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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

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The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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IN THE FALL.

The old autumnal stillness holds the wood,
Thin mist of autumn makes the day a dream;
And country sounds fall faint half understood
And half unheeded, as to sick men seem
The voices of their friends when death is near,
And earth grows vaguer to the tired ear.

At soft, gray dawns and softer evening ends
The air is echoless and dull with dews;
And leaves hang loose, and whoever wends
His way through woods is 'ware of altered hues
And alien tints; and oft with hollow sound
The chestnut husk falls rattling to the ground.

Now comes the faint warm smell of fresh-built ricks,
And empty fields look up at empty skies,
And smoke floats sidelong from the burning quicks,
And low across the stunted stubble flies
The whirring covey, till its wings have grown
A murmur,—then, a memory alone,

Now, haply on some sunless afternoon
When brooding winds are whispering to the leaves,
Shrill twittered half-notes fill the air and soon
From farm-house thatched and cosy cottage eaves
The circling swallows call their eager brood,
And straight fly south, by unseen summers woo'd.

A certain sadness claims these autumn days,—
A sadness sweeter to the poet's heart
Than all the full-fed joys and lavish rays
Of riper suns; old wounds, old woes depart;
Life ca ls a truce, and nature seems to keep
Herself a-hush to watch the world asleep.

ROADSIDE TREES.

BY D. G. MITCHELL.

WHAT a gain to roadsides through the country, if only every sloven could be taught the virtues of order and neatness! The village roadside ought, indeed, to be the village park and the village pride: not necessarily showing great breadth of common, though this is commendable, but carrying its green coil and its shadows of trees between all the houses. The beauty and the attractiveness of nearly all the little towns up and down the Connecticut Valley are due to the nice keeping and embowering shade of the village street. In no other single feature do they offer so striking a contrast to the lesser towns of New Jersey, and the Middle States generally. In many of them societies are organized—made up of their most enterprising citizens—for the oversight and execution of village improvements. Trees are guarded zealously; decaying ones are removed and replaced by others; the laws with respect to straying cattle are rigidly enforced; and every other citizen counts it a duty to become, in this regard, and for the public benefit, an executor of the law. The roadside by a man's door is not encumbered with old vehicles; there is no selfish encroachment upon the highway. A scrupulous regard for neatness is counted, and very justly, as an element of the town's prosperity. Strangers are attracted by it; those who wander from it in youth are drawn towards it in age. Its paths are paths of pleasantness. Every good roadside in the land should have its trees; and what trees shall they be!

Maples, you say; well, the maple is an honest tree, a free-grower, hardy and cleanly; but the sugar-maple—which is the favorite among them—is disposed in its mature years to make of its top a dense thicket, through which there is no free flow of winds, and for this reason, unless judiciously and regularly trimmed, is hardly to be commended as a tree to shade one's doorstep. The crimson flowering and the silver-leaf are more open in their habit, but not so sturdy growers, and never or rarely coming to the same grand proportions. The Norway and the Scotch maples have their special excellences, but they are not of a kind to commend them for introduction along our high-roads. It is quite a common practise, in putting out the sugar-maple along new streets, to cut it squarely off at some twelve or fourteen feet from the ground. Necessity may command this, but it is open to two serious objections; first, the new shoots all starting from one point make a dense thicket, and, crowding each other as they do, forbid a free and mutual developement of the tree; or, again, if only one or two shoots start from the surface at or near the point of excision, the maple grows up with two leading shoots nearly equal in strength, and, the dead wood of the old stem preventing firm union, there is great liability to split, and leave only the half of a tree. Care to secure one prominent leading shoot is the best precaution.

The European linden and its American congener, the bass-wood, are both noble trees, not tempting to insects, save the bee to its blossoms; but the former variety is disposed to that density of shade already hinted at in the case of the sugar-maple, and so making it a questionable tree for the immediate neighborhood of the house. The "button-ball," which twenty years ago stretched its white arms athwart so many village streets, is now unfortunately gone by; consumption is in its family. I have made various experiments upon scattered specimens within my own enclosure, in the hope of renewing its vigor, but in vain. We rail at it now we have lost it; but its open habit of growth giving free passage to the air, its great glossy leaves, its picturesque splotches of color upon bole and limb, its dangling balls of seed round as a bull's eye, were not without their charms; and I shall never forget a certain line of gaunt fellows (sycamores, we called them,) besides which, for many and many a day, I strode to school, in years long gone, watching the swaying tassels, wondering at the painted trunks.

If we could only put the oaks and the hickories along our roadside! For the hickories, it should be the smooth-barked (pig-nut, in boy-talk); and for the oak, it should be the white, or the gray, or the yellow bark, and, if we could have it, the magnificient water-oak of the South. The taproot of these trees, which render them so impatient of removal, will always retard the general introduction of them as shade-trees; besides which their comparatively slow growth will stand as another objection. Yet by all means let us leave them religiously untouched wherever we find them in position, and let us coax them from time to time to fill vacant spaces.

Have I forgotten the elm? *Merci!* have I forgotten the Lady Macbeth under all the rustle of the Birnam wood? Yet what if it should prove that the elm is touched with a disease that shall make a wreck of it, as it has made of the buttonwood? There are, within a few years past, some bad indications—a paucity of leafage, an early yellowing in the autumn, a lack of the old vigor.

The canker-worm, too, has given it a hard strain; to lose a great dome of leafage in the very fulness of the season, and straightway to repair the loss, is a staggering matter for the most stalwart tree. There are towns we could name that live upon the reputation of their elms; there are streets, which, without their elms, would be no streets at all. No trees make so wonderous a lap of their branches overhead, as we go down their aisles; none keep alive so pointedly the old fable of the Gothic arch—the fable I mean of its having sprung from studies of the forest.—*Atlantic Almanac.*

THE CHEERFUL FACE.

BY ANNA CLEAVES.

NEXT to the sunlight of heaven is the sunlight of a cheerful face. There is no mistaking it—the bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at such a face lifts us at once out of the arms of despair, out of the mist and shadows, away from tears and repining into the beautiful realm of hope. One cheerful face in a household will keep everything bright and warm within. Envy, hatred, malice, selfishness, despondency, and a host of evil passions, may lurk around the door, they may even look within; but they can never enter and abide there; the cheerful face will put them to shame and flight.

It may be a very plain face, but there is something about it we feel, yet cannot express; and its cheery smile sends the blood dancing through our veins for very joy; we turn toward it as the leaves of the plant turn toward the sun, and its warm, genial influence refreshes and strengthens our fainting spirits. Ah, there is a world of magic in the plain, cheerful face! It charms us with a spell that reaches into eternity, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth.

It may be a very little face; one that we nestle on our bosoms or sing to sleep in our arms wtth a low, sweet lullaby; but it is such a bright, cheery little face! The scintillations of a joyous spirit are flashing from every feature. And what a power it has over the household!—binding each heart together in tenderness, and love, and sympathy. Shadows may darken around us, but somehow this little face ever shines between, and the shining is so bright that the shadows cannot remain, and silently they creep away into the dark corners where the cheerful face is never seen.

It may be a very wrinkled face, but it is all the dearer for that, and none the less bright. We linger near it and gaze tenderly upon it, and say, "God bless this happy face! We must keep it with us as long as we can; for home will lose much of its brightness when this sweet face is gone."

And after it is gone how the remembrance of it purifies and softens our wayward natures! When care and

sorrow would snap our heart-string asunder, this wrinkled face looks down upon us, and the painful tension grows lighter, the way less dreary, and the sorrow less heavy.

God bless the cheerful face! Bless it? He has blessed it already; the stamp of heaven is on every feature. What a dreary world this would be without this heaven-born light! and he who has it not should pray for it as he would pray for his daily bread.—*Phrenological Journal.*

POLITENESS.

Politeness is that in which the manners of a civilized person differ from those of a savage. A rude man thinks only of his own convenience, a polite man considers the feelings and wishes of others. What a noise an engine would make and how soon it would wear out, if it were not oiled! So politeness or courtesy is the oil in the machinery of social life. It is necessary for comfort, and it helps to make people happy.

The celebrated Dr. Chalmers, in one of his sermons, declares that the practice of courtesy has done more for the happiness of mankind than the exercise of the most unbounded charity. You can give alms to very poor people only; you can be polite to all. You treat a person whom you meet in a friendly manner and he goes away pleased. You are gruff towards him, and his bad feelings are roused, he is discontented both with you and himself. You say a kind word—it costs you nothing—but how often it gladdens the heart of another!

Polite originally meant polished. Sir Isaac Newton speaks of a polite surface, and politeness is often only a surface-polish. Then it is very apt to go beyond truth and sincerity. Compliments and flattery are only the counterfeits of politeness.

It has been maintained that no one dislikes flattery. What people object to sometimes is the awkwardness of the flatterer. Some, however, will swallow a compliment whole, as the Italians do their maccaroni, however coarse and awkward it may be.

There is, indeed, a delicate kind of flattery, which we all like—such as is shown in kind attention to what we say, in seeking to become acquainted with us, or in the bestowal of small presents. This, however, is no more than true politeness requires. A polite person must not only be careful not to hurt the feelings of others, or do them any injury, but also to add to their comfort and enjoyment.

Much more might be done than we usually do to please our acquaintances, especially by giving presents. The gifts of friends are valued not for their costliness, but because they are signs that we have been in the mind of the giver, and that he wishes us to remember him. Any slight thing will serve for this purpose, but if it comes into daily use, it will be better than what is laid aside and only seen now and then.

We have now on the desk before us a penwiper which is in constant use. It could not have cost more than a few cents, but it reminds us constantly of a dear friend whom we have not seen for years. If she had given us a more costly present it might have been laid away in some safe place and have remained unseen for months together.

Sometimes a small thing is given in order to receive a greater, or, as the French say, a pea is given to get a beau, or a sprat to catch a whale. There is, however, a certain degree of politeness in this. It makes us feel that we are of some importance in the world, since our attention is thought to be worth at least this much trouble and expense.

It is a wise proverb, "Never look a gift horse in the mouth," that is to see how smooth his teeth are and how old he is. If the nag which is given you be a poor, broken-down hack, it is best to take no notice of the fact, for perhaps it was all the giver had to bestow. Politeness would lead us to accept all kindnesses as intended in the best sense. Our generosity should not be measured by that of others. We should always remember the words of Him who bestowed on us the greatest of all gifts,—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."—*Youth's Companion.*

GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners are the particular distinction of a gentleman. They elevate him in society, and in the estimation of all worthy people, and create for him that money cannot buy.

In the education of our children nothing is more neglected, and to this is, in a large degree, attributable, the growing lack of respect and reverence among young people for their superiors.

Home is the first school of childhood. Here they should be early taught to be polite and well behaved, for the first mental impressions of a young child cannot be obliterated by correction or forgetfullness. Parents cannot exercise too great a degree of care in the examples they set before their children, and in the manner in which they expose them to impure and contaminating influences. The formation of human character is commonly the result of early associations.

A BRILLIANT STUCCO WHITE-WASH.

Take clean lumps of well-burnt lime, slack in hot water in a small tub, and cover it to keep in the steam. It should then be passed through a fine sieve in a fluid form to obtain the flower of lime. Add a quarter of a pound of whiting or burnt alum, two pounds of sugar, three pints of rice flour made into a thin and well-boiled paste, and one pound of glue dissolved over a slow fire. It is said to be more brilliant than plaster of Pars, and will last fifty years. It should be put on with a paint brush.

HINTS ON POLITENESS.

Before you bow to a lady on the street permit her to decide whether you shall do so or not, by at least a look of recognition.

"Excuse my gloves" is an unnecessary apology, for the gloves should not be withdrawn to shake hands.

When your companion bows to a lady, you should do so also. When a gentleman bows to a lady in your company, always bow to him in return.

A letter must be answered, unless you wish to intimate to the writer that he or his object is beneath your notice.

A visit must be returned in like manner; even though no intimacy is intended.

Whispering is always offensive and often for the reason that persons present suspect that they are the subject of it.

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy Green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim,
And the mouldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Fast he stealeth though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he:
How closely he twineth, how closely he clings
To his friend the old Oak Tree,
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where dim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Whole ages have fled and their work decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

PARLOR DECORATIONS AND WINDOW GARDENING.

FLOWER STANDS.

INNUMERABLE are the devices that are offered for sale in ornamental flower-stands. Wire stands seem to meet the want of many amateur window gardeners, as they are strong, durable, and not conspicuous, while they offer fine trellis work upon which to train vines and trailing plants. Some of them are so constructed that a pot of ivy may be placed upon the base and the branches trained over the stand and around the pots, thus forming a handsome setting for plants in bloom. The one objection to them is that the pots are entirely exposed, sides and bottoms, to the evaporation of the moisture contained in the soil, and dry up sooner, requiring more water. Yet, to some cultivators this would be no objection, because they give so much water that it is desirable to have such an exposure. Indeed, any one who loves plants truly will learn to cultivate them properly, and not allow them to suffer from want of water.

The wire stands are made in most graceful forms and of various patterns, with three shelves or shaped like a tray. Some are large enough to hold quite an assortment of plants, others not but three or four, while some will hold but one. The last named are well adapted to holding a pot of ivy to trail over the wall or windows. Stands of China tiles are also very handsome, and the trays can be filled with earth and the plants set out in the soil if desired, or the pots can be inserted in the trays. If made in white and gold or green and gold, they are very ornamental additions to an elegant parlor. Rustic stands and those made of basket-work are also in much request, and are prettier to my eye than any others. The basket-work can be lined with zinc, painted green or colored to suit the room, and the oziers can also be painted and varnished. A circular stand will hold a great many plants; but, in ordering one, it is well to have an eye to its ingress into the room in which it will stand, and not purchase one too large to be got through the doorway. A stand four or six feet long would be best made about half as wide as its length, very low and rather shallow. This style is best adapted for the center of a conservatory or a bow window. The corners should be rounded, so as to lose the general squareness of effect, and the sides should slope outward, so as to avoid formal perpendicular lines.

These basket plant-stands are of American invention, and are remarkably pretty for any window, being much more effective than those of wire work. A plaited wicken handle is a marked improvement to a small stand. It should extend from end to end of the stand, and should be very high, to give an air of lightness to the whole. Creeps can be trained over the handles, and the *Impomœa hederœfolia* is very pretty for the purpose. There are various styles of wooden stands; but they are generally cumbersome affairs, possessing little or no beauty, and when filled with plants there seems to be more wood than flowers. The folding plant stand is the latest novelty. They are forty inches wide and thirty-six inches high, and fold together like a clothes-horse.

A very simple stand can be framed out of an old table by adding sides to it, lining it with zinc or having a pan made to fit it exactly; then ornament it with rustic work, pine cones, etc., and either oil or varnish it. Set the smallest pots and plants of lowest growth in the front row, then the next size, and the largest pots can fill up the background. The pots should not touch each other, but there should be a free circulation between them. After the pots are all arranged, the tray can be covered all over with moss, which will absorb all the water that is spilled over, besides giving the stand a perfect effect.

For a bay window two tables can be made, and shelves arranged as brackets can be secured to the sides, to hold pots of ivy, smilax, *Coba scandens*, or *Senecio scandens*, often called German ivy. The position of the pots must be changed, as the tendency of all plants is to turn to the sun. A very pretty stand to hold a pot of ivy can be made at home by any one who possesses a little ingenuity and can use nails and hammer. Select from the woods or the wood-pile a circular log of the hardest wood—rock maple, oak, etc., and saw off two slices one inch

thick, and it is best to have them from twelve to fifteen inches in diameter. Then take an old broom stick, saw it off about twenty-eight inches in length, and nail it directly in the center of each circle. Get from the coopers such hoops as are used on barrels, and nail them to the edge of one circle, curving them inward to the middle of the center stick and outward to the bottom circle. Have the hoop just long enough to reach from the desired points. Nail six of these strips at regular distances around the two circles, meeting them at the middle of the supporting stick. Then nail a strip of the hoop around the two circles, so as to cover all the strips that have been nailed on, and your pedestal is commenced, but not finished, for now it must be decorated. For this purpose you can select your own ornaments. Leather work, cone work, rustic works, or putty work are all desirable and can be done with ease by even a ten-year old boy or girl. First, the stand should be stained with asphaltum varnish, bought already prepared or made by dissolving the asphaltum in turpentine, making it light by adding more turpentine. Put this stain on with a painter's brush.

As putty work is more a novelty than any the above named styles of decoration, I give the directions for its manufacture. Buy red putty, or make it of whiting and linseed oil stirred till thick enough, and colored with lampblack and red ochre until as dark a brown as the stand. Work the putty with kerosene or linseed oil until it will roll out thin, like pie-crust, and be ready to cut into shapes. Use an ivy leaf, oak leaf, or any other kind of leaf you prefer as a pattern. Lay it upon the sheet of putty, and press it gently into it, so that the serrated edges and veins on the leaf can be plainly seen. Take a sharp knife and cut out the impression, and you have a perfect leaf. Cut as many as you will need to cover the two circles on the edge and ornament it at the center. For the stems, roll between the fingers small bits of putty, and place them upon the stand to imitate creeping branches and stems. Make a few spiral coils out of very small rolls, to represent tendrils, and put them here and there among the vines.

Roll up some like bread-pills, and put thread, copper or iron wire into them, coating it slightly with the putty. Bend and curve the leaves into natural shapes, pinching them up with the fingers, and lay them along the stems, pressing them together. While rolling the putty, cover the roller and the hands with whiting, colored with red ochre, else it will stick badly.

When the stand is arranged to your mind, set it away to harden where it will not be touched. When perfectly dry, it can be varnished with colorless varnish. A three-cornered piece of board, like a triangle, can be fitted into the corner of a room by nailing cleats to two of the sides, and fastening it with screws to the lathing underneath the plastering. Upon the longest side or outer edge nail a strip of hoop, and ornament with leaves and flowers of red putty. Morning glories can be easily imitated, and any single flower, putting in stamens of bits of putty rolled very small. Upon this shelf can sit a pot of ivy or a vase filled with its branches.

Rustic plant-frames can be made out of materials that are within the reach of all. The crooked, gnarled roots of the laurel, the wild rose, and the branches of the wild grape will supply the decorations, while old worn-out wooden chopping-bowls and trays and sticks of wood—maple, oak, or birch—will afford the standards and receptacle for soil and plants. A little ingenuity will transform these most common things into "a thing of beauty."

Last summer I made two rustic stands for a small lawn, that were much admired, out of the materials above named. The chopping-bowls were about a foot and a half in diameter, the bottoms of both were gone, so they were nailed on to a bit of shingle, and then upon maple sticks from five to six inches in diameter and a foot and a half long. The stick was then shaved off at the bottom in three places, and small cat-sticks, eighteen inches long, that turned outward somewhat, we cut to fit on for legs, thus making a tripod table, with the bowl for the top. This was then filled up with rich loam and leaf mold, and planted with a standard fuchsia as a center piece. Then four dwarf geraniums of various colors surrounded it, and from the edge drooped hanging branches of moneywort, and the effect was really artistic. Not being able to procure the crooked roots, I ornamented the whole with white and gray stiff lichens, found in all pine woods, and wilted them to make them pliable to the touch. Then nails were set tight into the outer edge of the bowls and down to the base of it, and copper wire was wound backward and forward, to keep them in place. The standard was covered and the small legs by twisting the wire tightly around the lichens, and I was fully repaid for my labors. By turning boiling water over the lichens, all worms, bugs, and their larvæ are destroyed, and the lichens can be made so clean that they will not soil the neatest parlor. Such stands would be very ornamental in a bay window or an upper hall, and any girl can make one.—*Mrs. S. O. Johnson.*

SOMETHING ABOUT ROSES.

The days of the "wars of the roses" are past, but there is strife among the florists of England, France, Germany and our own country, as to the claims of the various hybrids produced by careful culture. Their colorings, their perfumes, and various perfections are all discussed, and each country vies with the other in the praiseworthy effort to procure a *ne plus ultra* variety. In 1798 there were but forty-four varieties and species of roses, known and described by botanists, but now there are over 7,000 varieties mentioned in the catalogues of the florists.

The rose grows all over the known world; even the most barren and deserted island of the North Sea possesses its own species, rosa rubiginosa, which grows and blooms where no grasses or cereals can find food for their roots. Underneath the deep snows of Lapland, the tiny, yet very fragrant rosa majalis and rosa rubella flourish in beauty. Siberia is the native habitat of the rosa grandiflora, with its chalice-shaped coronal; and also of the rosa caucasea, which bears a pulpy berry which is eaten with relish by the natives. Even within the frozen Arctic zone, where the year divides itself into one long day and night, the rosa acicularis lifts its lovely head crowded with beautiful flowers, whose petals produced the favorite beverage of the wild Tungeses. In North Labrador the rosa blaside and rosa rapa adorn the short summer season; and on the great desert of Sahara, where springs are almost unknown, and only sand abounds, the snowy white moss rose is said to bloom in perfection; while upon our distant prairies, and amid the red rocks of the Rocky Mountains, the lonely dwellers in the scattered ranches delight in the thousands of lovely, pale, but exquisitely tinted, roses—fragrant as those which grew in the Eastern gardens of their childhood—which are profusely scattered wherever their roots can find a crevice in which to grow and put forth blossoms. Everywhere the rose is known and loved.

In Asia there are found thirty-nine native species, being a greater number than in all the rest of the world. In China—the flowery kingdom—the rose receives great attention, and the Chinese are renowned for its successful culture. We are indebted to them for the rosa semperflorens, a daily rose; for the rosa multiflora and the rosa micropilla, which is the chief favorite of the Chinese gardener, and is named hai-tong-kong, from the unusual softness of its leaves. Space would fail us, however, to enumerate the varieties of native roses scattered so plentifully over the world.

We, of this eastern portion of the United States, know little of the glories of these flowers, which grow in the greatest luxuriance on the Pacific slope. The tea-roses, rich and rare—such as Marshal Neil, glorie de Dijon and reine de Portugal—climb up even to the chamber windows, and are covered with their fragrant wealth of buds and blossoms from New Years to the following Christmas. But many of our florists in New England and the Middle States are making the culture of the rose a specialty. New Jersey florists often plant fifteen or twenty acres of them, and offer a million of fine, thrifty plants for the spring sales, while they keep a stock of some 60,000 plants on hand.

There are fifteen sub-families of roses that bloom but once in a season; the sweet brier, Austrian brier, Scotch, French, Brownsault, Ayrshire, multiflora, sempervirens, Banksia, prairie, moss, double yellow, Provence, damask, and hybrid China; and all but the multiflora, sempervirens and Banksia are hardy, but the hybrid China and Banksia will require some protection in the cold regions of New England. These species have been hybridized by the florists until they have produced hundreds of named varieties which fill the catalogues; and there are hybrid tea roses, hybrid China and Bengal, and hybrid remontants. Ten subfamilies of the latter class give us a large selection from which to choose, and some of them will grow fifteen feet high in one season.

If we would raise roses in perfection, we must give them plenty of stimulant, for a rose will not grow like a peony, it must have rich food—indeed, in the open ground, it can hardly be too rich. We have planted tea roses in a half a foot of old decomposed manure that had lain in a hot-bed for a year, and they grew and bloomed most beautifully. Newly set out plants should be mulched with stable litter three inches in depth, which keeps them moist and cool during the hot summer, and encourages a strong, healthy growth. In this dry, arid climate they should also be plentifully watered. Among the most durable garden roses of the ever blooming species are apoline, aurora, beauty of Greenmont, Caroline de Manais, Devoniensis, Caroline de Sansal, Hermosa, Levison Gower, John Hopper, La Reine, Mme. Victor, Verdier, Gen. Jaqueminot, Baronne Prevost, Mme. Herman, Pierre St. Cyr, Sir Joseph Paxton, Sir Walter Scott and Triumphant.—*Ex.*

THE CARNATION.

It is doubtful if there is a plant generally grown that gives better satisfaction than the carnation, and but few that surpasses it in beauty and elegance of color and delicate odor. Most of them have a pleasant fragrance of cloves, and their perfect form of flowers commend them to all who have grown them to perfection. The plant being nearly hardy, they can be put in the ground as soon as cabbages, not being injured by spring frosts. This gives them a chance to grow and get a foothold before the scorching sun of midsummer. Persons not knowing this usually keep them indoors until late, thus losing a fine period for their growth.

For winter-blooming in the house, the Carnation has few equals. Although it may seem out of place now to talk about winter-blooming plants, yet in early summer is the time to prepare for them. Many ladies who desire to ornament their parlor or sitting-room windows in winter with blooming plants forget all about it until the frosts of autumn have cut down their out-door pets. Such as are wanted for winter should be propagated from cuttings now, kept in pots, and all flower buds cut off as fast as they appear. This will induce the plants to be stocky and strong, which will flower abundantly indoors. This treatment will answer for other plants intended for winter-blooming. If a choice rose is wanted, keep it in a pot, shifting into a larger as required by growth, remove every flower bud as it appears, until the time when wanted in winter.—*Iowa Homestead.*

—One of the best methods of securing the success of rose cuttings, says a recent writer, is to stick the cutting about an inch deep into clean river sand with properly prepared soil about an inch below to receive the roots as soon as they strike. The clean sand prevents the roots from rotting.

JET—HOW AND WHERE IT IS OBTAINED.

A WRITER in the Practical Magazine gives the following interesting particulars regarding jet, a material much used for the manufacture of mourning jewelry. In this country, we may remark, the substance is largely imitated by vulcanized rubber, which, when new, closely resembles the genuine article. Real jet jewelry mounted in gold is worth from five and six to as high as seventy dollars per set, the price, however depending principally upon the quantity of precious metal used. It is very serviceable, and, unlike rubber, it retains its brilliancy.

Jet is of two distinct species—hard jet and soft jet—but the latter is of very minor importance and will be referred to hereafter.

The hard jet is found in the strata known as the jet rock, which appears to be a deposite of sea anemones, and some years ago a patent was taken out to distil petroleum from it.

The jet rock occurs in the lias formation, some thirty yards above the main band of Cleveland ironstone, and is discovered in compressed masses in layers of very different sizes, being generally from half an inch to two and a half inches in thickness, from four to thirty inches wide, and four or five feet in length. It invariably tapers away, running, as the miners say, to a "feather edge."

These jet layers are always protected by a skin, the color making another division; for that found in the cliffs by the sea has always a blue skin, while that discovered in the inland hills has a yellow coating. The jet found in the same mines varies very much in quality; its worst specimens, those which are quite brown and will not take a polish, are termed "dazed jet"

The soft jet is confined to the lower oolite—in the sandstone and shale—some one hundred and sixty yards higher than the hard jet, and is undoubtedly of a pure ligenous origin, the fibre and the branches of trees being more or less distinctly marked.

The most valuable finds of jet have been washed down by the sea's action where the jet rock crops out in the cliffs, and on the cliffs where the seams are exposed. The dealers of Whitby, in Yorkshire, England, where the principle deposits of the material exist, rent these jet cliffs and inland seams from the owners, generally for a fixed lump sum paid in advance—not for a royalty—for the right to work a certain number of yards. Nearly all the jet now obtained is found inland, but in former days tales are told of men being swung by ropes over steep cliffs like the eiderdown hunters of Norway. At present, cliff jet is worked with the same mining operations as that lying under the inland hills.

The process is very simple, and, to those acquainted with the intricacies of iron and coal mining, of no very great interest. A mine is commenced by drilling into the face of a rock a passage of seven feet by five. A tramway is then laid down, and the shale is tilted from the mouth of the mine, the drift continued for about forty yards, at the rate of two or four feet per *diem*; then cross drifts are started in a variety of directions. As soon as the rock becomes too hard, the miners retire, pulling in the roofs as they recede, for the bulk of the jet is found generally in the falling top rock.

There are at present twenty-three jet mines in full work, only one of these being hard jet. The average number of men employed in each mine is six, and there are now some hundred and fifty miners engaged in this industry. The men are generally paid by the week, and only earn from twenty-four to twenty-six shillings—a sorry contrast to the high wages of the iron miners.

Hard jet varies in prices from 75 cents to $3,50 per pound; soft jet $1,37 to $7,50 per stone, according to size and quality, and sometimes also according to the fluctuations of the market. For instance the Prince of Wales' life was in danger, Whitby was thronged with buyers for both the raw and manufactured article at any price, and some speculators were severely bitten by his happy recovery.

It is stated that the turn-over in rough English hard jet amounts to $200,000 annually.

The material is manufactured as follows: The jet is first peeled and stripped of its skin, be it blue or yellow, by means of a manual chipping process with a heavy iron-handled chisel. It is then sawed up into the exact sizes for the object for which it is intended, the saw being guided by an ingenious arrangement of little wooden directors. Much care is taken in this process of "sawing up," for great economy can, by rigid supervision, be effected, one manufacturer stating that by a very simple arrangement, he was able to make his raw material go a fifth further than any of his rivals. The little fragments are then delivered to workmen who, with the aid of small grindstones driven by a foot treadle, taken of the angular portions and reduce them more nearly to the required dimensions. Then they pass into the hands of the carver, who with knives, small chisels, and gouges, soon, if it be rough work only, cut them into the desired pattern. If the work, however, be really artistic, the carving is of course a much more artistic process; and it is curious to see lads and men one might fairly think had not the slightest knowledge in the world of art principles, cut deftly and rapidly cameos that in their beauty of profile resemble the old masterpieces; flower scrolls and groups of fruit that have a marvelous fidelity of Nature herself; and crucifixes and pendants that rival all the ingenuity and patience of the "Heathen Chinee." Sometimes you notice them with a pattern placed before them, or with a rough design scratched by a knife's point upon the material itself—oftener, however, it would seem as though the work was altogether original.

After being carved, the goods are removed to the polishing room, where the first process, in the case of rough goods, again takes place, upon a treadle grindstone fed with oil and "rottenstone." Then the finish and the polish are given by what is termed "rougeing." Here the articles are held against quickly revolving wheels covered with chamois leather for the larger portions and with strips of list for the indented parts of the pattern, the beautiful polish being given by means of a composition of red pigment and oil. They are then set (the setting all comes from Birmingham) and taken to the warehouse where they are carded, or strung if necessary, and priced and packed by young women, being then stored for the inspection of the buyers.

COCHINEAL.

BY ALFRED L. SEWELL.

Did you ever see a Mexican silver dollar? When I was a small boy, about twenty-five years ago, more than half the money I used to see in Ohio, was Mexican and Spanish silver coin. The Mexican dollars, half-dollars, quarters, "levies," and "fippenny-bits," all bore on one side, in relief, a ferocious-looking eagle, who rested with one foot on a cactus plant, while with the other claw and his beak, he held aloft a writhing serpent. This was, and is, the Mexican coat of arms.

I remember that in my father's garden grew a prickly-pear plant, and it looked just like the cactus plant on the Mexican dollar. Well, I did not know, then, as I have since learned, what an important part this mean, homely-looking prickly-pear plays in the world; and I have given you this description, so that I may make you understand more clearly what I want to tell you about cochineal. Do you know what cochineal is? It is, in trade, a coloring matter. Dyers color silks, ribbons, and velvets, and the finest woolen and cotton goods with it. Nothing else in the world produces so fine a crimson color. Mixed with other drugs, it gives us the most beautiful scarlet, salmon, different shades of red and pink, violet, purple, lake, lilac, and other tints. It is invaluable to the painter. That delightful water color that you saw at the Art Gallery, could not have been produced without cochineal. The roses in that picture owed their blush to it. The pinks and fuchsias, and all those bright, little, sunshiny flowers, so nearly imitating nature, could not have been so delicately colored with anything else than carmine, made from cochineal.

And then that fashionably-dressed lady you saw there—the artificial flowers in her hat owed their delicate pink and red tints to this drug. And did you notice what a beautiful blush was on her cheek? You thought you would like to be as beautiful as she—would like to have such rosy cheeks, and cherry-ripe lips. You did not know that all the color was cochineal; and that underneath this paint she had a homely, yellow skin!

And what is cochineal? Is it an extract from this prickly-pear? No. Do you see those little bugs crawling over the leaves. Well, they are cochineal as insects. If you look at the substance as it can be bought from the drug dealers in its crude state, you might take the particles to be shriveled-up grains of some strange plant, and such the Europeans believed it to be for a long time after it was introduced as a regular article of trade.

To one species of this same insect, the ancient Egyptians and Hebrews owed their wonderful scarlet and crimson dye. This species, called "kermes," (hence the name carmine,) was used until the invasion of Mexico by the Saniards, when Cortes and his followers found the insect which we here show our readers. It is a native of that country, and was at that time in common use as a dye among the native Mexicans. Since that time its use has spread more and more all over the world, until it has entirely superceded the old "kermes," so that that has not been used for nearly two centuries.

This ugly little bug has brought more wealth to Mexico than all her gold and silver mines combined. Great efforts have been made to introduce its culture into other countries, but with small results except in Java, the Canary Islands, and Brazil. And the amounts obtained from these places are very small when compared with what comes from its native home.

Though the cochineal insect thrives in Mexico in a wild state, feeding upon most of the species of wild cacti that grow so plentifully in that country, and though much is thus gathered and carried to market, yet the best and finest, and therefore the most valuable kinds, are cultivated in regular plantations.

Only female bugs are valuable for their coloring matter. The male, only, has wings. He is very much smaller than the female, and exists only in the proportion of one male to one or two hundred females.

The plant on which they live is called the nopal; by some, the Indian fig tree. Its botanical name is *cactus opuntia*, or prickly-pear. The plants are very easily grown in gravelly, sandy soil. The Mexican Indians plant them in great fields, like our nurseries, near their habitations, and call them "nopaleries." The only food the insect has is the juice of this plant.

About the middle of October, which is the beginning of the fine season, the cultivators take out the insects from the covered places where they have been kept for safety during the rainy season, and distribute them upon the nopals. They then increase very rapidly, until they soon cover the plants so that often there is scarcely left a vacant place large enough to put down the end of one's finger. When the young bugs are full grown, they are gathered into earthen pots or bags and killed, either by dipping them in hot water, or exposing them to the heat of the sun or the fire. They are then dried in the sun and sent to market.

As an insect attains its maturity, deposits its eggs, and dies, all within the space of two months, it is seen that several generations are produced in a single year.

Some idea may be gained of the number of bugs killed for the benefit of the world, when I tell you it requires about seventy thousand to weigh a pound and that England alone imported, in the year 1865, the enormous quantity of three million one hundred and thirty-one thousand one hundred and eighty-four pounds, worth then something near one dollar and twenty-five cents per pound. The United States imported, in 1857, over half a million pounds.

So you see that the coral insect is not the only wonderful and useful insect in the world. There are many other interesting things I would like to tell you about those useful cochineal bugs, but my space is full.

SAWDUST A SUBSTITUTE FOR STOCKINGS.

Comparisons are invidious, they say, but luckily that has nothing to do with our subject. Neither stockings nor sawdust will be any the worse for what we have to say about them—so here goes!

Oh! these feet, these feet! what shall we do with them the coming winter? What a chore it is to care for them those long months! What an array of boots and shoes around the fire-place! In short, you are pretty sensible in winter that you have feet, if that is any advantage. But why don't those socks and stockings keep them warm? I will tell you. The trouble is that they keep the feet too warm a part of the time. Then they sweat; your socks get damp, and the first cold blast acting on the leather, chills through to your skin. You seek the fire, but how is the vapor to escape? You merely warm it up the while to meet with another chill. The only effectual way to remedy the evil would be to change your socks as soon as they get moist; but that would of course be out of the question in most cases.

What then is to be done? Well, my friends, don't be alarmed if I sound the death-knell of all such trappings. It is true that the brute is provided with a covering somewhat like a stocking; but the skin of the living animal is porous, emitting the perspiration, while shoe-leather has been so shrunk that its texture is too compact to admit of any such thing. It is therefore thrown back upon the skin and kept there to be chilled by the first blast. Now then for a remedy, though it is likely to be horrifying to the sensibilities of fashionable people. No matter! We will publish our gospel for those who will receive it.

Sawdust, my friends, sawdust is the remedy, well sifted and dry. It will be sure to keep your feet dry—and that is half the battle; and if they do get cold (when the thermometer stands at about thirty degrees below zero) there will be nothing of that awful clamminess about them.

A number of years ago I heard of a stage-driver who had given up the use of socks altogether having by some means discovered that he was more comfortable without them even in winter. I thought I would try the experiment. But I soon found that the touch of the inner sole-leather which became saturated with moisture was very disagreeable. I tried several kinds of loose soles, drying them as soon as they required it, but besides the drudgery of taking care of the soles they seemed to aggravate the evil by overheating the feet. The thing was to find a substance that would absorb the moisture without overheating. Well, one day I happened to be barefooted, while near a heap of sawdust. I thought I would step on it. Immediately it flashed into my mind that that was the very touch for me—the very stuff to come between my soul (sole) and the nether world—and sure enough from that moment I became possessed of that bliss for my feet which I had longed for. I have tried bran, but it is too heating; it does not absorb so well, and lacks the property of keeping up that slight irritation on the skin which the grit of the other produces, thereby quickening the circulation. I prefer the dust from pine wood because of its sweetness and pleasant odor. A tablespoonful to each boot is enough. When on a long cold ride with little walking to do, you can use it plentifully, as it will help to keep the feet warm as well as dry. The great thing you will find, is to keep the feet dry, and then give them plenty of room. The touch of leather is usually cold even to a dry skin, and robs you of heat very fast because it is a conductor. A tight-fitting boot seriously impedes the circulation, the effect of which is to chill the feet, whereas in a roomy boot there is friction which makes heat.

Change the dust every day. It is cheap, and a few quarts will last you the whole winter, but see to it that it is dry before you use it.

Where now is your eternal knitting and mending of stockings? Where the dirty drudgery of the wash-tub? Who can calculate the amount of work and money saved by the substitution of sawdust for yarn? Ye gods and fishes, it would be an era indeed in the history of man's advancement! Try it, ye men of common sense (if the women won't); try it as your humble servant has done for fourteen long years, and if you don't call it a blessing even to have heard of the remedy, I am much mistaken.—*Oneida Circular.*

COLORED DRESSES—AN ITEM FOR THE LADIES.

It is not often that we find scientific items of any especial degree of interest to the members of the fair sex who may, perchance, glance over our pages; but now we believe we have got one which must be simply absorbing. Probably, madame or miss, you are the possessor of a summer dress, made from some white diaphanous material; and it may also be imagined that during your shopping you have inspected goods of a similar nature, only of varying colors, from which you have purchased sufficient material to construct a number of those bewildering garments, in comparison with the intricacies of which the most elaborate works of modern engineering furnish so parallel. Now a learned German professor has invented a plan whereby your single white dress may be changed as often as you desire to any color you may fancy, and this in your own laundry, so that hereafter the money which you would devote to robes of varying hues may be entirely saved, while you may appear daily, if you choose, in tolletts of totally different complexion.

The process is very simple, and consists in merely coloring the starch used in the "doing up." Suppose a white dress is to be tinted a beautiful crimson: three parts of fuchsin, an aniline color which any chemist can readily procure for you, are dissolved in twenty parts of glycerine, and mixed in a mortar with a little water. Then ordinary starch, finely pulverized, is stirred in, and the thick mass obtained is poured out and dried on blotting paper. The powder thus obtained is used just the same as starch, and so applied to the fabric. When the latter is dry, it is slightly sprinkled and pressed with a moderately warm iron.

By means of other coloring materials, mixed as above described, any desired tint may be obtained. We would counsel, however, an avoidance of damp localities, and strongly depricate going out in the rain, as we doubt the "fastness" of the dye, and would not be at all surprised to behold the garment shortly assume a rather streaked and zebra-like appearance.—*Scientific American.*

DRESS IN CHURCH.

Is it of any use to protest against the prevailing custom of making our churches on Sunday exhibition rooms of the latest fashions in wearing apparel? We expect to see displays of the fineries and fooleries of dress in the drawing-room, the concert-room and places of amusement or entertainment, for they are worn for exhibition, and even in the street our American women have the vulgar pride of wearing apparel only suitable for in-doors (and not always there); but when the house of God is made thus to minister to the weakest of vanities, weakest because a rich dress is merely a matter of purse, and depends on neither culture, nor brains, nor rank, it is time to protest.

Vanity, snobbery and silly rivalries are despicable anywhere, but in the church they are disgusting, and should be intolerable; nay, more, they are contrary to every rational idea of religious propriety. In the world people may look at the dress, but in the church God has to do with the heart; there is no distinction there. But where is the true idea of worship when more attention is given to the adornment of the body than to the needs of the soul?

We have seen young ladies "join the church," and in soft voice "renounce the world," clothed as for the ball-room rather than as followers of "the meek and lowly Jesus," and pray for God to "be merciful to us miserable sinners" in toilets prepared at great cost of time and money for that very purpose. The glaring inconsistency of this course, pursued to a greater or less extent in all our churches on the sabbath, is a mockery, and also a sorrowful reality, and we only wish that some of our leading women of position and wealth, true Christian women, would, after considering the matter seriously in its relations to God, their own hearts and their fellow mortals, institute a reform.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

WASHING CALICOES AND MUSLINS.

The first requisite is plenty of water; this is even more essential for colored than for white clothes. It should not be hot enough to scald, and should have a moderate suds of hard soap before the garments are put in. Very white and nice soft soap is preferable to hard for flannels—does not shrink them as much; but the latter is best for cotton goods. Wash calicoes in two waters, using but little soap in the second. When clear, rinse them two or even three times in tepid water. Good laundresses always assert that the great secret of clear muslin is thorough rinsing.

The quantity of starch used also affects light colors, and for muslin dresses especially only starch of the purest quality should be used. When no great stiffness is required, it is a good plan to stir the starch into the rinsing water; it assists in setting the colors where they show a tendency to run. For setting the colors of fading goods I have used ox-gall, alum, borax and salt—all with good results, though they will not "clinch" green and blues that are determined on taking French leave.

One benefit in using a strong solution of alum water is that it will positively make cotton fire-proof. Mothers who "sit on thorns" at school concerts and exhibitions, watching the dangerous proximity of gossamer dresses to the foot-lights, will appreciate this advantage. And so far from injuring the looks of the muslin, there is no other treatment that will so brighten and improve the colors.

Colored clothes should be rung very thoroughly, dried in the shade, and turned about two or three times while drying.

—Pensively observing the fashionable young ladies in hotel companies at the seaside, a correspondent goes on thus:

"Watch the grouping of these girls, apparently accidental as it is, and see how artistically they manage, with never a mistake. They know well what they are about, and study for that very effect you are admiring. There are two girls whom you have seen constantly together; a sudden coolness seems to have sprung up between them; they keep very far apart, never speak to one another at all; you even hear one refusing to dance in the same set of lancers with the other. What has happened! It must be a recent trouble, for they were driving together in the afternoon; you are a little perplexed until you hear one say, 'I don't dare go near Nell, for her lilac kills my blue.' If you have an eye for color you will understand the estrangement, and wonder at it no longer."

HOW PRINTING-TYPES ARE MADE.

IN the United States there are about twenty-five type foundries, of which number, one in Philadelphia, four in New York, and two in Boston, cast every description of plain and fancy type, borders, ornaments, etc., while the remainder make Roman type principally, procuring other styles from the leading concerns. In Canada there are one or two type foundries, of but limited capacity.

The process of type making may be briefly described as follows: Each letter or other character is cut, singly, upon the end of a small rod of steel, with which the matrix, made of copper, is then punched. The body of the type, up to the shoulder, is formed in a steel mould, which with the matrix, constitutes a portion of the casting machine. The projecting part or face of the type, is formed in the matrix, which is placed at right-angles with the mould.

Type metal is a compound of lead, antimony and tin, with sometimes a small percentage of copper. These ingredients are mingled in various proportions, according to the size of the type to be made. Smaller sizes must be tougher and more flexible than larger ones; otherwise would break too easily. The materials used at some establishments are Spanish lead, Banca tin and English Antimony.

The type-casting machines are marvels of compact and ingenious mechanism. Attached to each is an iron reservoir, in which the metal is kept at the right degree of fusion by means of a small furnace beneath. At each motion of the machine the metal jets out from the reservoir, filling the mould and matrix, and forming a type, which instantly slides out of the mould and down a brass holder into a place prepared for it. Each machine will turn out from twenty to one hundred pounds of type per day, according to size. "Quads" and "spaces" are cast in a similar manner, and in shorter moulds, and, of course no matrix is required. Of matrices alone some establishments use not less than 80,000, which cost, upon an average, two dollars each. The punches are used but once, unless it should be requisite to duplicate a matrix.

The surplus metal injected adheres to the base of the type, and is broken off by hand. The types are then set up in a single row in "sticks" about a yard long, and the surface dressed by scraping, in order to remove the slightest inequalities. Close inspection through a magnifying glass then follows, and all types that present the least imperfections are picked out and returned to the melting kettle. An allowance of two ounces to the pound is made for defective type. The smaller sizes are first smoothed on their broadest surface by rubbing on large circular stones, laid horizontally. These stones are of a peculiar quality, found only in the vicinity of Berea, Ohio.

Metal types are generally cast in twenty-one sizes, from "diamond" to "canon," anything larger than the latter being generally cut in wood. At some establishments, however, five and six-line pica, two sizes above canon, are cast; also the smallest type made in the world: it is called "half-nonpariel," and although so minute as to be almost invisible to unassisted vision, is as clear and perfect in outline as the largest that is cast. In the United States, all types conform to a standard height of very nearly fifteen-sixteenths of an inch, which is about the same as English measurement. In continental Europe, there is no fixed gauge, each founder suiting his own fancy or that of his customers.

In making up a "font," the proportion of letters, accents, points, spaces, quads, etc., varies with the description of work to be done. Making allowance for "sorts" (extra quantities or particular letters, etc.,) it requires for ordinary newspaper and book work, from 33 to 50 per cent. surplus over the amount actually to be set up. The vowel E is used more than any other letter in the alphabet, but A seems to be adopted as the basis of calculation in making up a font.

HOW TO READ.

I was once called upon to prescribe intellectually for a young girl of fair abilities, who showed no want of brains in conversation, but had a perfect indifference to books. She read dutifully and torpidly whatever was set before her—novels, travels, history—all were the same. Each page drove out the previous page, and her memory was blank. Her parents asked me to teach her to read. She joined in the request, and I consented to the experiment, on the condition that she would faithfully read a single book in the way I should direct. She consented.

It was the time of Kossuth's visit, when everybody was talking about the Hungarian revolution. The book I chose was "Hungary in 1848," by Brace, of far more interest then than now. I prescribed it in daily doses of one chapter. If possible, she was to read that, the chapters being short; but under no conceivable circumstances was she to read more. After each chapter she was to put down in a blank book I gave her, some remarks suggested by it. She must mention something that had interested her, or seek the explanation of some word, or anything else she pleased. Her comment might be only to say that Gorgy was a traitor, or to inquire how his name should be pronounced; but, at least, there should be one sentence of remark per chapter. From time to time I was to see what she had written, and answer her questions, if any. This was the prescription, and she took it courageously.

I knew in advance what would be the greatest difficulty. It was to keep her to one chapter. It seemed to her such a mistake, such a waste of opportunity, when she could so easily manage five or six chapters in a day. Had she done so, all would have been lost; so I was inexorable. The consequence was that she never failed to read her chapter; and when she got to the end of it for want of anything better to do, she read it over again, or went to work with her note-book, and she wrote a beautiful hand. When I came to look over the pages, every few days, I was astonished at the copiousness and variety of her notes. On some days, to be sure, there would be but a single sentence, and that visibly written with effort; but almost always there were questions, doubts and criticisms, all of which I met as I could. I found my own mind taxed by hers, and finally re-read every chapter carefully, that I might be ready for her. And at the end she told me, with delight, that for the first time in her life she had read a book.

Where was the magic of the process? I suppose mainly in the restraint, the moderate pace, and the necessity of writing something. "Reading," says my Lord Bacon, "maketh a full man; writing, an exact man." To clearly define and systematize what you know, write.—*T. W. Higginson, in Woman's Journal.*

THE REVIEWER.

BITS OF TALK ABOUT HOME MATTERS. By H. H., author of "Bits of Travel," and "Verses." Square 18mo. Cloth, red edges. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Mailed, postpaid, by the publishers. Price, $1.00.

We gave an extended review of this book in the July number of THE HOUSEHOLD which has elicited many inquiries concerning its price and where it can be obtained. We cheerfully comply with the requests of our friends as above and add for the benefit of the publishers the following testimonial of Chas. D. Warner, in the Hartford Courant: "For almost the first time we have a book for women and for the home that not only carries with it the highest refinement of feeling, and a poetic idea, but one which, by a literary art, simple and genuine, lifts the subject into the highest plane, and gives to common things a grace which only pure living and high thinking can give to life. . . . . We have faith, but this book will do a great deal of good throughout the length and breadth of America. It can be read by none without emotion; to many it will be a revelation of a higher life."

NEW ENGLAND: A Handbook for Travelers. A Guide to the Chief Cities and Popular Resorts of New England, and its Scenery and Historic Attractions; with the Western and Northern Borders from New York to Quebec. With Six Maps and Eleven Plans. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co., 400 pp., $2.

This excellent volume is the first attempt to produce a guide-book for the New England traveler, full, complete and accurate, having the system and style of the best European Handbooks, and the attempt has been eminently successful. We have here besides descriptions of the various routes, distances and prices, a mass of information historical, biographical and statistical, which cannot fail to add greatly to the pleasure and satisfaction of the tourist. It is beyond comparison the fullest and most complete guide-book yet produced in this country and is indispensible to one who wishes to know all about New England.

FAXON'S ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK of Travel from Boston to Saratoga, Lake George, Lake Champlain, the Adirondacks, Niagara Falls and the Canadas. Published by C. A. Faxon, Boston. Price 50 cents.

The object of this volume, as stated by the publisher, is to present the claims of the delightful regions opened up by the Fitchburg, Cheshire and Saratoga Railroad route to the traveling public. That the object has been attained we have only to state that there are here given some *ninety-four* excursion routes from Boston and return, from 500 to 2000 miles in extent, costing from $11.50 to $58.00. A description is given of the principal places visited, with time-tables, distances, etc., and on the whole the handbook is a very handy book to have at home as well as abroad.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September is remarkable for the variety of its contents. The description of General Sherman's tour in Europe and the East is resumed, accompanied by several magnificent illustrations of Constantinople. There is a beautifully illustrated article on the Protestant Cemetery of Florence, where rest the remains of Mrs. Browning and Theodore Parker. Judge Campbell contributes a brief illustrated sketch of two islands of the Hebrides—Colonsay and Oronsay. Charles Nordhoff concludes his description of the Sandwich Islands, with a comprehensive review, profusely illustrated, of the characteristics of the native population and of the resources of the islands, with special reference to the question of annexation. Another illustrated article describes, in the most entertaining fashion, the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Moncure D. Conway give some very interesting reminiscences of the late John Stuart Mill. The Rev. W. H. Milburn, the "Blind Preacher," contributes a narrative of his experiences with oculists, including a very characteristic sketch of the remarkable career of Albrecht von Graefe. R. H. Stoddard tells the story of the twenty years' imprisonment of Leonora Christina in the Blue Tower of Copenhagen; a portrait of the Princess is given, also a view of the Tower. James Grant Wilson contributes a pleasant account of grouse-hunting in the Yorkshire moor; Hamilton Busbey a spirited review of the trotting turf of America; and Emilio Castelar another of his papers on the Republican Movement in Europe. The Poetry of the Number is contributed by Alfred H. Louis, William C. Richards, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Richard Realf, Elizabeth Akers Allen, and Carl Spencer. The Number contains stories by Rose Terry, C. P. Cranch, and Constance F. Woolson; and Charles Reade's serial story is continued. In addition to this rich store of various reading, there are the five Editorial Departments with their inexhaustible resources of information and amusement.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH for September is an unusually good number, with facts and information which, if acted on, would render it worth more to every reader than a year's subscription, containing "Obedience and Health;" "How Long May We Live;" "Practical Temperance;" "Experience in Water-Cure;" "Pre-Natal Influences;" "Disease and Its Treatment; "Nature *vs.* Civilization;" "Doctors and Malt Liquors." In Seasonable Dishes, under the head of the "Household Department," we have instructions for the Preparation and Use of Tomatoes in various ways; Peaches, Pears, Plums, Melons, etc.; how to Remove Fruit Stains; Canning Corn; Description of a Distilling Stove; and an unusual amount of information in Talks with Correspondents. This magazine is published at the low and popular price of two dollars a year, or offered for six months on trial, for $1.00. Address S. R. Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for September, now on our table, must be pronounced by every reader a capital number. Its examination has given us much satisfaction. It contains over twenty set articles, besides shorter papers; among them being Hiram Powers, with Portrait; Extraordinary Scientific Discovery; Living Unto Life; Dr. Horatius Bonar, with portrait; Laughter, illustrated; Sketches from Real Life, No. 4, illustrated; Good Behavior—which everybody should read; Prof. J. M. Kiefler, with portrait; Mary Lee's Dream, a story for teachers: Over-training; Curiosities of Abstinence; Local Option, or The Temperance Experiment at Vineland; Dr. Wilder's Wit and Wisdom; From Cheboygan to Mackinaw on Ice; The Chinese Wheelbarrow, illustrated; John T. Gordon, a Murderer, with portrait, etc. Subscription price, $3 a year. S. R. Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

Orange Judd & Co., No. 245 Broadway, New York, will please accept our thanks for copies of the chromos, "The Strawberry Girl," presented to each subscriber to Hearth and Home, and "Mischief Brewing," presented to each subscriber to the American Agriculturist for 1873. The subject in each case is pleasing and the work very well executed. We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellence of The Agriculturist. Its engravings are numerous and very well executed; its editorials are well written; its stories interesting, and its Children's Department is admirable. Hearth and Home we do not receive but we have no doubt it continues to be first class, like everything else that is published by Messrs. Judd & Co.

THE RIVER SIDE.

Words by J. C. J. L. O. EMERSON.

TENOR.

1. Glide on, glide on, ye whirl - ing waves, Thus swift - ly to the sea;... Sweep on, and all our

ALTO.

2. This life is as the riv - er's flow, We laugh, we mourn, we weep;.... We spend bright days, and

SOPRANO.

3. Glide on, O riv - er, deep and wide, O life-stream, haste a - way;.... The night wears on to

BASS.

cum - b'ring cares Bear to the deep with thee; As pours the moon-light, soft and calm, Up-

sing sweet lays, Then calm - ly sink to sleep; A heavenly light thro' all the night, Like

glitter-ing dawn, We hail the com - ing day;.. And all the banks with flowers are fair, And

on the sil - v'ry stream,... See fan - cy's light all thro' the night, On life's dark wa - ters gleam.

moonlight on the soul,..... A sil - v'ry gleam on life's deep stream, Shines while the wa - ters roll.

all the sky se - rene;..... Glide on, deep riv - er, ev - er fair, A - mid the pas - tures green.

* Small notes for third verse.

A specimen copy of the SOUTHERN MUSICAL JOURNAL (containing one dollar's worth of music,) will be mailed free of charge to every musician or lover of music in the South, who will favor the publishers with his address. Subscription price only one dollar a year, and a premium of sheet music to the value of fifty cents. Subscribers can select any music they desire for the premium. Send on the names and see what a splendid magazine they are publishing. The August number has (in addition to the usual reading matter) a beautiful song "Take me back to your heart, Kitty Kearney," by Persley. "Angel of Night," a favorite waltz, by Kinkel, and "Webster's Funeral March," by Beethoven. All popular and pleasing. Ludden & Bates, Publishers, Savannah, Ga.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for September is rich in literary novelties, and also gives a fine display of the new Fall Fashions. Demorest seems to outbid all his cotemporaries in the value of Premiums to his subscribers; he announces an astounding offer for 1874, of the large and celebrated chromo, "The Oaken Bucket," after Jerome Thompson, and several other equally large and valuable Chromos, "The Captive Child," "Home, Sweet Home," and "After the Storm," for the ensuing three years, worth $15 each. This is certainly unparalleled, and we wonder how it can be done. Send for Circular. Address W. Jennings Demorest, 838 Broadway, N. Y.

EVERY SATURDAY for Sept. 6th contains the continuation of Zelda's Fortune; additional chapters of Young Brown; a Himalayan Courtship; Charles Phillips; How the "Stabat Mater" was Written; Gavarni; Foreign Notes and John Stuart Mill, a poem by Jas. J. Murphy. This magazine publishes the cream of foreign publications and the good taste displayed in the selections, we are pleased to learn is well appreciated by the reading public. It certainly deserves to be well sustained. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE SANITARIAN, for August. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. $3. We think this new journal will sustain itself as an able exponent of health matters and sanitary reform. We have The Adirondack Wilderness, with map, appropriately followed by George P. Morris' old and favorite, Woodman Spare that Tree; Artificial Feeding of Children; Fashion, illustrated; Resistance to Cholera; Sea-Bathing; The South-western Cholera of 1773; The Public Health; Editorials, etc.

DEMOREST'S YOUNG AMERICA is as full of novelties as an egg is full of meat. The September number of this entertaining Juvenile Monthly will be a valuable accession to any family of children. An announcement is made that hereafter it will be furnished at $1.00 per year, with a valuable Premium. Girls and Boys will please note this. Address W. Jennings Demorest, 838 Broadway, New York.

"Picking Cherries down the Lane," and "Happy Hours," are two new songs by the renowned Millard, both containing all of the elements of popularity and both really excellent. They can be had at any music store, for the trifle of forty cents each, or will be sent free of postage, on receipt of price, by the publishers, Lee & Walker, 922 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

HINTS TO DINNER-GIVERS.

Number Two.

I COME now to another branch of the subject, which I believe is also of great importance. I would say diminish waiters and waiting And here I seem to hear a general shout of objection, especially from the ladies of any household; but I hold to my rule, notwithstanding. Multitudinous waiters only oppress shy people; and the very thing they do is the very thing that ought not to be done. What is the object of bringing people together? It is to promote good talk and good-nature. Now talk must begin on trivial subjects; and it is an immense advantage for shy persons (and we are all more or less shy) to have something to do—to have some service to render to our neighbors. Admirable waiting prevents this.

The two great causes of the failure of society to produce pleasure are fear and shyness. Care has, by Horace, been described as sitting behind a horseman, ride he never so swiftly.

"Post equitcm sedet atra cura,"

And certainly fear (in the shape, perhaps, of a nicely powdered footman) stands behind the chair of the guest at a great dinner-party. This poor guest fears that he shall not know what topic to begin upon with his next neighbor. He is too timid to adventure upon a discussion of a general subject with any opposite neighbor. He fears to be trivial: he fears to be didactic.

Now, here let me say a thing which is contrary to the opinion of many clever persons, but to which I hold strongly—it is that any discussion is good. People fancy that discussion must be pedantic—that it is likely to partake of the shop, and be shoppy; but, after all, there is nothing that interests a company more, if they are worth interesting, than good discussion, upon any topic, whatever may be the topic. The older men of this generation say that talk at dinner-tables is not so good as it used to be. If this be so, I think it has arisen from the fact that earnest discussion has been thought to be impolite and ill-bred. "Sir, we had good talk." Thus, said Dr. Johnson, and I believe he meant to say, "We had a good talk upon one or two good subjects." A butterfly mode of talk, flying from one flower to another, and sipping the sweets of this or that, in a rapid manner, is not really good talk. I do not believe that most men are averse from the talk of the shop. They delight to hear politicians talk politics; they delight to hear lawyers talk law; they even delight to hear physicians talk physic. Only let the talk be earnest talk, and all men rejoice in it. As this is a period in the world's history when all the greatest questions of the time are brought before us in the most succinct manner by the public press, there never can, on any given day, be wanting great subjects for discussion, and ample materials for discussing them. It is the business of the host, or of the "Master of the Revels"—and there is always such a man in any company—to determine what shall be the topics of conversation, and to keep the company to those topics. A skilful person will take care that there shall not be too much time and attention given to any one topic, and that it shall vary according as men or women are present.

Now, as to shyness; as I have said before, we are all shy, some in a greater some in a less degree. The rules which I have advocated have all been laid down with a view to diminish shyness. The less of pomp and circumstances you have, the less you will have of shyness. The simpler the banquet, the fewer the servants, the narrower the table, and the more that the more audacious among the company are able to manifest their audacity, the more comfort for the shy man or woman, youth or girl. And when you consider that shyness and sensitiveness are closely allied to deep feeling and even to genius, the more requisite is it to do everything which should make them withdraw all their feelers and shut up, like the delicate sea anemone, when touched by the rude hand of man or boy.

Now, about the viands for dinner. I think it must be admitted by everybody that the most agreeable people in society have passed the age of forty. At that age we are told that a man is either a fool or a physician, or—as a cynical friend of mine observes—probably both. By that time he has discovered that one or two plain dishes suits him the best: and that he had better keep to one sort of wine. Of these plain dishes he can seldom get enough; while with knickshaws he is much tormented and tempted at great dinners. This all makes for simplicity of food. Not that I would cruelly discourage all great culinary attempts. Let those be for the people who like them, and who do not suffer from them; but I would greatly discourage their number.

I am now going to utter what will perhaps be called a heresy. I believe that people would like to see the substance of their dinners upon the table. Some of my readers may say that a *menu* gives sufficient information. I doubt that. Between the *menu* and the presence on the table of the things enumerated, there is all the difference that there is in reading what is written about a thing and in seeing the thing itself. Besides, the presence on the table of the dishes to be offered to the guests is a move toward symplicity of living, and I think also toward good taste. Fruits and flowers, and ornaments of all kinds, are very well in their way; but it needful, they may be partially dispensed with, or their presence may be postponed, while we are engaged in the solid business of eating.

Now, though I am somewhat puritanical about dinners, I am by no means puritanical about dress. It is all stuff and nonsense to talk about

"Beauty unadorned, adorned the most:"

and I say, that I have never known a beautiful woman who cannot be improved by beauty in dress, provided it be the dress that suits her beauty. The same with men. I have ever observed that when men come to a party well-dressed, wearing, perhaps, their orders, or their official uniforms, they feel that there is to be an increase of festivity, and are more polite and agreeable.

One great point in dinner-giving is, that the hostess should know when to move after dinner. Most clever women, stay too long. They delight in good talk, and in the good talk of clever men; but they forget that festivity, to be successful, should be rapid. Everything in this life is too long: and dinners, as well as church services, require to be greatly abridged. A great wit of a former generation once said to me, after we had been detained an unconscionable time by a very brilliant hostess not being willing to leave the dinner-table, "There is no material difference, sir, among women but this—that one woman has the sense to leave the dinner-table sooner than another. I trust, young man, that you will recollect this when you make the choice of a wife."—*Home Journal.*

TABLE ETIQUETTE.

The correct way is for the one who sits at the head of the table to help first, the first lady on the right: next the first lady on the left, then the second lady on the right; then the second lady on the left, till all the ladies at the table are served. Then repeat these attentions, in the same order, till the gentlemen are served. The gentleman should always serve his wife before he begins to serve the gentlemen at the table, but not till all other ladies at the table are served.

It is not etiquette to snatch at a plate before it reaches you, and begin to eat as though famished, but leisurely, socially commence eating when the food is ready, and handed you. Politeness does not require that a person should sit at a table till from five to forty guests are helped, and till the food to be partaken of has become cold.

If a person is an expert, or even a good carver, the fowl or meat should be carved at the table while the guests are chatting and indulging in social conversation, but if not—if the meat is to be haggled, and cut into chunks, and the joints only to be discovered after several guesses, explorations and disappointment, all carving should be done on a side-table before the guests are seated. The rule is to have a dinner pass off pleasantly with nothing to make the partakers there-of nervous or unsettled.

It is not necessary to go into ecstacies at the table over the pickles, the sweet cake, the coffee, the meat, etc., etc., lest people think you never had anything to eat before, or set you down as a flatterer. But an expression of approbation of the meal is not out of place, nor would it be out of taste to quietly ask the host or hostess how such a dish was prepared.

Remember this. It is not polite or good breeding to make excuses to your guests at the table. To say that the "bread is not baked through," "the biscuits have too much saleratus in them," "the potatoes are soggy," "the coffee is poor and unsettled," "the meat is tough or poor," "the top of the pepper-box never stays on," or that "my dinner" or "breakfast is not fit to eat." All such remarks are in very bad taste, and mean one of three things. That your food is not fit to eat, or that you wish to spoil the appetite of your guests by prejudicing them against what you set before them, or that you are fishing after forced compliments.

In entertaining guests, you are only required to do what you can conveniently to make them feel at ease and to make them comfortable, that their stay may be pleasant, and their visit ever remembered with pleasure.

Never invite people to visit you unless you want and expect them to come. It is not right for one to become a liar simply to be fashionable or to invite persons to his home who are not wanted there. — *Pomeroy's Democrat.*

THE DESSERT.

—The Louisville Courier Journal says that unrequited love is the toothache of the soul. Yes, and the only way to stop it is to use some gold filling.

—"What's the date of your bustle?" was what an anxious papa of Cobleskill asked his well-dressed daughter, after searching for the latest copy of his paper.

—An honest old farmer, on being informed, the other day, that one of his neighbors owed him a grudge, growled ont: "No matter; he never pays anything."

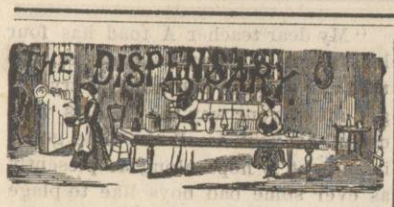
—A negro was put on the stand as a witness, and the judge inquired if he understood the nature of an oath. "For certain boss," said the citizen; "if I swear to a lie I must stick to him!"

—"Men are what Women make Them," is the singular title of a new book. It may be true, but we have seen some dreadfully poor specimens of the manufactured article, which fact reflects badly either upon the material or the maker.

—A gentleman in search of a man to do some work, met on his way a lady, not so young as she once was, and asked her, "Can you tell me where I can find a man?" "No, I cannot," she replied, "for I have been looking these twenty years for one myself."

—An Iowa woman put a couple dozen of eggs into her bed, so they shouldn't freeze while she was absent a few days, and on her return home late at night bounced into bed and bent them so fearfully out of shape that she was obliged to remove them on a coal shovel and a chip. But not one of them was frozen.

—Bridget came to her mistress and asked for a needle and thread. "Do you want it fine or coarse?" asked the lady. "Sure an' I don't know, ma'am," said Bridget. "What do you want it for?" asked the mistress; "If you tell me that, I may know what to give you." "Well mum, the cook has just tould me to string the banes, an' sure an' I want a nadle and thrid for that."



HINTS ON NURSING.

A SICK ROOM or nursery should be provided in which especial care has been taken to have nothing which may irritate the senses of the sick. In health we do not regard a hundred little things which are an annoyance when we are ill. A conspicuous or peculiar pattern of paper upon the walls should be particularly avoided, for strange figures or shapes are conjured up by a morbid sight and imagination, from suggestive papering. A creaking or rattling window-blind, from the very monotony of its sounds and the inability of the sick man to turn from it, will produce a high state of nervousness. So also will a rustling window-shade which slips in and out through a partially opened sash. Familiar noises of the active household attending to the necessary family duties should be guarded against it possible; the smell of the kitchen should never enter a sick room. Do not call these mere trifles—they are not.

Do you care to "put yourself in his place" and test their importance? I could wish you no worse misery than to be helplessly laid on a sick bed and obliged to endure some of these "trifles," as you may call them. I have known of strong-minded men who have cried like babies because some one has forgotten to close the door tightly, and its chucking together in a current of air had soon become so wearisome that all self control was gone.

The dress of the nurse should be so simple and plain, as not to attract attention except for its entire neatness and becoming appearance. A plain material which will not rustle when moving about the room is the best. Do not enter the room with an air suggestive of your strength and health, inducing a comparison with his weakness in the mind of the patient. Be in harmony with the condition of the sick, thereby creating a feeling of support for his feebleness. Do not sit in a rocking-chair—in fact I would not have one in the room unless the patient could use it—and commence to swing yourself back and forth in it; it may annoy more than you think. Of coure no one would think of wearing heavy boots or shoes in such a place. Slippers are heavy enough for the little walking which is necessary.

Learn to think for as well as of, your charge. Be quick to notice whether what you do, or do not do, annoys in any manner. Do not expect to be told, but understand without any hints. Recall to mind your own experience and avoid causing any discomfort. Never contradict or enter into an argument as to the right or wrong of any whim which you may encounter. You must possess rare tact to out-talk without irritating, for remember that reason seldom enters into the vagaries of the sick. They want because they want, just as a child does. It is almost impossible to convince a person who in health possesses a strong mind and is used to self-judgment, that his various desires are whimsical, and therefore it is of but little consequence whether they are filled or not. Some diseases seem to, and in fact do, set the mind in a greater state of activity than when in health.

The appetite is often very fickle, requiring great care and art to please it. In such cases the more simple, and therefore the more apt to be forgotten foods, will usually be most acceptable. Fancy things are likely to be stale and insipid. Do not previously inform your patient that you will have some certain thing prepared for him in such a time. Make a pleasant surprise by offering a tempting dish of something which has not been anticipated for hours.

Finally, never lose your patience and exhibit a feeling of irritation at any treatment or lack of appreciation of your services. When health returns you will experience a pleasure in thinking that you have contributed in restoring it.

Pay attention to the instruction given with the medicines and be sure that no mistakes occur at your hands. Familiarize yourself with the nature of the medicines which you give, and endeavor to ascertain whether they are effective. In this way you can assist the doctor, who, necessarily spending but a short time at the bedside of his patient, must depend upon you for information as to the condition of your mutual charge.—*The Bistoury.*

SMALL BED-CHAMBERS.

There is reason to believe that more cases of dangerous and fatal diseases are gradually engendered annually by the habit of sleeping in small unventilated rooms, than have occurred from a cholera atmosphere in any year since it made its appearance in this country. Very many persons sleep in eight by ten rooms; that is, in rooms the length and breadth of which, multiplied again by ten for the height of the chamber would make it just eight hundred cubic feet, while the cubic feet for each bed, according to the English apportionment for hospitals, is twenty-one hundred feet. But more, in order "to give the air in a sick-room the highest degree of freshness," the French hospitals contract for a complete renewal of the air of a room every hour, while the English assert that double the amount, or over four thousand feet an hour, is required.

Four thousand feet of air an hour! and yet there are multitudes in New York who sleep with close doors and windows in rooms which do not contain a thousand cubic feet of space and that thousand feet is to last all night, at least eight hours, except such scanty supplies as may be obtained of any fresh air that may insinuate itself through little crevices by door or window, not an eighth of an inch in thickness. But when it is known that in many cases a man and wife and infant sleep habitually in thousand feet rooms, it is no marvel that multitudes perish prematurely in cities; no wonder that infant children wilt away like flowers without water, and that five thousand of them are to die in the city of New York alone during the hundred days which include the 15th of July in every year.

Another fact is suggestive, that among the fifty thousand persons who sleep nightly in the lodging houses of London, expressly arranged on the improved principles of space and ventilation already referred to, it has been proven that not one single case of fever has been engendered in two years! Let every intelligent reader improve the teachings of this article without an hour's delay.

WHAT IS IN THE BEDROOM.

If two persons are to occupy a bedroom during the night, let them step on a weighing scale as they retire, and then again in the morning, and they will find their actual weight is at least a pound less in the morning. Frequently there will be a loss of two or more pounds, and the average loss throughout the year will be more than a pound of matter which has gone off from their bodies partly from the lungs and partly through the pores of the skin.

The escaped material is carbonic acid, and decayed animal matter, or poisonous exhalation. This is diffused through the air in part, and part absorbed by the bed-clothes. If a single ounce of wool or cotton be burned in a room, it will so completely saturate the air with smoke that one can hardly breathe, though there can only be one ounce of foreign matter in the air.

If an ounce of cotton be burned every half hour during the night, the air will be kept continually saturated with smoke unless there be an open window or door for it to escape. Now the sixteen ounces of smoke thus formed is far less poisonous than the sixteen of exhalations from the lungs and bodies of the two persons who have lost a pound in weight during the eight hours of sleeping; for while the dry smoke is mainly taken into the lungs, the damp odors from the body are absorbed both into the lungs and into the pores of the whole body. Need more be said to show the importance of having bed-rooms well ventilated, and of thoroughly airing the sheets, coverlids, and mattrasses, in the morning, before packing them up in the form of a neatly made bed?

INFLUENCE OF SUNLIGHT.

In his lecture on this subject, Dr. Griscome said: Sunlight, particularly in dwellings, has become absolutely necessary to health and comfort. The lecturer illustrated how carbonic acid is deleterious to human life, by exhaling into a bottle the air from his lungs, and then placing a light therein, which was immediately extinguished. The life of a living insect, he said, would have been extinguished there as rapidly. The oxygen necessary to human life is derived from plants through the operation of the sun's rays—the yellow ray—and the vegetables in return absorb the poisonous carbon exhaled from the human lungs. Both these operations take place only in the sun's rays, hence the impropriety of sleeping with plants in our rooms.

With man, the sun's rays play a part very important. Under their operation continual change is taking place in the human system; a constant chemical process is in operation. The action of death was a mere chemical operation, produced by the incapacity of the system to inhale the necessary oxygen and exhale the poisonous carbon of the system. To preserve this condition in life, and a healthy system, as well as the development of the mental powers, alike in old and young, a due proportion of sunlight is necessary.

COUGHS ARE CURATIVE.

It is nature's cure, and to smother cough without removing what causes it, is to hinder nature, and take away all chance of cure. When a man clearly has consumption, coughs a great deal, has been bringing up yellow matter for a long time, if his cough should subside, he will inevitably die in three or four days; because the cough helps to bring that matter out of the lungs, and keeps them clear; but when the cough becomes so weak or so unfrequent as not to remove the matter as fast as it is formed, the lungs begin to fill up with it, air cannot get in, and life ends.

The only hope of curing consumption is to promote cough on the one hand, so as to get the lungs clear of the matter in them and prevent the formation of more. But the popular sentiment is, that in proportion as there is less cough, the chances of life are increasing, and willingly and hopefully the patient takes what "cures his cough," and is thus led a willing victim to the grave of his own digging. So much are men, with all their boasted intelligence, like the silly creature which feels itself safe when it can hide its head in a hole, to be crushed the next instant in the jaws of its relentless pursuer.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

HOUSE CELLARS.

We believe that not half enough attention is paid to the ventilation and cleanliness of the house cellar, not only of farmers, but many others, both in the country and city. Many persons are in the habit of keeping—for the want of a better place—large quantities of vegetables in the cellar under the house and probably under the very room occupied by the family. As the season wears on, some of these vegetables decay, the cellar is not ventilated as it should always be by letting in the fresh air during the middle of the day, if at no other time, and the noisome vapors from this decaying mass rise and fill the house.

We have been into many a house filled with odors from the cellar. We believe such air to be unhealthful and would call attention to the subject, that families may be saved from sickness, if not from death. If the house cellar must be used for the storage of vegetables, see that it is properly ventilated as often as it is possible to do so. Use great care to keep the cellars clean and sweet.

THE BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I passed by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, my dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

—*Geo. McDonald.*

COMPOSITIONS.

BY MCB.

WILLIE and Walter were great friends, sharing one another's joys and bearing one another's burdens with equal alacrity. They went through a course of multiplication, "subtraction," and division together at school, very much as they went through a course of measles at home—*i. e.*, with much "fussin'" and some scolding. Though naturally quick to learn, they hated the tables. They could say them very well "right straight along;" but skipping about was a great "stumbling-block" and a "rock of offense," in their eyes.

"How many does five from fourteen leave?" asked Willie somewhat pompously of Walter as they were going home from school one day.

"Seven."

"Wrong."

"Eight."

"No, sir."

Another guess would have brought the right answer, but Walter's patience was exhausted.

"I don't know, and I don't care," he replied, almost fiercely. "You missed it yourself this morning. You know you did."

Which unfortunate fact Willie could not pretend to deny, and the questioning was discontinued for that time.

Some time afterward, the boys walked into their respective homes one Wednesday noon, with slow steps and solemn countenances.

"What is the matter, Walter?" asked his mother.

"I've got to write six lines," he replied, in a subdued tone.

"Six lines of what?"

"Oh! I don't know. Turkeys or frogs."

"Six lines of turkeys," laughed mamma. "What funny lines those would be."

"It's a composition. Can't I have some paper, mother?"

"Certainly; but I think I'd eat my dinner first."

Walter thought he didn't want any; but finally changed his mind.

"Do you think turkeys are very pretty, mother?" he inquired.

"Yes, very pretty when they're roasted."

"How do they kill turkeys?"

"Oh! in various ways."

"They don't know when they're going to be killed, do they?"

"Probably not."

"Don't the other turkeys miss them?"

"Perhaps they do. I can't tell. I never was a turkey, you know."

Walter laughed heartily at this funny speech; but the laugh ended with a sigh.

"I don't know how to write it," said he, dolefully.

"Write everything you can think of about turkeys, just as if you were talking to me."

"P'raps I shall choose frogs," said Walter. "I can think two things about them."

"What can you think?"

"They have long legs and they say 'ka-chunk.' Can't I go over to Willie's house? I can write better over there."

Mamma gave her permission, also some paper and a lead pencil. Walter started off feeling very important; but met Willie coming to "his house," with a sheet of foolscap and a Faber No. 2, so they turned back.

The two boys seated themselves at the little table, with paper before them and pencils in hand, both overwhemingly conscious of the great work in which they were engaged.

"How shall you begin?" asked Willie.

"I shall put 'Dear Teacher' at the top," was the reply.

"Frogs or turkeys?"

"I don't know. Turkeys, I guess."

"Well, I'll have turkeys too."

"Why don't you take 'Frogs' and have them different?" asked Walter's mother.

But Walter didn't want to.

They worked very quietly for about ten minutes. At the end of that time Walter threw down his pencil. "I can't think of anything," he exclaimed.

"Read me what you have written," said mamma.

So Walter read:

"My dear teacher turkeys are very Pritty when there dead and cooked Nice they kill them And they don't know it."

"Pshaw!" cried Willie. "They do know it. I guess you'd know it if a man came running after you with a big knife."

"I don't mean that. I mean they don't know when they're going to."

"They know enough to run away, at any rate."

"Read yours," said Walter, glancing at Willie's three lines.

"Dear Teacher A Turkey is a Bird A turkey is a kind of a hen they gobble and Skare little children."

"That's all I've got. I can't think of anything more," said Walter.

"Nor I," yawned Willie.

"Oh! yes you can," said mamma, encouragingly. "You can say that we have them for Thanksgiving dinner."

Both boys added this interesting item, after which they came to a standstill again.

"I wish we'd chosen frogs," whined Walter.

"So do I. I've got paper enough to change." And Willie looked down upon his sheet of foolscap with a satisfied air.

"Mother'll give me another piece. Won't you, mother?"

Mother took a sheet from her writing-desk. "Now boys," said she, cheerily, "make up your minds to work hard until your task is done. Try and remember everything you have ever heard about frogs. Walter may come here and sit by me. You'll get along better so. Pretend this is a school-room, and don't speak a word until you have finished."

For awhile the poor little fellows sat disconsolate. It was up-hill work and never was silence so oppressive. Walter wanted to ask something dreadful. He raised his hand as if he were really at school, snapping his fingers in a manner that would have driven his teacher frantic, had she been there. But mamma only smiled and shook her head.

At last he did really think of something, and so did Willie. The scratching of pencils was heard. The lady smiled, as she saw the anxious, absorbed expression of the boyish faces.

Willie was the first to finish, though his was the longer of the two.

"Hooray!" cried he, waving his paper triumphantly. "Three cheers! One—"

"That isn't fair," exclaimed Walter, in a distressed tone. "You put me all out. Must he, mother?"

"Have a little patience, Willie," said the lady pleasantly.

They had not long to wait, for Walter, after adding a few more words, folded his sheet in a business-like way, quietly remarking that "he had wrote all he knew."

"Who will read first?"

Both boys were suddenly stricken with bashfulness.

"I don't want to," said Willie, sheepishly.

"You read 'em, mother," begged Walter.

So mamma took the papers in her hand, scanning them with some little amusement, which, however, she was careful not to betray. This was Willie's composition:

"My Dear Teacher Toads are funny Things they have long legs and they can leap verry Far they sleap on the ground and grassy banks of Brooks they get there food by Slyness they will lye down in the Sun where the Grasshoppers come they lye their and appeare to be asleap and a Grasshopper comes Up and all at once they feal themselves caught and Swollowed the color of the toad is Brown with black strips all up and down its Back. its eyes are green with green Eyelids. I cant write eny more so good Bye

WILLIE L. EDWARDS."

"That's very good, indeed," said Walter's mother; "but I see a good many mistakes in spelling. Hadn't you better correct them?"

"Oh! no. The teacher'll mark 'em," he replied carelessly.

Walter's was not as long. It was as follows:

"My dear teacher A toad has four legs and is a harmless creature, the toad can spit fire see how he trys to get out of your way the Toad is very usefull his neck is all the time going in and out it hops along as plesently as ever some bad boys like to plage the poor thing and it has two eyes like we have if you Handle the toad you will have warts and it has a little head so good by

WALTER JAMES SIMMONS."

"You didn't say anything about its long legs," said mamma.

"So I didn't."

Walter was much disturbed for a moment, but finally happened to think that Willie had mentioned that important fact.

"I didn't say that it said 'ka-chunk' either," said he, after a pause. "No matter," he added, resignedly. "I don't b'lieve I know how to spell 'ka-chunk,' any way."

The compositions were neatly copied, and handed in the next day. Willie said he didn't know whether Miss S. liked them or not, but Walter was sure that she did.

"At any rate, mother," said he, complacently, "she laughed like anything."—*Independent.*

THE BOY JOHN.

S. C. Kendall says some very true and suggestive things about "The Boy John" in Scribner's, as follows:

John is young. His tastes are unformed. His feelings are very far from being refined. In fact, he is a little gross in his sympathies. He wants amusement. Every bone in his body aches for recreation, for play, fun, laughter. He does not care—he has never been taught to care—what the fun is, if only it will give relief to the fidget that stings him. Not at all refined, he will go for what he wants where others go. And, going where others go, he finds the hunger of his nature coarsely met—just as tainted meat will fill the hunger of a starving man—in the low revelry, vile stories, unclean mirth of drinking-cellars and saloons.

The boy does not discriminate very closely, and to the longing of his crude appetite the entertainment of these places is infinitely better than any he ever could find in that place which he had been taught to speak of as home. For eating, and sleeping, and getting his clothes mended, he feels that no place can be equal to a Christian home; but for a good time, for passing a dull evening hour, for learning something new, for words of cheer, for professions of sympathy, for those genial ways which a boy does love, and which any boy but a Uriah Heep must love, John will tell even the minister to his face that home is nothing to a street-corner, or a billiard-room with the attachment of a beer-shop.

Well, by and by, just before the clock strikes ten, the father wakes from his doze, the spectacles falling and the paper sliding upon the floor, and looking round with a bewildered gaze, asks, "Where is John?"

Where is he? Why, for want of better instruction, he is out practicing our modern plan of training himself up in the way he likes to go, having no thought that, when he is old, he

will care to depart from it. But the father who has inquired for his boy rubs his eyes, looks out into the darkness, and listens; but he hears him not. He wishes that his boy would not go out so of nights; but then he does go out. He wonders that John cannot sit down at home like other boys. What other boys? And then, with a very feeling remark that, "If John does not do better and become steady, he will make a miserable shirk of himself," the father goes to bed. The mother waits till her boy comes. By and by he does come in—his restlessness blown off, the uneasy fidget of the early evening spent in relaxations which, of some kind, a boy must have—and then at last the house is quiet. Sleep and rest prepare the household for another day and evening like these.

And when that other evening comes, out goes the boy again; and the father again wonders, and wishes that John would be steady and stay at home, and very feelingly predicts that, "If he does not change his course, he will very likely come to a miserable end."

But, good father, why should your boy spend his evenings at home? What is there at home for him? What pleasant recreation, what happy plan for whiling away the hour, does he find inviting him there, or that would invite any boy there? What have you done to make home attractive and winsome to him as John's home? He would like amusements suited to his young, restless, brimming nature; how much real thought and care did you ever give in schemes, devices, plans, efforts, with a view to meeting this passionate yearning of his mind? How much do you play with him, tell stories with him, make riddles with him, talk with him of what you have done and seen, of what your father did and saw? What games, what sports, what efforts at skill with slate and pencil, with knife, saw, and gimlet, have you devised for him, while your look and action were saying, "My boy, I want you to love your home more than any other spot of earth?"

LOVE IN THE FAMILY.

Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust;
Oh, break it not, lest all the leaves
Shall scatter and be lost.

The heart of a child is easily won. Love begets love. Love children and they will love you. Let children feel that you care for them, and you are interested in all that interests them, that you sympathize with them in all their sorrows, rejoice with them in all their joys, show you are their friend, and have the key to their hearts. Teachers, do you wish to be loved by your pupils? Love them. Children read hearts intuitively.

We have not half confidence enough in the power of love to disarm the violent and to reclaim the vicious. The fault begins in our families. Parents lose the confidence in their children, never to be regained, by injustice, selfishness, and the absence of love. Love is the grand secret in domestic education. Give your children a genial loving atmosphere in which to grow. Love precludes not decision or correction, but is prompt in the execution of both.

Deal with your children as God deals with his. Do not meet their anger with your anger, their petulance with your own, or their obstinacy with willfulness still greater. Overcome evil with good. When God called himself a father, he chose a name which he designed to be a significant of overflowing love, tender mercy and long continued forbearance. "Parents, provoke not your children to wrath."

What will love not do? Who can describe its powerful subduing influences? Who ever accomplished anything by reproaches, or violence, or harsh measures? You gratify a private and dark passion in your own heart, and arouse one in another bosom. Oh, try the mighty efficacy of love. One smile of genuine sympathy is worth all your purse to the beggar. "Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God." 1 John iii: 7.

Parents, commend your little ones when they do right, perform that which is good and praisworthy. Whenever they are quick to obey cheerfully, express your grateful approbation; tell them how well you are pleased, how exceedingly gratified you are at the improvement in well doing. Let a mother approve of a child's conduct whenever she can. Let her show that his good behavior makes her sincerely happy. Let her reward him for his efforts to please by smiles and affection. In this way she will cherish in her child's heart some of the noblest and most desirable feelings of our nature. She will cultivate in him a lovely and amiable disposition and a cheerful spirit. Your child has been very pleasing and obedient through the day. Just before putting him to sleep for the night, you take his hand and say:

"My son, you have been very good to-day. It makes me very happy to see you so kind and obedient. God loves children who are dutiful to their parents, and he promises to make them happy."

This approbation from his mother is to him a great reward. And when, with a more than ordinary affectionate tone, you say, "Good night, my dear son," she leaves the room with his little eyes full of feeling. And when he closes his eyes for sleep he is happy, and resolves that he will try and do his duty.

"Good night is but a little word,
Yet beautiful though brief,
And falls upon the gentle heart
Like dew upon the leaf."

DON'T BOX THE CHILDREN'S EARS.

Children's ears ought never to be boxed. We have seen that the passage of the ear is closed by a thin membrane, especially adapted to be influenced by every impulse of the air, and with nothing but the air to support it internally. What, then, can be more likely to injure this membrane than a sudden and forcible compression of the air in front of it? If any one designed to break or over-stretch the membrane, he could scarcely devise a more effective means than to bring the hand suddenly and forcibly down upon the passage of the ear, thus driving the air violently before it, with no possibility for its escape but by the membrane giving way. And far too often it does give way, especially if, from any previous disease, it has been weakened.

Many children are made deaf by boxes on the ear in this way. Nor is this the only way: if there is one thing which does the nerve of hearing more harm than almost any other, it is a sudden jar or shock. Children and grown persons alike may be deafened by falls or heavy blows upon the head. And boxing the ears produces a similar effect, though more slowly and in less degree. It tends to dull the sensibility of the nerve, even if it does not hurt the membrane.

I knew a pitiful case, once, of a poor youth who died from a terrible disease of the ear. He had a discharge from it since he was a child. Of course his hearing had been dull; and what had happened was that his father had often boxed his ear for inattention! Most likely that boxing on the ear, diseased as it was, had much to do with his dying.

And this brings me to the second point. Children should never be blamed for being inattentive, until it has been found out whether they are a little deaf. This is easily done by placing them at a few yards' distance, and trying whether they can understand what is said to them in a rather low tone of voice. Each ear should be tried, while the other is stopped by the finger. I do not say that children are never guilty of inattention, especially to that which they do not particularly wish to hear; but I do say that very many children are blamed and punished for inattention where they really do not hear. And there is nothing at once more cruel and more hurtful to the character of children than to be found fault with for what is their misfortune.

Three things should be remembered here; 1. That slight degrees of deafness, often lasting only for a time, are very common among children, especially during or after colds. 2. That a slight deafness, which does not prevent a person from hearing when he is expecting to be spoken to, will make him very dull to what he is not expecting; and, 3. That there is a kind of deafness in which a person can hear pretty well while listening, but is really very hard of hearing when not listening.—*Science Monthly.*

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. Hampshire, Huntington. 2. Bible Animals. 3. Get a new subscriber. 4. Finger.

5.
C R A N E
R A V E N
A V E R T
N E R V E
E N T E R

6.
Q U A R T
U N D E R
A D I E U
R E E D S
T R U S T

7. Slope, poles. 8. Hours, ours.

9.
W
D E W
T A B B Y
W E B S T E R
M A T I N
N E W
R

10. I sat in state in the sleet, late upon the lea. At last to tease the lass named Sall, I let the lass upon my lee, who was on a seat made of an ell of the skin of an eel stretched upon slats, steal some stale salt to eat. Tall Stella on the east said, "La! what a tale!" Lest she should sell the lease, I made a sale of steel; went to the town of La Salle and now sell salt and keep all accounts on a slate.

11. *Rivers*—Para, Parana, Tar, Tarn, Lena, Po, La Plata, Dee, Rhone, Red, Don, Rum, Miami, Colorado, Saco, Thames, Save, Cam, Tom, Tombigbee, Negro, Obi, Green, Tweed, Ouse, Ayr, Humber, Oder. *Towns*—Para, Parana, Said, Nice, Saco, Hue, Ayr.

12. Grouse, rouse, Ouse, use, Sue. 13. Heart, hear, ear. 14. Change, Chang, hang, nag, Eng.

ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of sixteen letters.
My 1, 11, 16, 4 is to eat.
My 7, 4, 9, 10 is where water comes from.
My 16, 2, 14 is something good to eat.
My 12, 11, 16, 4 is a number.
My 13, 11, 16 is something to drink.
My 3, 11, 14, 8 is what boys amuse themselves with.
My 6, 5, 15, 14 is a part of the body.
My 2, 12, 11, 14 is used in arithmetic.
My whole is the name of one of England's distinguished generals.
L. M. H.

2. I am composed of thirteen letters.
My 8, 2, 3 is a word common to everybody.
My 11, 1, 2, 3 is particles of stone.
My 3, 5, 5, 4 is a wild animal.
My 13, 12, 11, 5 is a part of the face.
My 11, 2, 1, 10, 4 is a reptile.
My 3, 1, 4, 10 is wanting light.
My 7, 1, 9, 10, 3, 8, 6 is a fowl.
My whole is the name of one of the presidents of the United States.
PAULINE.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

3. My first is in weapon but not in gun,
My second is in daughter but not in son,
My third is in parlor but not in house,
My fourth is in rat but not in mouse,
My fifth is in England but not in Spain,
My sixth is in coming but not in came.
My whole is a man of revolutionary fame.

ANAGRAM.

4. Na reathy teesd aws koyed, hety asy,
Toun lopalo's dlogen gery,
Ot ward het ginnubr rac fo ady,
Tub mustbled no eth rastry yaw.

SQUARE WORDS.

5. Belonging to a sovereign; escape; direct; a reptile; looks with contempt.

6. Healthy; assent; a metal; extremities.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

7. A consonant; a town in Massachusetts; a town in New Hampshire; a state; a town in Pennsylvania; three-fourths of nine; a consonant.

JUMBLES.

Names of Authors.—8. Hapskeser. 9. Boyrn. 10. Dyernd. 11. Manshe. 12. Woprec. 13. Odmishlgt. 14. Acotfrnb. 15. Danligr. 16. Sewerbt. 17. Tocts. 18. Ontnsojh. 19. Awdrin. 20. Bonbig.

WYLFULL WYVES.

The man is blest that lyves in rest,
And so can keepe hym stylle;
And he is a-coruste (accursed) that was the first
That gave hys wyff her wyll.

What paine *and* greff without relieff
Shall we pore men sustayne,
Yff every gyle (Jill) shall have her wyl,
And over us shall reigne.

Then all our wyves, during ther lyves,
Wyll loke to do the same;
And bear in hand, yt ys as lande
That goeth not from the name.

There ys no man whose wysdome canne
Reform a wylfull wyff,
But onely God, who maide the rod
For our unthryfty lyffe.

Let us therefor crye owt *and* rore,
And make to God request,
That He redresse this wylfulness
And set our harth at rest.

Wherefor, good wyves, amend youre lyves,
And we wyll do the same,
And kepe not, style, that noughtye wyle
That haith so evell a name.

HINTS AND AIDS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

BY PATIENCE POPULAR.

BEEF should always be fried in butter or suet. The use of lard in frying beef detracts the sweet beefy flavor, leaving one of pork, thus taking away half of the pleasure we receive in eating the beef. The butter or suet thus used should be in the frying pan hot when the beef is put in. This seals the pores and causes it to retain all its sweet, juicy flavor. In frying mutton or veal the same rules should be observed as in cooking beef.

Fresh fish baked in the following way makes an excellent dish for dinner: Butter a large plate, such as is used for baking pies, letting considerable melt in it. Take the neatly dressed fish and rub salt over the surface, then dip in flour and lay upon the plate, and spread butter over the whole upper surface of the fish. Bake an hour and a half in a slow oven. Fish baked in this way make a nice dish to be taken to picnics, excursions, etc., to be eaten cold. In baking salted fish, sweet cream should be used instead of butter.

A pleasant sauce or gravy for potatoes is made as follows: Put a lump of butter as large as an egg in a frying pan over the fire and fry until it is brown, being careful that it does not scorch. When brown stir into it a spoonful of flour, and that done add a cupful of sweet cream or milk. Have the potatoes scraped or pared, as may be, and boiled. When done pour off the water and place them in the dish in which they are to be served and pour the gravy over them. A little salt should be added to the gravy. A nice toast for breakfast is made by browning butter in this way. Add the flour, a cuptul of hot water and a little salt. Let it boil a moment. Meanwhile have the bread toasted and placed in a dish. Pour the butter gravy over it, or dip and then place in the serving dish.

Browned butter with a little flour and hot water added seasoned with both salt and pepper makes a very excellent sauce for boiled meat and fish.

To make a bread pudding, take a large plateful of bread crumbs, stir them into three pints of sweet milk and place upon the stove. Let it get scalding hot but do not let it boil. Meanwhile beat together two eggs and a cupful of sugar. Also into one pint of sour milk stir a heaping teaspoonful of soda and nearly the same amount of salt, stirring until it is foamy. Into the hot bread and milk stir one tablespoonful of flour, then add one pint of cold sweet milk, then the eggs and sugar, lastly the sour milk, with such flavoring as may suit the taste. Pour all into the baking pan and bake in a quick oven. By the addition of a pound of raisins you have an excellent plum pudding. The bits of dry bread and crusts may be used for this pudding. All puddings will be lighter if a part of the milk used be sour.

Herbs, in most cases, should be gathered just as the seeds are becoming ripe, before they have time to become scattered from the pods.

Lobelia is an herb of which many are afraid, simply because the eating of a bit of it will cause vomiting, sickness at the stomach, etc. It is, however, perfectly harmless and of great value, possessing many very excellent medicinal qualities. As an emetic it is unrivalled; as an expectorant, few are better. It is a good remedy for all kinds of lung complaints, coughs, colds, etc. The tincture, as well as the herb itself, should be kept in every house. It may be made in this way: Make a strong decoction of the herb or seeds, or of both, then to every pint of tea add one-half pint of alcohol. Bottle and cork closely. Both seeds and tincture can be procured of the druggists, but those who live in country places can provide this useful herb and its tincture for themselves. The ear-ache with which so many children are troubled may be cured in a few hours by putting in three or four drops, one each hour. It should be warmed before being poured into the ear. Gatherings in the ears may be prevented and cured by the use of the tincture in this way. Those troubled with coughs on lying down, will find great relief if they put a half teaspoonful in a cup with a little cold water and sugar and drink it just before retiring. Double this amount may be prepared in the cup and one-half left standing near the bed to be taken at any time during the night when the irritation returns. Consumptives will find themselves benefited by using it constantly. Lobelia used as a remedy for all kinds of bruises, sprains, etc., is also invaluable. For this a simple tea may be used. It is an antidote for poisons, poisonous bites, stings, etc. Is good for all kinds of inflammations, both external and internal, and may used without fear of harm.

There are many other herbs equally as useful as this one, and every housekeeper should make it her duty to see that a quantity are gathered and saved for use when needed. All herbs should be carefully dried in the shade. When this is done they may be tied up in paper sacks and put away.

The tea made from raspberry vines cure sore mouth, throat, and diarrhea. Sage tea, warm or cold, is excellent for all kinds of lung complaints, also for sore mouth and throat. Pulverized yellow rood will cure the most severe cases of cankered mouth and throat. A soft salve made of white slacked lime and good sweet lard is the best thing of which we know for burns and scalds, and unless they are severe and reach the internal organs this salve is all that is needed. It should be applied immediately and kept on until perfectly healed. It should be be put on fresh once every twenty-four hours. If a little lime be saved at the spring white-washing time all may have this remedy at hand. Scraped horn will drive away and kill proud flesh in sores. If at the end of twelve hours the proud flesh is not all removed, apply fresh scrapings. It causes no pain.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

As a preface to what may follow, allow me to say that it is with great pleasure that any suggestions may be made for the good of suffering humanity—and how our poor humanity does suffer—but it is especially pleasant for me to respond to an invitation like that of our friend, Mrs. Carney, especially in her bereavement. Yes, "our friend," though still unseen by mortal vision, yet the name has been often seen and the articles welcomed by thousands, as containing much common sense, like those of our dear Mrs. Dorr, Kitty Candid, C. Dora Nickerson, etc., etc. It is pleasant as we see the names of regular contributors, side by side, to welcome them as members of "our band," while we can scarcely fail to cherish a fellow feeling, if not respect and attachment, wishing for a more intimate acquaintance. (And may we not hope that at some time our friend Crowell, who, of course, has a *pass*-able influence with railroads, may arrange for a grand jubilee at the mountains or sea side, at which "Our HOUSEHOLD Band," with a few friends, and with the friends of THE HOUSEHOLD, if any town be found large enough to accommodate such a vast number, might clasp hands in sympathy, become acquainted personally, and "rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep.") I cannot do justice to my feelings without commending sister C.'s views on the use of intoxicating liquors, in cookery included, and to say that the items of personal history (and who has not been burdened by bereavements and trouble—the living ones included—by no means the most easily borne?) will induce me to read her articles with increased interest.

It is, of course, a little difficult to advise in reference to an unseen patient, but the facts given are highly suggestive. The water treatment refered to is safe if judiciously applied, in a manner to be really promotive of comfort. Harshness is generally, if not always, unsafe. It is safe to omit all pork, the least wholesome of the meats, at least as raised in New England, where the hog is generally but a synonym for a mass of corruption, a concentration of disease. Under the circumstances, with such a brain and a "nervous temperament," I should prefer fish to beef, on account of the stimulating effects of the beef. With such a brain there must be an unusual demand for nerve food, which is found in its best condition in fish generally, particularly the more active of the fish, which principle applies also to birds, the sluggish being deficient in "phosphates," brain and nerve food. Beans, also, are rich in this as well as casein, the muscle food, corresponding with the gluten of the grains, not quite as easy of digestion as the latter. As compared with wheat, for example, two pounds of beans will help do more muscular work than three of wheat, and more brain work than three and a half. (Beans are intended, not pork and beans.) Peas contain the elements in nearly the same proportion, are rather easier of digestion, both of which are too rich in true nutrition to be eaten in large quantities, and should be eaten with the vegetables, as the potato, and in the winter may demand more of the fuel, the heaters, as butter and the sweets, at the same meal. With such a brain and temperament, however, much of the fuel, the sweets, fats, oils and starch, by heating, and the stimulants and irritants, like mustard, pepper, and the spices in general, might "fire up" too much, goad and irritate to an extent to result in too much mental and nervous activity.

But such a brain is almost if not quite always overtasked, excited and deranged, more or less affecting the whole system. It is not rest alone that is needed for any one organ when diseased, but a diversion, on the principle that rest, true rest is not obtained so much by a cessation of labor as by calling other powers into activity at the same time. Thus, the brain and mind are best rested when the body is active, diverting the blood from the brain to the extremeties, and the surface, of still more importance.

It is probable that the infant had large abdomen, joints and brain, small limbs, clear and transparent skin, and that now he has soft, flaccid and imperfectly developed muscles, plainly indicating the need of physical culture, a long rest for the brain, a diversion of the blood from it, and a general and thorough renovation of the whole muscular structure, such as would follow two years of light farm labor, or any employment in the open air and blessed sunlight. It would be safe for that "baker's dozen of papers and magazines," and books in general, to remain untouched, or nearly so, allowing the brain and eyes to rest, avoiding all use of the eyes in bright light, at twilight, and under all circumstances in which an effort is made to see. Open them and "let them see, rather than make them see."

The "dimness" probably results in part from a derangement of the stomach, a cause of much trouble to the eyes, and in part from overuse. These are general thoughts, and particulars will be as cheerfully given.

In reply to query third, it is safe to say, 1. That pickles are by no means necessary as a part of our food, if we wish the most wholesome, such as

will give us the most health, vigor and strength. If we need acids, as we often do, especially in the early spring and summer, they are found in the best form in the sub acid fruits and berries, occurring just when needed, or lemon juice may be reduced in water, without sugar, since that counteracts its effect. 2. It is by no means necessary that pickles should be green unless for correspondence, green cucumbers are sufficiently so. 3. They may be colored by many kinds of green dye quite as safely as by the most poisonous metalic dyes.

To understand the danger of cooking in brass, it is necessary to know that this metal is an alloy, composed of four parts of copper and one of zinc, both of which are very poisonous in certain combinations, and also that they are readily decomposed by the acids of fruits, etc., making acetates of copper and of zinc; one combination of the former, the more usual one, being known as verdigris, used by painters and known to be very poisonous, similar in this respect to the acetate of zinc.

The protoxide of lead is used in glazing earthen vessels, porcelain, etc., and is poisonous, as most persons of even moderate capacity know. This exposed to an acid is changed to an acetate of lead, usually known as "sugar of lead," a violent poison. It need not surprise one that when acid fruits come in contact with this glazing, especially when warm, that sugar of lead is formed.

Of necessity, the exposure of these metals to the acids of fruits, especially if unripe, and at a high temperature, will produce decomposition, which is liable to combine with food thus prepared. If these poisonous compounds reach the stomach, harm necessarily ensues. The precise form of this harm is not always apparent. Such poisons generally attack the mucus surface of the stomach and bowels, inflaming, irritating, and often ulcerating them, of course, in some instances, producing violent derangement of the bowels, as dysentery. They sometimes affect the brain, producing pain, giddiness, a sensation of fullness, and not unfrequently, paralysis.

I repeat, the danger from all these metals is enhanced by the presence of acids, at a high temperature. More anon.

AUNT LEISURELY TO HER NIECE.

My Dear Niece:—You asked me, dear Zillah, in your last letter, how to make soft soap. Young as you are you wish to qualify yourself for housekeeping in all its branches, so as to well fill the responsible position of head of your father's house. I will tell you willingly, dear, but just let me advise you; do not make it. It is a laborious operation; when new it fades the colored clothes, it is at all times hard on the hands, and now, when such excellent soaps are manufactured, and can be had by the box at seven or eight cents a pound, which saves the trouble of boiling the clothes, and one can not only have the washing done in half the time, but keep from getting overheated and inhaling the steam, which those who use soft soap, and as a necessity have to boil the clothes, are compelled to do.

Your ashes you can sell to any farmer to put on his land for money enough to keep you in soap, and have your soap fat left for your poultry. I save all the scraps of fat meat, shins, and every kind of grease, boil it well and stir corn meal in it. Our hens pay us well for it in extra fatness and juiciness when dissected on the dinner table, besides supplying us more abundantly with eggs than they did with any other diet. I put a large handful of salt in it, for though salt when eaten alone will kill chickens, both it and the grease are excellent for young chickens, as it keeps the gapes at a safe distance.

Some housekeepers object to anything but good soft soap for washing dishes, but as I always scald my dishes, after using a little soap in the first water, I don't think I should be indicted by a jury of my peers for want of cleanliness. So as a matter of economy I consider soft soap "nowhere," and have not used it for years, except last week when our cow was very sick, would not eat and was very much swollen, we borrowed half a pint from a good old-fogy neighbor, and mixed it with a teacup of melted lard, and put it in a bottle and poured it down her throat; by next morning she was well as ever. Still I have no doubt that the hard soap shaved fine and melted would have answered the purpose. Now, dear Zillah, if after this raphsody you are daring enough to still wish for the recipe, I will cheerfully send it.

Do you remember poor old Polly Hartman? She has been staying here for the past three weeks, and is the same sour-visaged, irritable spinster as ever. She still goes from house to house as inclination prompts, and I believe as a general thing people treat her kindly for the short time she is disposed to stay. But how gladly people would welcome her, for she is never idle while there is sewing or knitting to be done in families where she is staying, and she gives no trouble, if it were not for her wretched worrying disposition.

I often think what a blessing it was she never married; it could not help being a dismal home where she was the center. We try to make her cheerful and comfortable, but every little vexation is converted into a thorn in the flesh by her gloomy way of looking at it. I am sure your uncle and I were amused yesterday. Brother George's little four years old daughter is staying with us, her mother is away visiting. She came into the room where we were all sitting, and spied Aunt Polly's spectacle case lying on the table, and asked what it was. Lizzie told her it was a spectacle case. "Well," said she, "I thought it was some old maid's pocket book."

It was a random shot, but as usual it hit poor aunt Polly, who always places herself as a target for chance missles, and who blazed out an angry reproof on poor Sadie for meddling with what didn't belong to her. I tried to control the laughter that burst from the children at the look of wonder on Sadie's face, who could not comprehend the mischief she had done, but the smile I could not suppress did not aid the undertaking much, and they all ran giggling into the kitchen. After Aunt Polly had resumed her knitting I was shocked to see two large tears steal down her withered cheeks and drop in her lap.

"Oh, Aunt Polly!" I said, "don't let such a trifle fret you. I'm sure Sadie never thought of you when she spoke. I don't really believe the child knows what 'old maid' means."

"Oh, it is not that so much," she replied, in a trembling voice, "but I do wish I could like children, because nearly everywhere I go there are children in the family, and I believe they are sorry when I come and glad when I leave. But I got such a heart-scald of young ones when I was little that 'pears like I never got over it. When other children were out playin', I was either rockin' the cradle, or luggin' one 'round, or holdin' one in my lap. There was seven younger 'n me; we were poor, and mother was sickly, and I never knew what it was to be a child like other folks."

My heart ached for the lonely, desolate old creature. I could only look at her with tears in my eyes, and say nothing. Sour and ill-grained as she was, still that longing for appreciation and sympathy which finds a home in every human heart, would at times make itself known.

"I knit 'em mittens and socks," she resumed, "but I don't seem to get no thanks for 'em."

I could not wonder at it, when I remembered the beautiful red and white mittens she knit last winter for our children, and every time they wore them in her sight, she did not forget to warn them "that they would be in giblets in a month, with their mussin' 'round in every dirt," until the children would not put them on while she was there.

At night when I put my children to bed, I told them as much as I thought expedient of Aunt Polly's history, and tried to enlist their sympathies in her behalf, which was not a difficult thing to do, with the tender hearts of childhood, and when they dropped off to sleep it was with their little heads filled with schemes for her benefit. And next morning when Sadie scrambled out of bed and commenced operations by presenting Aunt Polly (who was frozen up as hard as ever) with one of her dolls, she was petrified by the fretful,

"Go 'long, child, what d' I want with it; I guess where there is young ones to sew and mend for there is enough to do without foolin' with dolls."

So the moral of all this, dear Zillah, is, cultivate a cheerful, happy disposition. I am afraid I have spun out my letter so long I cannot tell you what books I think would be interesting and instructive to read, but will in my next give you a list of my favorite authors. As regards history, I think you would like D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, and would recommend it for your perusal. It contains a good deal of historical matter in addition to the narration of that great religious revolution. You would be astonished to see how gradually the light of truth dawned, even on those great minds, so long enveloped in the shades of Popery. Write very soon.

Aunt Leisurely.

NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

As an appendix to the "Replies," it may be proper to add a few thoughts to the ideas suggested by Mrs. Carney and the querist. Most heartily do I indorse Mrs. C.'s views in opposition to the use of intoxicating liquors in the kitchen, and will add that I cannot avoid the conclusion that not a few physicians are nursing the viper of drunkenness by too frequent and often unnecessary administrations of spirits.

"Brandy in the butter?" Why? Where is the philosophy? The frequent use of intoxicating liquors in cooking must produce disastrous results morally, but tend directly and indirectly to produce habits of intemperance. The domestic wines are as open to this objection as the foreign, so far as they contain a similar amount of alcohol, the source of all drunkenness. But do these home-made wines, the blackberry, elderberry and currant, contain alcohol unless added? Most certainly. Alcohol is produced by the fermentive process, and in no other way, and just as easily in our own homes as in France. It never is produced—does not exist in nature—save by destruction, as by the actual killing and waste of the grain and fruits as such, a change in the form and nature of chemical constituents. It is only man-made. The expressed juice of various fruits, when exposed to warmth, undergo a chemical change developing alcohol, the stimulating and intoxicating element of all liquors.

Mrs. A. C. G.'s blackberry wine needs no brandy to keep it. Fermentation produces the alcohol, alike, of both. To prevent the process of fermentation—the production of alcohol—it is necessary to regard certain conditions. If these juices, containing starch or sugar and water, are subjected to a temperature of 70° Fah., the fermentation proceeds rapidly, while that process is utterly impossible at a very low temperature. It is also rendered impossible, or very difficult by the exclusion of the air.

It is true that boiling will utterly destroy the fermentive principle. It is for this purpose that the housewife "scalds" her preserves, and then seals to exclude the air. If fruits may be kept fresh by canning, excluding from the air, it is also true that the juices may be kept, though with more difficulty. Fresh juice of the grape or blackberry, in a corked bottle, kept in ice, never will ferment, never produce alcohol. But if this is not convenient, the scalding must be practiced, and then keep as cool and free from air as possible, remembering that the addition of sugar increases the materials for fermentation.

In regard to canning fruits, it is proper to say there is an inappropriateness in this, at least to a certain extent. Most of these—unlike the grains and most of the vegetables—will keep fresh but a few days. It would seem that they are medicinal in their mission, intended for a temporary use and for a definite purpose.

Their acids and sub acids are admirably adapted to the renovation of the body, in the hot season, to eradicate excess of carbon taken during the previous cold weather, and stimulate the organs of digestion, ordinarily specially torpid at this season. If they cool the body in the summer, they are not needed for this purpose in the winter. If they are needed for renovation when there is an excess of carbon, they will be of no service for this purpose when all of this carbon is needed to sustain a proper degree of animal heat. So far as they are kept to be used in the spring, before fresh fruit is available, it is well. The most valuable of all our fruits, however, the apple, is intended to keep for most of the year, and may be used at all seasons with advantage, needing no sugar for a relish.

In these personalities, it is but yielding to the promptings of my nature to indorse the sensible remarks of "Lizzie" in the management of the boys. Such principles will do more for the boys than "female suffrage."

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD BAND:—I wish to write a few words to the afflicted sisters—to the many Marahs—for we feel there are not a few, who bear the title in significance, if not in reality. No, Marah! you are not alone in your heart-sorrow, and many through sympathy would gladly give a helping hand if they could. A lady of wealth, culture and position in society, remarked to me last week, "I would not want to live but for my little ones," and her trouble is indifference at the hands of a husband, and I might say in addition, cruelty, and unkindness, and yet abroad, in society, he stands among the highest, and does not forget the courtesy and gentility of a "polished gentleman" due at such times, and one would really think he was all amiability, but once at home he is a tyrant.

And there are women who reserve their charms for society, but who at home are irritable and peevish. While it is not only a woman's place to be dutiful, it should be her pleasure to be loveable as well.

Woman, in her nature, is sensitive and affectionate, and expects to meet like qualities in a husband; but his business, generally, is with the outer world, and by its continual jarring and annoyances his finer sensibilities become blunted, and she does not meet with the sympathy that her heart craves, and I believe many are—dying, I might say—from this want of sympathy and appreciation. But when a wife finds she has gotten a companion who is "uncompanionable," the best means is to try and bring about a reform. Avoid collisions, for that invariably cools the affection in both parties. Make up your mind to be cheerful in the presence of your husband, and try above all to make him happy. Cultivate tastes kindred to his own in reading, etc.; throw a little spice into your "common place" conversation; tell anecdotes, or any bit of gossip, but do not murmur.

Do not harrow your grief with his short-comings, but think whether you have any defects, and try if so to make virtues of them. You will soon see what an influence you have regained. When you are both in a cheerful humor, touch delicately on some subject of your sorrows or misunderstanding, but not in a way to give offense. If you will follow this tried example and advice, I think you will in one year be the happier for it. Try and dispel all unhappy thoughts—I know how hard it is—but the "harder the battle the greater the victory."

AN ELDER SISTER.

DEAR MRS. J. M.—If the good old HOUSEHOLD will hand this to you, I will be glad and you benefited. Truly, you are in a sad condition, when you run from the rats you are only embraced by the bedbugs. I appreciate your situation, for I have been kept awake many a night, with light in hand, to watch their steady march, march, march, right over little bare shoulders and dimpled limbs, and it is enough to distract the most quiet of mothers. I will now give the remedy:

Take a bottle and put some lard in it, and add fifty cents worth of quicksilver, partially melt the lard and shake well, then take a long feather and go to your bedstead, put it all around, in every crevice, and if any are there you will have the pleasure of seeing them collapse immediately. If your rooms are papered, and they are under the edges, put some of the mixture there, and wherever they live just give them a dose and it will kill all that are there, and none will come where it has been put until after all traces of it have disappeared. Once in six months is sufficient to keep the premises clear from them.

As for fleas, cold water will banish them, because they despise a bath.

To get rid of rats, I have heard (but never proved) that if you catch one alive, and with a candle singe the hair off pretty close, and rub on some turpentine, he will tell of his abuse to all his friends and neighbors, and never a one will darken the doors where he passed through such trouble.

I hope you can soon lay yourself upon your bed without fear of molestation, and forever afterward rest in peace.

WYLDE WOODE.

MY DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—This morning just as I had laid away the duster, weary of house-cleaning, yet feeling a sweet comfort in knowing, after a careful survey, that all was tidy, whose but your own cheery, good-natured face should peep in soliciting and receiving its usual monthly welcome. Coming in so timely I could but yield to its enticing prayer for entertainment, and found recreation and pleasure in them while resting from my labors. Oh! methinks these precious moments snatched away from the real practical, every-day life of housekeepers and given to the patient inner life are the sweetest we enjoy, and tend greatly to make us homekeepers. I think the regular visits of such aids and friends as THE HOUSEHOLD will greatly assist us in their tendency to systematize and thereby lighten our labors, so that the inner life may be often gratified in its craving for intellectual food, and beautifully blend and harmonize with the outer life.

In reply to the inquiry of Mrs. Julia A. Carney, I would say that it is not satisfactory to seal blackberry wine before fermentation. If she has ever made any, she must know that to be perfect wine it must be clarified. Can this be done effectually without a broad, open surface, such as is obtained by having a keg or cask? After clarifying it must be drained off, or what is better drawn off by a siphon, leaving the sediment in the bottom of the vessel, when your wine is pure, clear and sparkling. I tried immediate bottling with the first I ever made, and beside danger of the bottles breaking during the process of fermentation, I found the "settlings" in the bottom of each bottle, and had to drain off, wash the bottles and refill them, which was trouble involving some loss. I thank her for her suggestion in regard to white sugar versus brown, and hope to profit by it.

I trust these remarks will be as kindly received as her inquiry was made. I hold that it is right to inquire, explain, correct and teach each other, as the case may be, in all matters appertaining to our mutual housekeeping interests, and think that the free interchange of thought on this subject greatly stimulates and improves us. We can make our homelives beautiful by a perfect system of economical management, and our homes happy to those who inhabit them by introducing into them intelligent, progressive measures for the developement of our higher feelings and affections.

I would like a recipe for home-made crackers, crisp and light. Will not some one give a bill of fare for a week, so varied as not to be tiresome, yet simple enough to be practicable to one of limited means?

Will the president of the Randolph Ladies' Assocociation give me her full address, and permit me to correspond with her with a view to obtaining information in regard to her society?

MRS. A. C. G.

Meridian, Miss.

TO EXTRACT GREASE SPOTS FROM BOOKS OR PAPER.

Gently warm the greased or spotted part of the book or paper, and then press upon it pieces of blotting paper, one after another, so as to absorb as much of the grease as possible. Have ready some fine, clear essential oil of turpentine, heated almost to a boiling state; warm the greased leaf a little, and then with a soft, clean brush wet with the heated turpentine both sides of the spotted part. By repeating this application the grease will be extracted. Lastly, with another brush dipped in rectified spirits of wine, go over the place, and the grease will no longer appear, neither will the paper be discolored.

—Fruit jellies may be preserved from mouldiness by covering the surface one-fourth of an inch deep with finely pulverized loaf sugar. Thus protected, they will keep in good condition for years.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MR. CROWELL,—*Dear Sir*:—In the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD "A. S." says she has a recipe for removing mildew. I have been looking for it ever since but it has not yet appeared. I know she will greatly oblige several readers by having it published in THE HOUSEHOLD.

I tried "Sister Sarah's" way of making yeast and bread, that was published in the July number, I was delighted with it; my success was perfect. I felt as though I would like to write diricly to her and thank her for her plain and full directions.

DELICATE CAKE.—In the June num- "A. M." asks for a delicate cake recipe with the whites of seventeen eggs. Three-fourths of a pound of butter, and one pound of sugar, beat together until very light; the whites of seventeen eggs, and three-fourths of a pound of flour; beat the eggs light, then stir flour and eggs alternately in the butter and sugar. Flavor with almond.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.—One-half cup of butter, one-half cup of corn starch, one-half cup of sweet milk, one and one-half cups of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and the whites of six eggs. In mixing the cake, mix butter and sugar to a cream, add the corn starch, then the milk with the soda, next the flour with the cream of tartar, and lastly the whites of the eggs, all beaten thoroughly.

Frosting for the above Cake.—Whites of four eggs, sixteen tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar, and one grated cocoanut. Put on the icing, then a layer of cocoanut, and so on until completed. Bake the cakes the thickness of jelly cakes, and arrange in the same manner.

MRS. R. B. G.

SNOW PUDDING.—Pour one pint of boiling water over one-half box of Cox's gelatine, add two cups of sugar, the juice of two lemons, and when nearly cold strain it. Beat with it the whites of three eggs, twenty minutes or longer. Make a soft custard with the yolks of the eggs, a pint of milk, a little sugar, and fifteen drops of vanilla or lemon. Pour the custard over the pudding when eaten.

RAILROAD PUDDING.—One cup of salt pork, chopped fine, one cup of molasses, one cup of chopped raisins, one and one-half cups of milk, three cups of flour, and one teaspoonful of soda. Heat the pork and molasses together, then add the other ingredients. Steam two or three hours.

JOSIE.

BROWN BREAD.—*Mr. Crowell*:—As I am benefited with the useful suggestions I receive from THE HOUSEHOLD, I will add a mite. A subscriber, in a late number asked for a recipe for "old-fashioned brown bread," such as "mother used to make." For a medium sized loaf, take five cups of rye meal, one and two-thirds cups of Indian meal, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of lively yeast, mix with warm water until it is soft enough not to stick to the hand. Put it into a pretty hot oven, let it get nicely browned on top, then cover closely, and bake slowly for nearly two hours.

BRANBERRIES.—One-fourth pound of finely chopped raisins, one cracker, pounded fine, one egg, the juice of one lemon, and grate some of the rind, one egg, not quite one cup of sugar.

For Crust.—Two and one-half cups of flour, one egg, one-half cup of shortening, or common pie-crust will answer just as well. Roll thin, cut out with a pint pail cover, wet the edges, put a teaspoonful of the above mixture into each one, double together and press closely, and prick holes in the top before putting into the oven. This will make from twenty-five to thirty.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Soak one-half cup of tapioca for a few hours in one-half cup of water, take a wine quart of milk in a pail, put into a kettle of water, when boiling hot add the tapioca, and let it cook a few moments; then add the yolks of two eggs beaten together with two-thirds cup of maple sugar, and salt to season, and cook a few momemts; remove from the fire, flavor with lemon or vanilla. Have ready prepared the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, which put on as quickly as possible after removing from the fire, so that the steam may cook it through and keep it from settling.

I am much pleased with the common-sense reading in your paper, and if I had the gift would like to express my own thoughts sometimes, but will try to aid a little more another time with some recipes.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me to give a few articles interesting to young housekeepers. They may seem stale and simple to the older and more experienced, but are easily and readily learned and usefully applied when one is preparing a home.

USES FOR STALE BREAD. — If not mouldy cut in slices, have ready a little milk, three or four beaten eggs, with a little pepper and salt, and a little fat in the spider. Dip the bread in the milk, then into the egg, and drop into the hot fat. Dip two or three times if the egg is plenty, and turn the remainder on it when done. It is an economical and palatable dish.

Never throw away a crumb of bread, for in so doing it soon amounts to handfulls. Dry bread is much nicer for stuffing, acid pies, (see May number,) and puddings. If you have slices broken or bits left from plates, put them on a tin and dry them in a warm oven, and when dry put them in a bag, tie it up, and hang in your pantry.

QUEEN'S PUDDING.—A pint of bread crumbs (rolled on the moulding board quite fine) to a quart of boiled milk, add a tablespoonful of butter, and the yolks of four eggs beaten with one cup of white sugar, the grated rind of one lemon, and a teaspoonful of salt. Bake in a moderate oven, then spread over it a layer of jelly or strained apple; add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, the juice of a lemon, and a cup of sugar; then sprinkle a little sugar over the top and set in the oven to brown a trifle. It is very nice for dessert, or cold for tea. Half the quantity is sufficient for a small family.

Some use fine bread crumbs for griddle cakes, which are very light and nice.

DROP CAKES.—In the May number some one asks for a rule for good drop cakes fried in hot fat. I use two cups of sour milk, (teacup,) two eggs or more, a little salt, one teaspoonful of soda, and flour enough to make them stiff enough to drop from the spoon, to prevent them from stickling dip the spoon into the fat then dip up the mixture. Some add a little sugar to the above; it is not required when eaten with maple syrup. In winter when eggs are scarce, a cupful of light snow answers in place of the eggs.

I have more I should like to add, and should this be worthy a place in your list of correspondents, will avail myself of the pleasant opportunity. VICTORIA.

BREAD MAKING.—Mrs. R. B. G.'s request, or a similar one, was answered by me in The N. Y. Tribune some years since, and this was my reply, the subject being as now, bread making: One large handful of hops—have ready some two quarts of boiling water, and put the hops in a bag kept for the purpose—peel six or eight good sized potatoes and boil in the same water, when done pass them through a colander; press the hop bag to get the strength of the hops; thicken this with wheat flour, adding between one and two quarts more of water; to this add one teaspoontul of ginger, one teacupful of powdered sugar, one cup of salt, (which is a great preservative,) set this with a coffeecup, or one-half pint, of good yeast, and at bed time divide in another pan, giving ample room to rise and not overflow; let it rise in the kitchen, but remove to the cellar for the night; the afternoon will be the time to put in a jug and cork. In summer keep it by ice if possible, in a refrigerator if you have one, if not in the coolest place in the cellar. For two loaves of bread take one full pint of milk, or if water is used a small piece of butter, one-half teacupful of yeast, make your sponge, stirring it stiff so as not to sour; early morning will find it very light—never omit putting in a small one-third teaspoonful of soda, it is very important, making it more healthy and spongy—knead it most thoroughly, cutting it with a knife, let it rise a second time, then mould it thoroughly and cut with a knife. Round three pint basins are the best for turning in oven, and make the best slices.

ROLLS, OR RAISED BISCUIT. — Two quarts of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of lard, mix as for pastry, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of powdered sugar; have ready one-half pint of milk, if you scald it put it in a pail and set in boiling water; one half teaspoonful of soda put in over night, one-half teacupful of yeast, mix in early morning very thoroughly, and again when moulding it for tins.

SPONGE CAKE.—Take eggs to weigh twelve ounces, twelve ounces of sugar, seven ounces of flour; beat the whites of the eggs most thoroughly, have the yolks in a bowl well beaten, then put the whites in with the yolks, beating them together; the grated rind of a lemon, half of the juice of one lemon; the flour to be sifted in lightly, and the lemon juice added the last thing. Bake in a medium oven. Eggs beaten in this way makes pound cake better. This is a reliable recipe.

M. E. M.

BUTTERMILK YEAST. — *Dear Household*:—We have had your monthly visits for several years, and I enjoy them heartily, as I am a young housekeeper. Its columns are full of hints and suggestions, good counsel and excellent recipes, for both young and old. This is the first time I have attempted to address you at all, but in the May number one of your correspondents asks for a recipe for making yeast when hops cannot be obtained. I have one which has proved so invaluable to me that I send it, hoping it may suit the inquirer. We call it buttermilk yeast. Get some good yeast from a neighbor or baker to begin yours, any good yeast will do; take a quart of buttermilk and put on the stove until it becomes hot, then stir in corn meal until you have a thick batter, now stir in the yeast having first dissolved it in a little water, cover and keep warm until it rises, when risen sufficiently stir in more meal, (seconds is better,) until stiff enough to make into cakes. It is best to make the yeast in clear weather, and dry in the shade in open air.

To make the Bread.—Take a teacup about half full of broken yeast and cover with water to dissolve, while you measure out four or four and one half cups of flour, put in a little lard and salt and mix with water hot as your hands will bear, mix well and put in a greased bucket or pan to rise. Such weather as this (July) it will rise on the kitchen table. When risen enough to keep the dough from sticking, make into loaves and let it rise a second time, having your stove just warm to the hand. I always grease with lard the top of each loaf to prevent from drying too quickly. When up to the top of the pan, or nearly so, make your fire and bake slowly. This is delightful bread and I have had success with it since the first week of my housekeeping. E. F. L.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

GEO. E. CROWELL,—*Sir*:—Will some one tell me at what time I must plant smilax seeds so that they will be in good growing condition by December? also, should they be kept in a warm room? JOSIE.

Will some of the worthy correspondents of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me how pineapple pies are made? VICTORIA.

I would like to ask Mrs. G. W. a little more about her Minneapolis cocoanut cake. She says, "take three eggs and the yolk of another," and farther on, "take the whites of the eggs to mix with the cocoanut." I would like to know if I am to use four yolks, also if she cooks the cocoanut and egg any, and in what way? NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Will some of the numerous readers of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me how to color a nice purple? and how violet ink is made?

H. D. S.

Marshfield, Washington Co., Vt.

MR. CROWELL:—I look with much interest for every number of your valuable paper, and have often thought I would answer some questions asked, but domestic duties crowd so hard on my time, that I have not yet done so. But when I read Mrs. S. M.'s urgent request for a cure for bedbugs, and as I have been a sufferer from these pests, I send her a sure cure, and they will only need one good dose. Take ten cents' worth of quicksilver and the whites of two eggs, beat to a froth, and with a feather apply to every part of the bedstead where bugs frequent, and she will be satisfied with the result.

I would like a sure way to exterminate red ants. I have tried borax, sage, alum, camphor, salt, tar, and am truly in dispair, as I have to hide everything away, first this place, then that, until I can hardly find them when wanted, and these pests are almost sure to find them, even when they hang in the well. Any one knowing of anything short of burning up the pantry, will do a great favor by sending the recipe through THE HOUSEHOLD.

A subscriber asks for a recipe for soft gingerbread. Here is one that I know to be good. Take two cups of molasses, one cup of sour milk, one cup of fried meat fat, two eggs, one tablespoonful of ginger, one tablespoonful of soda, a little salt, and four cups of flour. This makes a very light cake.

Here is a recipe for cake without eggs which is very nice. Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, two cups of sour milk, one cup of butter, four cups of flour, two cups of raisins, and one teaspoonful of soda. Bake slowly.

Another subscriber asks for a recipe for pickled peaches. Here is one that I have always found good. I take cling stone peaches, peel them, and to every three pounds of fruit add one pound of sugar and one coffeecup of strong cider vinegar; boil the sugar and vinegar and skim, then tie in a muslin bag cloves and cinnamon, and let remain in the syrup; boil slowly until the fruit is soft, then take it out and place in your jar, and cook your syrup until it just covers the fruit, and you will have a very nice sauce as well as pickle.

Morris, Ill. MRS. M. M. K.

GEO. E. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir*:—May I ask a question to be answered through THE HOUSEHOLD. Does it injure or break the hair any more to "do it up on rags over night" to make it curl, than to braid it every day in large braids. I wore it so, but imagined it broke the hair more that way than to curl it. I want to bring it back into curl again. A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Afton, Washington Co., Minn.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Will you, or one of your many readers, kindly tell me how to remove freckles? I have heard nitre recommended, but do not know how to use it, or whether it is injurious to the skin. Could you tell me of some known cure for them, you would oblige me very much. EDNA K.

To C. M. M., in June HOUSEHOLD. We are making a real pretty basket out of a quart tin can. After melting the top off we cut the can into sixteen strips nearly to the bottom, then bend the strips out over a piece of wire, line with moss, and you will have a cheap, pretty basket.

Will some one give me a recipe for soda biscuit? and oblige, HAGER.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some of your many readers be kind enough to tell me how to get rid of cockroaches? I am in great trouble about them. We have a new house and they are in the kitchen. I have tried borax, Paris green, soda ash, "sure pop poison," poke root, and Persian powder, and all have had no effect.

Perhaps some one would like my recipe for corn bread. Two cups of sour milk, two cups of Indian meal, one cup of flour, one egg, one even teaspoonful each of salt and soda, and one tablespoonful of sugar.

The best thing for a burn is equal parts of lime water and linseed oil.

I would like something to take indelible ink out of pink gingham; and something to make blue and white, stockings that have faded all white.

I have other recipes which I will send, if these are not an intrusion. Also, will send some new subscribers soon. (Neither will be considered an intrusion. ED.)

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Chicago, June 13, 1873.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your kind readers give a lesson, or lessons, in painting pictures of flowers? as I wish very much to learn, and I cannot procure a teacher.

A FAITHFUL READER.

Melville, Chattooga Co., Ga.

MR. CROWELL:—I should like to ask about the care of the wax plant, and how to make it flower? also, about the cactus, and the lace-cactus? CLARA E. R.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—When I read the questions, I think I can answer some of them, but think perhaps some one else will do so, and I will not take the trouble now. If every one of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters should do so, we would not have all of the interesting answers we do, so I will try and cast in my mite.

If Mrs. S. M. B. will put a little vinegar in her stove blacking, she will find it will be a better black.

I will tell A. A. F. how I make my roll jelly cakes: One cup of white sugar, one cup of flour, three eggs, and bake in two shallow tins: when nearly cold spread with jelly and roll; when cold cut in slices. One spoonful of cream and one cup more of flour added to this cake, and baked in one tin, makes an excellent sponge cake.

Some one asks what will cure ivy poison. Dissolve coperas in water and wash the parts affected, but be careful and let it dry before you touch anything, for the stain never will come out. H. M. W.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir*:—Will you please inform me through the columns of your paper how to take care of a heliotrope through the winter? Also, how to slip and care for carnation pinks? Can fuchsias be kept in any but warm rooms during the winter? I have heard of their being placed in cellars and preserved with little care. By answering you will greatly oblige,

W. F. H.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir*:—Will some kind reader of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me how to break the necks off of glass bottles? I have read somewhere about tying a string around just where you wanted the bottle to break, and that is all I remember. I thought I saw it in THE HOUSEHOLD, but I have looked over all the numbers I have and cannot find it. We have so many bottles about the house that would be very useful, and would do very well for jelly glasses when a person has not the money to buy them.

If S. H. C. will lay the beeswax in the sun, it will bleach out white. E. E.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your lady readers please send a good recipe for making strawberry shortcake? Also, one for nice spice cake, and good corn dodgers? and oblige, MELL.

MR. CROWELL,—*Dear Sir*:—Will some subscriber of your excellent paper inform me if there is any way to remove tan without injury to the system? MAY.

MR. CROWELL:—A subscriber wishes to know "what is a safe and effective depilatory." A good pair of tweezers, faithfully used—somewhat severe, but safe and sure. There is nothing more disfiguring than hair upon the lip or chin of a woman. It should be removed when first discernible in youth. I know by an experience of fifteen years that this treatment is effectual. Some have said it would grow all the more rapidly; it can in this way be removed faster than it can grow. It does not injure the skin in the least.

COM.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Dorcas and Mrs. W. D. M. asked in the May number what would remove iron rust from cotton and linen goods and bleached muslin. I will do all I can to help them. Dissolve oxalic acid in hot water, dip the stained parts in this, then lay it in the sun. When the stain is removed wash the acid out of the cloth. This is the way we remove iron rust and other stains in muslin.

JULIA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one be so kind as to inform me through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD how to bleach white delaine? Also, will some one please give me a full description of the best way of preparing starch for fine shirts, etc.? and if it is the best to put glue in the starch? and if it is, how much and what kind of glue? and oblige.

A READER OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. CROWELL,—*Dear Sir*:—Will not some one of your contributors inform me as to the treatment of the night blooming cereus? Does it require rich, or sandy soil; much sun, or little; and ought it to be kept very moist, or dry? E. C.

Oak Park, Ill.

HEADS, HEARTS AND HANDS.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Heads that think, and hearts that feel,
Hands that turn the busy wheel,
Make our life worth living here,
In this mundane hemisphere;
Heads to plan what hands can do,
Hearts to bear us bravely through,
Thinking head and toiling hand
Are masters of the land.

When a thought becomes a thing,
Busy hands make hammers ring,
Until honest work has wrought
Into shape the thinker's thought,
Which will aid to civilize,
And make nations great and wise,
Lifting to a glory height
In this age of thought and light.

Miracles of science show
With their light the way to go;
Touch a tube of gas, and light
Blossoms like the stars of night;
Touch another tube, and lo!
Streams of crystal waters flow:
Touch a telegraphic wire,
And your thought has wings of fire.

Hail to honest hearts and hands,
And to the head that understands;
Hands that dare to truth subscribe,
Hands that never touched a bribe;
Hearts that hate a deed unjust,
Hearts that other hearts can trust;
Heads that plan for others' weal,
Heads poised over hearts that feel.

MANY A LITTLE MAKES A MICKLE.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

"MAKING out your weekly accounts, Annie?" asked Uncle John, as he entered Mrs. Walton's pleasant parlor one Saturday evening, and found his niece busily engaged with a neat little book with leather covers and blank leaves.

"Trying to do so, Uncle John; but there are so many items in the expenses of a family that it is quite a work of time. I find it useful to keep an exact account of all we spend. Money disappears so fast that it is pleasant to know where it goes to."

"An excellent plan, Annie. I was glad to find you so sensibly employed. It must be rather difficult for you to make both ends meet, on your husband's small salary."

"It is, indeed, Uncle John; I am sometimes quite discouraged, and wish for the time to come when I need not weigh every cent so carefully. How injurious to the mind it must be to have every thought and feeling absorbed into one great object of supplying our physical wants!"

"It appears so, indeed, Annie; but this is the case with those far more wealthy than you."

"Not to such a degree, surely, Uncle John. A very trifling addition to our income would make us perfectly easy. Say two hundred dollars a year, just what we now pay for rent. Oh how delightful it would be if Henry could have his salary raised to that amount!"

"I trust he may before many years, Annie," replied Uncle John, smiling; "but I am not quite sure that would be any the less perplexing as to making both ends meet. Our wants are very apt to increase with our means. But where are the babies! I hoped to have been in season for a frolic with them."

"All asleep. Saturday is a holiday, you know, and they are generally pretty weary by evening."

"Their play is more fatiguing than their work I have no doubt," was the reply; and after another half-hour's chat upon general subjects, Uncle John took his leave, and Mrs. Walton again took up her little book, and re-commenced her task of calculating the weekly expense.

The work was soon completed, and then for a few moments she contemplated the sum total with a thoughtful, half-satisfied expression of countenance.

"I am quite within bounds this week," she said to herself. "Our expenses have been somewhat lighter than usual. Still, there is but a trifle over, and then every little expense must be calculated so closely. It is very discouraging, with a growing family, not to have one cent laid by for time of need. To be sure, it is a comfort not to owe a cent in the world. If Henry's salary could only be raised just two hundred dollars, everything would be easy. What an odd idea that is of Uncle John's that it would make no difference. One hundred might easily be laid by every year, and still our daily wants be much more readily supplied. But it is useless thinking of what might be."

As Mrs. Walton said this she rose from her seat, replaced the memorandum book in its usual hiding place, and noticing by a glance at the old-fashioned clock which occupied a conspicuous position in the little apartment, that the hour for her husband's return had nearly arrived proceeded to inspect the preparations which Biddy had made for his evening meal.

Next came a peep into the nursery. All of her treasures were sleeping quietly in trundle bed, crib and cradle. There was a good prospect that the quiet hour's chat with her husband would be uninterrupted. How vastly comfortable everything looked! A bright fire in the grate shed its cheerful light on the surrounding objects, rendering the neat shade lamp almost unnecessary. The table with its snow white cloth, and its orderly arranged dishes, with tempting contents, was decidedly attractive.

The crimson curtains (we will not vouch for their being damask) were closely drawn, the pretty little work-table, which served also to support several choice volumes, was drawn towards the fire, with a light chair placed near it, while on the opposite side stood that inviting looking rocking-chair, with the slippers before it, ready to welcome the expected occupant. It certainly did look very pleasant. Even Mrs. Walton admitted it; and although it was very hard to make both ends meet, she took up her evening work with a very cheerful feeling of comfort in her heart.

This feeling was not at all lessened when Mr. Walton actually arrived. He was not one of those selfish, crabbed kind of men, who come to their homes at the close of the day, with all the petty disappointments and vexations of the last ten or twelve hours full in their recollections, casting a shadow over the cheerfulness which should reign in this hallowed spot. As far as possible, business was left in its proper place; and with an unclouded brow, an affectionate greeting, and a disposition to be pleased with the preparations made for his welcome, he came to the loved ones who waited him.

"Always busy, Annie," he said, playfully, as his wife resumed her sewing which she had laid aside at his entrance. "Is it not time to put by your work for Saturday night? The old rule used to be that all must be finished at sundown."

"And a very good rule it was, Henry; but I cannot always act up to it. The babies need so much attention during the day, that there are generally a few stitches to be taken after they are in bed — even on Saturday evenings."

"Very excusable," was the reply; and with an excellent appetite, the supper was dispatched, while at the same time the husband lent a pleased and ready ear to the little details of the day, enjoyed the funny sayings and doings of the children, which had been treasured up for his benefit, gave his advice where it would be useful, and sympathy where advice would not avail.

Happy Mrs. Walton! The small salary, and the difficulty of making both ends meet, were not thought of now. There was little more to desire when the table was cleared by smiling Biddy, her own sewing finished and put away, and the light chair placed by the side of the rocking-chair, where Mr. Walton was now comfortably established with his slippered feet before the glowing grate. The children were still sleeping quietly, and there was a loving arm thrown around her which sent a thrill of pleasure to her very heart.

"I have good news to tell you this evening, my dear," said the husband, after a few moments of happy silence.

"Good news, Henry! What can it be?"

"Cannot you guess? I should like to know what you would consider good news?"

"Well, I should like to have you tell me that father and mother are coming to pay us a visit. You shake your head. Perhaps you are to be more at leisure now, so that you will return at an earlier hour. That would be good news; for the children fret sadly at not seeing you."

"I am sorry for that, for there is little prospect that they will see more of me at present. Business was never so brisk with us as at present, as a proof of which my employer has advanced my salary two hundred dollars."

"You don't say so, Henry! The very thing I have been wishing for! It will make us so easy and comfortable. But I hope you will not have to work any harder."

"No more so than I have done for the last six months."

"How delightful!" again exclaimed Mrs. Walton. "It will really be a fortune to us—Uncle John to the contrary, notwithstanding."

"Why, what does Uncle John know about it?" was the surprising inquiry.

"Oh, he does not know that your salary is actually raised, but we had a little talk on the subject this evening, and he assured me that if it were, I should not find it any easier to get along."

"He has some odd notions. Two hundred a year is not to be despised."

"Indeed it is not. Part of it can be laid aside for time of need, and the remainder will add much to our comfort."

"Would it not be well for us to remove into the new house nearly opposite, Annie? It is not yet occupied, and the rent is only fifty dollars more than this."

"And so much more convenient! I should enjoy it of all things. The additional room is worth fifty dollars. It is so difficult to accommodate our friends in this little nutshell."

"I will see the landlord on Monday," continued Mr. Walton, "and endeavor to make an agreement with him. Our lease for this house has nearly expired."

Pleasant were the dreams of both husband and wife on that eventful night, and bright looked the future on their awakening. Two hundred dollars was indeed no trifle. Visions of long-neglected wants rose in rapid succession to Mrs. Walton's mind. How easily might these now be supplied!

The new house was secured, and with infinite satisfaction the good lady beheld Uncle John's pleasant countenance as he suddenly opened the door, and demanded the babies as quick as possible, for he would give them all a ride.

"Wait a moment, Uncle John," she exclaimed, as she bustled about in the necessary preparations. "I will have them all ready directly; but I have good news to tell you—sit down."

"I cannot stop, Annie; but what is your news? Has baby cut another tooth? or has Willie mastered that difficult word, C A T?"

"How provoking you are, Uncle John! But I will surprise you yet. You know the new house on the opposite side? We have engaged it for the next year."

"Indeed!" was the cool reply. "It appears to be a convenient tenement. What rent will you pay?"

"Only fifty dollars more than at present; and as our income has increased two hundred, that is not to be regarded."

"Ah! so Henry has got his salary raised? I am heartily glad to hear it. But you should not say two hundred, Annie; one hundred and fifty will be all the advance."

"No, uncle. Henry told me two hundred. I am sure I could not have misunderstood him."

"Certainly not; but fifty will be paid for additional rent. Do not forget that. It is quite an important consideration. You know there are but four fifties in two hundred. Take one away and there are three left."

"What a tease you are, Uncle John! I do not wonder you are an old bachelor. You would certainly be a trial to any woman's patience."

"As is proved by me so kindly taking all these babies to ride," was the laughing reply, as Uncle John carefully placed the smiling little ones in his ample vehicle.

There was many a kiss of the hand, and a kind good-bye to mamma, and then the happy party disappeared, and Mrs. Walton closed the door, and with somewhat of a thoughtful air returned to her interrupted employments.

"There is some truth in what Uncle John says," she remarked to herself. "Fifty dollars additional rent will leave but one hundred and fifty more to live upon. But that is a large sum, and the conveniences of a large house are worth some sacrifice. I shall be as economical as possible. Some things I must have."

Some things is an indefinite term, which generally means not a few. It was certainly so in this instance.

It was really wonderful how many absolute necessities the Waltons had hitherto lived without. No wonder that they hastened to supply their wants, now that their income had so considerably increased. The old carpets! If you could have seen them! Neat enough when they were down, to be sure, but sadly thin and faded when held up to the light for inspection. It certainly was time that new ones were purchased, for these had done good service, and when people move into a new house, they like to have new things, if possible. So the carpets were bought, and a half-dozen neat chairs, with one or two other indispensable articles, swelled the bill to fifty dollars.

"Cheap enough at that," said Mrs. Walton, and no one could dispute the truth of this assertion; nevertheless, as Uncle John would have said, there was but one hundred left, and what was still more unpleasant, as there was a deficiency of ready money, nothing could be paid for now, and a certain part of the monthly salary must be laid by to meet the bills when they become due.

But these things were but little thought of. Another fifty was expended in various little extras—articles of clothing—which to be sure, they had meant to do without, etc., etc. Everybody knows how easy it is to make way with fifty dollars. Besides all these things, there were certain changes attendant upon their removal which rendered it more difficult to economize so strictly as hitherto. It was very pleasant to have a nice spare room for a friend. Mrs. Walton had always coveted this luxury, and there was little difficulty in keeping it occupied, for both she and her husband had an abundance of acquaintance who were well pleased to have so comfortable a home for some three or four weeks in the year.

More company rendered more help necessary, and therefore a young girl was engaged to assist in the care of the children, and to lend Biddy a helping hand in time of need.

"This would really be a saving," argued the mistress, "for now there would be time to attend to the sewing and assistance from a seamstress would be unnecessary."

But somehow or other, there was an unusual quantity of work to do at this particular time, and it was soon found that the seamstress could not so readily be dispensed with.

Three or four months passed by, and there was a shadow on Mr. Walton's brow. What could it mean? He was always so cheerful and happy in his home, and now everything was so prosperous with him. One would have supposed that all care and anxiety was at an end. Still the shadow deepened, until it might be called a a cloud. His wife became alarmed.

"Are you ill, Henry?" she asked, anxiously, as she watched the expression of his face, as he was about leaving the house.

"No, Annie, not ill. Why should you think so?"

"Because you look so unlike yourself. Surely, something must be wrong. Why not confide in me?"

"I will do so, Annie. I have hesitated only through fear of troubling you. This evening you shall know all. I must away to my business now. The hour is later than usual."

With a somewhat melancholy foreboding, Mrs. Walton pursued her customary occupations. She had no distinct impression of what the trouble might be, but that it was of a serious nature she had no doubt, from its effect upon the uniformly cheerful disposition of her husband.

Uncle John called, and rallied her upon her uncommon gravity.

"Which baby has bumped his head to-day, Annie?"

"Neither, Uncle John."

"What is the matter, then? Does the little account book show too long a row of figures?"

"The account book! Oh I gave that up some time ago. Henry and I agreed that, as there was no longer any necessity for counting every penny so carefully, it was a foolish waste of time to write down every little item of expense."

A very expressive "humph" was uncle John's only reply, and finding his neice little inclined to conversation, he soon took leave.

The hours wore slowly away, and once more the little ones were asleep, and husband and wife sat together by the glowing grate.

"And now I will tell you all, Annie. We are in debt to the amount of two hundred dollars, and we have no means to pay it."

"In debt, Henry! How is that possible? We have always lived within our income, and now it is larger than ever before."

"Very true, Annie; and in those few words lies the whole secret of our troubles. With the increase of my salary, we increased our expenses in a fearful proportion. Our carpets and other little extras have never been paid for. The bills are now presented, and not one cent has been laid by to meet them. On the contrary, I find myself far in advance of my next quarter's salary."

Mrs. Walton was silent, and her husband continued:

"Do not think I blame you, Annie. It is myself that I blame. I have neglected my usual weekly examination into the state of affairs, and this is the result. It is a bitter lesson to me, for debt is my abhorrence."

"And mine also," replied the wife, in a tone in which sadness and self-upbraiding were mingled; for her conscience whispered that there had been thoughtlessness, to say the least, in her conduct. Then, as if a sudden light broke upon her mind, she exclaimed:

"In debt, we must not remain, Henry. Tell me, will two hundred dollars pay all we owe, even the advance on your salary?"

"I believe it will; but this sum it is impossible for me to raise excepting by borrowing of some friend. I suppose I must do this and repay it in small installments."

"That might answer," was the thoughtful reply. "But promise me you will not do anything about it to-morrow. I have particular reasons for the request."

"I will promise, certainly, if you desire it, Annie, but I cannot think what plan you have in your little head."

Mrs. Walton smiled, but there were tears in her eyes, and it was with difficulty that she forced them back.

Her husband felt relieved now that she knew all, and with something of his former cheerfulness he took up a favorite volume and read aloud until their usual hour for retiring to rest.

Long after he slept quietly his wife counted the weary hours, and wished that her busy mind would rest, that she could forget all for a brief space and slumber by his side.

Morning came at length, and as soon as breakfast was over, babies attended to, and husband gone to his business, Mrs. Walton proceeded to carry out the plan which had occurred to her on the preceding evening, as a possible means of getting out of difficulty.

In a snug little casket of her own, there were sundry valuables—relics of olden times, bequeathed to her by her grandmothers and great-grandmothers, which she had always preserved with the greatest care. She did not know their exact value, but she was sure that it must be considerable, for the heavy, old-fashioned gold watch alone would outweigh several of the modern time-pieces; and then the little diamond brooch and the ear-rings, they must be worth something.

It was quite an effort to resolve to part with them, for each article brought many tender associations to her mind; but then it would be so delightful to surprise Henry with the money, and there really seemed no other way of getting their affairs in a right train again.

So bonnet and shawl were put on, and before half an hour had elapsed, she stood in the shop of one of the principal jewelers of the city.

Her business was stated and the contents of the casket examined and commented upon.

It certainly was unpleasant to hear the remarks which were made upon what she had regarded as almost sacred relics. But she steeled herself to listen unmoved.

"Little use to us, as they are, ma'am; altogether out of date. The watch we will take at the weight. As for the diamonds, they are somewhat valuable, certainly—but rather small, and by no means of the first class. What do you expect to receive for the whole?"

"I should prefer to have you make an offer," was the reply, and Mrs. Walton actually trembled as she awaited an answer. A few hours previous, and money could not have purchased the little casket. And now she only feared a sum adequate to their wants would not be offered.

There was a careful weighing of some of the articles, and a whispered consultation concerning others, and then the principal advances to the counter, and said in an indifferent tone:

"We are not very anxious to purchase articles of this description. If it will be any accommodation, we are willing to give two hundred dollars for the lot."

The very sum! How wonderful it seemed. Mrs. Walton cared not, at that moment, if they were worth five hundred. She had got all she desired, and hastily concluding the bargain, she left the shop with a light heart.

An unobserved spectator watched her motions, and scarcely had she turned the corner of the street which led to her own home, ere Uncle John had become the possessor of the little casket.

"It was lucky that I stepped in for my spectacles this morning," he said to himself, as he walked towards his own lodgings. "Poor Annie! She must be hard pushed, to part with her treasures. I feared it would come to this. She looked happy enough when she left the shop, however, so perhaps the difficulty is a trifling one after all. I wonder she did not apply to me."

Mrs. Walton was indeed happy when she slipped that little bundle of bank notes into her husband's hand, and enjoyed his look of pleasure and surprise; and she was still happier when with her head leaning upon his bosom, she told of her little sacrifice, and received his sympathy and his praise.

"And now all will go well again. Henry, I will keep my account-book once more, and we will make believe, as children say, that your salary is what it was formerly, and then we shall be safe. What would Uncle John say, if he knew of our experience?"

"That reminds me that he gave me a parcel to deliver to you," replied Mr. Walton. "He called at the office just as I was leaving and asked me to take charge of it. He did not mention what it contained."

"Something for the children probably," and as Mrs. Walton spoke, she carelessly opened the package.

It was her turn to be surprised now. The identical casket which she had sold that morning, with every article in its proper place, and on the top a small blank book and a slip of paper with these words in Uncle John's handwriting:

"Please accept the enclosed, dear Annie, and in future keep your weekly account, and never forget that there are but four fifties in two hundred; and that increase of income does not always make people any richer. Our wants must not increase with our means. 'Many a little makes a mickle.'"

THE FARMER'S PARLOR.

Without any hesitation, or without fears of contradiction, I think the farmer's parlor is the most unhealthy room in the house, unless it be the spare bed-chamber. There is not a woman in existence, who is not proud

of her parlor; none but what likes to have the floor of the same well carpeted, the furniture well polished, the walls adorned with pictures and mirror, the mantel set out with time-piece and other ornaments, the center-table relieved with the bible and other elegantly bound books, the windows hung in drapery, the what-not in the corner filled with books, trinkets, or mementoes from some dear friend. No matter what the grade or quality of either of the above may be, she is proud of them, and always takes infinite pleasure in parading the same to her friends. In fact one has but to take a peep into the parlor to satisfy himself as to the general qualifications in housewifery of the fair hostess.

The parlor is always looked upon or treated as a "*sanctum sanctorum*," a "holy of holies," and many are the little necessities dispensed with at the beginning of the matrimonial life of the young wife, to adorn the parlor, many are the extra quarts of fruit picked and dried and eggs saved by the young farmer's wife, that would not have found their way to market were it not for the parlor. And many bright anticipations does she picture to herself of the future. "Sarah will have a much better place to receive her company in than I did;" "Will will have a pleasant room to entertain his friends in when he becomes a young man;" "I shall be able to show our friends from town that we have a parlor as well as they;" are among some of them.

After many struggles the parlor is furnished — not quite as well as we could wish, but, nevertheless presentable. The children are too small to be allowed in the parlor; the little dears might soil something, or disarrange some of the trinkets. The elegantly bound bible is too nice for family worship; the plain one in the dining-room is good enough. And beside that, John's boots are covered with mud when he comes in from the field, they would soil the carpet; and a thousand and one such little objections present themselves to the good housewife, causing her to seal, hermetically, the room that was at first designed for comfort and pleasure, a place where we could meet after the labors of the day, and enjoy ourselves with those little dears that are a part of our very existence. Sunlight is never allowed to enter it, from the beginning of the year until its ending, unless friends from a distance come to visit us, or at the periodical cleanings and dustings which results in what is shown by the following:

Some two years ago, while attempting to enter a street car—in motion—one morning on my way to business, both my ankles came in collision with the step, which produced a severe contusion on each ankle, and caused erysipelas to set in. My physician ordered me to the sea shore for a few days. I took the afternoon train on the Long Island railroad for South Hampton. During the trip I introduced myself to the lady occupying the seat with me, who was also going to South Hampton to spend a few weeks with her relatives, and who kindly volunteered the hospitality of her relatives, house during my stay. The invitation was one which I could not well refuse. Upon our arrival at South Hampton "Uncle Joe" was there with the carryall to convey his sister-in-law to the old homestead. After the introduction we were soon speeding along the road and at the end of three miles arrived at the old farm-house.

After tea, we were introduced to the parlor. It was one of those hermetically sealed ones. "Harriet had been married a good many years and had moved to town." Ida—a ward—had no company and consequently, there being no use for the parlor, it was sealed and had been for years. Upon entering it—although in the early autumn and on a warm day — a chill passed over me which nearly caused me to shudder, and then the odor which saluted my sense of smelling was almost suffocating, so much so as to make respiration difficult, and it was not until I had opened the nearest window and taken in a few volumes of ozone from the near Atlantic, that I recovered from the shock. The open window at ten o'clock had not yet purified the parlor of the strong musty or mouldy odor, nor had it relieved it of the damp, chilly atmosphere.

Being a distinguished visitor the sleeping apartment off the parlor was set apart for my use. Upon entering I found the bed-room in about the same state as the parlor, and hastily opened the window for air. The bed clothing although of the most exquisite workmanship and neatness, was uninviting in consequence of not having had air or light, and it was not until I had arisen and redressed that sleep would present itself.

"Aunt Amarantha" was fully thirty years my senior, but, nevertheless, after morning service and breakfast was over, and "Uncle Joe" had gone to get the carryall ready for a drive to the beach, I entertained good "Aunt Amarantha," her sister Purity — my traveling companion—and Ida, for a full hour in the delivery of a lecture on parlors, which was received with grateful acknowledgements. Since my visit "Aunt Amarantha" has written me twice conveying her thanks for the lecture.

Like that of all other mortals, fond of a little parade, your humble servant's domicil has its parlor. We do not live in the crowded city. We are on its out-skirts, where we can get a fair proportion of pure air and drink in a little of the fragrance from the fields. Our parlor is not a dungeon. Once twice, or three times a week, the blinds are thrown open, the little ones come in and introduce their little friends; all having become familiar with the little trinkets and other curious things, do not care to handle or misplace them, and can describe them to their little friends without handling. They have also learned that the parlor is the best room and the most comfortable one in the house, as well as the most healthy, and take all proper pains to keep it so, and the dear little things feel prouder of their parlor, and seem to have a greater desire to continue it, than was expressed by their parents in furnishing one for them.

In conclusion, my dear country women—farmer's wives—open your parlors; give them sunlight and air, and present them to your family. Make them the pleasure spot for all, and do not make them disease-breeding dungeons by sealing them against the laws of health.—*Rural Home.*

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Thirty-eight.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

I think if "Lizzie" will read again the letter written on that raw day in February, and published in the May number of THE HOUSEHOLD, she will see that I did not ask the mothers of our band if they were not discouraged about their boys. We may find a thing discouraging and yet not be weakly discouraged.

My faith in the future of our country and of the human race is so strong that it would take more than one Credit Mobilier investigation to shake it. I believe that the world moves forward, not backward, and that the next generation will be on the whole better, purer, nobler than the present, with a more far-reaching vision, a broader and more all-embracing charity and a higher and more steadfast purpose. It is the aim—thank God! of all true parents to make their children better men and women than themselves, to correct in them their own errors and mistakes, to supplement in their education whatever has been lacking in their own, and to fit them to stand upon a higher plane than would have been possible to themselves. Yet it is not always easy to do this. By nothing are the young so easily moulded as by example. And I submit that in view of the added difficulty of the task laid upon us, we may well be forgiven for feeling that it *is* discouraging and disheartening when men whom the whole country has esteemed great and good, step aside from the paths of rectitude. The world has had held up before it for more than eighteen hundred years the Great Exampler—the "Perfect Model" of whom "Lizzie" speaks. Yet boys and girls have gone astray, nevertheless; and, more's the pity, men and women also. It is because most—or at least very many—of the men of whose downfall we are speaking professed to take Christ for their model; because they are men who have been taught by their mothers the very lessons of truth and purity that we are trying to teach *our* sons, that we have most reason to regret their course. And, if I mistake not, the lesson I drew from all this was—not that we should *give up*, not that we should be discouraged in any weak and unwomanly sense — but that we should be more than ever alert, more watchful, more on our guard; praying ever for ourselves and our dear ones,—"Lord, let us not be led into temptation."

I hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry over the position with which Mrs. Carney honored me in "the coming HOUSEHOLD." A warm thrill of gratitude stirred the pulses of my being, that any words of mine should have brought me so near to you as to make even one of your number willing to give me so high a place as that of "mother." But, dear friends, I am not old enough, nor wise enough, nor good enough for that. Let me rather be your sister — older than some, younger than others — but one with you all in every earnest striving, in every endeavor to bring our lives nearer to the standard of ideal perfection at which we aim, even though we fail to reach it.

Once on a time—it does not matter whether it was this year, or last, or the year before the flood—I went on a little journey with one whom I love and who loves me. We did not go in the cars whirling along at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour, with all the discomforts of dust and cinders, and the noise of a crowded train. But we took a long, leisurely drive through the loveliest land,—a land of mountain peaks and rounded domes, of billowy seas of verdure rolling and swelling like the great waves of the ocean, of quiet valleys beautiful in their green repose, of broad meadows starred with daisies and spangled with golden buttercups, of blue violets and wild roses blossoming together on those upland heights, of sparkling rivers dashing over pebbly beds, and of wild ravines as deep and dark as the fabled gorges of the olden world. It was a land of peace and plenty, dotted with villages over which the mountains kept watch and ward like trusty sentinels. There were cultivated fields, and rolling meadows; there were the cattle upon a thousand hills; there were farm-houses, wide, roomy and comfortable; there were countless cottages nestling in cosy nooks; there were churches and school-houses at every turn. Where was it? Well—it may have been in Vermont, and it may have been in New Hampshire — and it may have been in any other place that the description fits. Only rest assured of one thing—it was not in dream-land—and I was wide awake when I made the journey.

No. I am not going to give the land a "local habitation and a name." But I am going to tell you something at which some of you will laugh and others will be inclined to cry, and some of you, may be, will be angry. Some portions of it reminded me strangely of two lines of the well-known hymn,—

> "Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile!"

But—alas, that I should live to say it!—I was obliged to spoil the rhythm of the couplet and substitute "woman" for "man" in the second line. Also, I must admit that the last word is an exaggeration, and should be toned down a little.

What do I mean? Just this. It saddened me inexpressibly to see busy in the yards of the well-kept houses—or attending to some common daily duty in porch or hall or "kitchen, with the door thrown open wide," so many elderly women who in losing their youth, had lost all their comeliness, all their personal loveliness. They were not servants. They were evidently at home "and to the manor born"—the mistresses, if not the ladies, of the household. Yet in far too many cases they made the one blot upon the picture—the one uncomely thing where all else was fair.

Poor, you say? and I am finding fault with poverty when I should only pity it? By no means. These homes

were not the homes of poverty; and in more than one of them I saw pretty, tastefully-dressed young girls, presumably the daughters of the house, loitering upon the broad piazzas or sitting under the trees, while the elderly woman with a wisp of grey hair twisted into a tight knot, an ill-fitting, faded gown, and no collar about her wrinkled throat, toiled in the kitchen. But it is not with the work that I am quarreling to-day. Almost all mothers, I believe, like to do their own work and that of their daughters also; and it is not about *that* that we are talking. But is it necessary that because a woman is growing old, and because for several hours each day she labors with her hands, she should entirely neglect the care of her precious person, and be, as I said before, the one only blot in all the fair picture?

It is just when we women are growing older, friends, that we need to take good care of ourselves. I do not mean of our health—for that is a matter of course—but of our *looks;* and this my journey convinced me is *not* a matter of course. Youth is so fresh, so round, so bright, so rosy, that it covers many deficiencies by its own plenteousness. It is picturesque often-times, even with a soiled frock, untidy shoes and unkempt locks. But when youth is past and middle age is upon us, then, sisters, we need to consult our mirrors and take heed to our ways!

At first thought this may seem to be a very trifling matter,—but it is not. Much of a woman's influence, and hence much of her power for good, lies in some charm of personal presence. Very few women live who can afford to lose that charm; and fewer still can hope to keep it, who, as they grow older, suffer themselves to grow careless, to forget all the pretty arts of dress that they practiced in their younger days, and to sink into a general state of apathy as to their appearance. "*Beauty* unadorned," may be "adorned the most;" but a woman who has passed life's meridian and is going down the hill, whose hair is growing thin and faded, who has lost much, if not all, of her bloom and freshness, and whose eyes are not as bright as they once were, needs all the aid that a tasteful dress can give her.

Tasteful, I said — and I may add well-chosen. For the dress that would be elegant and appropriate in a Fifth Avenue drawing-room would be simply ridiculous in the porches, door-yards and kitchens of the land of my journey. And tasteful dress does not necessarily mean rich or costly dress. Often it means just the opposite, for whatever is unsuited to ourselves and to our surroundings is in bad taste. But surely there is no woman who is not in abject poverty—and there are few such in our favored land outside of the great cities—who cannot, if she is willing to take the trouble, provide herself with neatly made, well-fitting garments for her morning or working costume, and a fresh collar or frill and a knot of ribbon to add to her afternoon attire. If she cannot do this, she can at least arrange her hair with some slight regard to graceful effect instead of twisting it into the tightest possible knot behind, with here and there a rebellious tuft sticking out like the quills of a porcupine.

Sisters, when you are tired and careworn, when the children are fretful and life seems a good deal of a burden —perhaps, alas! a burden too heavy to be borne!—I know just how easy it is to grow careless, and to think it does not matter. But it does matter, and the trouble *pays*. It pays for your own sake, for your husband's sake and for the sake of your boys. A woman unconsciously loses her own dignity and self-respect if she is not neatly and suitably dressed, and when she loses that, she is most fortunate if the loss of her husband's love does not follow. He may think her prudent and industrious, a good housekeeper and a faithful wife, as far as duty goes. But if she ceases to be charming in his eyes—if there is nothing about her that is "pleasant to look upon"—the chances are that his affection will cool down into a very moderate sort of a friendship.

But how about the boys? This is one of the strongest points in the case. There is no more beautiful relationship in life than that between a mother and the sons who are growing into manhood. There is nothing of which a woman may more justly be proud than of the chivalrous devotion of the boy, now taller than herself, who was, but a little while ago, a baby in her arms. And boys *invariably* like to have their mothers well-dressed. They want to admire as well as to love them. They like to feel that their mothers are as handsome and make as good an appearance as those of the other boys, their companions. Other things being equal, the woman whose person and manners are the most attractive and charming, will have the most influence over her sons and will hold them the most closely to herself and her wishes. Is not this worth the taking of a little trouble?

Some one will say to all this that if the soul is beautiful it does not matter about the body. But the body is the temple of the soul, and as such we should do it honor. We have no right to abuse or neglect it. So much is said on the other side of this question, that we are apt to forget *this* side. God expects us to take care of our bodies as well as of our souls. He made both — and one at least, was made in "his own image." He meant it to be beautiful. Sin and disease and hereditary ills have marred it and it has sadly fallen from its first high estate. But that is something that we are to amend as far as we can, not from vanity, not from a love of display, but because soul and body should be in harmony, and both should be in harmony with God.

THE ONE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

The following article, published in the Journal of Commerce a few months ago, is one of the kind that never grow old. This is especially so in these days, when employes use funds intrusted to their care for fast living, and when some of our city papers are discussing the question, "How can a family of six or seven get along respectably in New York on less than $5,000 per year?" Some will say that the singular thing in the case of the Journal's "lucky" friend was that his wife was willing to live in the third story, on seven dollars a week for the two, while her husband was earning a thousand dollars a year:

"A young man writes to us that he has had 'ten years office experience,' we suppose as a clerk or bookkeeper, during which time he has saved 'the sum total of $75,' which is his all. He wishes to settle in some growing town and grow up with it. He is evidently sincere, and his letter shows that he is not deficient in ability, and has some good sense. We therefore say to him plainly, that success in life does not come to him in that way. No one finds a fortune by chance, nor can he grow into a state of prosperity by merely planting himself in a fresh virgin soil. Everything in life worth having is wrestled for and acquired through severe labor and self-denial.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the failure of aspirants in this line come from adverse surroundings. Circumstances have much less to do with material prosperity than is generally supposed. Favoring conditions may accelerate the acquisition of an estate, but the same application and self-denial will guarantee the final result under any conditions. There are exceptions, of course; but this is the rule. A man without a family, who has been toiling in New York for ten years, and has laid up but $75, would not 'grow up' into anything better, even amid the stimulus of that wonderful activity which marks the youth of a thriving town. The accretion that comes upon a man who waits to grow up by outward helps, is only the outlaying of rust and canker that gnaw out the vitals. The true growth is that which comes from within, and employs every faculty in the earnest effort. Nearly all of our young men make the same mistake which our correspondent confesses—they spend too large a portion of their earnings for adornments and unhealthy indulgences of the baser appetites. Fine clothes, jewelery, cigars, pleasure-hunting, and other costly or vicious habits, waste no considerable portion of their annual income.

We heard a man spoken of the other day as one who had been remarkably 'lucky' in establishing himself in a comfortable home, and that was the only word used to distinguish between him and an associate who had more brilliant talents, but failed of success. There was no luck in the matter, for we knew them both. They both were married, and both were without children, and each entering upon a salary of $1,000 per annum, went about the same time to look for board in Brooklyn. The 'unfortunate' man took board for himself and wife at twenty dollars a week, which he said was the cheapest at which he could get a comfortable room in a first-class house. The 'lucky' man looked for some time, until he found clean healthy quarters in a third story at seven dollars a week for the pair, his wife to do her own sweeping and make her own bed. He lived within his income, and laid up money from the start: the other ran in debt and became embarrassed from that hour.

There is no secret in such histories; he who runs may read them. If any one assumes that the nobler part is to 'enjoy life' as we go, and that the acquisition of an estate, the foundation of which is laid in early self-denial and the structure built in patient toil with the same prevalent spirit ever present, is an ignoble ambition, we shall not argue the case. But we do say that those who desire this result can pursue it safely and surely in no other way, and if a man after knowing what it will cost, will not pay the price for it, he should not grumble at the fates, nor murmur against a discriminating Providence."

AGED PERSONS.

Jack Groves, a man of color died in Portland, Me., on Thursday, August 1, aged about 110 years. Jack never knew his age, but he supposed he was born about the year 1762. In early life he took up his residence in Portland, and resided there until his death. In 1820, I attended school with a grandson of Mr. G., who was then twelve years of age, which makes it quite certain that Jack was at least as old as represented; some have supposed him to have been at least 115.

In 1612, the Countess of Desmond died in Ireland, aged 145.

In 1635, Thomas Parr died in England, aged 152.

In 1648, Thomas Damme of Leighton, Eng., died, aged 154.

In 1670, Henry Jenkins died in Yorkshire, Eng., aged 169.

In 1691, a Mrs. Eckleston died in Ireland, aged 143.

In 1725, Peter Torton, a Hungarian peasant, died, aged 125.

In 1732, William Leland died in Ireland, aged 140.

In 1741, John Rovin, aged 172, and his wife, aged 164, died in Hungary. They had been married 147 years. At their death they had a son living aged 116.

In 1767, Francis Consit, of Yorkshire, Eng., died, aged 150.

In 1797, Jonas Surington died in Conway, aged 159.

In 1824, two persons died in Russia —one at the age of 180, and the other at the age of about 202—the latter is the oldest indivdual of which we have any record since the Christian era.

In 1801, Ovona, the wife of an Indian chief, died in Oldtown, Maine, aged 115.

In 1834, Betsy Trentham died in Tennessee, aged 154.

In 1810, Richard Furniss died in Cushing, Me., aged 110.

In 1808, Flora Thompson, colored, died in Pennsylvania, aged 120.

In 1820, Solomon Nabit died in South Carolina, aged 143. In the same state, about the same period, Abraham Palba died, aged 142.

In Foxborough, Mass., Cæsar Augustus Wetherbee, colored, died in 1808, aged 126.

In 1817, John Parker died in Marlbors, Mass., aged 120.

In 1752, a Mrs. Davis died in Newton, Mass., aged 116

In 1807, Ephraim Pratt died in Shutesbury, Mass., aged 117.

In 1824, Mrs. Blake died in Portland, Me., aged 112.

In 1817, Morris Wheeler died in Readfield, Me., aged 115.

LIFE AND DEATH.

"What is Life, father?"
"A battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail,
Where the wariest eye may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail:
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not day or night,
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is Death, father?,'
"The rest, my child,
When the strife and the toil are o'er;
The Angel of God, who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more:
Who, driving away the demon band,
Bids the din of the battle cease,
Takes banner and spear from our failing hand.
And proclaims an eternal peace."

"Let me die, father! I tremble and fear
To yield in that terrible strife!"
"The crown must be won for heaven, dear,
In the battle-field of life;
My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,
He loveth the weak and small;
The angels of heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all!"

WE MUST REST.

WORK wastes a man. Brain work draws upon all the system. Provision is made for a regular wear, but not for an irregular waste or complete exhaustion. Men need bodily and mental recreation. Food does much. No man need be idle for an hour. Idleness is not recreation. But no man can put himself to a particular kind of work, and keep constantly at it, without weakening not only his capabilities for other employment, but also for that special work to which he has devoted himself.

Business men must learn that it is not so much the strong pull as the long that does the whole life work. A man might break his back or rupture himself by an attempt to lift a warehouse, and he would fail. But he can begin at the top and remove every piece of wood, every brick, every bolt, until no sign of the warehouse remains. But he must do this in detail, and take intervals of rest to accomplish the work.

It is just so in business of any kind. No great fortune is to be made in a day. But there are days that require the coolest, healthiest brain, and the full strength of manhood to carry the business man safely over, or to give such impulse to his business as shall push him far forward. If he be worn out early, those days of crisis will be his ruin.

Men must learn the great value of wise rests, pauses, breathing places. The horse must not be lashed up a long hill from the bottom to the top. The wheels of the truck must be *scotched* until the beast of the burden takes breath. Our city railway companies do not take a horse and drive him from the Central Park to the Battery, back and forwards, day and night, getting all they can out of him at once. That would be a fool's economy, which the satirist ridicules in the fable of cutting open the goose that laid the golden eggs. Give the goose oats, and grass and rest, and take the day's golden egg daily.

I am not talking morals, I am talking business sense. As an investment in a money point of view, whether a man believes or not in the Jewish Sabbath or the Christian Sunday, nature has written the law of rest as the law of activity in every man. Rest is as necessary to activity as activity is to rest. When there is a given and limited supply of water to run a mill, it is sheer folly to be pouring it over a wheel which is stopped by obstructions. Quit feeling that you are working when you are only spilling your life.

Let our business men live much by living long. To live long they must live wisely. Wisdom is knowing the capability of the machine you work. You will lose your steam, or burst your boiler, if you attempt to drive by a five power engine machinery which requires ten horse-power to move it.

Recreate! Have your evenings for other work, reviving brain work, purifying heart work. Take your time for the country. In the old myth, whenever Antæus was wounded fell, the touch of his mother Earth renewed him. Go in the summer and roll in the grass. You will not come back to your work any greener. Have your Sundays, not for drumming up customers nor in writing up books, but for the rest of body, and mind, and soul. Have your little benevolent pet schemes, some poor family to help, some little sweet flower of goodness in a hidden nook to cultivate, almost anything that is not your regular, every day, routine business.—*Dr. Deems.*

THE DEAD WIFE.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifles. The wife, she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven — she who is so busied, so unwearied—bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her clay. You stand beside her grave, and think of the past; it seems an amber-covered pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead.

Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above the sweet clay, save those your own hand may have unwittingly planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead. The dear head that has so often laid upon your bosom now rests upon a pillow of clay. The hands that administered so untiringly are faded, white, and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. And there is no white arm over your shoulders now—no speaking face to face up in the eye of love—no trembling lips to murmur—"Oh, it is too sad!"

There is a strange hush in every room! No smile to greet you at nightfall—and the clock ticks, and ticks, and ticks! It was sweet music when she could hear it! Now it seems to knell only the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon the sweet face. But many a tale it telleth of joys past, sorrows shared, and beautiful words registered above. You feel that the grave cannot keep her. You know that she is often by your side—an angel presence.

Cherish those emotions; they will make you happier. Let her holy presence be as a charm to keep you from evil. In all new and pleasant connections give her a place in your heart. Never forget what she has been to you—that she has loved you. Be tender of her memory.—*Selected.*

HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF UNHAPPY.

An exchange gives the following recipe how to make yourself unhappy; and if those who do not believe it should give it a fair trial, we believe it would be found to answer the purpose admirably:

In the first place, if you want to make yourself miserable, be selfish. Think all the time of yourself and your things.

Don't care about anything else. Have no feelings for any but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy; but rather if you see a smiling face, be jealous lest another should enjoy what you have not. Envy every one who is better off in any respect than yourself; think unkindly towards them, and speak lightly of them. Be constantly afraid lest some one should encroach upon your rights; be watchful against it, and if any one comes near your things, snap at him like a mad dog.

Contend earnestly for everything that is your own, though it may not be worth a pin—for your rights are just as much concerned as if it were a pound of gold. Never yield a point. Be very sensitive, and take everything that is said to you in playfulness in the most serious manner. Be jealous of your friends, lest they should not think enough of you; and, if at any time they should seem to neglect you, put the worst construction upon their conduct you can.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on:
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to the fight have gone.
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play:
The past and future are looking
In the face of the stern To-day.

—Every one is the sun of his own works.

—It is not always the dark place that hinders, but sometimes the dim eye.

—Liberality may be carried too far in those who have children to inherit from them.

—Wisdom is the talent of buying virtuous pleasure at the cheapest rate. —*Fielding.*

—Prefer loss before unjust gain; for that brings grief but once; this forever.—*Chilton.*

—Virtue, though in rags, may challenge more than vice set off with the trim of greatness.

—Poverty, like other bullies, is formidable only to those who show that they are afraid of it.

—Wit should be used for a shield for defense rather than as a sword to wound others.—*Fuller.*

—He who gives advise to a self-conceited man, stands himself in need of counsel from another.

Every spool of the Eureka Machine twist is warranted full length, full size, and of the best quality. For sale at all Trimming stores.

Any one going west can get some valuable information and reduced fares by writing to Asa C. Call, State Agent of Immigration, Algona, Iowa. 10tf

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Don't let your children spend money for trash, but let them get a game of Avilude. If the pictures and descriptions comprising this game were in book form they would cost many times the price of the game. Sent post paid, on receipt of seventy-five cents, by West & Lee, Worcester, Mass.

"Must have a large sale, and deserves it, too."—*Harper's Weekly.*

When applied with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche and accompanied with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as constitutional treatment, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy produces perfect cures of the worst cases of Catarrh and Ozena of many years' standing. This thorough course of medication constitutes the only scientific, rational, safe and successful manner of treating this odious disease that has ever been offered to the afflicted. The instrument and two medicines sold for $2 by all Druggists. 676

ANOTHER STEP.—The Northern Pacific Railroad Company has with characteristic energy taken another important step in the prosecution of its great undertaking. The camp-fires of the Stanley Expedition will hardly die out in Dakota, before those of the construction corps will be burning. The Company on the 15th inst., advertises for contracts to grade and bridge the line between the Missouri River and the Yellowstone, a distance of 205 miles, through the country which the expedition has just now passed; or rather the located line is some 30 miles north of the route pursued by Stanley, avoiding the bad lands through which he passed, and traversing a rolling prairie region, well watered and covered with the rich buffalo grass, which affords the finest pasturage. The success attained by the Engineers of the Company in finding so good a line through what has been regarded as one of the most difficult sections of the whole route, must afford satisfaction to all interested in this great National thoroughfare.

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WEST LEBANON, N. H., Oct., 1873. 1-12

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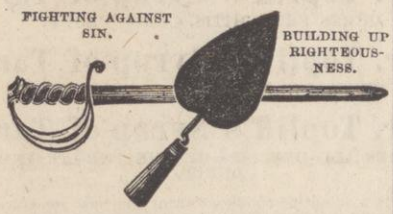

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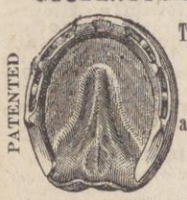

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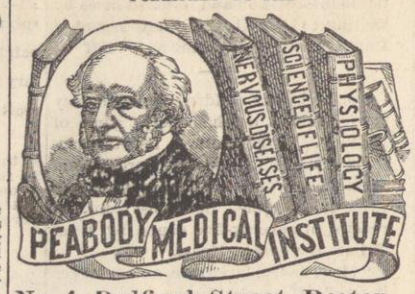

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Mail train leaves Ogdensburgh at 6:00 p. m.; St. Albans at 6:2[illegible] a. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 2:25 p. m., Brattleboro at 3:30 p. m., Grout's Corner at 4:30 p. m., New London at 9:30 p. m., connecting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

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

Mixed Train leaves White River Junction at 4:50 a. m., Rutland at 4:30 a. m., Bellows Falls (accommodation) 7:45 a. m., Brattleboro 8:41 a. m., South Vernon at 9:10 a. m., Grout's Corner at 9:50 a. m., arriving in New London at 5:10 p. m.

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

TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.

Mail train leaves Boston via Lowell, at 7:00 a. m., via Lawrence and Fitchburg at 7:30 a. m., Springfield at 8:00 a. m., New London at 5:00 a. m., Grout's Corner at 9:25 a. m., South Vernon at 10:05 a. m., Brattleboro at 10:35 a. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 11:50 a. m., for Burlington and St. Albans. This train connects at W. R. Junction with Boston Express train for Montreal and Ogdensburgh.

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

Accommodation leaves New London at 8:10 a. m., Grout's Corner at 3:30 p. m., South Vernon at 4:00 p. m., Brattleboro at 4:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (mixed) at 5:35 p. m., arriving in W. R. Junction at 8:30 p. m., and Rutland at 8:30 p. m.

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

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1	—One box Initial Stationery,	$0 50	2
2	—Indelible Pencil, (Clark's,	50	2
3	—Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	—Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife	50	2
5	—Name Plate, brush, ink, etc.,	60	2
6	—Autograph Album,	1 00	3
7	—Package Garden Seeds,	1 00	3
8	—Package Flower Seeds.	1 00	3
9	—Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, Winter Wren or May Flowers,	1 00	3
10	—Butter Knife, (silver plated,)	1 00	3
11	—Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 00	3
12	—Set Jet Jewelry,	1 50	4
13	—One vol. Household,	1 00	4
14	—Six Teaspoons (silver plated)	1 75	5
15	—Pair Tablespoons, (silver plated)	2 00	5
16	—Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
17	—Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
18	—Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
19	—French Velvet Photo. Album,	2 00	5
20	—Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50	6
21	—Photo. Album, (Bowles & Co.,)	3 50	7
22	—Any two vols. Household,	2 00	7
23	—Peters' Musical Library,	2 50	7
24	—Pie Knife, (silver plated,)	3 00	7
25	—Package Garden Seeds,	3 00	7
26	—Soup Ladle, (silver plated,)	3 00	7
27	—1 doz. Teaspoons, (silver plated,)	3 50	8
28	—Set Chess Men,	4 00	8
29	—Pump and Sprinkler (Page's,)	4 00	8
30	—Family scales, (12 lbs., Shaler,)	4 00	8
31	—Six Tablespoons, (silver plated)	4 00	9
32	—Six Dining Forks, (silver plated)	4 00	9
33	—Family Scales, (24 lbs., Shaler)	5 00	10
34	—Chromo,	5 00	10
35	—Sheet Music, (Agent's selection,)	5 00	10
36	—Alarm Clock,	5 00	12
37	—Hi. Chromo, Morning or Evening,	5 00	12
38	—Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00	12
39	—Carving Knife and Fork,	6 00	12
40	—Spoon Holder, (silver plated,)	6 00	12
41	—Accordeon,	6 50	14
42	—Croquet Set,	6 50	14
43	—Family Scales, (50 lbs. Shaler,)	7 00	14
44	—Clothes Wringer, (Colby's,)	7 50	15
45	—Webster's National Dictionary,	6 00	15
46	—Syrup Cup and Plate, (silver plated)	8 50	15
47	—Harper's Fireside Library,	6 75	16
48	—Fruit Dish, (silver plated,)	7 00	16
49	—Harper's Bazar, one Vol., bound,	7 00	16
50	—Gold Pen and Holder,	7 50	17
51	—1 doz. Tablespoons, (silver plated,)	8 00	18
52	—1 doz. Dining Forks, " "	8 00	18
53	—Photo. Album, (Bowles & Co.,)	10 00	18
54	—Stereoscope and 50 Views,	10 00	20
55	—Elegant Family Bible,	10 00	20
56	—Violin,	10 00	20
57	—Set of Plans and Views of Model House.	10 00	20
58	—Eight Day Clock, with alarm,	10 00	22
59	—Child's Carriage, (Colby's)	10 00	25
60	—Cash,	6 25	25
61	—Crayon Portrait, from any picture,	10 00	25
62	—Castor, (silver plated,)	10 00	25
63	—Flutina, (Busson's,)	12 00	24
64	—Cake Basket, (silver plated,)	10 00	25
65	—Nursery Stock,	10 00	25
66	—Chromo, Sunlight in Winter,	12 00	25
67	—Spark's am. Biography, (10 vols.,)	12 50	30
68	—Photo. Album, (Bowles & Co.,)	18 00	30
69	—Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,	12 00	30
70	—Sewing Machine, (The Green Mountain,)	18 00	36
71	—Cooper's Works,	15 00	37
72	—Guitar,	20 00	40
73	—Silver Watch, (Waltham,)	20 00	45
74	—Ice Pitcher, (silver plated,)	20 00	50
75	—Copland's Medical Dictionary	21 00	50
76	—Stencil Outfit,	25 00	50
77	—Cash,	15 00	50
78	—Nursery Stock,	25 00	55
79	—Harper's Boy's and Girl's Library, (22 volumes,)	2 00	60
80	—Child's Carriage, (Colby's,)	25 00	60
81	—Sewing Machine, (Home Shuttle,)	37 50	75
82	—Tool Chest, (Parr's,)	25 00	75
83	—Silver Watch, (Waltham,)	35 00	80
84	—Zero Refrigerator,	38 00	80
85	—Harper's Pictorial Bible,	35 00	80
86	—Cash,	35 00	100
87	—Lawn Mower, (Allen & Co.'s,)	45 00	100
88	—Peerless Cook Stove, No. 8, with utensils,	48 00	100
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106	—Sewing Machine, (Singer,)	150 00	330
107	—Cooper's Works, (Library Edition, 32 volumes,)	144 00	350
108	—Harper's Family Library,	150 00	360
109	—Harper's Select Library,	225 00	500
110	—Parlor Organ,	200 00	600
111	—Cash,	400 00	1000
112	—Piano, 7 Oct., (Behning & Klix)	500 00	1000
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114	—Piano, splendid 7 Oct., (Behning & Klix,)	700 00	1500

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