to the receiver, since, if he eats it, he thereby brings the misfortune upon his own head. Manxmen find a pocketful of salt equally efficacious.

The brides of Elba go bareheaded to church, and, while the ceremony is proceeding, the happy man puts his knee upon the bride's dress, preventing evil spirits putting in their undesired presence and whispering words in the bride's ear which would render the priest's prayer for fertility utterly inoperative. Women married at Jarrow need no prayers to make them joyful mothers of many children, that end being attained by sitting themselves down in the chair of the Venerable Bede as soon as the parson has done his part. In some parts of England good luck is supposed to be insured by a friend making a hen cackle in the house of the wedded pair.

In China they have a curious ceremony, believed to be an never-failling means of making a marriage turn out well for the lady. When she has taken her place in the sedan in which she is to be carried to her future home, her father and mother, or other near relatives, hold a bed quilt up by its four corners in front of the bridal chair. Into this one of the bride's female cronies tosses, one by one, four bread cakes (the gift of the bridegroom's family) sending them high up in air; while the lady most concerned in the matter repeats without ceasing sentences invoking happiness upon herself and spouse, to which the company assembled respond with the Chinese equivalant for "amen."

The Cornish well of St. Keyne possesses

> The quality—that man and wife,
> Whose chance or choice attains,
> First of the sacred stream to drink,
> Thereby the mastery gains;

but in Sweden the damsel, ambitious of ruling her lord as well as his house, can attain her wish by merely contriving to see him on the bridal morning before he sees her; or failing in this, she has yet another chance at the last moment, by putting her right foot before that of the man when they approach the altar.

The lately revived custom of throwing shoes after a newly wedded couple for luck, is a very old one. In the Isle of Man, the shoe is thrown after the bride and bridegroom as they leave there respective abodes; but the ceremony is generally performed elsewhere, upon the departure of the hero and heroine of the day for the honeymoon trip. In some parts of Kent, the shoe throwing does not take place until after they have gone; when the single ladies range themselves in one line, and the bachelors range themselves in another. An old shoe is thrown as far as the thrower's strength permits, and the ladies race after it, the winner being rewarded by the assurance that she will be married before any of her rivals. She then throws the shoe at the gentlemen, the one she hits laying the same pleasing unction to his heart. Something like this is practiced too in Yorkshire and Scotland.

In Germany it used to be the rule for the bride, as she was being conducted to her chamber, to take off her shoe and throw it among the guests who battled for its possession, the successful he or she being held destined to be speedly married and settled. In some places, the threshold is kept warm for another bride by pouring a kettleful of hot water down the door steps as soon as the bride and bridegroom have taken their departure; the fancy being that before the water dries up another match will be made up, or "flow on," and that it will not be very long before another wedding couple passes over the same ground. In Prussia, the method adopted of invoking blessings on a newly married pair used to be the more expensive one of smashing crockery against the door of the house in which they were domiciled.

The breaking of a wedding ring is

an omen that its wearer will soon be a widow. A correspondent of Notes and Queries found this fancy current in Essex a few years ago. A man had been murdered in that county, and his widow said, "I thought I should soon lose him, for I broke my wedding ring the other day; and my sister too lost her husband after breaking her ring. It is a sure sign!" Such superstitious notions are far more prevalent than one would suppose, and the schoolmaster will have to work hard and long before they are entirely eradicated in our land —*Selected.*

DON'T BE TOO SENSITIVE.

Here is a short article we find floating around on the sea of journalism that many men should paste in their hats and ladies on their bonnets, if room can be found on "the little duck of a thing." These people, liable to quick emotions, with sense, but not reason showing their nature in their countenance, and often marring repose and friendship by unwarranted suspicion, are found in every place. Let them read and profit by this.

"There are some people, yes, many people, always looking out for slights. They cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family without some offense is designated. If they meet an acquaintance on the street who happens to be pre-occupied with business, they attribute his abstractions in some mode personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fact of their irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see impertinence in every one they come in contact with.

Innocent persons, who never dream of giving offense, are astonished to find some unfortunate word or momentary taciturnity mistaken for an insult. To say the least, the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow-beings, and not suppose a slight is intended unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, too, life takes its hues in a great degree from the color of our mind. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly. If on the contrary we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let a person get the reputation of being touchy, and every body is under more or less constraint, and in this way the chance of an imaginary offence is vastly increased."

ENTICING MEN INTO MATRIMONY.

We wonder that none of our reformers have never agitated the revival in this country of an old English law against obtaining husbands under false pretences. In 1770 the Parliament enacted the following:

"That women of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, who shall, after this act, impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of His Majsety's subjects by virtue of scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, iron stays, bolstered hips, or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors; and the marriage under such circumstances, upon conviction of the offending parties, shall be null and void."

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February, 1874. 1-tf

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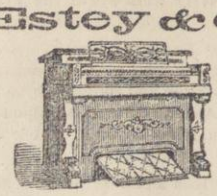

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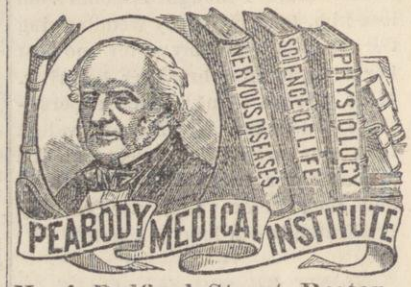

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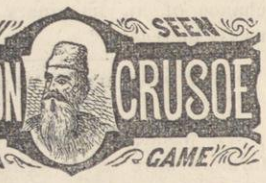

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